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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 14, 1918 VOL. 62 NUMBER 1

Entered as second-class matter at New York, N. Y.,
and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Booth Tarkington

A new story, "The Three Zoological Wishes," in which Florence Atwater makes her Aunt Julia's youthful suitors acquainted with a strange collection of insects

Arthur Ruhl

"American Islands in France," the first article from the western front by Collier's special correspondent

H. A. Garfield

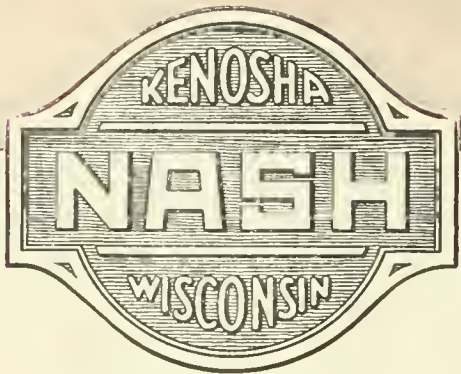
"The Fuel Problem," in which the U. S. Fuel Administrator tells about the coal situation

Also in this issue: "Baseball Goes to War," by Jerome Beatty; "The Flying Fish," by Arthur Somers Roche; "Letters from the Air," by Lieut. J. Alexander Bayne; Editorials, etc.



More Than a Million Every Week

NASH TRANSPORTATION *Saves Time*



"THE Philadelphia 'Public Ledger' carries two columns of advertisements of daily motor-truck express service between Philadelphia and New York, with tri-weekly service to smaller cities. Regularly, every day, 640 motor trucks carry freight on schedule on the public roads between New York and Philadelphia."

—Collier's Weekly

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The value of high grade Trucks and Passenger Cars in this emergency has been strikingly demonstrated.

They are essential to keeping the industrial machinery working at top speed.

Motor transportation is proving a potent factor in solving transportation problems, conserving man power and adding generally to the nation's efficiency by the saving of time and energy.

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- FORTRESS MONROE, Old Point Comfort, Va.:
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"Fatima is called here 'the officers' cigarette'"
- CAMP GORDON, Atlanta, Ga.:
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- CAMP SHERMAN, Chillicothe, Ohio:
"Fatima is second biggest-selling cigarette"
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- FORT WADSWORTH, N. Y.:
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E. D. POUCH, 347 Madison Avenue, New York

Y. M. C. A.



Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Price: 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Canadian and Foreign, 10 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 14, 1918

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The Three Zoological Wishes

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK

MISS FLORENCE ATWATER stood in the shady back yard of her place of residence on a hot July afternoon, and yawned more extensively than anyone would have believed possible, judging by her face in repose. Three of her friends, congenial in age and sex, were out of town for the summer; two had been ascertained by telephonic inquiries to be taking commanded siestas; and neither the other one nor Florence had yet forgotten that yesterday, although they were too religious to commit themselves to a refusal to meet as sisters in the Great Beyond, they had taken the expurgated oath that by Everything they would never speak to each other again as long as they lived.

Florence was at the end of her resources. She had sought distraction in experimental cookery; but, having scorched a finger, and having been told by the cook that a person's own kitchen wasn't worth the place at five dollars a week if it had to git all smelled and dabbed up with broiled rubber when the demometer stood at ninety-sevvum regrees in the shade, the experimenter abusedly turned her back on the morose woman and went out to the back yard for a little peace.

After an interval of torpor, she decided to go over to her cousin Herbert's and see what he was doing—a move not short of desperation on account of Herbert's new manner toward her. Several days ago Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, aged thirteen years and two months, had chosen a life career for himself, and, as his choice was scientific, he felt that in making it he had attained a distinction beyond the reach of Florence. She was weeks younger than he, but her age was not the barrier. What made it ridiculous for her to hope was, of course, the fact that she was a girl, and Herbert had explained this to her in a cold, unpleasant way; for it is true that feminism must be acquired by men, and is not a condition, or taste, natural to them. Boys are not feminists.

SHE found him at home. He was importantly engaged in a room in the cellar, where were loosely stored all manner of incapacitated household devices: two broken clothes wringers, a crippled and rusted sewing machine, an ice-cream freezer in like condition, a cracked and discarded marble mantelpiece, chipped porcelain and chinaware of all sorts, rusted stove lids and flatirons, broken gas globes, and half a dozen dead mops and brooms. This was the laboratory, and here, in congenial solitude, Herbert conducted his investigations. That is to say, until Florence arrived he was undisturbed by human intrusion, but he was not alone—far from it! There was, in fact, almost too much life in the place.

Where the light fell clearest from the cobwebby windows at the ground level overhead, he had placed a long deal table, once a helpmate in the kitchen, but now a colorless antique on three legs and two starch boxes. Upon the table were seven or eight glass jars, formerly used for preserves and pickles, and a dozen jelly glasses, with only streaks and bits of jelly in them now, and five or six small round pasteboard pill boxes. The jars were covered, some with their own patent tops, others with shingles or bits of board, and one with a brick. The jelly glasses stood inverted, and were inhabited; so were the preserve jars and pickle jars; and so were the pill boxes, which evidently contained star boarders, for they were pierced with "breathing holes," and one of them, standing upon its side like a little wheel, now and then moved in a faint, ghostly manner as if about to start rolling on its own account—whereupon Herbert, disturbed in his preoccupations, addressed it sternly, though somewhat inconsistently: "You shut up!"

There may have been a hint, in the display of his experimental paraphernalia, that Herbert's was a scientific nature craving rather quantity than quality; his collection certainly possessed the virtue of multitudinousness—it that be a virtue—and the birds in the neighborhood must have been undergoing a great deal of disappointment. In brief, as many bugs as Herbert now owned—although the result of only a few days' constant accumulation with a cheese-cloth net, a shovel, and a few altered flytraps—have seldom been seen in the possession of any private individual. And nearly all of them were alive and swearing, though several of the preserve jars had been imperfectly drained of their heavy sirups, and in one of them a great many spiders seemed to be having, of the whole collection, the poorest time, being pretty well mired down and yet still subject to disagreements among themselves. The habits of this group, under such unusual surroundings, formed the subject of Herbert's special study at the moment of Florence's arrival. He was seated at the table and frowning with science as he observed the unfortunates through a large magnifying glass, his discovery of which, in the attic, was mainly responsible for their present condition and his own choice of a career.

Florence paused in the doorway, but he gave no sign of recognition, unless the strongly intensified importance of his preoccupation was a sign, and Florence, perceiving what line of conduct he meant to adopt, instinctively selected a reciprocal one for herself. "Herbert Atwater, you ought to be punished! I'm goin' to tell your father and mother."

"You g'way," Herbert returned, unmoved; and, without condescending to give her a glance, he set down the magnifying glass, and with a pencil wrote something profoundly entomological in a soiled memorandum book upon the table. "Run away, Flor'nce. Run away somewheres and play."

FLORENCE approached. "Play!" she echoed tartly. "I should think *you* wouldn't talk much about 'playin,' the way you're teasing those poor, poor little bugs!"

"Teasing!" Herbert exclaimed. "That shows! That shows!"

"Shows what?"

"How much you know!" He became despondent about her. "See here, Florence; it does look to me as though at your age a person ought to know, anyway, enough not to disturb me when I'm expairamenting, and everything. I should think—"

But she did not prove so meek as to await the conclusion of the lecture. "I never saw anything as wicked in my whole born days! What did any of those poor, poor little bugs ever do to *you*, I'd like to know, you got to go and—*and* confine 'em like this! And look how dirty your hands are!"

This final charge, wandering so far from her previous specifications of his guilt, was purely auto-

matic and conventional; Florence usually interjected it during the course of any cousinly discussion, whatever the subject in dispute, and she had not even glanced at Herbert's hands to assure herself that the accusation was warranted. And, as usual, the facts supported her; and they also supported Herbert in his immediate mechanical retort: "So're yours!"

"Not either!" But here Florence, after instinctively placing her hands behind her, brought forth the right one to point, and simultaneously uttered a loud cry: "Oh, *look* at your hands!" For now she did, herself, look at Herbert's hands, and was amazed.

"Well, what of it?"

"They're all lumpy!" she cried, and as her gaze lifted to his cheek her finger followed her eyes and pointed to strange appearances there. "Look at your *face*!"

"Well, what of it?" he demanded, his tone not entirely free from a pleasurable braggadocio. "A girl can't make expairaments the way I do, because if one of these good ole bumblebees or hornets of mine was to give 'em a little sting, once in a while, while they was catchin' 'em and puttin' 'em in a jar, all *they'd* know how to do'd be to holler and run home to their mamma. Nobody with any gumption minds a few little stings after you put mud on 'em."

"I guess it serves you right," said Florence, "for persecutin' these poor, poor little bugs."

Herbert became plaintive. "Look here, Florence: I do wish you'd go on back home where you belong!"

But Florence did not reply; instead, she picked up the magnifying glass, and, gazing through it at a pickle jar of mixed beetles, caterpillars, angleworms, and potato bugs, permitted herself to shudder. "Vile things!" she said.

"They are not, either!" Herbert retorted hotly. "They're about the finest insects that you or anybody else ever saw, and you ought to be ashamed—"

"I ought!" his cousin cried. "Well, I should think you're the one ought to be ashamed, if anybody ought! Down here in the

cellar playin' with all these vile bugs that ought to be given their liberty, or thrown down the sewer, or somep'm." Again, as she peered through the lens, she shuddered. "Vile—"

"Florence," he said sternly, "you lay down that magnifying glass."

"Why?"

"Because you don't know how to handle it. A magnifying glass has got to be handled in just the right way, and you couldn't learn if you tried a thousand years. That's a mighty fine magnifying glass, and I don't intend to have it ruined."

"Why, just lookin' through it can't spoil it, can it?" she inquired, surprised.

"You lay it down," said Herbert darkly. "Lookin' through it the wrong way isn't going to do it any *good*."

"Why, how could just *lookin'* through it—"

"Lookin' through it the wrong way isn't goin' to help it any, I tell you," he insisted. "You're old enough to know that, and I'm not goin' to have my magnifying glass spoiled and all my insecks wasted just because of a mere whin of yours!"

"A what?"

"A mere whin, I said!"

"What's a whin?"

"Never you mind," said Herbert ominously. "You'll probably find out some day when you aren't lookin' for it."

Undeniably, Florence was somewhat impressed; she replaced the magnifying glass upon the table and picked up the notebook.

"You lay that down too," said Herbert instantly.

"Oh, maybe it's somep'm you're 'shamed to—"

"Go on and read it, then," he said, suddenly changing his mind, for he was confident that she would find matter here which might cause her to appreciate at least a little of her own inferiority.

"Nots," Florence began. "Nots—"

"Notes!" he corrected her fiercely.

"Notes," she read. "'Notes on our inseck friends. The spider—'"

"Spider!"

"The spider spends his time mostly in cobwebs which he digiluntly spins between posts and catches flies to eat them. They are different colored and sizes and have about six or eight legs. Spiders also spin their webs in corners or in weeds or on a fence and sometimes in the grass. They are more able to get about quicker than catapillars or fishing worms, but cannot fly such as pinch bugs, lightning bugs, and birds because having no wings, nor jump as far as the grass hopper—"

"Grasshopper!" Herbert shouted.

"I'm readin' it the way it's spelled," Florence explained. "Anyway, it don't make much sense."

HERBERT was at least enough of an author to be furious. "Lay it down!" he said bitterly. "And go on back home to your dolls."

"Dolls certainly would be *cleaner* than these vile bugs," Florence retorted, tossing the book upon the table. "But in regards to that, I haven't had any," she went on airily—"not for years and years and years and—"

He interrupted her, his voice again plaintive. "See here, Florence, how do you expect me to get my *work* done, with you everlastin'ly talkin' and goin' on around here like this? Can't you see I've got somep'm pretty important on my hands?"

Florence became thoughtful. "I never did see as many bugs before, all together this way," she said. "What you goin' to do with 'em, Herbert?"

"I'm makin' my expairaments."

But her thoughtfulness increased. "It seems to me," she said slowly—"Herbert, it seems to me there must be some awful inter'sting thing we could do with so many bugs all together like this."

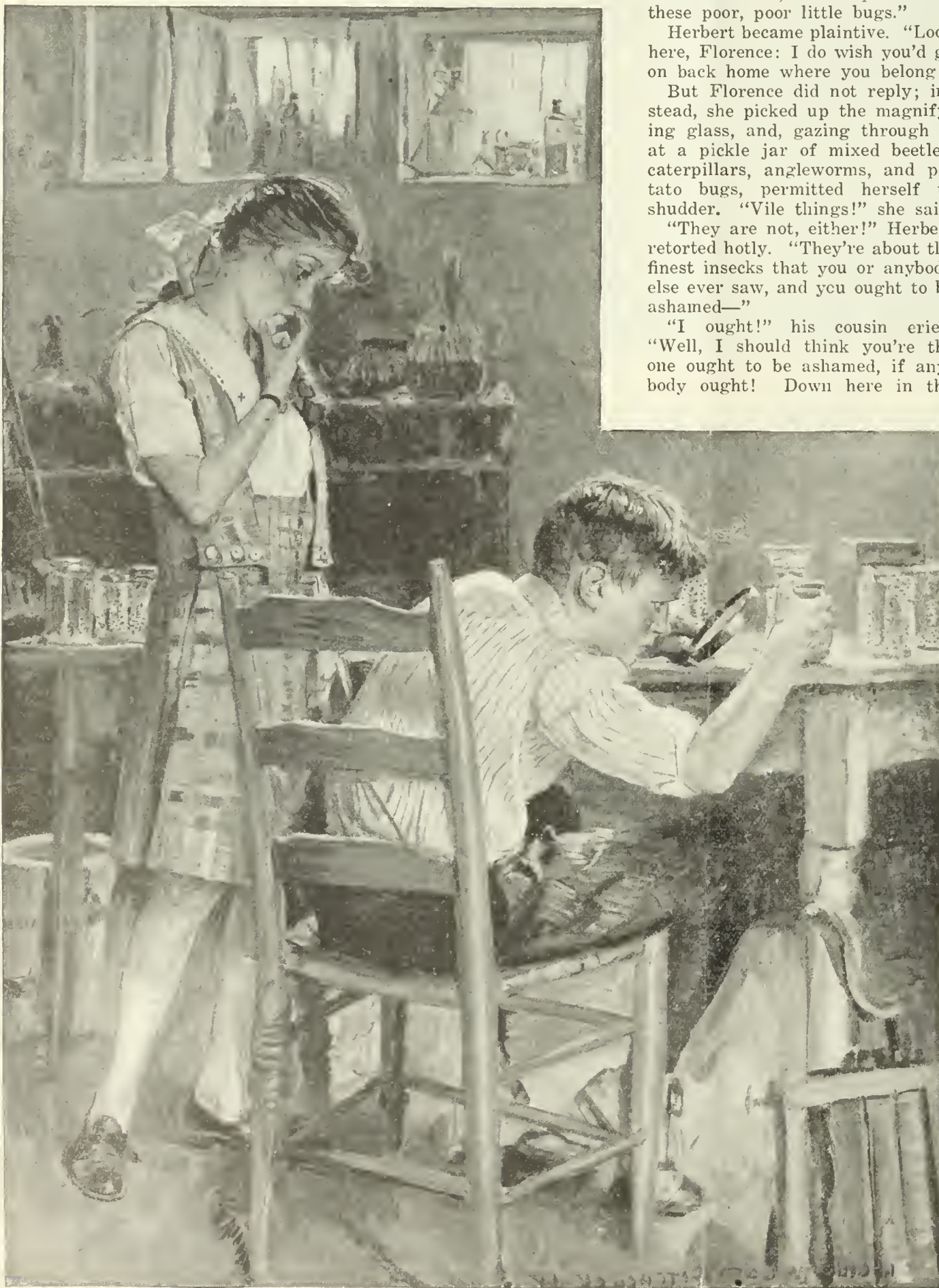
"We!" he cried. "My goodness, whose insecks do you think these insecks are?"

"I just know there's somep'm," she went on, following her own line of thought and indifferent to his outburst. "There's somep'm we could do with 'em that we'd never forget—if we could only think of it."

In spite of himself, Herbert was interested: Florence's tone was convincing and suggestive. "Well, what?" he asked. "What could we do with 'em we'd never forget?"

In her eyes there was a far-away light as of a seeress groping: "I don't just know exackly, but I know there's *somep'm*—if we could only think of it—if we could just—" And her voice became inaudible, as in dreamy concentration she seated herself upon the discarded ice-cream freezer, and rested her elbows upon her knees and her chin upon the palms of her hands.

(Continued on page 19)



"Herbert Atwater, you ought to be punished! I'm goin' to tell your father and mother!"



American Islands in France

BY ARTHUR RUHL

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

ALL France back of the front to-day is spotted with islands, bits of America, suddenly risen here in the old world, like islands in the sea. They are of many kinds and sizes, from great bases down by the ocean to little canteens stuck away in the cellar of some village which shells are still smashing, but into all of them you step as on to a real island and suddenly find again the faces and talk and ways of thinking, sometimes even the doughnuts and apple pies of home.

If you were to look at a Red Cross or Y. M. C. A. headquarters map you would find all France covered with *their* particular sort of island—each dot of scores of them standing for a fresh pine barrack where boys in tin hats and boys in hospital bath robes, depending on the neighborhood, are at this very minute writing letters and buying chocolate and cigarettes. It is not of these camp followers that I am thinking, however, at the moment, but of the camps themselves—the bigger islands of the “S. O. S.” or Service of Supply.

Each of these has its little king or commanding officer—“C. O.”—each its local government and its people, sometimes in tens, sometimes in thousands, and each, as if it were really an island, its separate, intense, and highly specialized life. Here, for instance, men are thinking in terms of barrels, boxes, cars, and motor trucks, and how best to feed the new strength up to the line; and a few miles away, at some base hospital, are other men of entirely different type and experience thinking only of how best to patch up the wreckage that ebbs back from the lines. In one little old gray French town you are crammed with talk about cannon and you see hundreds of keen young men thinking of nothing else; and you motor across a few kilometers of pleasant French country and run into quite another slang and shoptalk, and another lot of young men just as keen and serious, thinking of nothing but airplanes. Each lives its own life, and yet all are merged in a common life, joined by wires and wireless, automobiles and liaison officers, and a common plan, and all, on long trains of little French cars, and trains of big cars brought from America and trains of motor trucks crawling up the hard, white, poplar-lined roads under their clouds of dust, are pouring their different kinds of strength and intelligence and will to win up toward the hungry front.

One might easily spend a summer merely going from island to island and getting a smattering of their different problems, of their different tech-

niques, but even in a ten days' fight one can get a notion of what going to war in these days really means that it would be very difficult to get at the front.

For imagine that you are at the front, at a divi-

Arthur Ruhl, who has been war correspondent for Collier's readers for nearly fifteen years, is back in France. This story of the gigantic American organization over there is the first article of a new series from the western front.—THE EDITOR.

sion headquarters, for instance. Of what does it consist? It consists of a house, various desks with officers busy at them, wires and telephones, maps and messengers. The significant things, the ideas inside the officers' heads, the messages on the wires, are

not to be seen. A front-line trench anywhere in Europe is remarkably like any other front-line trench, and often for hours, days, and even weeks as quiet almost as a golf course. The significant things here, the batteries which, when the moment comes, are going to hold the enemy, or smash him, the reserves which will make the attack, or stop it, the kitchens which keep all these men alive, are scattered out of sight over a whole countryside.

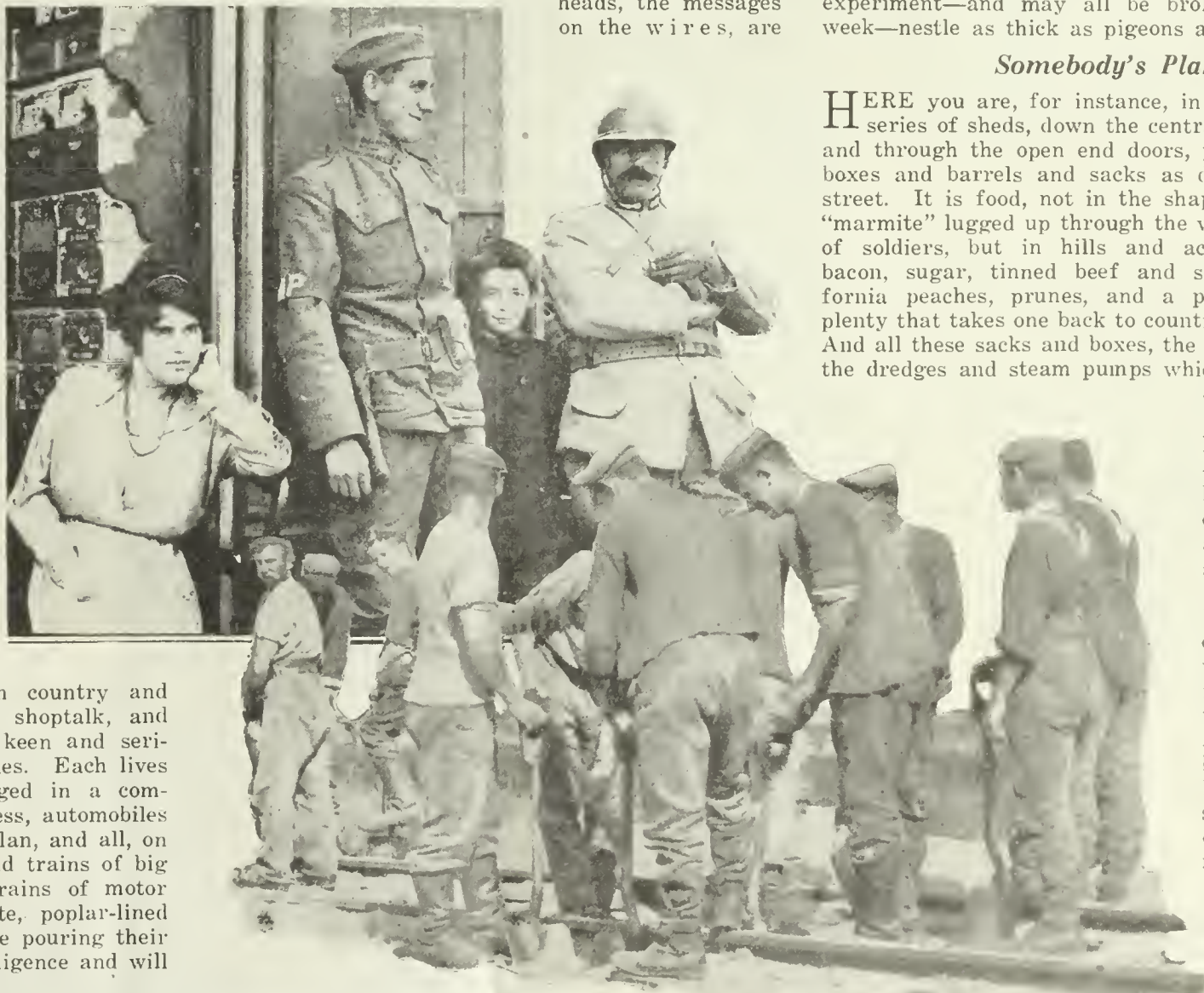
But along the S. O. S. line these separate and hidden things are out in the open and in the mass. Artillery consists not of various bangs and whistles, but of real cannon and real men firing them and hearing lectures, surveying, and plotting ranges. You see flyers, not as a speck overhead, which may be ours or the enemy's, but in camps where thousands of men are working and where planes that represent millions of dollars of cost and years of experiment—and may all be broken up within a week—nestle as thick as pigeons at feeding time.

Somebody's Plan

HERE you are, for instance, in a great shed, or series of sheds, down the central aisles of which and through the open end doors, you look between boxes and barrels and sacks as down a long city street. It is food, not in the shape of a steaming “marmite” lugged up through the woods by a couple of soldiers, but in hills and acres. Flour and bacon, sugar, tinned beef and salmon and California peaches, prunes, and a pleasant smell of plenty that takes one back to country grocery stores. And all these sacks and boxes, the sheds themselves, the dredges and steam pumps which made the land

on which they have sprung up like mushrooms—all this was brought, in spite of submarines, across four thousand miles of ocean. Are you looking down six or sixteen of these warehouses? No matter—there are too many to count. At one of these bases I saw a hundred such sheds, either built or building, each five hundred feet long—three solid miles of them!

Impossible, one would say, that the country from which all this food



Above: Military police on duty

Below: German prisoners—also on duty



A supply station reversed—the army's wastage, waiting to be sorted and again utilized

came could have any half-nourished factory workers and children—there must be enough here to feed half of France. You ask the officer showing you round how much there is really. He squints down the long line.

"Well," he says, "there ought to be enough here now to feed a million men for three days." A million men for three days! And how about two million, or three, or five million men, not for three days, but for three months, or three years, or however long the war is going to last? It is little vistas like this, along the S. O. S., which suggest that going to war in Europe was perhaps a more audacious decision than many realized. Yet more than a million men have come, and there has always been food and clothes and hospitals for them, and those that are coming week by week are absorbed quietly into the general mass. There have been delays and mistakes, but somebody, nevertheless, has done a lot of work and planning and done it pretty well.

You see, back in these port bases, depots where they are assembling automobiles by the hundred—passenger cars that will be waiting next week outside some château headquarters on the other side of France, motor trucks that will be grinding north-eastward in dusty caravans. Other shops where they are pounding together locomotives brought over from America in pieces—from three to five completed engines every day.

Kaleidoscopic Towns

THERE are rest camps where twenty thousand men can be gathered in as they pour off the transports and kept for a day or two until they have their land legs again and move farther in toward the front. There is not a startling amount of rest. One afternoon during the German offensive of June, on the Paris-Château-Thierry road, I met, marching along under the aisle of poplars, the very men with whom I had crossed only three weeks before.

Gangs of noisy young American huskies, in brown overalls and jumpers, go thundering by, packed, standing, twenty or thirty together, in motor trucks, singing as they go. There are Chinamen and Anamese and German prisoners. And there are thousands of negroes called up by the draft from Southern cotton fields and organized as soldiers, but sent over at once to serve as workmen without military training further than the little drill and calisthenics by way of discipline.

I watched them along the docks working as stevedores and saw one of their big camps at dinner time. Two or three, noticeable for their smart and soldierlike appearance, were about to be made sergeants. There was one oldish fellow with spectacles nearly twenty years above draft age who had been ranked in with the rest, nobody quite knew how. "Ah was goin' home from work and they says Ah was wanted—dat's all Ah knows!" The officer showing me about, himself a Southerner, said that he reckoned in some neighborhoods the draft boards must have just about picked up everybody in sight. The old fellow was a gardener by trade, and they had put him to work in the camp garden. Most of the men were, as the officer put it, "regular cornfield niggers. Most of 'em never had shoes on in their lives before, except when they went to church, and then they took them off during the sermon!"

Their camp was as clean and shipshape, however, as any training camp at home, and

their food better and a good deal more plentiful than most of us civilians had in Russia last year, and than most French workmen who board themselves have to-day. And they were run through a sort of dinner mill at the rate of a hundred a minute. At the end of six little aisles, like those running up to a ticket office, were the food kettles and the men to serve them. The workmen, each with his mess kit, came through these aisles, got their rations, and went on to the mess hall in steady procession. After they had eaten they passed through a back room where they washed their plates in hot water and then, if they wished, fell in line again. They could have as many rounds as there was time for. Bills of fare for the week preceding had been about like this: Breakfast: bread and coffee, bacon and eggs; dinner: beef stew, figs and prunes, bread and butter and coffee; supper: pork and beans, stewed apricots, bread and butter and coffee. The bread was all white bread. Half an hour after the meal the mess hall was washed and swept and clean as a whistle.

These port towns are sometimes rather wild and wonderful—neither French nor American, but a strange, dusty, clanging jumble of war, boom town,

and mining camp. A score of ships—freighters-born and converted liners that have done service in the remotest seas, all camouflaged into a common cubist nightmare of gray and black, packed in together stem to stern—are disgorging all at once, swarming over with black men, yellow men, and white sailormen in sleeveless shirts, amid a squealing of winch engines and clattering of freight that goes on unceasing day and night. Old French names are mixed with signs of "Beer," the "New York," "American Hair Cut"; old sidewalk cafés are running over into the street with fresh-faced naval reservists and young army lieutenants getting their first whiff of France. Past them shuffle black-faced stokers, lonely little knots of Chinamen and lascars, and streams of American enlisted men slangily at home, or homesick and gazing mournfully into postcard and souvenir windows; and down the cobblestones of the narrow streets, policed by young American "M. P.'s," lazily twirling their night sticks, goes a more or less continuous procession of military automobiles and motor trucks with, now and then, if a convoy has come in, droves of young soldiers just off the ships.

"Put Her There!"

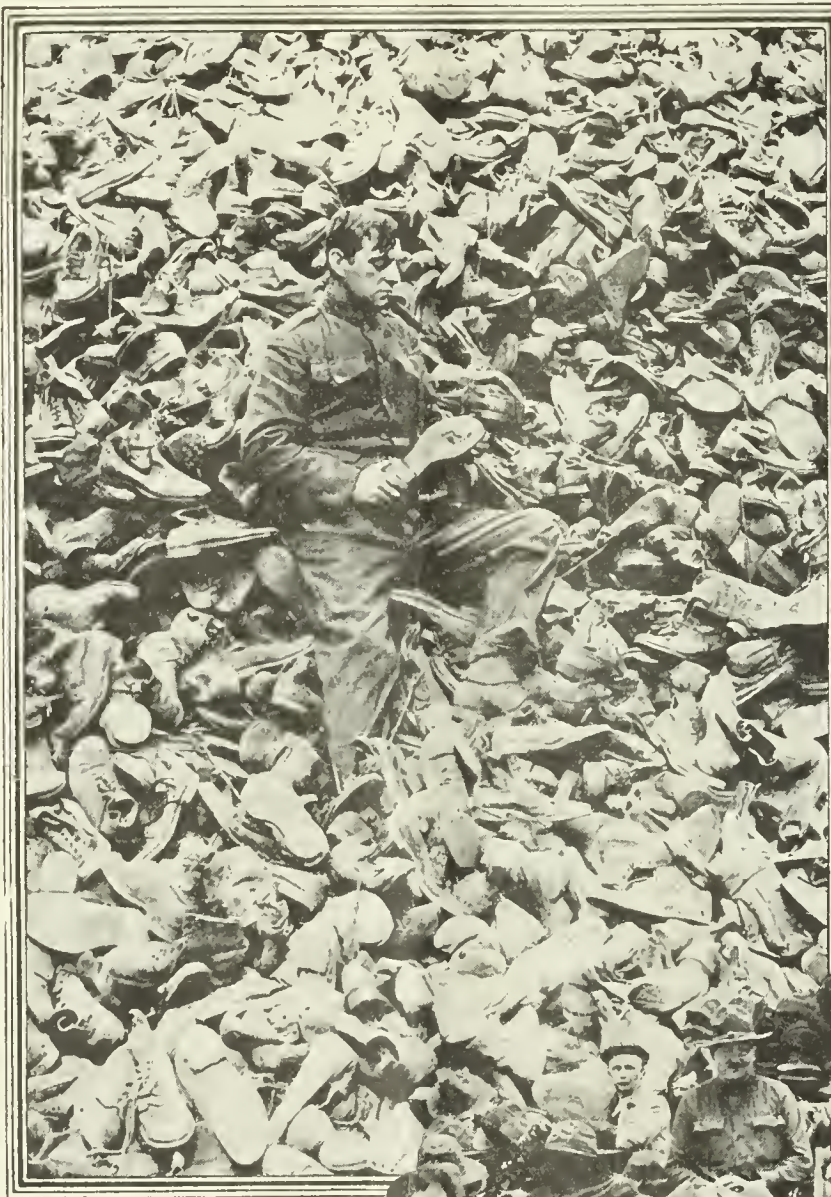
NOT exactly beautiful at close quarters to those who may have cherished early memories of the town, your first coming up to it, out of the silence and detachment of the sea, is something you will probably not forget. You have been on the water a fortnight, perhaps, and the sea still holds its mystery and its power to make us forget the land in spite of man's inventions. The ship has gone plowing on, in that strange detachment, until it has made a little world of its own. Then one morning something rises in the east, the breeze changes, and suddenly, with a quick pang of familiarity, comes a vague smell of land—of heat and dust, perhaps of far-off rain. And all at once the little ship world, so near and so real yesterday, disintegrates, and the mind leaps out toward the approaching port. It comes nearer—roofs and spires, ships, wharves, and toward them the transport moves, slowly and, as it were, proudly, as if conscious of work well done.

Suddenly a plume of steam flings up from the nearest docked ship, and a wild shriek of welcome goes climbing up to heaven. The next ship takes it up, and all the others in turn, and the tugs and lighters, and pile drivers and donkey engines, and big American locomotives, with brand-new tenders, painted "U. S. A."

The land is France, but the voice is the voice of home, of New York Harbor when it welcomes back a fleet, or some discoverer of a pole—sirens, riotous, wild, and whimsically insolent, bringing into this cut-and-dried, well-ordered, and slightly faded old world some of the chance and high spirits and reckless adventure of the new.

All along the wharves men look up from their work—jump up, throw their arms up, and a long, slow, hoarse roar of welcome rolls out across the water. Out of some porthole in a rusty, camouflaged camp a white shirt is waving. Near a pilot house some accomplished youth, poised like a heathen priest going through some curious rite, begins semaphoring with his arms, not so much to us, as it were, as to the world in general. And on the roof of some unfinished dock shed you see a bare-armed giant draw back his fist like a pitcher winding up, and as he flings it out, open, toward the ship you can almost seem to hear a thunderous "Put her there!" (Continued on page 22)

© Committee on Public Information



Army "junk" which must be saved even if the workers do come across hand grenades!



Letters from the Air

No. 2: Acrobatics

BY LIEUT. J. ALEXANDER BAYNE

PAU, FRANCE.

DEAR RILE: I had expected to write you from Paris or from Plessis, but I'm still here at Pau and don't know when I'll get away. I'd been told that I would leave immediately after acrobatics which I finished to-day, but some of us have been picked to go to Cazaux from here and so are being given some extra training to prepare for it.

Cazaux is a special school for shooting. We go there and shoot from all positions at balloons, planes, motor boats, etc., and learn to shoot while in any acrobatic position. I'll tell you what I've done since I wrote dad and he can get the dope from this, as I expect you will have gotten it from my last letter to him. I told him everything up to the acrobatics. In that we made a vrille, a renversement, and a vertical virage. In the first one you cut your motor and let the plane lose speed until it wobbles from side to side, then you give the rudder a deuce of a kick, at the same time bringing the "stick" clear back and over to the same side. The plane noses up, falls over sideways, and then goes down nose first, spinning like a top. After you have fallen far enough you chuck everything in the middle and bring her out. It's great sport. I made a dozen of them.

The renversement is better and a great deal harder to do. You pique a bit with full motor to get speed, pull her up with a yank until her nose is almost straight up, then kick the rudder as hard as you can on the side you wish to turn. The plane immediately turns on its back. Then you shut off the motor, straighten your feet, and the plane starts dropping; you pull her back until the nose comes up, give her the motor, and there you are, going lickety-split in the opposite direction. Try it as I've told it with a book or chunk of cardboard and you will see what I mean.

The vertical virage is a sharp turn with the motor on: chuck the plane on edge and pull on the stick; she comes round so fast your head spins. Hard to do correctly so that you don't lose altitude. Then there is the "barrel turn," made like the renversement, but don't straighten your feet till she has rolled over completely, so you simply roll over and continue in the same direction like a corkscrew. And you don't pull up so much.

I also made a flat turn in regular flying position, but they don't teach it as a rule, as it's a big strain on the plane. So is a wing slip, but they let me do that too.

When I went up for my vrilles and renversements I tried to loop and got over all right, but didn't go quite straight, slid off a bit to the right. The instructor thought I didn't mean to do it and explained how I happened to make the mistake. When I told him I tried to loop he told me why I didn't go over straight, so I could get it next time. It seems the thirteen-meter machine we use for the acrobatics has a big difference in angle in wings, as it has the same motor and propeller as the fifteen—needs more angle to overcome the twist. For this reason when the motor is off the plane veers to the right, so it is necessary to give it a lot of left foot as soon as you are upside down. The fifteen-meter is a cinch. I looped it to-day. The loop is a cinch anyway—a baby could do it.

The acrobatics are great fun. I've never had so much fun in my life. Hope I can show you some stunts some day. Now I'm in "vol de combat." We go up and throw out a parachute, then dive on it and photograph it with a camera built like a machine gun, pull a trigger and everything. After we have gone past we do a renversement and come after it again, chase it down to 800 meters from 1,800, then cut the motor and land on a given spot. Also fly in group formation again, but do some "stunts." The leader loops and everybody does one after him, etc. Later, they tell me, the moniteur plays "boche" and makes an attack upon us. Haven't done that yet, but will probably get it to-morrow.

We leave very soon for Cazaux, so I'll still be in school at the time

(Continued on page 25)



Sainte-Menehould schoolboys have had plenty of this kind of fun recently—they are watching anti-aircraft gun shells breaking around a boche plane 12,000 feet above the city



British Official © Underwood & Underwood

Heavy British howitzers in action. Practically concealed in the shade of these farm buildings, they were innocent enough looking to the aerial observer before the attack

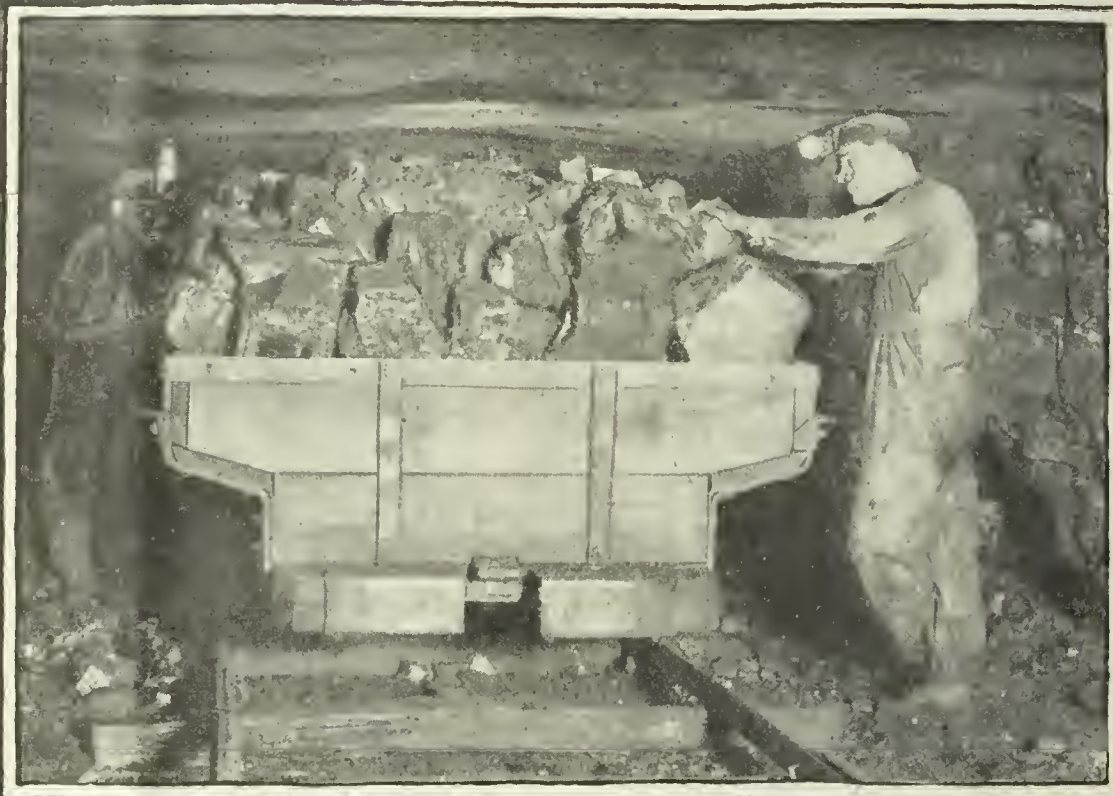
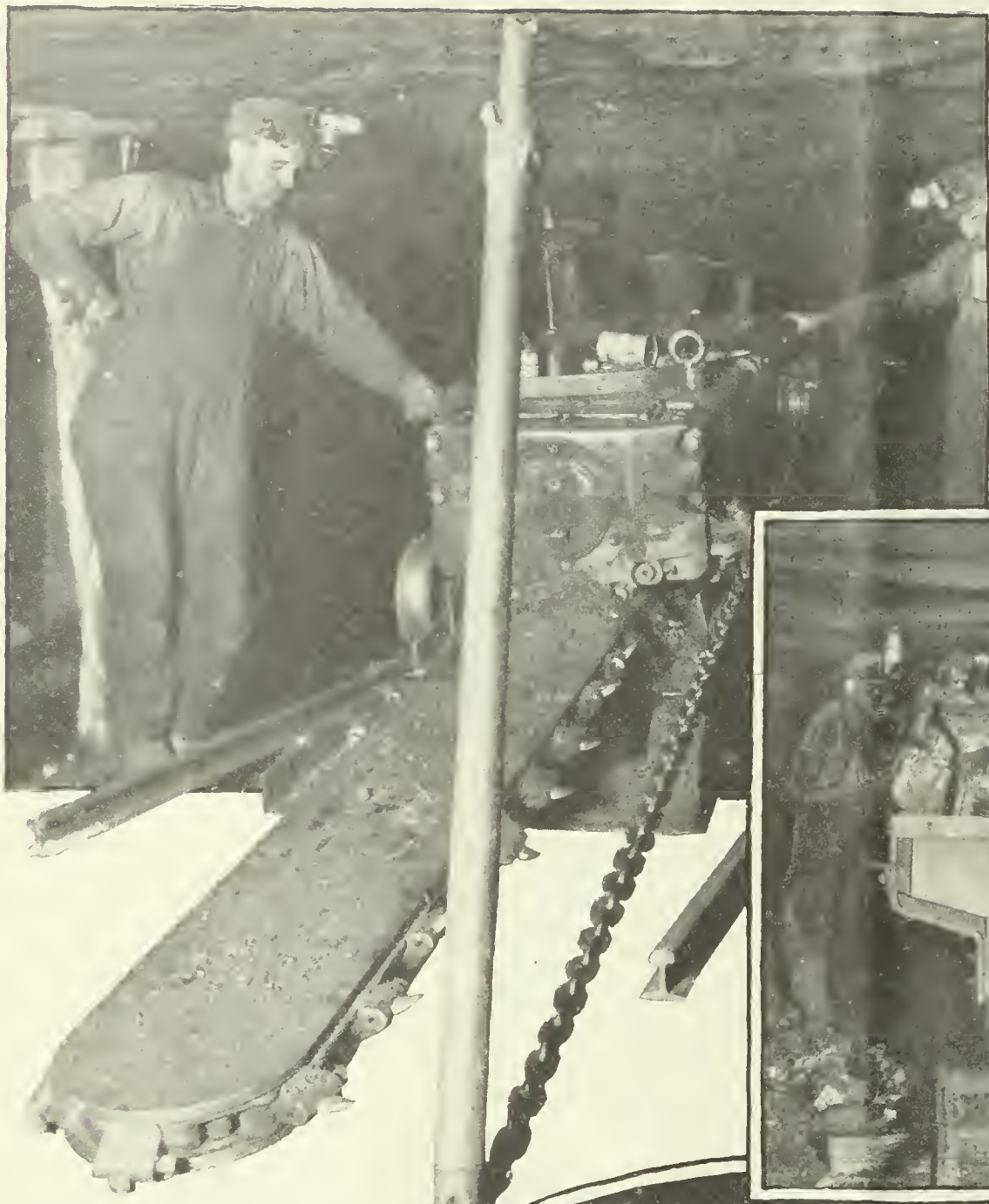


British Official © Underwood & Underwood

Two old British cruisers that obtained their objective during the Zeebrugge raid. Taken at low altitude, at low tide, this German airman's photograph shows the blocked fairway

"Every Pound of Coal Has a War Duty to Discharge," says Garfield

If it were not for lack of transportation facilities, the coal problem would be comparatively simple, for, thanks to improved methods, coal mining has reached a rate of production never before equaled. These pictures show stages of the work in a soft-coal mine



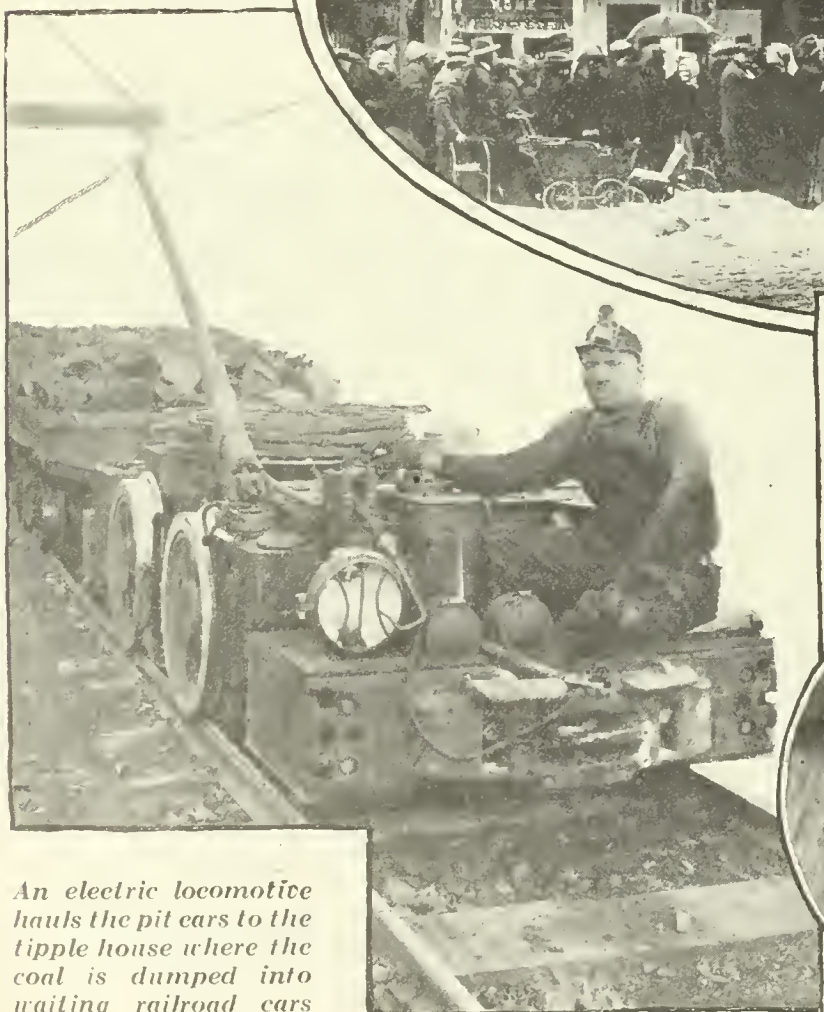
The undercutting machine that eats its way into the coal as a preliminary to the blasting, or "shooting," as the miners say

After the coal has been undercut and "shot" the miner loads it into a pit car. He is paid by the carload



What Doctor Garfield wants to avoid. A long line of would-be buyers during last winter's coal famine

Photo from Brown Brothers
All others © Press Ill. Co.



An electric locomotive hauls the pit cars to the tippie house where the coal is dumped into waiting railroad cars



The coal travels on a conveyer to the waiting railroad car. Big blocks can be carried with the minimum of wastage

The Fuel Problem

BY H. A. GARFIELD

UNITED STATES FUEL ADMINISTRATOR

THE United States to-day is producing more coal, by a wide margin, than was ever before mined, and more crude petroleum and its products than at any previous period. Our fuel supply, therefore, is greater than ever before.

Before the world war started, the United States coal production was less than 500,000,000 tons per annum. For the calendar year 1914 it was 513,525,477 tons; for 1915 it was 531,619,487 tons; for 1916, 590,098,175 tons; and for 1917, 652,000,000 tons. These figures are short tons and include both hard and soft coal.

The "coal year," as a trade practice, starts April 1. For the first four months of this coal year—April 1 to July 31, 1918—the United States mined 205,684,000 net tons of bituminous or soft coal and 31,666,560 tons of anthracite or hard coal, as against 187,295,000 tons of bituminous coal and 31,023,163 tons of anthracite coal for the same period of 1917. This represents a *gain* of 18,389,000 net tons or nearly 10 per cent (9.8 per cent in bituminous coal) and a *gain* of 643,397 net tons or a little more than 2 per cent in anthracite coal.

Such increase has been secured in spite of great handicaps: decreased labor supply (30,000 men in the anthracite region alone), difficulty in getting new machinery or even repairs, and a car shortage ever present in some of our biggest coal fields. To have secured this 10 per cent increase in bituminous coal over the previous year, under existing conditions, is the most direct and valuable testimony to the response made by miner and operator to the ceaseless efforts of the Fuel Administration. The experience of England and France further suggests the real significance of such accomplishment on our part. In England, for the first six months of 1914, there was mined a tonnage of 140,000,000. In the next six months, including five months of war, the tonnage fell to 125,000,000, a *decrease* of a little more than 10 per cent. The amount of coal mined since then has been about the same, up to the last six months of last year. The figures are these:

January to June, 1915, 127,600,000; July to December, 1915, 126,600,000; January to June, 1916, 128,300,000; July to December, 1916, 128,100,000; January to June, 1917, 126,400,000.

In the last six months of the year 1917 the total dropped to 121,300,000 tons. Does anyone for a moment imagine that the demand for coal decreased to such an extent that this reduced tonnage was all that was needed? Certainly not. What, then, was the reason? The demand for man power in the trenches. More recent reports show that the working force of English coal mines has been further reduced by taking great numbers of men into the new British army hurried across the Channel.

In France, due in no small part to the German capture of her northern coal fields, the loss in production of coal since the opening of the war has been still more marked, although there has been a noteworthy improvement in the last two years. The production of coal in France for the year 1913 was 45,108,544 tons. In 1914, the last five months of which were in the war period, the tonnage fell to 32,765,156, and in 1915 to 21,899,781. This represents a loss of more than 50 per cent from the ton-

nage of 1913. In 1916 there was some improvement, the production being 24,040,000, and for 1917 the figures are still more encouraging, the tonnage rising to 30,800,000. The figures for the last three years are estimates.

The German figures are also significant as indi-

departments of the Government and from industries and the trade were compiled to show the probable gross demands for coal for the coming year. As against last year's record production of 652,000,000 tons of coal, bituminous and anthracite, we find probable demands of 735,000,000 tons for

1918. By introducing greater mine efficiency and new economies, and by transportation improvement, it was estimated that in the neighborhood of 600,000,000 short tons of bituminous and 100,000,000 short tons of anthracite could be produced as a maximum.

But this is not enough. Even at those figures 35,000,000 tons would have to be found. It can't be dug out of the ground without men nor transported without cars, and the supply of both men and cars is limited. The only way to overcome the shortage is by economical use of the coal produced—by conservation.

Conservation must be universal and must be exacting. The savings of each home will make a grand total coal pile for other essential use. Steam plants must become efficient. In the less obvious uses of coal—electric light and power, gas, hot water—economy must be practiced. We must unlearn our wasteful habits and practice real coal thrift. Every pound of coal has a war duty to discharge. The Conservation Bureau has carefully worked out plans of practical application which can save the additional coal known to be needed when the coal year started.

But the demands have not remained stationary. By figures bigger than those coming

to us from overseas, our own war activities are demanding "more coal." On April 1 the navy estimated 3,500,000 tons as its requirements; 4,500,000 tons additional must now be delivered—where and when demanded. The Shipping Board estimated its needs at 10,000,000 tons a few months ago, but already has raised the amount to 13,000,000 tons. Every time an 8,000-ton ship is launched, 18,000 tons of coal have been consumed in her construction. For bunkering purposes, 16,000,000 tons were allotted, but now it appears that 22,000,000 tons must be found for that vital need before this coal year ends. The demand for steel, more and more steel, is a cry for coke, and that is a cry for coal, coal of a special quality. The War Industries Board needs within the next six months 6,000,000 more tons of steel than at present capacity can be secured; the coal needed for that tonnage will be 30,000,000 tons—or at a rate of 60,000,000 tons more a year. This is equal to an extra coal train of over 4,000 cars, each and every working day, to supply the new needs of our steel industry alone.

The full stature of this coal giant is little appreciated. We know when the coal man has filled our bin. We give slight consideration to the fact that there are 20,000,000 other bins scattered over the continent to be supplied, and that when every house is well provided for, the Fuel Administration has then discharged less than 20 per cent of its duty.

An industry that had been a collection of nearly 20,000 mine operations, using 720,000 employees, with almost numberless distributing agencies, each a law unto itself, had to be made to serve the war needs of our own 110,000,000 (Continued on page 27)



H. A. Garfield's message: "Coal production is a fundamentally essential part of the problem of the democratization of the world"

cating the effect of war upon coal production, although figures for the last two years are lacking. According to the best figures available, Germany produced 305,714,664 tons of coal in 1913, 270,594,952 tons in 1914, and 258,590,094 tons in 1915.

But England must have coal for her people and her industries. So must France; so must Italy. Otherwise their armies and ours will cease to be effective. Now the call comes to America for "more coal"—not coal for Manchester or Woolwich—but

"The only way to overcome the coal shortage is by economical use of the coal produced—by conservation." The time to begin conserving is now, when we can plan ahead for the winter. In this article Dr. Garfield clearly indicates every patriotic family's duty.—THE EDITOR.

coal for the Continent and South America, that England may at least supply her war demands at home.

I mention this international aspect of our fuel situation before referring to home needs, not because it represents such heavy tonnage requirements, but because it reflects the international character of the associations that are being formed by this war.

We can no more discharge our full fuel duty by feeding only America's furnaces than by ordering our navy to protect North River ferryboats, or coastwise vessels in Long Island Sound.

At the beginning of this coal year, exhaustive figures secured by the Fuel Administration from all

Playing the Greatest Game of All

Johnny Evers, who captained two world's championship teams, the Chicago Cubs and the Boston Braves, is going over for the Knights of Columbus

© Underwood & Underwood



Below:
A "close-up"
of a typical
baseball crowd

Jack Barry, second baseman of the Red Sox, formerly of the Athletics, one of Connie Mack's famous hundred-thousand-dollar infield, is now in the navy



"Rabbit" Maranville, crack short-stop of the Boston Braves, in uniform



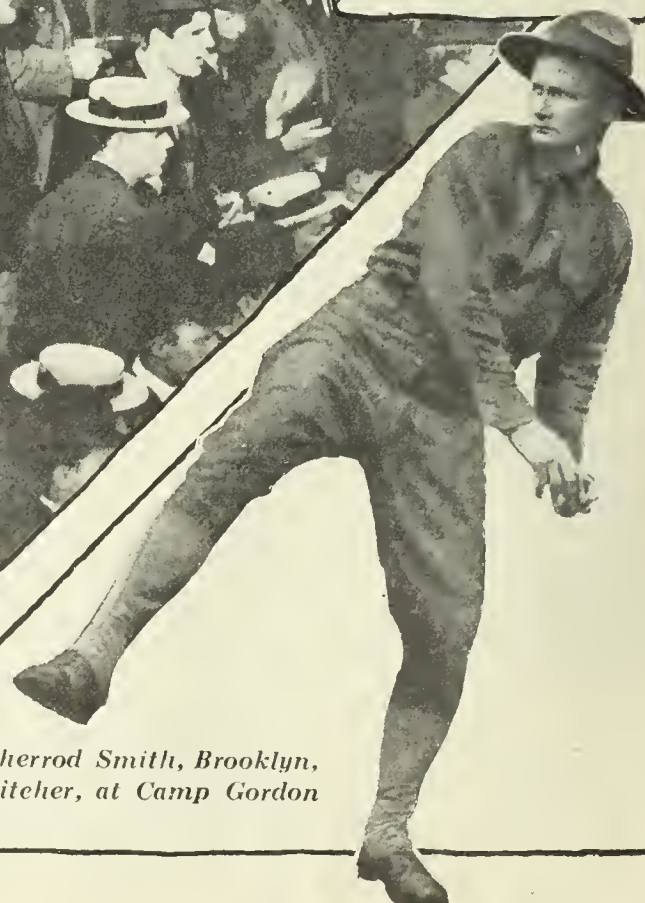
Ernie Shore, pitcher, another Red Sox star, has joined the navy



Joe Jenkins, formerly with the Chicago White Sox



Eddie Grant, one of the old stars of the New York Giants, is in the army



Sherrod Smith, Brooklyn, pitcher, at Camp Gordon

Baseball Goes to War

BY JEROME BEATTY

WHEN the Secretary of War decided that after September 1, 1918, all professional baseball players of draft age must work or fight there was a heap of hullabaloo raised by the immediate relatives of the National and American Leagues.

"Dear old B. Ball!" they cried out in anguish. "Innocent, hard-working, patriotic, glorious old Mr. Ball, friend of everybody, an ever-present help in trouble, cheerer of the downcast, strength giver to the weak, the national hero. Though fifty million people can't get along without him, they're going to starve him to death by taking away the young men who keep him alive."

Well, it did look tough, at first. But the immediate relatives kept on talking and so annoyed us that we began to investigate a situation that we were about to dismiss with: "It is a darn shame, isn't it?" In the hope of establishing the idea that professional baseball was essential, the relatives pointed out that in the first two months and a half of the season—up to July 1—the major leagues paid \$88,715.66 in war taxes.

We were just curious enough to figure it out. Allowing for the Sundays on which some of the clubs were idle, the major leagues were paying about \$1,267 a day in war taxes, or about \$158 a performance. The war tax is 10 per cent, therefore the average day's receipts were \$1,580. Take 50 cents as the average price paid—any fan will admit that this is giving baseball all the best of it—the average daily attendance for a major-league game from April 15 to July 1 was 3,160. If eight games were played in the two leagues each day, only 25,280 persons, according to the average, were seeing major-league baseball every day!

In other words, all the American and National League clubs combined were not drawing—day for day—as many persons as attend only three of New York's leading motion-picture theatres. To carry farther the motion-picture comparison: the Government, we learned, estimates that 12,000,000 persons go to motion pictures every day, so that in the summertime, therefore, 475 times as many persons go to the movies as go to major-league baseball games.

We began to wonder about old Mr. Ball—was he losing his friends? He was a great help in relieving nerves put on edge by war times, we heard.

We looked about us, the next time we went to the Polo Grounds. It was a Thursday afternoon. The attendance was about 3,000. Perhaps 500 soldiers and sailors were there. Fine! But the rest of the men, what about them? It was necessary to admit that they did not seem torn by war work. They were just out having a good time—as we were.

It looked bad for old B. Ball.

Then some of the relatives, arguing that professional baseball was essential, reminded us that King George had witnessed a ball game in London between the army and navy teams. Somebody else told how Jim Scott, former White Sox pitcher, now Captain James Scott, at Camp Lewis, had organized a complete league among the soldiers—dozens of teams, dozens of diamonds.

The Clark Griffith Bat and Ball Fund had passed the \$100,000 mark and had equipped several thousand teams of soldiers in France. Johnny Evers had just joined the Knights of Columbus to go to France to direct the soldier teams. John McGraw had a plan to take an all-star team to France to play a series of games with an army team led by Hank Gowdy.

"In spite of all this that we're doing for the Government," one of the relatives protested, "they're killing baseball!"

Killing baseball! But were they? Not on your life! Old Mr. B. Ball had simply jumped out of bed, put on his clothes, and had hotfooted it off to war, leaving the mourners flat!

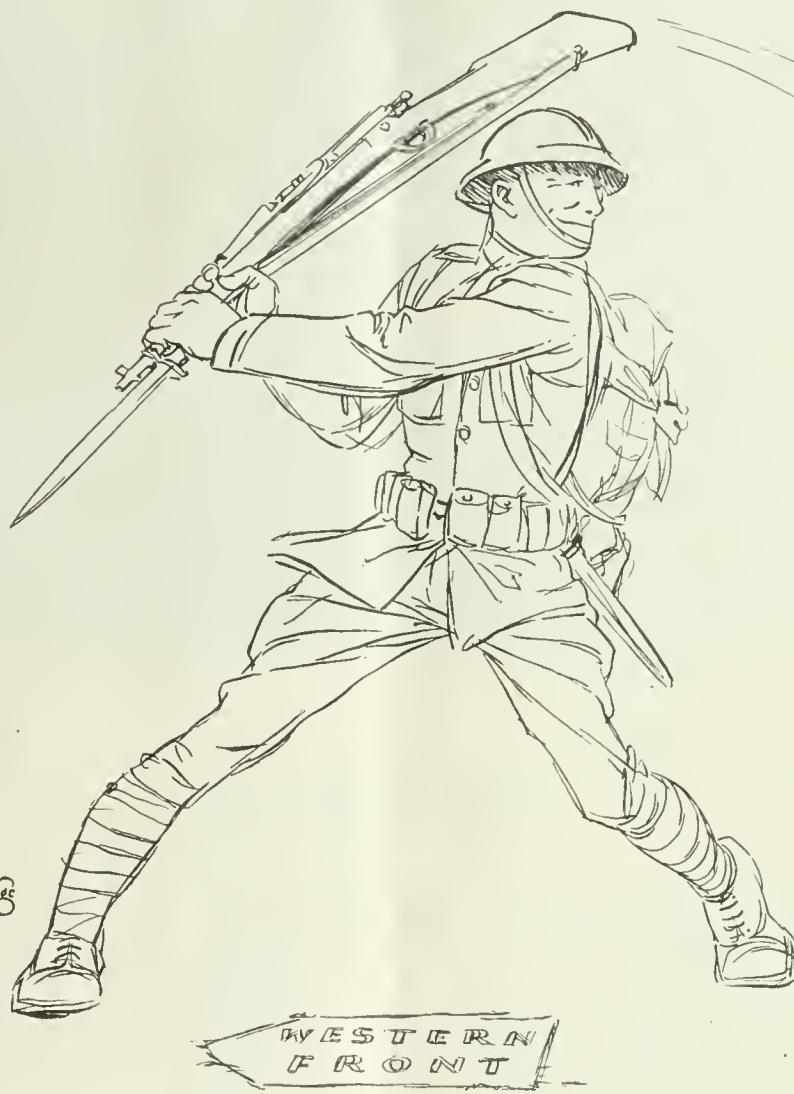
Bigger Than Ever

PROFESSIONAL baseball never has been able to stand away and look at itself. Because it received all the publicity, it thought it *was* baseball. Professional baseball is dead for the duration of the war. It never realized, as the public did, that to

real Americans there was more joy in playing baseball than in watching it. A kid has more fun after the circus, imitating the acrobats, than at the show.

You can do three things with baseball—you can play it, you can read about it, and you can watch it being played. The minority does the latter.

Baseball is bigger than ever. It is being played by more men, it is furnishing more recreation, it is relieving more tired nerves, it is giving more cheer than the wildest fanatic would have dared a year ago to predict. Baseball is a big part of the war



among the fighting men in France and here. It's the play that keeps the Yank from being a dull boy.

If Ty Cobb hits a ball over the fence and scores a run that wins for Detroit, a crowd of three thousand cheer. Next morning men glance over the box scores in their papers and say: "Well, Ty still seems to be doing it." And that's the end of it.

But if Jim Jones from Junction City, Kas., busts one over the roof of a French château and wins for the —th Infantry a game that the whole camp has bet its shirts upon—Lord help the Germans when they meet either the winners or the losers!

Secretary Baker's work or fight order merely put the major leagues out of their misery. Doubtless his

Baseball, the great American sport, has left the professional fields and has gone to war. If any proof were needed that the game is really characteristic of the spirit of America, this action supplies it.—THE EDITOR.

investigations had shown him what was known to everybody connected with baseball except a few stupid officials who refused to open their eyes and look upon their gasping business; namely, that the public had given up professional baseball for the Big Game.

Before there was any definite action by General Crowder, the Pacific Coast League and the American Association had been pinched out by lack of patronage. Smaller leagues died in midsummer.

Even in the large cities there was no profit in baseball. The people were too busy. They couldn't get afternoons off, and except on Saturdays professional baseball was mostly heard about and not seen.

The newspapers, of course, always have stimu-

lated baseball. Even if you didn't see the Giants or the White Sox, you read about them, followed their work, day by day. But the public is too busy following the hitting of Foch and Pershing to pay homage to Cobb or Speaker. Baseball, the National Sport, has left the professional fields and has gone to war. And not a soul has complained, except a few magnates who are chagrined to learn that Old Mr. B. Ball can get along without them.

Major T. L. Huston of the Engineer Corps, one of the owners of the New York Americans, told baseball what was what last spring in a letter written from France. He is nearly fifty years old and has a son in the service. He said, in effect, that as far as he could learn professional baseball had never taken time to read the front pages of the newspapers, and that he was tell-

ing them there and then that there was some war going on and that he knew because he had been in it and that if they didn't get in voluntarily they'd be forced in. Major Huston was a first-class engineer and contractor who served in the Spanish-American War, had charge of the sanitation of Havana after that war, and went into baseball for the fun of it. He got into the big war in the summer of 1917 and was the first baseball man to realize that there was a fight going on of more importance to the United States than the question of whether players could be released on ten days' notice.

The Real World Series

CLOSE on Major Huston's heels went Hank Gowdy, first ball player to enlist. Hank, you remember, was the hero of the 1914 world series. He was the Boston catcher who beat the Athletics by making one single, three doubles, one three-bagger, and one home run in eleven times at bat in the four straight games that the Braves took. He also received five bases on balls in those four memorable games, and stole two bases, besides making thirty-one put-outs and four assists without an error. That's Hank, now Sergeant Gowdy of the Rainbow Division. He told them. And so did Jim Scott of the White Sox, who even passed up baseball's world series to get into the real World Series. And "Rabbit" Maranville, shortstop of the Braves, Jack Miller of the Cardinals, and a bunch of the younger fry—who since boyhood had longed for the day that they could wear a big-league uniform, but who found another uniform that was a lot more worth wearing.

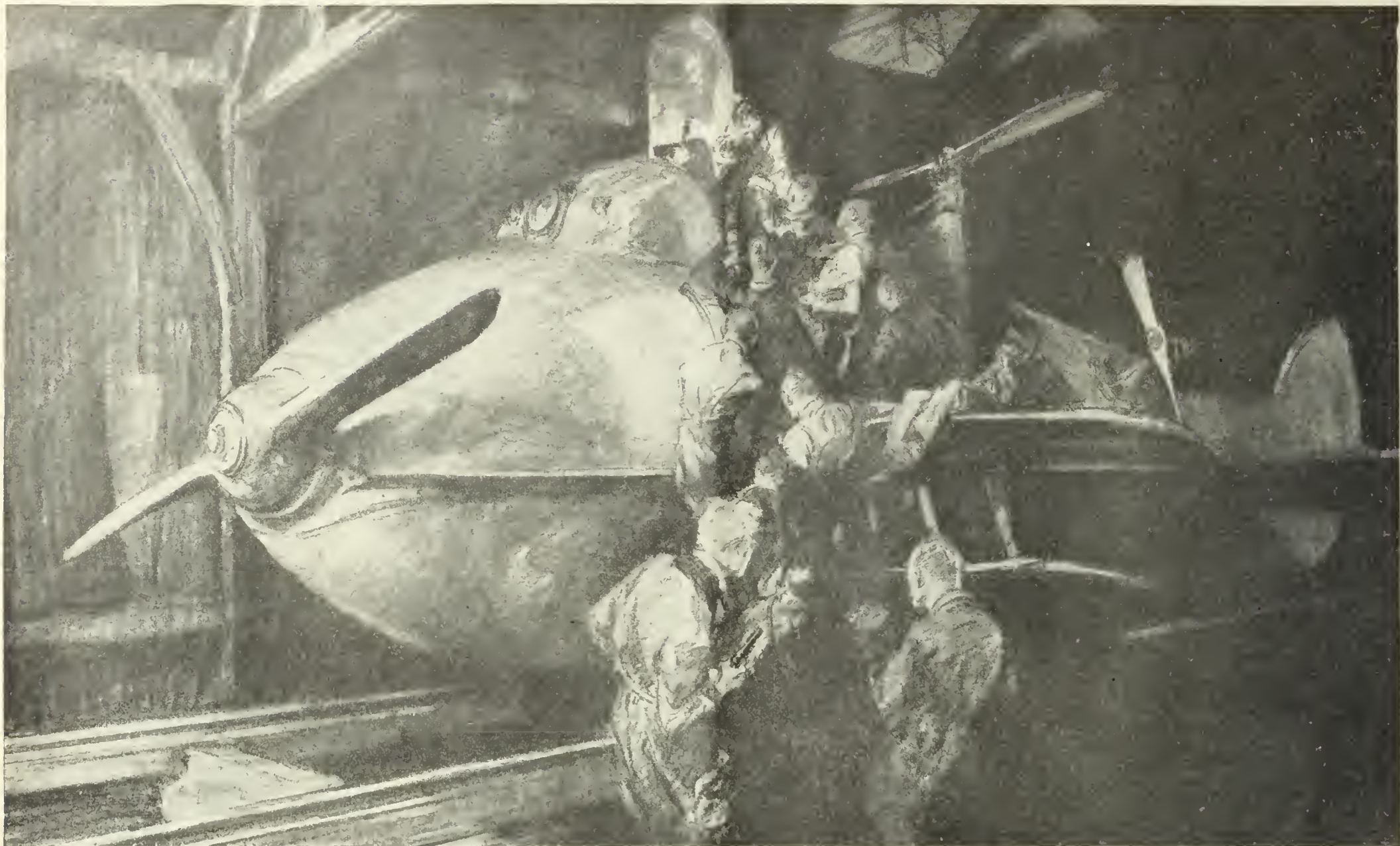
There hardly was a week toward the end of last season that some former baseball player in khaki didn't drop in at the Polo Grounds to shake hands and to pass out the information that the people were more interested in bayonets than they were in bats.

When this season opened the draft began picking the men out, one by one; some went because they had to, and some because they wanted to—just as they did in any other occupation.

That was where professional baseball suffered from its own overexploitation. Players actually believed the things written about them. They considered themselves of great importance because their pictures always were in the papers and because crowds of kids followed them down the street. Baseball magnates thought their petty difficulties were of consequence in the general scheme of things.

The public looked on baseball players as supermen, national figures, heroes who would lead the way in everything heroic. But the war bared professional baseball. The public found that great players were great players—not necessarily great men. As men they averaged first class—nothing more.

It was the game that was heroic, national, and when the test was applied to institutions as well as to the men who man them baseball proved its worthiness. It is truly the national game now.



The Flying Fish

BY ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Chapter Twenty-One: An Advertisement

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

EXCITEMENT will carry a man just so far; hope will buoy him only so long. Morley, wearily alighting from his taxi, was aware of these things. He had slept little in three days, and not at all for thirty-six hours, and he was, to use his own phrase, "all in."

He had not worked alone. The United States Secret Service was not so inefficient that any newspaper man, no matter how brilliant, was its sole dependence. But he had acted in a quasi-independent fashion which reacted upon his mental processes almost as though he had been working by himself.

It had not needed Wrightson's impersonal, patriotic attitude to instill the same feeling into Morley. Flattered though he was that Colroy, and those behind Colroy, should have "drafted" him for Government service, there was little thought of self-glorification in his mind. A great philanthropist and a great inventor had combined to give money and brains to the service of America. They had failed in the moment of success. Now it was up to him, Rodney Morley, to snatch success from the maw of failure ere success should be swallowed up.

And so he had labored, and the result of his labors was—nothing. The automobiles that had carried the raiders to the Penlow Farm—they had been traced as far as the outskirts of New York City, but no farther. People in the suburban districts, at road houses, and stores that happened to keep open at night, were able to remember that half a dozen automobiles had passed by their places of business in a group, going at a terrific rate. But their numbers—none knew them.

And it was not a certainty that these had been the cars containing the raiders, although Morley was

inclined to believe so. For, according to all accounts of the employees of Penlow Farm, there had been from twenty to forty men engaged in the raid, and half a dozen automobiles would be needed to accommodate so many.

Furthermore, it was reasonable to suppose that the cars, after the wrecking of the *Flying Fish*, would make for New York. Only there could so many men hide.

New York! Somewhere in the city Harmon Rayde and his followers lay hidden, but—where?

He could hope for no aid from the employees at Penlow Farm. Beyond the man who had yielded to Munoz's bribes, there was no treachery there. Not an employee but had been subjected to the most rigid "third degree," but all had come through with flying colors. They were honest. Munoz had told Rayde all that the bandit wished to know: the date of the trial—everything. At least it was not at all far-fetched to assume this.

If only the city were under martial law! Then every motor car would be registered, could go out only on the presentation of proper credentials. But why pine for the might-have-beens? The time would come when the Government would be forced to realize that what is freedom in time of peace becomes dangerous license in time of war, but that time had not come yet.

He could thank God for one thing: Wrightson was not dead. In that young man's brain lay the secret of the *Flying Fish*, and within months, at the outside, a new machine—scores of new machines, for the powers that be were convinced of its practicability—would be in existence, ready to fight the Hun. But if, in the meantime, the Hun possessed the

weapon, America's advantage was nullified. Indeed, if Harmon Rayde could construct the machine immediately, God alone knew what might be the toll it would take of Allied shipping.

A NEW line of thought came to him at this idea. Because Rayde's men had headed for New York, he had been assuming that they must still be in New York. But the man, or men, who could plan and carry out such an attack would not be content merely with destruction. The fact that Munoz had been gained over to deliver the plans piecemeal to Rayde was proof that use was to be made of the plans. And at the present time it would be a very optimistic man who would think himself certain of being able to traverse the seas, break the Allied cordon, and get into Germany. Would Rayde trust those plans to a messenger, even though the messenger were himself? Morley doubted it. The stake was too great; furthermore, there was the matter of the proclamation which Begley had shown the reporter.

Rayde was insane, but his mania was not the sort that interfered with cunning execution of his plans. That was proved by the incident at Penlow Farm. If anything, leaving out his criminal actions, Rayde's insanity was the delusion of grandeur. And yet was that a delusion? If Rayde could construct this machine before Wrightson could build one—Wrightson had been fired upon. The bullet had undoubtedly been aimed to kill. Perhaps, quite probably, Wrightson had been rendered unconscious when shot—Rayde thought that his men had slain the inventor. In which case, Rayde *knew* that, barring capture, the Allies were at his mercy. For that matter, if the man so chose, Germany was at his

mercy also. But Rayde was known to have worked for Germany in recent years, since the outbreak of the Great War, and it was safe to assume that he still served the Kaiser.

But this didn't matter. What did matter was Rayde's attack upon Wrightson. Rayde was so crafty, so demoniacally clever, that he would make provision for failure. If Wrightson were not killed, the theft of his plans and the destruction of the *Flying Fish* would mean merely delay before America had the weapon which Rayde now had. Rayde would be thoroughly aware of that. It came down, if Rayde were as clever as he seemed, to a recognition on his part of the essential value of time. He would want to construct his flying submarine as soon as possible. And he had been obtaining portions of the plans over, probably, a considerable period of time.

WHAT, then, was to have prevented Rayde from having been at work upon the invention over this considerable period of time? Nothing in the world. He had probably progressed far along on the construction of the deadliest menace to civilization that had yet been conceived. Hence his proclamation to the newspapers, which, thank God, had not been published.

But such construction work as those plans necessitated could hardly have been done in New York City. Any plant capable of turning out such a machine was under Government supervision, unquestionably. Nowhere in the country would such a machine be constructed for a private individual.

Rayde, then, must have his own plant. But certainly, despite his Mexican activities, he would not have his plant in that country. The supplies that he would need he could not rely upon getting in Mexico. Also, the dangerous journey, with the necessity for passports, with the eternal vigilance of the Secret Service to be avoided—Rayde's plant, if he had one, must be in the United States.

Here Morley's reasoning brought him, but here reasoning ceased and wild speculation set in, wild speculation which he dismissed from his mind. He must base all reasoning upon facts, and the facts were few. If only the girl in the case—But she too had seemingly vanished from the earth. No, there was no outside aid to be counted upon. The police, the Secret Service, every available agency, was at work trying to trace Harmon Rayde, and Harmon Rayde was not yet found.

He paid his taxi man and let himself into his apartment. Colroy and Flynn, themselves reeling on their feet from exhaustion, had been bound for bed, and had insisted on Morley doing the same thing. After a rest perhaps his brain would work better, perhaps he could see some loophole through which at present no ray of light filtered.

He closed the door behind him and groped for the electric switch. He turned it on and instantly reached for the automatic pistol that Lieutenant Flynn had given him. But the fat figure in Morley's armchair meditated no violence.

"Tis only meself, Hallowe'en John, Misther Morley."

Morley dropped heavily into a chair. "What's the idea, John?" he asked. He held his revolver in his lap. The presence of Hallowe'en John was not to be welcomed until explained.

"Put up the gun," said Hallowe'en John, with a shiver. "It makes me nervous."

"Yes?" said Morley. "I'm not an old maid, John, and I don't look under the bed for burglars, but—the idea, John, the idea? I never remember giving you a latchkey to this place."

"And if I meant harm, Misther Morley, I'd be giving you all this time to get your gun out, wouldn't I?" asked Drury.

Morley laughed. He put the weapon in his pocket. Hallowe'en John, for all his slimy, crookedness, was not a man of violence. Morley was getting "nerves."

"Well, how did you get in here?" demanded the newspaper man.

"Tis never wise to turn away from knowledge," said Hallowe'en John cryptically. "I number a many different kinds in me acquaintance. Burglars, newspaper men, aldermen, State officials, pickpockets—all sorts."

"I hope you don't lump all that you mentioned

in one class," laughed Morley. "Well, then, a burglar showed you how to open locks. But why my lock, John?"

Hallowe'en John shrugged his fat shoulders. "A man," he said, "may be all things in the wor-rld. Ye are not my confessor, Misther Morley, so I will not tell ye things that should be told to him alone. Let it go that Hallowe'en John sometimes wishes that he had less money and more—shall I call it honest pride? Ye don't understand, Misther Morley, most like, the meanin' of fear. I tell ye, 'tis a terrible feelin'. Nawthin' else in the wor-rld is like it. It's like a disease, Misther Morley, or maybe I should say a habit. That's it, a habit. It grows on a man. He coddles his fear until his fear becomes the only important thing to him."

The dive keeper paused. His fat hands wiped moisture from his oily forehead. With all his exhaustion Morley found space in his heart to pity the man.

"But if you're frightened, John, why come to me? Why not the police?"

"The safest thing would be to go to no one," declared Hallowe'en John, "but there's limits, Misther Morley, even to the cowardice of a coward. And murder, afther all, is the limit."

"Suppose you get to the point, John," suggested Morley. "I'm half dead with sleep and—"

"I will. I come to you, Misther Morley, because I don't dare go to the police, and yet I must go somewhere. I know where Rayde is."

"Where?" snapped Morley instantly. He was alert once again.

"At least," corrected Hallowe'en John, "where he has been. Listen, Misther Morley: The crowd that hangs out in me place has begun to suspect me. You bein' there so much, Lieutenant Flynn walkin' in bold as brass—they don't like it. And when that gang don't like a man they kill him. They've been watchin' me. But I managed to dodge the couple that's been shadowin' me the last two days. But I didn't dare go to Police Headquarters. I might be seen goin' in there. So I come to your place. Ye wasn't in, but—"

"Yes; never mind apologizing," said Morley eagerly.

"I won't then," said Hallowe'en John. "But to-night Ralph the Locksmith was in to my place. He was crazy for the price of a bunk in a hop joint, and he talked free. All he had was a ring, a plain gold seal ring, the

to do, in me private office I examined the ring. And then I sent for Ralph. I got the address of the place he'd robbed. An empty house, clean bare, he said, except for this ring which is on a table in a back room. And he gave me the address, and I come to you. And here's the ring, sir."

Morley took it. He was impressed with the earnestness of Hallowe'en John, and his fingers shook almost as much as the hand of the fat dive keeper.

"To F. E. from Mother."

That was the inscription inside the ring.

"Farley Endicott, sir," cried Hallowe'en John. "And you remcember the crest, or coat-of-arms, or whatever you call it, of the Endicotts? The newspapers printed it—if that ain't it, I'll eat the ring."

"It looks it, John," admitted Morley.

"Endicott was killed in an accident," said Drury, "but the men that killed Breen and tried to kill the negro—they did that in Endicott's apartment. They robbed the place, took it to the house that Ralph the Locksmith entered, left this ring behind—"

"Give me the address, John," interrupted Morley. There was no time—nor reason—to explain to Hallowe'en John that it was not Endicott's body that had been found by the wrecked automobile, or Morley's instant belief that Endicott himself had left the ring as a possible clue.

HALLOWE'EN JOHN gave him the street and number. Immediately Morley was telephoning Colroy. And neither the Secret Service man nor Lieutenant Flynn, whom Morley later telephoned, objected to losing another night's sleep.

Morley turned to Hallowe'en John as he hung up the receiver. "John, you're not as bad as I thought," he said. "You have your limits, and shielding a murderer is outside those limits, after all. John, you have a pile salted away. Why not quit?"

"I'm closing my place to-morrow," said Hallowe'en John. "I'm too cowardly to continue, and—"

"Your coming to me may have—John, you may have done as much for your country as men who go into the trenches. Whatever you've done that you're ashamed of, forget it now. You've squared yourself."

Yet Morley's enthusiasm had cooled by the time that he had, with Colroy and Flynn, searched the house that probably had been Rayde's New York headquarters. It was empty of old clothes even—no trinkets, no jewelry, no letters, no papers that would afford a clue to its inhabitants. The neighbors, routed out from sleep, could only tell that several days ago—none remembered exactly when—signs of life had vanished from the place. One of them, however, knew the renting agent's name, and immediately Flynn telephoned him.

But he could give them little information. The rent had been paid quarterly in advance, in cash, by a man who corresponded in no way to the description of Harmon Rayde. But that didn't matter. Morley was convinced that Rayde had occupied the premises, and Flynn and Colroy shared his belief.

"But where's he gone to?" queried Flynn morosely. "No moving vans or express teams stopped here. The neighbors never saw any, and they'd have noticed anything like that."

"He probably had other places, where his personal baggage is," suggested Morley. "Besides, an auto can carry a great many suit cases without any notice being taken, especially at night. And it's something to have known his New York headquarters, isn't it?"

"Not unless it leads us to his other headquarters," said Colroy. "If there were only something to go upon," he almost moaned. "Endicott is no boob. He probably left that ring hoping that somebody would find it, and guess whose it was. But if he'd only left a scrap of paper, even—"

The three men, Morley, Flynn, and Colroy, were together; the plain-clothes men whom they had brought with them were (Continued on page 25)



"Ye don't understand, Misther Morley, most like, the meanin' of fear"

gold in it not worth over ten dollars. I didn't want it, but—well, there's no use stallin' you, Misther Morley. Besides, I'm not in the mood for lyin' to-night.

"As I say, I didn't want the ring, but Ralph has been a good customer, and I gave him five dollars to be rid of him. Then, just for lack of anythin' else



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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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Everybody's War

MR. SCHWAB'S buoyant and hopeful article in COLLIER'S for September 7 was for the moment a comfort; but we had hardly finished reading it a second time when the postman brought in two letters of a different character. One was from Washington, and it said among other things:

Final tabulations of labor demands show a present shortage of 1,000,000 unskilled laborers in war industries, with a tremendous additional shortage coming when the new draft expansion increases the need for supplies. The skilled-labor situation is equally serious. Georgia has been notified that unless that State can furnish the \$8,000,000 picric-acid plant at Brunswick with 5,000 laborers the entire construction force will be laid off and the plant moved out of Georgia. Demands for men [by the Government Employment Service] must be met no matter what happens to private business, but the men cannot be taken from other war industries, farms, railroads, or mines. The shortage must be met or our new army will be faced by additional instances of lack of equipment such as were apparent last winter.

This was bad enough, but the second letter was worse. It came from a workman in San Francisco, who signed his name and gave his address. He wrote:

I have read with interest your correspondent's article on shipyard construction and the faithful and valiant work performed thereon. He was, no doubt, sincere, and wrote what he thought from under his white collar and patent-leather shoes. But oh! what a different article he would have written had he hired out as a laborer and gained his color and atmosphere from under a jumper and overalls! Here are some things he would have seen: 75 per cent of the men doing 50 per cent of a fair day's work, losing thereby to the country at least \$3,000 per day on one *single ship*. He would have heard foremen tell their men: "Now, take it easy and hang on to this." He would have heard at every turn men boasting about how little they have done and what a pay check they received. You may ask how do I know all these things. Because I am one of the chief offenders. I am working, or rather *stalling*, in a large shipyard. The last time I asked a foreman what to do next, he said: "For —'s sake, can't you find a place to hide?" I did. I have been in the lazaret for three days, receiving \$9.90 a day and haven't done one single tap of work.

Perhaps too sad a view of the labor situation is taken officially at Washington and unofficially in COLLIER'S editorial rooms. A cheerful friend suggests as much in the following communication:

Don't get excited and alarmed over these reports of labor troubles. A great many of us have to work in places where there are neither trees nor grass nor any adequate view of the sky. Along in the heated term these conditions, which seem fit and proper during most of the year, rather tend to get on one's nerves. Perhaps the bursting growth of full midsummer calls to some obscurely imbedded craving for field life. Not even the claim of war service can always hold out against that feeling. Anyhow, it comes about in July and August that almost any sort of a minor grievance may start large-scale difficulties for the time being. Thunder showers and a cooler wave will clear the industrial as well as the atmospheric air, so that such walkouts are not apt to last long. Dog days will always be strike days. Pass the iced tea and forget it!

All of which may be true, but COLLIER'S would prefer to see the air cleared without a thunderstorm. Heat and the "obscurely imbedded craving" may account for slackness here and there, but they have nothing to do with the unseasonable activity of responsible leaders in stirring up discontent. What would be said of a merchant who refused to pay his taxes because the "bursting growth of full midsummer" called him to turn the collector from the door? The publishers of the country are called upon to reduce their use of paper by 15 per cent. What if they refused to obey because "there are neither trees nor grass nor any adequate view of the sky" where they work? The other day General FOCH spoke of the intense heat of the battle field. Imagine a soldier refusing to join in the battle because the heat "tended to get on his nerves." Yet the official impresarios talk about those of us who remain at home, well out of danger, in the enjoyment of high wages and all the comforts of life, as if we were prima donnas who had to be coaxed and flattered into doing even a small share in the national program.

The truth is that a great many people—and they are not all labor leaders by any means—have not yet begun to think in terms of war. They do not realize that the reason they are not called upon to fight is that they can be of greater service behind the line—and it is the only reason. They see in the world tragedy a means

of advancing their own interests or ambitions. The labor or business profiteer is not as bad as the political profiteers who use public office to impose on the country a political system that it would reject if a majority were not under the rule of discipline. They are worse than profiteers.

The majority take their deprivation cheerfully, or, if they are not cheerful, their attitude recalls the ancient story of the matter-of-fact man who was asked if his wife was resigned when she died. He answered: "Why, she had to be." But a government that says "must" to a majority and "please" to the others (and the others don't "please") will soon find that resignation and docility are not American traits.

Uncle Sam's Billboard

MOST of us are used to advertising as a real factor in the day's work of running the United States, but not so many are aware of the extent to which this resource has been pressed into national service. Every week and almost every day the newspapers and magazines that circulate through this country carry pages of unpaid matter which urge investment in our national loans, present the case for the Red Cross, for food conservation, etc., and in general strive to enlist the individual citizen even more directly in the war. The national press to-day is one gigantic billboard upon which UNCLE SAM can post his bulletins at pleasure. Not that the periodicals concerned deserve any particular credit in the matter: after all, they are published in the United States and are only doing their duty as they should. But the fact remains that the Government has this powerful service of publicity at its command. The queer thing is that the Postal Zoning Act takes no notice whatever of this advantage, but purposes to demolish UNCLE SAM'S billboard by making the national circulation of reading matter practically impossible. The Administration at Washington wants the backing of all citizens in this war, wants to be able to lay its projects before them on the largest possible scale, and to appeal directly to the people for support in whatever emergencies may arise. Yet the law referred to cuts the country up into artificial zones and hoists artificial barriers of higher postal rates along their boundaries.

How Many Do You Feed?

FROM that prolific source of unusual information, the filler-in newspaper paragraph, we learn that our country has some 200,000 men busied with feeding the rats. These workers have an elaborate equipment of farms, storehouses, and other tools, and they keep constantly at it. No mention was made of the toil necessary to sustain our quota of trench and other specialized war rats. Add the mice in their millions, the prolific woodchuck dear to the leisurely New England homestead, the multitudinous gray squirrel living in nervous ease on the broad ranches of California, and all the other four-legged vagrants in between, and the total becomes somewhat appalling. For whom or what do our workers work, anyhow? Of course the learned comfort themselves by talking wisely of the biological balance in nature, which signifies, among other things, that these pests do not bother them. But man got his nose somewhat above the waters of this struggle to survive by using his brains to put the more hindering species out of the way. Brute nature retorts by dropping brutal arrogance and sneaking back in devious cunning. The cave bear and saber-tooth tiger bit the dust long ago, but many an unseen rodent is gnawing out their vengeance to-day. If these latter go also, no doubt some lesser breeds will take their evil place and thus give betterment a further work to do. But 200,000 rat feeders seems far too many for a practical people. We hope the typesetter put an extra naught on that figure.

Why Germany Destroys

CONCERNED as we are, most of all, with the lives of those dear to us, it is hard at times to weigh justly the meaning and the guilt of the German rage against such monuments of the soul of

man as the cathedral at Rheims. For us in our newer country JOHN RUSKIN has made the matter clear in a passage in his book, "The Seven Lamps of Architecture":

For, indeed, the greatest glory of a building is not in its stones, nor in its gold. Its glory is in its Age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity. It is in their lasting witness against men, in their quiet contrast with the transitional character of all things, in the strength which, through the lapse of seasons and times, and the decline and birth of dynasties, and the changing of the face of the earth, and of the limits of the sea, maintains its sculptured shapeliness for a time insuperable, connects forgotten and following ages with each other, and half constitutes the identity, as it concentrates the sympathy, of nations; it is in that golden stain of time that we are to look for the real light, and color, and preciousness of architecture; and it is not until a building has assumed this character, till it has been intrusted with the fame, and hallowed by the deeds of men, till its walls have been witnesses of suffering, and its pillars rise out of the shadows of death, that its existence, more lasting as it is than that of the natural objects of the world around it, can be gifted with even so much as these possess, of language and of life.

Our Part at the Finish

ANNOUNCEMENT of the organization of our First Field Army in France came appropriately close on the heels of the answer to the first of two pertinent questions. The first question was whether there ever would be an American army in France, big enough and early enough to finish the job. The Germans said no, and up till June there were a good many heads solemnly awagging in this country. But the answer has been given, and in all human certainty the 3,000,000 men asked for by General MARCH will be at FOCH's disposal next July. The second question was how American quality would measure up to American numbers and the Allied standard. The answer came at Château-Thierry, on July 18, when FOCH selected our American divisions along with the pick of the poilu armies for the stroke that was to make or break the Allied cause. The rest is history. It was thereupon properly in order to turn to 1919 and ask just when and how and where our American armies on their own front would be called upon to finish up matters.

A fascinating speculation! Some have seen our 3,000,000 Americans massed along the frontier from Verdun to Nancy for the final push into Germany by the nearest route. Some have seen the American army taking over the great central section from Champagne to the British right, for a shattering blow, not at German territory, but at the heart of the German army, which is of more consequence. Fascinating, but speculation. Strategic prophecy on such a vast scale and at such long distance in time is worth just about what you care to pay for it. But if forecast in terms of fronts and sectors is perilous, there is one anticipation that we can venture on. It is this: the rôle of the American army will not be confined to holding a separate American front, no matter how long that front may be. There will be an American front held by millions. But there will also be an American army behind the lines, forming part of FOCH's superarmy of maneuver with which the Allied commander in chief will try to end the war.

This much-debated army of maneuver we know now to have been a fact from the beginning; that is to say, from the early days of 1918 when Bolshevik Russia quit and the Allies set to bracing themselves against the full power of the German attack. Then was constituted the army of maneuver under FOCH, for the purpose of opposing a superior mobility to German numerical superiority. It was a bold plan which has been magnificently justified. FOCH's original army of maneuver was supposed, at least by the Germans, to have been expended in plugging the holes opened up in Picardy in March and on the Aisne in May. If that original army was used up, then FOCH must have succeeded

in creating another. Events since July 18 have made that plain. But the underlying purpose of the mobile army of reserve was by no means purely defensive. It is precisely the advantage of high mobility that while it can parry swiftly it can also attack swiftly at the first sign of an open enemy guard. That is what FOCH's reserve army did in July; and on an increasing scale that is what we may expect the Foch policy to be to the end of the war. With this difference: up to July 18 the Foch army of maneuver was an alert goal keeper behind a thin line. From now on the army of maneuver will be a charging back behind a heavy line of scrimmage.

FOCH will not take all of his 6,000,000 men and stretch them out in solid array from the North Sea to Switzerland. He will have that strong line, but behind it he will have his mobile army or armies playing for the final plunge through center or around the ends. And in this fighting back field there cannot be the least

doubt that a very important rôle is reserved for American troops. For such a rôle they are designated by the qualities which they showed on the Marne, where French officers found the ardor of the Americans in occasional need of restraint. A plan is often determined by the instrument in hand; and if FOCH were ever to hesitate about his tactics of maneuver and shock, American ardor would sway the argument.

Keeping Kentucky Posted

THESE casualty lists are exaggerated sometimes. For instance, PAT RYAN of the Blue Grass State, who stands six feet four in his bare feet and is built on what the reinforced concrete people call monolithic lines, has written in to his old boss that he was not killed in action this spring at all, at all. PAT used to run big engines over the road for the Illinois Central and says he is now working as a traveling crane in the back shop of a French locomotive works. He picks up those little French choo-choos one under each arm and places 'em where desired!

Those Now Returning

AS men come back home wounded everything possible will be done to help them. Not that any of us

will deserve any credit for that: it is not a matter of kindness or patriotism or sanitation, but of relieving the almost intolerable burden of obligation, under which we all rest, for what these hurt men have saved us from. We are far (thank Heaven!) from that brutal Prussian view of the hospital as a machine shop for the repair of damaged military material which happens to be of the human species. But in the bustle of preparation over here one feels a rather heavy emphasis on the technical point of view. In human affairs technique, however wonderful, must always be the means, never the end. A wounded soldier is not primarily a surgical case, or a candidate for vocational reeducation, or an illustration of some physiological law. He is a man who has been injured in helping us, and for whom we must devise the best way of life now possible. No matter how much apparatus and organization may be used, the matter is utterly personal and will remain so despite the numbers involved. Arithmetic does not alter the facts of the human soul. Perhaps poetry can get closer to the truth so haltingly indicated herein, and this is how a British versifier, otherwise unknown to us, wrote of it in the fourth year of the war:

England, I greet you once again,
Your warrior fresh from fight,
Dear land of rations and of rain,
Of home and heart's delight.

My spirit, on a charger tall,
While flaming pennons dance,
While flowers are flung and trumpets
call,
Comes proudly home from France.

But of this pageant I alone
Am anyway aware,
As my poor person, packed and prone,
Is hoisted here and there—

Mere luggage; yet no swaggering
blade
E'er loved you more than I,
Upon an English platform laid
Beneath an English sky.

September 14, 1918

A LETTER FROM FRANCE

(From a lieutenant in the U. S. field artillery)

DEAR MOTHER: We maneuvered several days back and forth to get in front of the expected boche drive, then got set—four or five days of twenty-four-hour work holding things against attack, and then we started through ourselves, gaining two or three kilometers each assault—artillery pounding night and day—a perfect hell of work and heaven of excitement and sense of going forward.

Men—no sleep but a few minutes snatched now and then—staggered through mud with ninety-pound shells, with gas and high-explosive coming in steadily from the boche, not winking anybody up to the time I left—by some miracle. That was the morning it was announced we had Château-Thierry.

Between assaults they worked doggedly, determinedly, but wearily, in the holding fire, but then when an assault started (they couldn't tell, you see, but that it was holding fire until the command to fire came down) and they heard the whole line go off together—guns of all sizes rocking the ground—then they handled shells like biscuits: tossed them, and cheered, and fell asleep around the guns in the mud and rain when it was finished.

I've talked with some of the infantry coming down here and they have wonderful tales to tell. The French are wildly enthusiastic over the Americans—one French regiment passed me going into action waving the American flag.

Some time when I have time I'll sit down and analyze the sensations: they're indelible—it's a sort of high excitement that makes anything possible. It's taken at least three hits to stop any of our men. Generally they keep on going, nevertheless, until they can't go any farther—then shoot from where they are until they're picked off or the advance goes too far ahead, and the litter bearers get them and bring them in.

HUGH.

Business in War Time

No. 11: Twenty-five Million Tons of Shipping—What are we going to do with it?

IN "Current Affairs," a publication issued by the Boston Chamber of Commerce, Edward N. Hurley, Chairman of the United States Shipping Board, makes a statement which takes your breath away:

"With something like 25,000,000 tons of merchant shipping to be employed inside of two years, the United States Shipping Board feels that it is none too early to look around for cargoes both in this country and abroad."

Twenty-five million tons of shipping to be filled! It is almost impossible to appreciate the magnitude of the figure.

Mr. Hurley, however, makes it graphic. Enough ships, he explains, to carry in one voyage all the fish, flesh and fowl products that our railroads carry in one year; enough ships to carry in four trips the yearly railroad haul of all farm products; enough to carry in three-and-a-half trips all our lumber.

What shall American manufacturers and business men generally do to prepare for the vast overseas trade which must be developed if these ships are to be kept on the high seas—under the American flag?

There is one man in New York who is a veritable storehouse of expert knowledge on the subject of foreign trade and the writer hurried down to his office to get the answer to this question which is so vital to America at present. This man's name is B. Olney Hough; his job is editing "The American Exporter"; and his office, in Battery Place, overlooks the wide spread of the harbor from which, after the war, innumerable American ships filled with American goods, let us hope, will sail over the Seven Seas to the nethermost parts of the earth.

Mr. Hough had explained over the telephone that he had very decided opinions as to what American business men should do in order to increase American foreign trade, but that these opinions were not popular opinions.

But as we sat there talking to him, the opinions sounded, not unpopular, but absolutely sound and sensible. At the same time, Mr. Hough does not mince words. He was very emphatic about our folly in abusing foreign trade as we had done more than once in the past. For instance, certain print-goods manufacturers who catered to foreign buyers when business was bad at home, but who left these same buyers unsupplied, when in good years the home market absorbed their entire production.

"The problem reduced to its simplest terms," said Mr. Hough, "is this: We've got to go after this foreign business scientifically—not in the haphazard way in which we have been doing it. We've got to study it. We've got to allow reputable foreign houses proper credit against their acceptances as is the custom in all international trading, instead of demanding, as we have in the past, cash in advance. We've got to go about it as merchants—as big business men. Business has come too easy for us during the past few years. It will still come easy after the war is won and until after the aftermath of war is over. With certain parts of the globe swept absolutely bare of goods they'll be on their knees to us to supply them. But when Europe is back again on a productive and competing basis our business will stand or fall by the fairness with which we've treated the foreign markets during the period that we were their only source of supply."

Then Mr. Hough went on to elaborate his ideas about competition. "Not all American goods have been able to meet competition—price competition, and they never will," he said. "We can't make all goods as cheap as some other countries can make them because of the difference in labor costs. But we can make them better! Look at American boots and shoes! They've swept everything before them in Europe—simply because of their quality. Before the war Germany did everything she could to imitate them; she bought American shoe machinery; she bought American leather; she even bribed away American foremen in shoe factories, and yet she couldn't approximate American shoes. We sold Germany

the year preceding the war three times as many shoes as ever before."

"American manufacturers are often criticized," we suggested, "for not meeting the tastes of foreign buyers."

The editor of "The American Exporter" waved his hand impatiently. "Generally speaking, we can't meet them. American manufacturers have to manufacture on a large production basis in order to do it profitably. Of course, in certain minor instances, where we can meet foreign tastes we should. But what we can do is educate foreigners up to the American standards of quality. That can be done. Take shoes again. A few years ago the American consul at Rangoon complained furiously because we wouldn't meet the native population's taste in shoes. But instead of meeting it, we educated them up to American shoes. I know one concern personally who sold \$150,000 worth of American shoes in Rangoon last year."

To the question, "What should a manufacturer do to get foreign business?" Mr. Hough replied: "Let the foreign buyers know what he has to sell them. This can be done in exactly four ways. First, and best: Send competent salesmen to these foreign markets fully acquainted with what they have to sell. Don't bother about whether they know the customs of the country or even the language. It will come later. Be sure, first of all, that they're good salesmen. Second: Advertise in the export papers. Third: Get into correspondence with foreign buyers; send them catalogues and samples. Fourth: Take it up with one of the export houses in New York or Boston, explain to them just what you have to sell, and let them get the proper connections for you."

"But the big fact to remember," concluded Mr. Hough, with emphasis, "is that the time to start after this foreign trade is *now*. With raw materials difficult to get, with labor high, with production curtailed, with shipping space limited, granting all this, the time to start is *now*! Get into touch with the foreign markets now, get your line of merchandise ready for them now, let them know what you have to sell now, and if it is at all possible get at least some of your goods into that country—now! Then you'll be ready for your share of the huge business which will spring to life after the war is won."

Mr. Hurley says that soon twenty-five million tons of shipping will be waiting. What are you going to do about it? It seems to us that Mr. Hough has said some things which may be accepted as guideposts in your answer to this question.



The Three Zoological Wishes

Continued from page 6

In silence then, she thought and thought. Herbert also was silent, for he too was trying to think, not knowing that already he had proved himself to be but wax in her hands, and that he was destined further to show himself thus malleable. Like many and many another of his sex, he never for an instant suspected that he spent the greater part of his time carrying out ideas implanted within him by a lady friend. Florence was ever the imaginative one of those two, a maiden of unexpected fancies and inexplicable conceptions, a mind of quicksilver and mist. There was already within her being the seedling power of a great creative artist, and as she sat there, on the ice-cream freezer in Herbert's cellar, with the slowly growing roseate glow of deep preoccupation upon her, she looked strangely sweet and good, and even almost pretty.

"Do you s'pose," she said, at last, in a musing voice—"Herbert, do you s'pose maybe there's some poor family's children somewhere that haven't got any playthings or anything, and we could take all these—"

But Herbert proved unsympathetic. "I'm not goin' to give my insects to any poor people's children," he said emphatically—"I don't care how poor they are!"

"Well, I thought maybe just as a surprise—"

"I won't do it. I had mighty hard work to catch this c'lection, and I'm not goin' to give it away to anybody, I don't care how surprised they'd be! Anyway, I'd never get any thanks for it: they wouldn't know how to handle 'em, and they'd get all stung up; and what'd be the use anyhow? I don't see how *that's* goin' to be somep'm so inter'sting we'd never forget it."

"No," she said. "I guess it wouldn't. I just thought it would be kind of a bellnovent thing to do."

The word disturbed Herbert, but he did not feel altogether secure in his own impression that "benovvalent" was the proper rendition of what she meant, and so refrained from criticism. Their musing was resumed.

"THERE'S one thing I do wish," Florence said suddenly, after a time. "I wish we could find some way to use the c'lection that would be useful for Noble Dill."

Now, at this, her cousin's face showed simple amazement. "What on earth you talkin' about?"

"Noble Dill," she said dreamily. "He's the only one I like that comes to see Aunt Julia. Anyway, I like him the most."

"I bet Aunt Julia don't!"

"I don't care; he's the one I wish she'd get married to."

Herbert was astounded. "Noble Dill? Why, I heard mamma and Aunt Hattie and Uncle Joe talkin' about him yesterday."

"What'd they say?"

"Most of the time," said Herbert, "they just laughed. They said Noble Dill was the very last person in this town Aunt Julia'd ever dream o' marryin'. They said he wasn't anything; they said he wasn't handsome and he wasn't distingrished-looking—"

"I think he is," Florence interposed. "I think he's *very* distingrished-looking."

"Well, they said he wasn't, and they know more'n you do. He isn't hardly any taller'n I am myself, and he's twenty-two and I'm only thirteen; and he hasn't got any muscle partickyourly. They said he was just kind of everyday, and never *could* look much dressed-up, or anything, though they said they guessed he *tried* hard enough to; and they said he didn't have any salary except just a little his father gives him for c'lectin' real-estate rents; and he's been so mixed up in his mind, ever since he took and fell in love with Aunt Julia, they said they guessed he didn't really earn that much; and anyhow Aunt Julia wouldn't look at him!"

"She does, too! My goodness, how could he sit on the porch, right in front of her, for two or three hours at a time, without her lookin' at him?"

"I don't care," Herbert insisted stubbornly. "They said Aunt Julia wouldn't. They said she was the worst flirt had ever been in the whole family and Noble Dill had the worst case they ever saw, but she wouldn't ever look at him, and if she did she'd be crazy."

"Well, anyway," said Florence, "I think he's the

niciest of all that goes to see her, and I wish we could use this c'lection some way that would be nice for him."

Herbert renewed his protest. "How many times I got to tell you I had a hard enough time catchin' this c'lection, day in and day out, from before day-



He observed the unfortunates through a large magnifying glass

light till after dark, and then fixin' 'em all up like this and everything! I don't prapose to waste 'em just to suit Noble Dill, and I'm not goin' to give 'em away either. If anybody wanted to buy 'em and offered a good fair price, money down, why, I—"

"That's it, Herbert!" his lady-cousin exclaimed with sudden excitement. "Let's sell 'em!" She jumped up, her eyes bright. "I bet we could get maybe five dollars for 'em. We can pour the ones that are in the jars that haven't got tops and the ones in the jelly glasses and pill boxes—we can pour all those into the jars that have got tops, and put the tops on again, and that'd just about fill those jars—and then we could put 'em in a basket and take 'em out and sell 'em!"

"Where could we sell 'em?" Herbert inquired, not convinced.

"At the fish store!" she cried. "Everybody uses bugs and worms for bait when they go fishing, don't they? Where would the fish store man get his fish if he didn't have any bait? I bet the fish man'll buy all the worms we got, even if he wouldn't buy anything else. I bet he'll buy all the others too! I bet he never saw as much good bait as this all at one time in his whole life! I bet he'll give us five dollars—maybe more!"

Herbert was dazzled: the thought of this market was a revelation—nothing could have been more plausible. Considered as bait, the c'lection at once seemed to acquire a practical and financial value lacking to it as purely a c'lection. And, with that the amateur and scientist disappeared, giving way to the person of affairs. "Give us five dollars?" he said, in this capacity, and for deeper effect he used a rhetorical expression: "Who do you think is the owner of all this fish bait, may I ask you, pray?"

"Yes, you may, pray!" was his cousin's instant and supereilious retort. "And, pray, who sajested the idea, pray? Pray, where would you ever of got any five dollars from any fish man, if it hadn't been for me, pray? Pray, didn't I first sajest our doing somep'm with the bugs we'd never forget, and if the fish man gives us five dollars for 'em, won't we remember it all our lives, pray? And, pray, what part did you think up of all this, pray? Not one single thing, and if you don't divide even with me, I'll run ahead and tell the fish man the whole c'lection has been in bottles that had old medicine and poison in 'em, and he better not sell any fish he catches with 'em in this neighborhood, or I'll get my father to have him arrested—and then where'll *you* be, pray?"

It is to be doubted that Florence possessed the cold-blooded capacities with which this almost Teutonic impromptu in diplomacy seemed to invest her; probably she would never have gone so far. But the words sufficed and the demonstration proved unnecessary. At a stroke, Herbert was so perfectly intimidated that after it he remained as perfectly unresentful. "Well, you can have your ole two dollars and a half, whether you got a right to it or not," he said. "But you got to carry the basket."

"No," said Florence. "This has got to be done right, Herbert. We're partners now about this biznuss, and everything's got to be divided just exackly even. I'll carry the basket halfway and you carry it half."

"Well—" he grumbled, consenting.

"That's the only right way," she said sunnily. "You carry it till we get to the fish man's, and I'll carry it all the way back."

But even Herbert could perceive the inequality here. "It'll be empty then," he protested.

"Fair's fair and wrong's wrong," she returned firmly. "I spoke first to carry it on the way home, and the one that speaks first gets it!"

"Look here—"

"Herbert, we got to get all these bugs all fixed up and ready," she urged. "We don't want to waste the whole afternoon just talkin' about it, do we? Besides, Herbert, on the way home you'll have two dollars and a half in your pocket, or anyway as much as you have left, if you buy some soda and candy and things, and you'll feel so fine then you won't mind whether you're carrying the basket or not."

The picture she now suggested to Herbert's mind was of himself carrying the basket both to the fish man and from the fish

man; and he found himself anxious to protest, yet helpless in a maze of perplexity. "But wait a minute," he began. "You said—"

"Let's don't waste another minute," she interrupted briskly. "I shouldn't wonder it was after four o'clock by this time, and we both need money. Hurry, Herbert!"

"But didn't you say—" He paused to rub his head. "You said I'd feel so good I wouldn't mind if I—if—"

"No. I said: 'Hurry!'"

"Well—" And though he felt that a subtle injustice lurked somewhere, he was unable to think the matter out clearly into its composing elements, and gave up trying. Nevertheless, as he obeyed her, and began to "hurry," there remained with him an impression that by some foggy and underhand process he had been committed to acquiescence in an unfair division of labor.

IN this he was not mistaken. An hour later he and Florence were on their way home from the fish man's store, and Herbert, having carried the basket thither, was now carrying it thence. Moreover, his burden was precisely as heavy on this homeward leg of the course as it had been on that terminating at the fish store, for, covered by a discreet newspaper, the preserve and pickle jars still remained within the basket, their crowded, crowding, and indignant contents intact. The fish man had explained in terms derisive, but plain, the difference between a fish man and a fisherman. He had maintained his definitions of the two economic functions in spite of persistent arguments on the part of the bait dealers, and in spite of reductions which finally removed 90 per cent of their asking price. He wouldn't give fifty cents, or ten cents, or one cent, he said; and he couldn't furnish the address of anybody else that would. His fish came by express, he declared, again and again; and the only people he knew that did any fishing were mainly colored, dug their own bait, and though these might possibly be willing to accept the angleworms as a gift, they would probably be inclined to resent a generosity including so many spiders, not to speak of the dangerous winged members of the c'lection. On account of these latter, he jocosely professed himself to be anxious lest the tops of some of the jars might work loose—and altogether he was the most disheartening man they had ever met.

Such anticlimax was never (Continued on page 28)



Actual photograph of the three-ton Mack unit of the Goodyear Akron-to-Boston fleet making forty miles an hour on Goodyear Cord Tires

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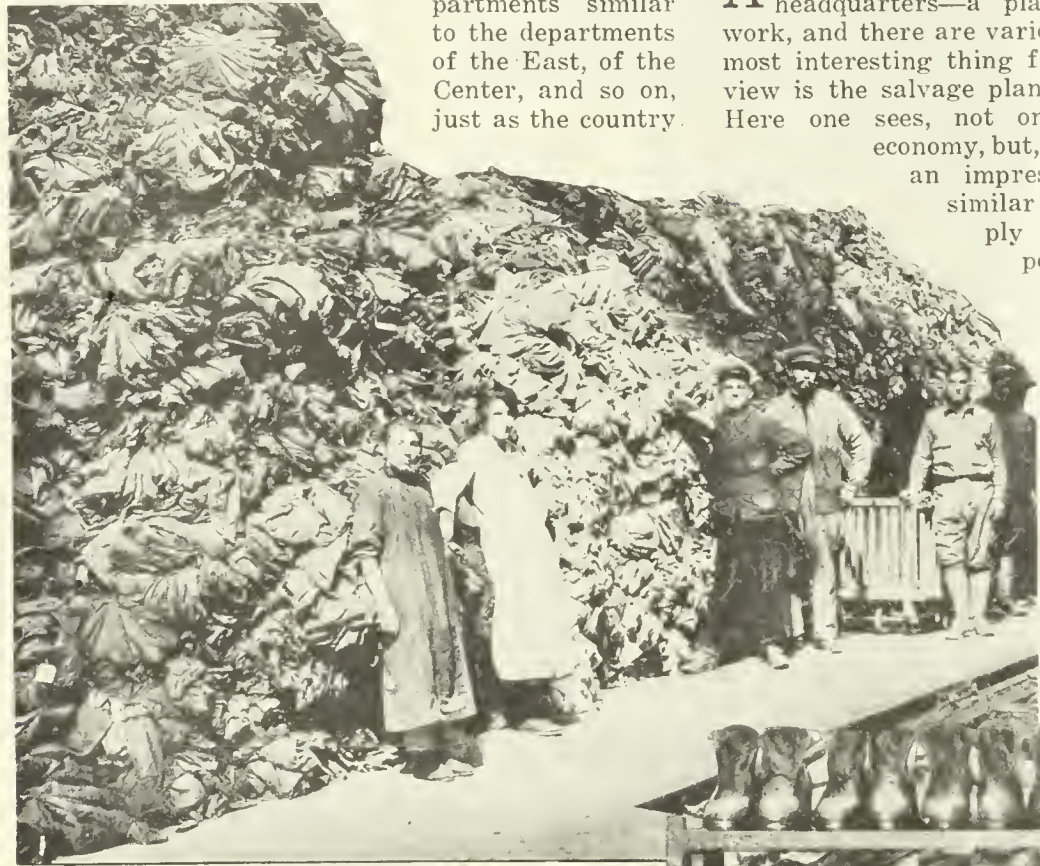
CORD TIRES

American Islands in France

Continued from page 8

The center of the S. O. S. is the old city of Tours on the Loire, about halfway between Paris and the southwest coast. Tours bears much the same relation to the French front that Washington would to our front if we were at war with Canada or Mexico. France, so far as our forces are concerned,

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is divided into departments similar to the departments of the East, of the Center, and so on, just as the country

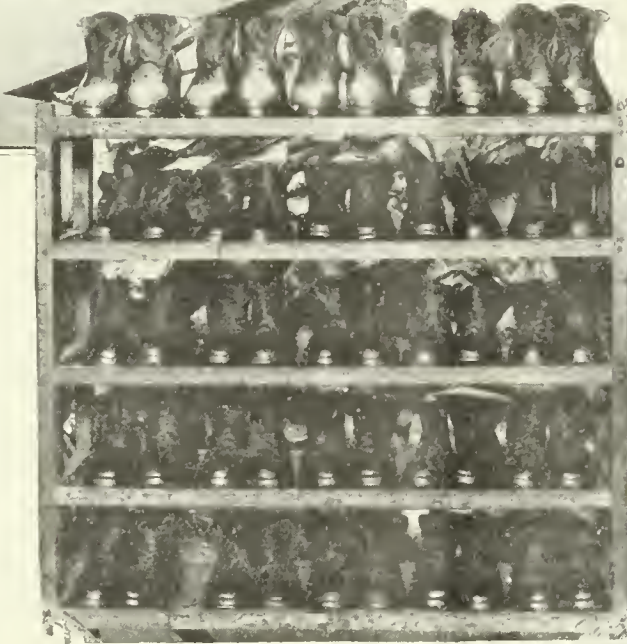
a half which would have cost two or three times as much in the town itself, and that were enough appreciated to attract food hounds in various sorts of uniform from all over the town.

The Army Conserves

A BIG French military barracks is used as S. O. S. headquarters—a place of bureaus and paper work, and there are various minor activities, but the most interesting thing from the outsider's point of view is the salvage plant on the edge of the town. Here one sees, not only some very interesting economy, but, in a sort of reversed shape, an impression of the army's task similar to that given at the supply bases. There things are pouring up—here returns the wastage.

You see, for instance, a tarpaulin-covered pile like an enormous straw stack, as high and wide as the ordinary straw stack, and several hundred feet long. Overcoats, nothing but army overcoats! Piled like pancakes—enough to keep all the shivering people

British Official
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If the waste is appalling, equally impressive are the uses to which this junk is put

is divided at home, and Tours is the executive center, just as Washington is.

It used to be known as the place where they spoke the best French, and very likely the best French still is spoken there. Anatole France, who recalls as well as anyone perhaps, the France of skepticism and literary beauty, still lives in a country house on the edge of Tours, and the American airplanes fly unheeding over his roof every day. When our Paris express pulled in at midnight to Saint-Pierre-des-Corps and I stumbled out into the dark and rain, the first thing that greeted me was the American M. P. breezing up with his slicker and night stick and calling out in unmistakable Americanese: "Goin' to Tours, mister?" He rushed me across the platform and into a coupé—Saint-Pierre-des-Corps is a sort of junction—and as the train waited the following colloquy floated across from two enlisted men exchanging sentimental confidences:

"She wanted to know where I was last night. I told her I was waitin' there on the corner at eight o'clock. 'Like Blank you was!' she said. 'Well,' I says, 'how about to-night then? . . . 'Nothin' doin'!'"

A Bit of Home

THE first hotel, now entirely taken over by the Y. M. C. A., had no rooms at all. The next, also taken over by the Y. M. C. A., had no rooms, but they could give me a bed in the annex. This was a sort of dormitory, where officers coming in at odd hours of the night could drop their luggage and crawl into a bed and be sure it was clean, wash in the common washroom in the morning, and depart rejoicing, all for three francs.

There was a Red Cross dormitory of this sort in the station yard at Limoges which I had reason to remember with particular gratitude. It was a combined rest room and barrack adjoining the canteen and looked after by the same administering angels. There was a room with a piano where men could loaf and write letters, another with beds for enlisted men, and another beyond it for officers. Men dropped in at all times of the night, and if there was a bed crept into it. There was a comfortable washroom and even a shower bath, and the whole cost nothing more than a sigh of gratitude to the devoted people back in the States who were paying for it. The administering angels aforesaid served meals for a franc and

Thirty thousand pairs of shoes a week are renovated

in New York warm—and tossed back here because of some rip or hole, or possibly because it is summer now and the army can't be bothered with them! There are similar piles of slickers and ponchos, rubber hip boots and marching shoes by tens of thousands. Soles off, heels off, and stacks of them apparently as good as new—for one reason or another back they come. If the waste is appalling, equally impressive are the uses to which this junk is put—the way in which every scrap is utilized is really enchanting. Here in the waste of war, something actually being created, made out of nothing, so to speak, and made every minute!

There are huge shops packed with machines and workers, even the latter themselves, mostly refugees, representing a sort of human salvage. They are nailing on soles by machinery as fast as shirt makers run up seams in cotton cloth—patching clothes, patching and pasting rubber boots and slickers, turning them out practically as good as new. The hopeless ones are cut up to make patches for

the others, the uppers of useless shoes put into a fascinatingly simple little cutter and pulled out into shoe laces just as an apple skin is peeled into one long string.

"Monsieur seems interested!" said one girl, with a rose in her hair, pulling away at these shoe strings.

I said I was and asked her where she came from. She was Belgian, she said. Most of the 4,500 employees were women refugees and most of them had flowers in their hair, or in a glass beside them. In one shop two big bunches of roses had been brought by the women for two American enlisted men working with them who had just got their promotions, and they were working, in their spare moments, on a big American flag.

A sort of family-party spirit seemed to pervade the place, and one could imagine that these homeless women put their hearts into this sort of house-keeping and felt in it some essential rightness. One could imagine this, and likely it was the case, but I also recalled that a few days before, in the big Citroën munition works in Paris, I had seen hundreds of other women, also with roses in their hair, looking very contented, and even coquettish, over their work, as if piling up acres of death and suffering in the form of shrapnel shells also fulfilled some deep natural instinct. But life and the world are always complicated.

We saw piles of trench helmets and of meat grinders, rusted saws thrown away by army cooks, oiled and sandpapered by devoted old ladies until they looked entirely new. Some of these old ladies wore the stiff muslin headdresses of Brittany and the Loire country, and they were such artists in the matter of patches that they could put in a whole front or back to a pair of breeches and you would never know it without turning them inside out. We saw carloads of this army junk coming in, all jumbled together, smeared over with trench mud and every other sort of dirt, and women, to whom germs were nothing, apparently, shaking out shirts and drawers, holding them up to the light, and sorting them in neat piles.

All these things were washed and disinfected, even leather shoes. Queer things slip into such stuff naturally, hand grenades



Officers surveying at the artillery school at historic Saumur, where six hundred men are graduated each month

and the like, and they told of one man who had thus had a hand blown off—the sergeant in charge bringing a thumb back in a tin cup to prove it—and of a negro who had stuck his finger into a hand-grenade while reaching into a pile of clothing and gone like a catapult out the car door with the grenade—which did not go off for some reason—still hanging to his finger.

The reserve officer showing me about seemed so keen and capable that I asked him what sort of

peace-time experience he had had to fit him for the job.

"None at all," he said cheerfully—"or, of course, I wouldn't be here!"

The remark was quite typical of the point of view of these reserve officers, especially in the nonfighting branches, of the rather whimsical irreverence with which they regard military conventions, while at the same time working their fingers off at the job itself. An officer in a similar position had been telling me of his difficulty in making his superiors recognize that his task was essentially a "factory proposition" and not a military one, and that it was impossible to handle a big army in the field in the same grooves laid down for a little stay-at-home force such as ours used to be.

"For instance," he said, "here were a lot of cars to be unloaded and nobody to do the work except German prisoners, and there was a general order that they were not to be requisitioned for this work. There was also a general order that the cars should be unloaded and the stuff disposed of. So I broke the rule where the comeback would be longest coming. It will come some day, with two or three dozen indorsements on it, but it has not come yet. Meanwhile the cars are unloaded and the stuff gone where it was needed. Some of my friends said: 'Why, do you know you could be canned for that? They'll have you up before a court-martial! What'll you say then?' I said I'd show 'em the facts and the results and put it up to them. I'm here to help win the war. As for promotion, when I get back to my own town there's scarcely one of my friends knows the difference between a corporal and a major general, anyway!"

Beaucoup Promenade

THE officer showing us over the salvage depot and the headquarters officer taking me about that morning, although they had never met before, turned out, of course, to be from the same city and to have offices almost in the same block. This new sort of brotherhood goes on forming day after day. And if you know anyone in France you seem certain to meet him without lifting a finger to do it. A former Collier office boy ran across the street that afternoon and hailed me—he had his corporal's stripes now—and a block farther on I bumped into a COLLIER'S contributor wearing a captain's bars. A negro who looks somehow familiar turns out to have been the elevator boy next door in New York, and if you go into a Y. M. C. A. hut for a glass of lemonade you find your brother-in-law who was in France, somewhere, one didn't know where, looking over his glass at the same counter.

Everywhere as I walked about Tours that afternoon the old French world was streaked and overlaid with the new. In the musky old cathedral—it was begun in 1170 and finished four centuries later—a few women were kneeling before the shrines, and one read little signs warning them that the sacraments were sacred things and that ladies and young girls were not to receive them "in the toilettes, as indecent as they are incomplete, which modern fashion attempts to impose." Outside the cathedral, under the rather puzzled gaze of a couple of elderly French officers, a bareheaded young American enlisted man, with that dreamy smile and conscious grace with which this peculiarly American rite is always accompanied, was slamming various sorts of in- and out-shoots into his companion's mitt.

After dinner, at a sidewalk café, where a quartet of rather callow second lieutenants were endeavoring to show the natives that the red wine of the country possesses a potency not hitherto suspected, I walked under the trees of the long promenade, which ingratiate one with so many of these old French towns. Officers were strolling two by two, and soldiers scuffling along with their "mademoiselles," immersed in those fascinating conversations which can be carried on for an evening long with half a dozen words:

"Oui—Oh, oui—oui! Sure! . . . beau-

coup promenade . . . comprenez-vous, Stetson? Sure! Chapeau—American fabrique—oui, oui!—Stetson!" The bigger the enlisted man, the more muscle-bound, the more he seems to have been dug up from the heart of the Ozarks—the more (though this, of course, refers to Paris rather than the sedate provinces) petite, the more high-heeled, more of the Oh-là-là! school, is the young person with whom he desperately endeavors to accommodate his step.

"Sportsmen"

A SWEET-FACED woman in black, without a hat, and with her little boy, sat down on the bench beside me, and the youngster, with the polite but rather evident intention of being heard, began to read aloud from a phrase book: "Good . . . morning . . . Sir-r-r! How . . . are . . . you . . .?" So we had a lesson, and afterward strolled along under the trees. The mother was the wife of a printer, too old for military service, but her elder son would soon be called up and most of her relatives were at the front. She spoke with a gentle precision which seemed to fit the reputation of Tours—of the way the war dragged on, the cost and scarcity of everything—"it's not living," she said, with a tired smile.

I asked how it seemed to have their old town so overrun with strangers—if there weren't, perhaps, too many of us. No, she said, she found the Americans very pleasant, and they were all such fine, strong-looking young soldiers. Maybe it would be good for their old France to be stirred up a bit. It would be good for their boys—they too might grow up to be "sportsmen."

The French boys are already learning, and in villages where our men have been stationed long enough to settle down a bit you will see small boys batting flies and streaking around bases as if they really understood and liked it. And our men are also learning, lessons in thrift if nothing else. And while it is hard for American soldiers to be economical, one every now and then runs across an officer trying to pound the idea in, and saving all the old boxes instead of making bonfires of them. The French method of cutting down trees, with even the smallest twigs saved and done up in neat bundles, is certainly an object lesson to some of our enlisted lumbermen.

"Le sport" has been talked about a good deal in France of late years, but it was rather more talked about than practiced, and it may be that the example of our men will help to make it a more permanent reality. There are continual editorials and letters to the papers urging the importance of making boys as fit in body for the test of war as the French have shown themselves fit in soul. Frenchwomen are reminded that while they are the tenderest of mothers, they sometimes have a false idea of their duty and insist on bringing up their boys in cotton wool.

Nearly every reference to our troops is accompanied with comment on their vigor and liveness, the hard lives we have been used to; and the conviction that we are all a race of athletes is so universal that one really feels as if one ought to slip out and run around the Bois every morning, lest this almost touching confidence in our prowess should some day suffer illusion.

"A Splendid Place"

YOU leave Tours and its quarter-masters, ordnance men, and engineers, and a little way down the country come to another and very different American island—the artillery school at Saumur. Saumur, like all this Loire country, is saturated with history—with memories of English kings who once ruled it, of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, the Wars of the Roses, and Margaret of Anjou. Here, a century and a half ago, the French started the famous cavalry school, which of late years has been associated with the place, and this old school has been turned over, bag and baggage, to the Americans. And boys who a few months ago were in training camps at home now gallop round the same tanbark on which the

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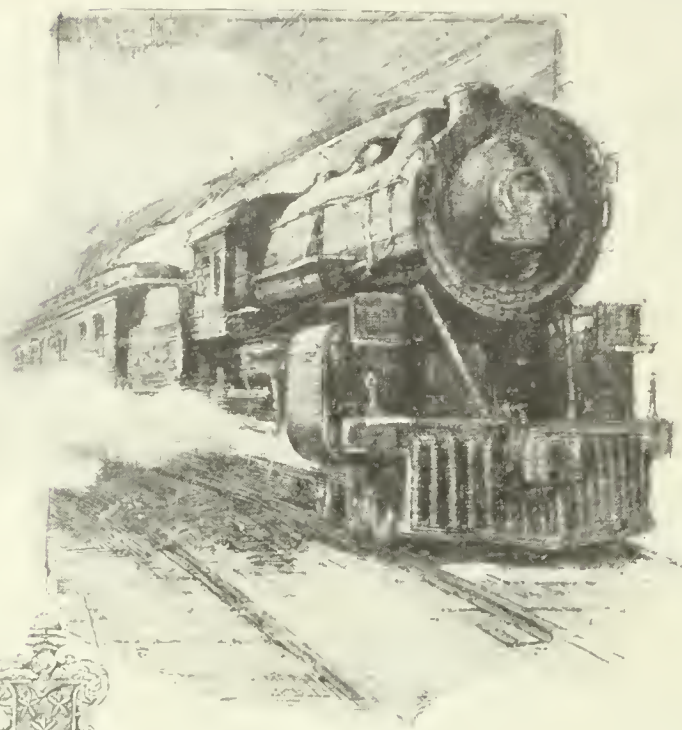
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Here you find another air—very keen and specialized and military—other slang and shoptalk, and some eight-hundred student officers absorbed in ballistics, range-finding, shell dispersion, and so on. The men are picked men, those who have received commissions, or been recommended for them, at training camps at home, or recommended from the ranks out of units already at the front. They are taught by men who have themselves just come from the front, or are experts in their particular field. French officers supervise the training, the pupils themselves expect to go to the front as soon as they are through, and the whole place has an air of knowing what it is about and going straight at it.

A young college man—a quarter back home for Christmas when I had seen him last, a training-camp man in January, and in April rushed across the Atlantic with several thousand others, bunking three layers deep in the bowels of one of the big converted transports, and now on his way to his commission as second lieutenant—was typical of the material. It was a splendid place, he said. He had learned more in ten days than in his whole three months at the home camp. There was everything to work with—real guns and shells and a range to fire them on, the teachers knew their subject, no time was lost, and they felt they were getting ahead every minute. There was little of that more or less aimless "pounding into shape" necessary in the first camps, or of the distrust on the part of young officers that discipline would crack if they were ordinarily human. The relation, as he seemed to feel it, was more like that between students working for a doctor's degree and their professors, or like the amateur sporting spirit which animates a varsity eight or eleven.

I saw them in lecture rooms, surveying along the river, riding the country roads on the smart-looking school horses, in the evening at their Y. M. C. A.—more like an "at home" in some private house than the usual "hut"—and scattered about under the trees on Sunday morning reading and writing letters—altogether a very attractive and stimulating mixture of hard work, together with a certain dignity and freedom which also has its place in making an officer. An American general is in command of the school, French officers supervise the instruction, the greater part of which is given by young American officers previously graduated from the school and returned from the front. It is the aim to keep about 1,800 men in the school, with a course lasting three months and so arranged that 600 men come and go each month.

Heavy-Artillery Experts

THERE are various other artillery islands, each with its particular function—one of them for heavy artillery I ran into a few days later at Limoges. Here they were beating into shape whole units of heavy artillery, taking them in a brigade at a time and putting them through, including their wireless, motor truck, and caterpillar-tractor crews. It was less like a school in the narrowly professional sense of the word, and more like a camp, or a sort of military-industrial university, crowded, busy, and slap-bang.

Imagine a gloomy old stone caserne, once a monastery, later a barracks for Napoleon's men, built round a court in the center of a city and packed with rambling corridors, queer little cubby-holes and barracklike rooms, all crowded now with young Americans studying everything connected with the elaborate organization of heavy artillery from wireless to the inside of motor-truck engines. As I crossed the inner court in the middle of a hot morning, with the men marching across it, or tramping upstairs and down to and from their different classes, and a piano banging ragtime out of the open win-

dow of a crowded recreation room, it made one think of a scene from one of those curious plays of college life that now and then appear on Broadway.

Hurrying through the ramshackle old halls, we passed boys sending wireless, listening to lectures on gunnery, taking motors to pieces, sleeping in crowded dormitories. "You see the way we've had to shove 'em in," said the officer with me. "I never know when I'll get a wire ordering us to prepare quarters within twenty-four hours for another five hundred." A regular army man himself, he was enthusiastic about the young reserve officers and new men. There was nothing they would not do, he said; all they wanted was a hint. He also mentioned some of the inevitable delays and irritations. In what had once been a riding ring we came across some British-model howitzers recently sent over from an American munition factory. On the recoil cylinders were cast in the steel the directions for filling them with a certain mixture, discarded long ago, he said, because it corroded them. "The Ordnance Department knows that," he said. "Wouldn't you think somebody would see to it that the manufacturers don't go right ahead casting the same old directions?"

Practical Fieldwork

LIMOGES reminds most Americans less of history than of porcelain, and it is, as a matter of fact, in spite of being ancient enough to have a Roman bridge, a modern industrial city. It is one of the centers, too, of the more radical varieties of socialism which have had so much to do with French politics during the war and of which we hear almost nothing at home. All food brought into Limoges, even the food we import for our own troops, has to pay a local import duty.

In the beautiful rolling hills about Limoges are the branch camps where they do practical artillery fieldwork. We motored out to several of them—one, in charge of a young ex-playwright, was entirely for practice with caterpillar tractors with which the big guns are hauled. Stakes driven here and there represented various things that the caterpillar might meet in real life—the curb, a tree, a road blocked with infantry. With these imaginary obstacles, students had to work out certain problems—turning in a certain radius, and so on. An officer kept tab, and when they struck a stake, which might mean a lot of damage in actual service, they were marked down accordingly.

At another field they were banging away with hand grenades and Stokes mortars; at a third solving the "problems" of getting a big howitzer and the heavy portable platform from which it is fired down into battery position in a steep ravine, setting it up, taking it down, and moving it to another position. And in still another they were firing—without shells—in battery formation.

Six big howitzers, wicked-looking, thick-necked brutes, with puffy throats like toads, were parked in a quiet farmyard, in front of which an old wayside watering trough splashed pleasantly. The range and elevation given, the great black snouts would lift slowly heavenward, like huge prehistoric beasts of some sort waiting to be fed, and in answer to the bugle signals the breeches would be flung open and closed and the cannon fired. At another bugle signal gas masks came to the "alert," at still another they were pulled on, and the gun crews, thus muzzled, went through their drill again.

A Whole Archipelago!

THE bases, the executive hub at Tours, artillery camps like those just mentioned, are samples of these American islands. There are innumerable others. In the next article I shall speak of a big aviation camp and of some of the base hospitals—these latter, with their doctors, nurses, enlisted men, and thousands of convalescents, their athletic fields, canteens, and movies, and their peculiar, crowded local life, more like literal islands perhaps than any of the rest.

(To be continued in an early issue)

Letters from the Air

Continued from page 9

I expected to be at the front. Ten of us are going, another American besides myself among them. Don't know why we were picked; very few go there. Most of the boys go directly to the front from here, after waiting at Plessis to be posted with an escadrille.

Did I tell you I'm to be in the American army when I get to the front? I'll go with a French escadrille and fight with them for some time to learn their methods, I expect. Also, I won't be able to write you where I am and what I'm doing, as now. The United States is very strict about mails and censors everything. They give us very good instruction in how to attack the monoplane and biplane machines in this class I'm in now. The methods are very different and very important. In aviation you don't live to regret many errors. I'm very lucky to get this extra instruction. I'm getting now so I can fly and go through the stunts without thinking about them. We are supposed to drive without looking at the controls or position of the plane; do it by feel and keep our eyes busy looking around for enemies and to keep track of our own group. All fighting now is done in groups—no solo stuff. I no longer wear goggles either—they are not necessary in these machines and you can see more. You can't poke your head outside, of course, or your eyes are nearly pushed out the back of your head—and shed tears like a baby too. Get so you can keep behind the

windshield and still see. I take my goggles along sometimes, wear them above my casque in case the motor begins to throw oil; then they are a good thing. That oil comes back like a rain of lead bullets, hurts like anything.

Had my mail held in Paris over a week ago, as I expected to be through and up there, so have had no letters for some days. I'll have it forwarded to —. Hope my boots have arrived. Say, tell dad if he sends any small packages to send them by mail. It's much more sure than express, I find, and about thirty days quicker. I only received the sweater, tobacco, and the chocolate and candy—three packages. Some others should be in Paris now.

Well, it's bedtime again. The nights here are awfully cold—high altitude. I nearly freeze every night, though I sleep in underwear, sox, flannel shirt, and Bess's sweater. Never take it off except bath days. Somewhat sanitary, eh? Well, be good and write often. I'll soon be where I can send you war souvenirs, —; takes but fifteen days. I want to get all the training I can. Believe me, there's more to aviation than flying a plane well.

Love to all and regards to Jake and the rest of the gang. Where's Cote and Bob—soldiering yet? ALEX.

The third of Lieutenant Bayne's letters will be published in next week's COLIER'S.—THE EDITOR.

The Flying Fish

Continued from page 15

outside, waking up people in the neighborhood, trying to gather some information about the habits of the people who had lived there.

Morley had descended into the depths again. To have come so close—But a search, thorough and painstaking, that lasted until dawn—that covered every bit of furniture—brought no results.

"I wish," said Flynn, smothering a mighty yawn, "that I had a home in the country, about seven miles from anybody else, where I could sleep and sleep and sleep!"

Colroy jerked a thumb at a pile of magazines that had been resurrected from a closet. "They're mostly outing and recreation magazines, with loads of pictures of swell country places. Look 'em over and select your place, Flynn."

Flynn yawned again, and paid the attempt at humor the tribute of a grin. Then his jaws shut tightly and his eyes narrowed.

"What's the idea, Morley?" he asked.

For the newspaper man had pounced upon the pile of magazines.

"We been through them to see if there was an old letter, an envelope, or anything, ain't we?" demanded Flynn. "What's the idea?"

"Rayde's going to make, or probably has already started work, on the submarine destroyer, hasn't he?" cried Morley. "And look at these magazines! The latest is four months old. As though he'd found what he was looking for, eh? The sort of place you just wished you had to sleep in. A place way off from anyone—"

"I gotcha," said Flynn.

Colroy said nothing; he reached for a bunch of magazines.

It was Morley's thought, and it was only fitting that he should have been the one to locate Rayde's hiding place. It was mid afternoon when he was admitted to the inner office of the eighth dealer in country real estate to whom he had applied for information.

There had been thirty-two likely "prospects," and the three men had divided them. At the first seven Morley had met with no luck, but the eighth—

Judson Thoney dealt only in great properties. His advertisement, in "Fish and Game," had announced that he was prepared to sell or lease vast tracts of wild land situated all over the United

States. And he had leased, for a period of ten years, an island off the coast of Maine, in Penobscot Bay, to a man who answered exactly the description of Harmon Rayde!

Chapter XXII: Battle

LEILA'S eyes widened as she saw the revolver in Endicott's hand.

"You've not—"

"Just tied him and gagged him," said Endicott swiftly. "Where's Whitney?"

"He's in the library," said the girl.

"But—"

Endicott shook his head. "No time now," he whispered. "Come along."

Sam Whitney could make the best of any situation; he was curled upon a divan, reading. But he was no slug-gard, and he leaped to his feet at sight of Endicott's drawn face.

"Sam, that devil has a machine that will conquer the navies of the world. I just saw it flying over the cove. Sam, it dived down under the water."

"You're dreaming!" said Whitney.

"I've talked with Rayde. He showed me the machine. Did you see it, Leila?"

She flushed. He did not know why then. But a long time afterward she told him that it was because it was the first time he had called her by her first name. "No," she said, "but I've heard him talk. He told me—"

"Why didn't you tell me?"

She threw her arms wide. "You had enough to drive anyone mad. I didn't want—"

"It is enough to drive anyone mad," he said. "Leila, McCord—or Rayde, as he wants to be known—is in love with you. He wants to marry you, to have you share a throne! I haven't a thing to offer you except death. Leila, Sam and I are going to smash that machine."

"And I, of course, am going to help."

As for Sam Whitney, he said nothing. But he considerably turned away as Endicott's arms opened and the girl walked into them.

There was a moment's silence; then Endicott released the girl.

"We haven't a chance," he said quietly. "I suppose that I ought to kill Rayde first, but I can't very well do that."

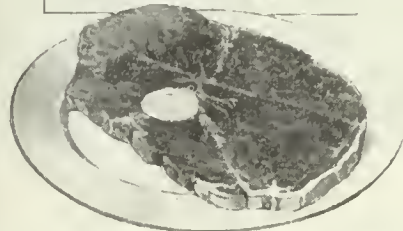
"Certainly not," agreed Whitney. "But if we let him live, can't he begin all over again?"

Endicott patted his breast pocket. "I found some papers on him. He fought

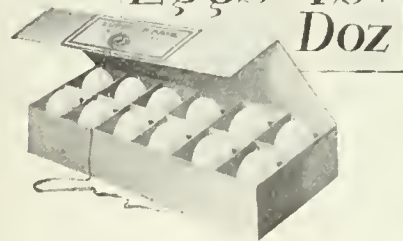
Food Bargains

Which You Get in Quaker Oats

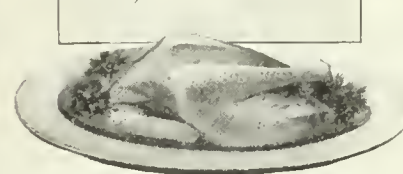
Steak
4½¢ lb



Eggs 4½¢
Doz



Broilers
2½¢ lb



MILK
3½¢ qt

Nutrition costs in Quaker Oats less than 5c per 1000 calories.

In meat, eggs, fish and fowl it costs 8 to 10 times as much.

Buying Quaker Oats at 13c or 32c per package is like buying steak at 4½c per pound.

Or eggs at 4 1-5c per dozen.

Quaker Oats is twice as nutritious as round steak.

One-fourth cupful yields as many food units as an egg.

Every dollar's worth used to displace meat saves about \$7.

We compare it with major foods. There are other foods that cost as high as 20 times what oats cost.

The Basic Food

Use other foods for variety. But Quaker Oats in these times should be the basic food.

It should form the breakfast. It should be used in cookies. It should be mixed in flour foods.

It is your greatest food, your cheapest food. Oats have always held supreme place.

Food cost in most homes could be cut in two by using more Quaker Oats.

One large package—30 to 32c—contains as many food units as 89 eggs, or seven pounds of lamb, veal or round steak.

Quaker Oats

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Get Quaker Oats for the extra flavor. It is flaked from queen oats only—just the big, luscious grains. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

It doubles the delights of oat foods without any extra cost.

12 to 13c and 30 to 32c Per Package

Except in Far West and South

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt ½ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water 1 cake yeast
½ cup lukewarm water 5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Muffins

¾ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.



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—at District Service
Stations everywhere

J. M. W. of the Prest-O-Lite Clan

President of the X---- Auto Mnfg. Co. His Engineers Staged This Test

"WHY," said J. M. W. to his engineer, "should a car owner puzzle his brains about the patent insides of this, that, and the other battery?"

"Most sensible folks who ride in cars don't know and they don't want to know whether battery plates are made of wrinkled rubber or puckered lead.

"What they do want to know is that they are getting battery service from the best battery made—from a battery that can and actually has won a side-by-side test, designed to demonstrate beyond question which one carries the most power and lives the longest life.

"Such being the case, it is up to you and me to make the test that will settle the question."

Taking the best two of six batteries submitted—Prest-O-Lite and a competitor of equal capacity—the engineer placed both together, with a new stiff eight-cylinder engine, in the coldest room of a big cold storage plant.

There he left the whole exhibit, batteries and engine, to chill for seventeen hours in a ten-below-zero temperature.

The two batteries were then hooked up in turn to the engine, which they were asked to spin continuously—as long as it would run—to the limit of the battery's strength and power.

At the finish of four successive trials—with a rest of from one to three minutes between each—the score for the two batteries read:—

for COMPETITOR		for PREST-O-LITE	
142 Seconds	75 Revolutions	237 Seconds	132 Revolutions
13 "	5 "	25 "	10 "
7 "	3 "	10 "	4 "
9 "	3 "	15 "	5 "

A victory for the Prest-O-Lite—a clean decisive victory—in the toughest battery contest which could possibly be staged.

The answer—for you who ride in cars and buy batteries—is self-evident. Join the Prest-O-Lite Clan!—and forget your battery troubles.

There is a Prest-O-Lite Service Station man in your neighborhood. Write us for his name and address.

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like a tiger when I took them, offered me anything in the world—they're the plans of the machine. He hasn't any other; I'm sure of that. After we've finished with the machine itself, we'll take care of the plans. Come on, folks."

He smiled as he spoke. After all, he had attained the greatest thing in the world, the love of Leila. That they were not to live to enjoy that love mattered nothing. He never thought to question his right to let Leila join himself and Whitney. He knew her spirit too well.

THERE were servants about the great house, the house that had once been the summer home of a millionaire, but they did not question the three as they walked out on to the lawn. Rayde had been too confident of the inability of his captives to escape.

"Rayde is tied, gagged, and locked in a closet," said Endicott as they entered a clump of pine. "But they may look for him at any moment. Now, you know that long shed over there? The flying machine went in that direction. My belief is that it is in there. If it is—well, I'm armed. Sam, you'd better make yourself a club out of a branch. We'll make two. Leila, take this."

It was great to live, but to die for one's country—that was not so bad either.

Larsen idly watched their approach. But as they neared the long shed the blond man rose to his feet from the stump of a tree.

"That's near enough," he warned. "I don't like the looks of them clubs. Get back. Benehley!" His voice rose in a scream.

But he had no time in which to call again. Despite the revolver that flashed in his hand, Endicott dived, a football tackle, straight at the man's knees. The revolver went off in the air as Larsen toppled to the ground. A blow from Whitney's club kept him on the ground. Endicott snatched the revolver.

A form appeared in the doorway of the shed. Endicott fired instantly, and Benchley, dapper Benchley, pitched forward into the open. A moment later and Whitney had Benchley's revolver.

Thereafter it was mad mêlée. Endicott knew that he had emptied his revolver, that his club had broken, that Whitney too was fighting now with his bare hands. And then, through a haze, he saw the great airplane, that was on a sort of railway inside the shed, move forward. His last enemy was down, but so also was he, on one knee. As for Whitney, he kept his feet, but even through the fog that blinded him, Endicott could see that Whitney reeled.

"Stop him," he cried, "stop him!"

Then, from beside him, a shot sounded. He saw a man in the cockpit of the strange craft slump suddenly down. He saw that the airplane had ceased its forward motion. He turned and beheld Leila, her face deathly pale, but her eyes blazing, and in her hand was a revolver. He reached out, hardly conscious of what he did, and patted her arm. She turned to him, the revolver dropped to the ground, and his arms went about her.

But for a moment only. Then Whitney, brushing blood from his head with an unsteady hand, spoke: "Farl, you and I are aviators. There isn't a reason in the world why we couldn't fly that blamed thing."

"I'd thought of that," said Endicott, "but it's a model we know nothing of."

"Let's get aboard," said Whitney.

He looked out of the door. "No one in sight yet," he announced, "but in a minute or two—"

He left his warning unfinished. He followed Endicott and Leila aboard.

"Simple," said Whitney after a moment's examination. "Slightly different controls, but—"

He threw in the clutch. The engine gasped once, coughed, died. Whitney was out in a second. For Leila had discovered the hole that the bullet she had fired had made in the tank.

"It's no use," she cried, "it's no—"

"Look out!" cried Endicott.

Whitney leaped to his feet; he had been bending over a container of gasoline, and so the shot fired at him from the doorway went wild. He ran swiftly

down the runway until he was opposite Leila and Endicott, then climbed aboard the airplane. The man in the door fired twice as he fled, but without effect. Rage spoiled his aim. It was Rayde. He dodged back as Endicott lifted his empty revolver, and when he looked again no one showed above the level of the cockpit.

Rayde advanced into the shed. At either side of him came a dozen men, Stromberg slightly in advance of the rest. "Listen," cried Rayde. "You can't get away. It's only death for you to resist. And you don't want the girl killed, Endicott. Send her out before we start firing."

Inside the machine Endicott looked at the girl. She touched her revolver. "One is for me," she said. "I would rather."

There was no more said. Endicott lifted a huge monkey wrench. He brought it down with a crash.

"Endicott!" shrieked Rayde. "I'll not harm you. Even your tying me up, I'll forgive. I'll pardon—"

He stopped as another crash sounded through the shed. Then he led the rush aboard the *Flying Fish*.

With steel bars, found in the bowels of the ship, Endicott and Whitney met the charge. And, as they fought, down below the girl worked, swinging the heavy wrench with strength beyond herself, smashing, destroying.

And when the first assault was repulsed she joined the defenders.

"There's little or nothing left of the machinery," she said, "and—I've poured oil over it—and set a match to it."

She leveled her revolver as a group of men showed in the doorway. But she did not fire. For the men at the rear of the group were suddenly looking behind them. Those in front caught the murmured cry of those behind. From somewhere outside a shot was fired. Blind panic assailed the men. Only Rayde, cursing them, appealing to them, stood his ground.

He seemed to forget his enemies aboard the flying machine. He began firing through the door of the shed. But only twice did his weapon sound. Then his body sagged at the knees; slowly he crumpled up; he sank slowly to the ground. And over his body came a rush of men, in the lead Colroy, Flynn, and Morley.

Chapter XXIII: A Ring

"IT isn't so bad as it sounds," said Colroy. "If it were a case of Germany beating us, it would be very serious. But there has never been a question of that, leaving the *Flying Fish* out of the matter. For, man for man, ship for ship, we and our allies have their measure. It meant shortening the war, though, and, if we could only have arrived a few minutes earlier—You're a most efficient wrecker, Miss Kildare." He smiled at the girl.

"And if I hadn't been sorry for a crazy old man, and not tied him loosely—but spilt milk is spilt milk," said Endicott. He looked curiously at Morley.

"You say that my ring brought you here?" he asked.

"Isn't that why you left it?"

Endicott smiled wryly. He shook his head. "It was a bit tight. I'd taken it off to ease my finger when suddenly Rayde's men jumped Sam and myself. I wish I had been clever enough to have thought of it. I guess that I rather gave up hope, and— You say that Wrightson—that his name?—can build the machine again in a few months?"

"Especially with the plans which you have retrieved," said Morley. "It's simple. You've done your country a great service, Mr. Endicott."

"I rather think that you're the one who's done the service, Mr. Morley," said Endicott. "In fact" (and he looked about the great room of the lonely island mansion, whose master and those of his followers who had fallen with him in the fight were already buried beneath the pines), "everyone here has done service. I don't mean myself," he said, "but I mean Sam Whitney here, and I mean Miss Kildare, and you, Lieutenant Flynn, and you, Mr. Colroy—the whole crowd."

"And the only regrettable thing is that

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Rayde is dead," said Morley. "He might have told us. Still, Uncle Sam is rounding up the plotters quickly enough. And Rayde was the most dangerous of them all."

"Because he dreamed the biggest," said Endicott. He looked around the group, sturdy, keen-eyed Americans, all of them, from the alert Morley to the young naval midshipman who had commanded one of the boat crews from the destroyer that had set sail from Portland when Morley and the others brought the news of Rayde's hiding place.

"Tell me," he said, "where we are. I've told my yarn, and I know all about how you traced us. But where are we?"

"Snow Reef Island," said Morley. "About fifty miles from the mainland."

"And the nearest town?"

"Seaport," said the midshipman. "But we're going to land you at Portland—about a hundred miles, Mr. Endicott."

Endicott shook his head. "Seaport is fifty miles nearer. Mr. Morley, will you give me that ring?"

Morley looked blank. "I'd rather hoped, Mr. Endicott, that you'd let me keep it—a sort of souvenir."

Endicott shook his head. "Anything else in the world, Morley, but not that. I used to visit Penobscot Bay in the summer. I know that there isn't a jewelry store in the whole town of Seaport. And a ring is most essential to what I want to do at Seaport. A ring and a minister."

He looked at Leila. "It isn't a regular, old-fashioned wedding ring," he said, "but—"

"It's a very beautiful ring," said Leila.

THE END

The Fuel Problem

Continued from page 11

people and now of the Allies. Fuel demands were mounting at a rate not appreciated even by the industry. A coal shortage could not have been averted—it already existed. The problem was to get out all the coal the railroads could carry, and to apportion that coal fairly and at a reasonable price.

To-day the limiting factor in production is still transportation. The Fuel Administration has with few delays filled the biggest stream of coal cars the railroads can haul to the mines. The miners are getting out enough more coal per man to make up for the men lost to the army and to other alluring occupations.

In the record bituminous week ending July 13, 13,243,000 tons of coal were mined. With approximately the same number of miners at work, with a greater consciousness of the vital importance of their work, and more enthusiastic response to the Fuel Administration's dining slogan "Mine More Coal," we have all seen production slip back each consecutive week until, for the week ending August 3, it amounted to 12,552,000, and for the following week dropped to 12,274,000 tons, the chief reason for the drop being the falling off in the number of empty coal cars furnished to the mines.

To lessen the demands upon the railroad the Fuel Administration worked out with the Railroad Administration, and put in effect April 1, the zoning plan. With exceptions in case of special grades, coal is delivered from each producing district to the nearest consuming population—putting an end to most of the expensive evils of cross-hauling. The smokeless coals have to go to seaboard to maintain our bridge of ships. Upon issuance of special permits also, by-product and gas coals have to go to coke and public-utility plants outside of the normal zones. The zoning of coal distribution has cut off millions of unnecessary car-miles. Also, such cars as are available in a district are now distributed equally among all the mines, stopping the charge of favoritism, and giving owners and workers in all operations a fair chance to respond to the great cry for more coal.

The transportation of rock and impurities is being reduced to a minimum. The clean-coal inspectors of the Fuel Administration are urging miner and operator to ship nothing but real



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fuel, and are inflicting drastic punishment upon the mine that fails to respond to the orders that follow appeals to patriotic duty or private interest.

Under the State organizations of the Fuel Administration the available coal supply is being locally distributed. The problems involved are ever new. The steady consciousness that we must respond with coal for every war need requires adjustment and readjustment of our allotments of coal as these new war needs appear. We cannot fail our army or our navy or the Allies. We will close down all our less essential industries if that is the only way we can meet our fuel requirements. We must not let an Allied gun at the front be silent for lack of coal somewhere back of the firing line. To-day many of our industries not on the preferred list approved by the War Industries Board are stocked up with coal beyond their reasonable requirements. On the other hand, many of our essential industries and our public utilities are running with scanty stocks. Our system of weekly reports of stocks on hand, deliveries, and consumption are giving us these figures. The supply of coal to nonpreferred industrial users will be cut off and their excessive stocks made available for more essential uses. The hazards of winter transportation must be borne by the less essential industries. While recognizing that there is no such thing as a nonessential, there are distinct ranks among essential industries, and together the War Industries Board and the Fuel Administration will give priority of every kind to those industries that must be kept running at ever-increasing speed to shorten this war.

Democratic Coal!

THE Government is one in resolve, in purpose, in effort; and no branch is independent. The War Department gets coal for its munitions through the Fuel Administration; the ships of the navy and the Shipping Board are built and bunkered with coal distributed for them by the Fuel Administration and hauled by the Railroad Administration. The War Trade Board meets the ex-

port demands of the State Department through the Fuel Administration. In determining such questions as quality, grade, and price, the Fuel Administration has the effective assistance of the United States Bureau of Mines, the Bureau of Standards, the Geological Survey, and the Federal Trade Commission.

In the foregoing, coal production is chiefly mentioned, but oil and gas and, indeed, all kinds of fuel are involved. The details differ in important respects, but the underlying factors of the problem are the same in each case, and the Fuel Administration must deal with them all.

The relation of fuel to the war calls for little explanation. Its statement reads like the story of the house that Jack built—this is the coal that runs the engine that draws the train that carries the fuel that lights the furnaces, etc., etc., to the end where food, clothing, and munitions come to the use of the soldier in the trench. Break the sequence at any point, and the winning of the war is imperiled. To ask why all this is necessary may seem a worse than futile question just now, but it is far from futile. All of it, from the arduous labor of the mine worker to the sacrifice of the soldier, is worth all it costs if, as a result, we can bring freedom of opportunity to men and to nations of men. I sometimes feel that the young men see the vision which President Wilson has put before us more plainly than do the men in middle life. They are willing to make sacrifice to the uttermost to the achievement of that ideal, but I have heard them say over and over again that the sacrifice is not worth while and that they would not consent to aid in winning the war if it were fought merely for the purpose of setting up one power, even our own, against another power in the world. The democratic ideal must be carried to its full and logical extent. The goal is economic and social as well as political. The problem of coal production is in its final analysis a fundamentally essential part of the problem of the democratization of the world.

The Three Zoological Wishes

Continued from page 19

a stimulant to amiability, and, after an altercation outside the store, during which the derisive fish man continuously called to them to go on and take that there basket out of the neighborhood, the cousins moved morbidly away, and walked for a time in silence.

They brooded. Herbert was even more embittered with Florence than he was with the fish man, and Florence found life full of unexpectedness: it had been absolutely clear and certain to her that the fish man would say: "Why, certainly. Here's five dollars; two dollars and a half for each of you. Would you care to have the jars back?" The facts, so contrary, seemed to wear the aspect of deliberate malice, and she felt ill-used, especially as she had several physical grievances due to her assistance in pouring part of the c'lection into the jars with tops. In spite of every precaution three or four of the liveliest items had made their escape, during this pouring, and had behaved resentfully. Florence bore one result on the back of her left hand, two others on the thumb and second finger of her right hand, and another, naturally, the most conspicuous, on the point of her chin. These had all been painful, in spite of mud poultices, but, excited in the anticipation of a kindly smiling fish man, and occupied with plans for getting Herbert to spend part of his two dollars and a half for mutual refreshment, she had borne up cheerfully. Now, comprehending that she had suffered in vain, she suffered anew, and hated bugs, all fish men, and the world.

Nevertheless, it was Herbert who broke the silence and renewed the altercation. "How far you expect me to go on luggin' this ole basket?" he demanded bitterly. "All the way home?"

"I don't care how far," she informed him. "You can throw it away if you

want to. It's certainly no propaty of mine, thank you!"

"Look here, didn't you promise you'd carry it home?"

"I said I spoke to. I didn't say I would carry it."

"Well, I'd like to know the dif—"

But Florence cut him off. "I'll tell you the difference, since you're so anxious to know the truth, Mister Herbert Atwater! The difference is just this: you had no bizness to meddle with those vile ole bugs in the first place, and get me all stung up so't I shouldn't wonder I'd haf to have the doctor, time I get home, and if I do I'm goin' to tell mamma all about it and make her send the bill to your father. I want you to know I hurt!"

"My goodness!" Herbert burst out. "Don't you s'pose I hurt any? I guess you don't hurt any worse than—"

She stopped him: "Listen!"

FROM down the street there came a brazen gonging, clamoring imperiously for right of way; it grew louder, mingling with the clattering and whiz of great bodies at speed. Little blurs and glistenings in the distance grew swiftly larger and took shape as a fire engine and a hose cart. Then, round the near-by corner, came perilously steering, like a skidding dachshund, a long hook-and-ladder wagon; it made the turn and went by, with its firemen grandly imperturbable on the running boards.

"Fire!" Florence cried joyfully. "Let's go!" And, pausing no instant, she made off up the street, thrillingly shouting at the top of her voice: "Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!"

Herbert followed. He was not so swift a runner as she, though this he never submitted to a test which he admitted to be either fair or conclusive; and he found her demonstration of

superiority particularly offensive now, when she called back over her shoulder: "Why don't you keep up with me? Can't you keep up?"

"I'd show you!" he panted. "If I didn't haf to lug this ole basket, I'd leave you a mile behind mighty quick."

"Well, why'n't you drop it, then?"

"You s'pose I'm goin' to throw my c'lection away after all the trouble I been through with it?"

She slackened her gait, dropping back beside him. "Well, then, if you think you could keep up with me if you didn't have it, why'n't you leave it somewheres and come back and get it after the fire's over?"

"No place to leave it."

She laughed and pointed to a biggish old-fashioned brick house that stood in an ample yard a few hundred feet ahead of them and across the street. "There's grandpa's. Why'n't you leave it there?"

"Will you wait for me and start fair?"

"Come on!" They obliques across the street, still running forward, and at their grandfather's gate Herbert turned and sped toward the house.

"Take it around to the kitchen and give it to Kitty Silver," Florence called. "Tell Kitty Silver to take care of it for you."

But Herbert was in no mind to follow her advice; a glance over his shoulder showed that Florence was taking another unfair advantage of him. "You wait!" he shouted. "You stand still till I get back there. You got half a mile start a'ready! You wait till we can start even!"

But Florence was skipping lightly toward the next block, and she caroled tauntingly over her shoulder, waving her hand in mocking farewell as she began to run:

*Ole Mister Slowpoke can't catch me!
Ole Mister Slowpoke couldn't catch a flea!*

"I'll show you!" he bellowed, and, not to lose time by the trip round the house to Kitty Silver's kitchen and the return, he dashed up the steps of the deserted front porch, thrust the basket deeply underneath a wicker settee, and ran violently after his elusive cousin.

She kept a tantalizing distance between them which his greatest fury of speed was unable to decrease, but when they got to the fire it was such a grand one they forgot all their differences—and also all about the basket. . . .

THAT Noble Dill, whom Florence in her inexplicable moods so sweetly championed, came forth from his father's house, after dinner this evening, a youth in blossom, like the shrubberies and garden beds in the dim yards up and down the street. All cooled and bathed and in a new suit, he took his thrilled walk through the deep summer twilight, on his way to that ineffable Front Porch where sat Julia, misty in the dusk. The new moon had perished naively out of the sky; the final pinkness of the west was gone; blue evening held the quiet world, and overhead, between the branches of the maple shade trees, clustered all those bright pin points of light that were to twinkle on generations of young lovers after Noble Dill, and all, like Noble, walking this same fragrant path in summer twilights to see the Prettiest Girl in Town!

Now and then there came to the gently throbbing ears of the pedestrian a murmur of voices from where citizens sat cooling on their lawns after the day's labor, or a tinkle of laughter from where maidens droll (not being Julia) sat on porches abysmally vacant of beauty and glamour. For these poor things Noble felt a wondering and disdainful pity: he pitied and disdained everything in the world that was not on the way to starry Julia.

Eight nights had gone by since he, himself, had seen her—a vacuum of all life, caused by the eccentricity of her supremely peculiar old father; but to-day she had replied (over the telephone) that Mr. Atwater seemed to have settled down again, after some recent agitation caused by Noble's trying to do him a striking favor, and that

she believed it might be no breach of tact for Noble to call that evening—especially as she would be out on the porch, and he needn't ring the bell. Would she be alone—for once? It was improbable, yet it could be hoped.

But as Noble came hoping up the street, another already sat beside Julia, sharing with her the wicker settee on the dim porch. This was Newland Sanders, the horn-rimmed young college poet. He usually had a poem with him; and as it happened that others too frequently proved they could sit on Julia's porch as long as he could, he had formed the habit of seizing the first opportunity to familiarize her with his latest work.

THE porch was dark, and to go in—doors to the light might have involved too close a juxtaposition to peculiar old Mr. Atwater, who usually sat in the library reading either Darwin or detective stories, and hating animals, violets, verse, and Julia's callers. But the resourceful Newland, foreseeing everything, had brought with him a small pocket flashlight to illumine his manuscript. "It's *vers libre*," he said as he moved the flashlight over the sheets of scribbled paper. "I think I told you I was beginning to take that up. It's the new movement, and I felt I ought to master it."

"Of course," she said sympathetically, though with a little nervousness. "Be just a wee bit careful with the flashlight—about turning it in through the window, I mean—and read in your nice low voice. I always like poetry best when it's almost whispered. I think it sounds more musical that way, I mean."

Newland obeyed. His voice was hushed and profoundly appreciative of the music in itself and in his *vers libre*, as he read:

I—And Love!

*Lush white lilies line the pool
Like laces limned on looking-glasses!
I tread the lilies underfoot,
Careless how they love me!
Still white maidens woo me,
Win me not!
But Thou!
Thou art a cornflower
Sapphire-eyed!
I bend!
Cornflower, I ask a question:
O Julia, speak—*

Julia spoke. "I'm afraid," she said, while Newland's spirit filled with a bitterness extraordinary even in an interrupted poet—"I'm afraid it's Mr. Dill coming up the walk. We'll have to postpone—" She rose and went to the steps to greet the approaching guest. "How nice of you to come!"

Noble, remaining on the lowest step, gulped and clung to her hand in a sudden fever. "Nice to come!" he said hoarsely. "It's eight days—eight days—eight days since—"

"Mr. Sanders is here," she said. "It's so dark on this big porch people can hardly see each other. Come up and sit with us. I don't have to introduce you two men to each other."

She did not, indeed! They said "H'lo, Dill" and "H'lo, Sanders" in a manner of such slighting superiority that only the utmost familiarity could have bred a contempt so magnificent. And, when the three were seated, Mr. Sanders thought well to add: "How's rent collecting these days, Dill, among those ducky shanties over in Bucktown?"

In the dark Noble moved convulsively. Literally, he shuddered to be thus addressed; in this presence an implication of any imperfection whatever in himself, his power, or station, was sheerly unbearable. However, he managed to affect a light laugh, or something meant for one, as he replied, in a voice not entirely under control: "How's poetry, Sanders?"

"What?" Newland demanded hotly. "What did you say?"

"I said: 'How's poetry?' Do you still read it to all your relations the way you used to?"

"See here, Dill!"

"Well, what you want, Sanders?"



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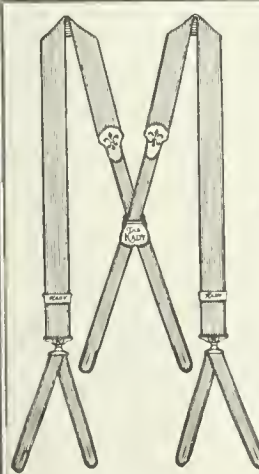
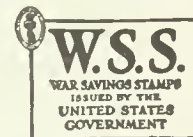


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"You try to talk about things you understand," said Newland. "You better keep your mind on collecting four dollars a week from some poor ole darky widow, and don't—"

"I'd rather keep my mind on that!" Noble was inspired to retort. "Your aunt Georgina told my mother that ever since you began thinkin' you could write poetry the life your family led was just—"

Newland interrupted. He knew the improper thing his aunt Georgina had said, and he was again, and doubly, infuriated by the prospect of its repetition here. He began fiercely:

"Dill, you see here—"

"Your aunt Georgina said—"

Both voices had risen. Plainly it was time for some one to say: "Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" Julia glanced anxiously through the darkness of the room beyond the open window beside her, to where the light of the library lamp shone upon a door ajar; and she was the more nervous because Noble, in his agitation, had lit an Orduma cigarette, and the smell of Orduma cigarettes meant almost infallibly a disaster to Mr. Atwater's nerves.

SHE laughed amiably, as if the two young gentlemen were as amiable as she. "I've thought of something," she said. "Let's take the settee and some chairs down on the lawn where we can sit and see the moon."

"There isn't any," Noble remarked vacantly.

"Let's go anyhow," she said cheerily. "Come on."

Her purpose was effected: the beligerents were diverted, and Noble picked up the settee. "I'll carry this," he said. "It's no trouble; that is, if a man's got some muscle. Sanders can carry a chair—I guess he'd be equal to that much." He stumbled, dropped the settee, and lifted a basket, its contents covered with a newspaper. "Somebody must have—"

"What is it?"

"It's a basket," said Noble.

"How curious!"

Julia peered through the darkness. "I wonder who could have left that market basket out here on the porch. I suppose—" She paused. "Our cook does do more idiotic things than—I'll go ask her."

She stepped quickly into the house, leaving two portentous concentrations of inimical silence behind her, but she returned almost immediately, followed, at a rapid waddle, through the hall and out upon the porch, by a talking colored woman of lateral dimensions believed by her friends and admirers to be unique.

"It's no use to argue, Kitty Silver," Julia was saying as they came. "You did your marketing and simply and plainly left it out there because you were too shiftless to—"

"No'm," Kitty Silver protested in a high voice of defensive complaint—"no'm, Miss Julia, I ain' lef' no basket on no front poche! I got jus' th'ee market baskets in the livin' worl', an' they ev'y las' one an' all sittin' right where I kin lay my han's on 'em behine my back do'. No'm, Miss Julia, I take my solemn oaf I ain' lef' no—"

But here she debouched upon the porch, and in spite of the darkness perceived herself to be in the presence of two white gentlemen and callers. "Pahdon me," she said, her tone altered at once to suit these grandeurs. "I beg leaf to insis' I better take thishere basket back to my kitchen an' see whut-all's insiden of it."

With an elegant gesture she received the basket from Noble Dill and took the handle over her ample forearm. "Hum!" she said. "Thishere ole basket kine o' heavy too. I wunner whut-all she has got in her!" And she groped within the basket, beneath the newspaper.

It was the breath of Mrs. Kitty Silver's life to linger, when she could, in a high social atmosphere; she was a powerful gossip, and exorbitantly interested in her young mistress's affairs and all callers. Therefore it was beyond her not to seize upon, or manufacture, excuses which might detain her for any time whatever in her present exciting and delightful surroundings.

"Pusservie jugs," she said ruminat-

ingly. "Pusservie or pickle. Cain't tell which."

"You can when you take them to the kitchen," Julia said, with pointed suggestion. "Of course you can't in the dark."

But still Kitty Silver snatched at the fleeting moment and did not go. "Tell by smellin' 'em," she murmured, seemingly to herself.

With ease she unscrewed the top of one of the jars, and then held the open jar to her nose. "Don't smell to me exaekly like no pusserves," she said. "Nor yit like no pickles. Don't smell to me—" She hesitated, then inquired in a voice suddenly grown anxious: "Whut is all thishere in thishere jug? Seem like to me—"

But here she interrupted herself, breaking off her coherent remarks to utter a muffled and alarming sound. Instantly afterward the three young people were startled to hear her express unguessed emotions in words suitable to religious observances, but in a voice of incredible loudness and passion. At the same time, with a splendid gesture, she hurled both jar and basket from her. They struck the wall, not far away, with a notable crashing of glass.

"Why, what—" Julia began. "Kitty Silver, are you crazy?"

But Kitty Silver, with a dancing motion sinister to see, in one so vast, was approaching the open front door. There a light appeared, simultaneously with Mr. Atwater in his most irascible state of peculiarity.

He began: "What is this heathenish—"

Shouting, Mrs. Silver jostled by him, and, though she disappeared into the house, a great continuous noise marked where she went, like a trail of explosion and catastrophe.

"What thing has happened?" Mr. Atwater demanded. "In the first place, I smelled cig—"

His daughter interrupted him convulsively.

"Oh!" was all she said, and seemed to clutch at her knee. Then, with no more than fragments of words, she ran by him like a bit of blown thistledown and into the house. He grasped at her as she passed him; then suddenly shuddered and made other clutching gestures. "What in the—" Abruptly he abandoned his question and smote the back of his neck; then repeatedly smote nothingness, and attempted flight in the air without plane or engine. Like Kitty Silver, he used ceremonial words and Jacobean phrases, employing the full power of his virility.

Mr. Atwater's calisthenics and oratory formed the finest possible exhibition of youthful versatility renewed—but now there were no spectators, for Noble Dill and Newland Sanders, after thoughtlessly following a mutual and natural impulse to step over and examine the fallen basket, had both decided to go home.

HALF an hour later, Miss Florence Atwater decided that she had made a grave mistake when she allowed Herbert to persuade her to go inside their grandfather's house to complain of the condition in which they found the c'lection—or, rather, the fragmentary former housing of it—on the porch. And yet, two of Florence's whimsical and dreamy three wishes of the afternoon had been fulfilled in all particulars. The fish man had not given them five dollars for the c'lection, it is true, but the c'lection had indeed been useful to Noble Dill, for Mr. Atwater had smelled the smell of an Orduma cigarette and was just on the point of coming out to take harsh measures, when the c'lection interfered. Not only this, but, as neither she nor Herbert needed the slightest gift of prophecy to comprehend after only a few moments of general interview with their grandfather and their aunt Julia and Kitty Silver, it was absolutely clear and certain that they had done something with the c'lection which they would never forget as long as they lived.

Mr. Tarkington's next story in the series, entitled "First, Last, and Supper," will appear in an early issue.

COL

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 21, 1918

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Samuel H. Adams

"Uncle Sam, M. D.," the story
of the great work our doctors
are doing

James Hopper

"Old Wars and New," a short
story from the front

Arthur Ruhl

"American Islands in France,"
the second of Mr. Ruhl's arti-
cles from the American sector

Henry M. Neely

"Mr. Hoover," the tale of a
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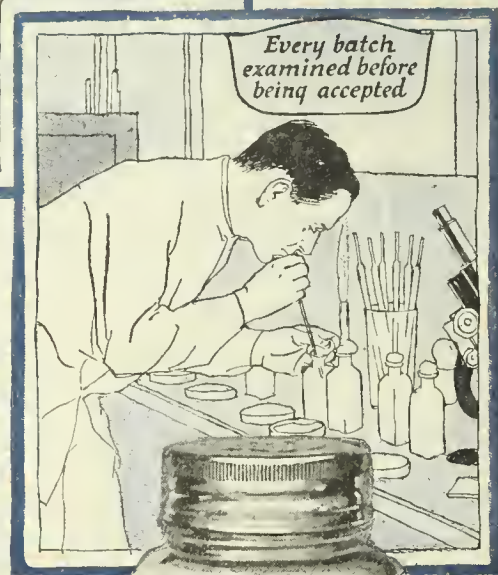
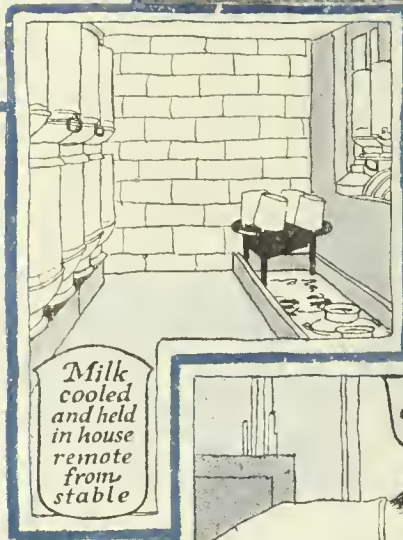
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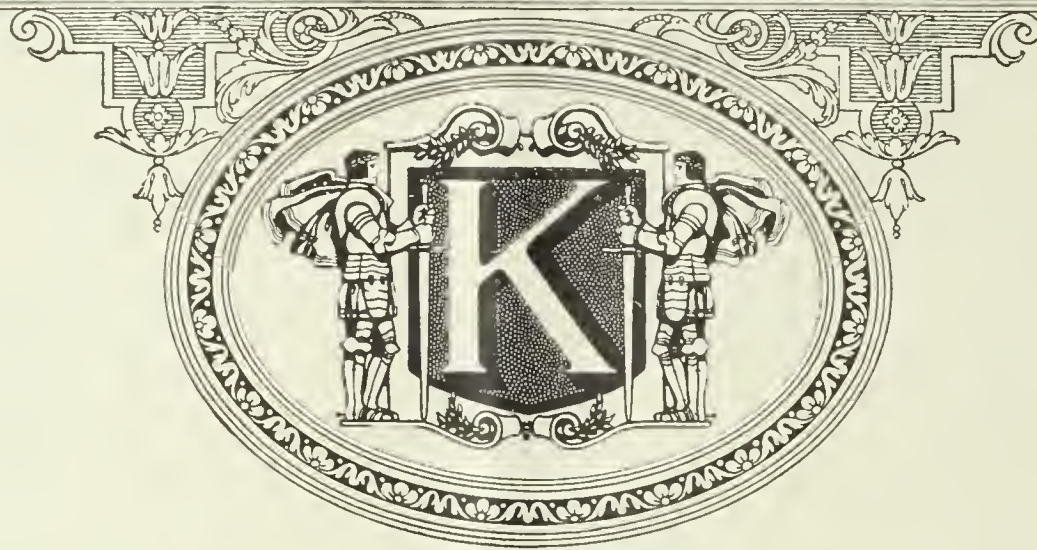
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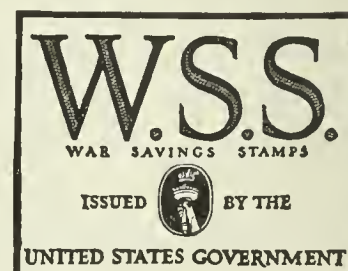
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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 21, 1918

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“Uncle Sam, M. D.”

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

A SMALL, confused night action was in progress in the American sector. Up and down the line the detached fights flickered, shrouded in and often balked by the rain squalls. It was all very casual and dubious and deadly. An American surgeon, prowling in the open for wounded, stumbled over a German officer with a badly shattered knee. He dragged his semiconscious man into a shell hole, ligated the torn artery, thereby saving his life, patched him up hastily, and at daybreak included him in an ambulance load of wounded which he was ordered to take to the rear.

As the ambulance turned in upon a comparatively smooth road, indicated by the surgeon who sat on the front seat with the driver, the private on guard on the rear step noticed that the German was hitching himself over to one side. Thinking it was to ease the position of the wound, he paid no particular heed. When he looked again the German's pistol was in his hand, and he was carefully steadying it to shoot the unsuspecting surgeon in the back. There was just time for the private to knock the barrel up. The bullet went through the ambulance top. The German was disarmed and bound.

Men do strange things in the delirium of the fever that follows a severe wound plus the morphine given to quiet them. On the charitable theory that the captured officer, instead of being the cold-blooded murderer that he seemed, had imagined himself back again on the battle field, he was sent to the base hospital and when sufficiently recovered was questioned by one of our higher officers.

“Did you understand what you were doing?” asked the American major.

“Perfectly,” replied the German.

“Why did you do it?”

“So long as I had my pistol I was an effective. Your men should have disarmed me. This is war.”

“But it is not war to kill noncombatants. And the surgeon whom you tried to kill had just saved your life. Did you realize that?”

To this the prisoner returned an astonishing answer. “We Germans know all about your American medical service,” he said.

“What do you know about us?”

“We know that you are the best surgeons in the world, except, of course, the Germans. And we know that with your resources you can beat us on organization. I am going to be frank with you, for I appreciate that it will make no difference in my case, anyway. We reckon that in three years of war an American surgeon will save from three hundred to five hundred lives. Half of that salvage will return to duty. So, if I put a medical man out of action, I have

removed not one enemy but from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty fighting units.”

“Is there a general order to that effect in the German army?” asked the horrified examiner. To this, however, the prisoner would make no response. What was done with him I am not informed; it is unimportant, anyway.

Now, this incident is not idle war gossip or imported trench rumor. It is a careful statement from a reliable medical officer to a superior officer in Washington. Together with other reports to the same general effect, it has established the now accepted theory that the Germans are instructed to make special

efforts to kill our army surgeons, notwithstanding that they are noncombatants. Hence our medical, hospital, ambulance, and stretcher-bearer corps at the front have abandoned the insignia of their branch because the red cross on a white ground *no longer protects from but specially invites the fire of the Huns*. In the same spirit of efficiency plus murderousness, the German airplanes have been raiding our hospitals, not so much to kill the wounded,

though that is doubtless a desirable concomitant, but chiefly to wipe out the surgeons. Taken altogether, a rather grisly but unquestionably sincere testimonial to the quality of our medical service at the front.

The Lesson of the Spanish War

WHAT has established our Army Medical Department on a plane of such excellence that Germany has inaugurated a system of specialized murder to offset it? The self-sacrificing spirit of the American medical profession at large, which has volunteered in proportions far beyond that of any other profession or pursuit, fitting into a system which, quietly and painstakingly built up for the last twenty years, took upon itself the tremendous strain of our war emergency, and drove forward with the flawless precision of perfectly prepared and adjusted machinery. The vast and complex job of making over our peace doctors into war doctors is the nearest thing to 100 per cent achievement that the Government has yet performed in this war. Preparedness did it.

The Spanish-American War left to our army medical service a residue of shame, wrath, and self-realization. The department recognized the ineptitudes and failures of the service; they were scored in black in the terrific camp mortality. It knew also that the proper blame lay not with itself alone, but largely with the “line,” which had ignored expert plans and suggestions. Its resentment took constructive form. It began, by a still, slow process of upbuilding to prepare for the next war, whenever it might come. Nothing was done in the open

“The vast and complex job of making over our peace doctors into war doctors is the nearest thing to 100 per cent achievement that the Government has yet performed in this war.” In this article Mr. Adams, who probably knows more about the medical profession than any other writer, tells how the M. D.'s have met their test.—THE EDITOR.

until 1906, when the department went before Congress with an expansion bill. Congress was too busy with politics or pork to consider it; it died of inanition. Don't blame Congress too harshly; remember that right up to April, 1917, most of us were too busy with our own private politics, or pork, to pay much heed to the war. But the surgeon general's office kept quietly at it, and in 1908 the newspapers recorded in a brief paragraph the passage of a measure, lacking which those same newspapers would now be filling columns (and quite justly) with the disastrous breakdown of an overworked and undermanned army medical service. For that law, permitting the addition to the inactive list of medical officers as needed, was the nucleus of to-day's vast Medical Reserve Corps, no longer in reserve.

Calling the Medical Reserves

DID the surgeon general's office thereupon cast a casual dragnet and bring in callow young Dr. Smith, fresh from a fifth-rate medical night school, and superannuated Doc Jones, and dubious "Professor" Robinson, skirting the shady edge of quackery? Not exactly. It enlisted such leaders as Welch and Finney of Baltimore, Billings and Bevan of Chicago, Vaughn of Michigan, the Mayo brothers, Cushing of Cambridge, Dyer of New Orleans, Abbott and De Schweinitz of Philadelphia, Longcape of New York, Seelig of St. Louis, Dean Russell of Columbia University, and others of their stamp. They took the modest rank of lieutenant without pay.

"Go on with your work until we call you," said the surgeon general's office.

The call came, with the nation's call to war. Sixteen hundred of the cream of the medical profession answered: "Ready." So skillfully had the selection been made that 40 per cent of them had had some military experience. In the first three months of war more than a thousand of these men had dropped their practice and gone into executive positions in the surgeon general's office, oversea to immediate duty, or out into the cantonments to man the hospitals and stand guard over the health and well-being of an army growing at the rate of 75,000 per month.

Sanitarians, surgeons, alienists, bacteriologists, chemists, dietitians, X-ray specialists, diagnosticians, general practitioners, hospital executives, lecturers, and instructors, representatives of every recognized specialty reported "Here" and took their places and their orders. It was all done so quietly that the public never noticed it, in the clamor and confusion of our racing, racking, pounding war machine in the early days, desperately striving to get under way over a rough, uphill road. All that the public heard was reports of epidemics, quickly checked, in the various camps. That such epidemics are an inevitable corollary to the herding together of vast numbers of men, it did not realize. Nor did it stop to consider that, without that devoted and skillful medical army of protection, the epidemics would have spread beyond control, and we should have started the war with a disaster.

Meantime the General Staff came to the Medical Department with a question to which they dreaded the answer: "What have you got in the way of medical equipment?"

"Enough for thirteen full divisions," was the instant and exact response.

It was true. Instead of following the prescribed course and turning back unexpended funds to gain a reputation for economy, the authorities had employed the surplus to purchase and store away medical and sanitary supplies against the coming need: mosquito bars, instruments, drugs, surgical appliances, hospital cots, and a vast range of other mate-

rial not liable to deterioration. All professional soldiers think war in time of peace. The medical soldiers had transformed thought into action. They were prepared.

On the side of personnel the medical service was, of course, wholly inadequate, just as all the rest of the army was, to fulfill the enormous demand. But that unnoted medical-reserve scheme enabled the surgeon general's office not only to supply the immediate and imperative need, but even afforded it a little leeway. More than this, the authoritative professional character of the reservists furnished the best possible incentive to recruiting the high grade of physicians needed, so far as technical requirements go. Technique, however, is only half the matter. An army surgeon, in this war, is a soldier with a medical diploma, and eventually not less than thirty-five thousand would be needed.

On the morning of our declaration of war there was placed on the surgeon general's desk

to decide instantly and accurately upon the most complex problems. He indorsed the plan, *in toto*, and referred it to the General Staff. Here occurred an unfortunate delay. One precious month was wasted before, on May 10, the General Staff approved the plan, the delay meaning just so many more medical officers necessarily detailed to immediate duty without the invaluable military training of the instruction camps. For, up to this time, the only medical training camps for officers had been tiny and casual aggregations of perhaps forty men at a time. A little work had been done in the border army, watching Mexico. But so dimly

were the necessities of modern warfare apprehended that some of the State militias actually lacked any ambulance corps, and had to borrow from better equipped organizations. When, at length, the red tape binding the new plan was loosed, three medical officers' training camps were started, practically overnight, and mainly in the form of tent settlements.

It was rough, emergency work, but the emergency itself was rough.

Even in the stark statistics of that early organizing there inheres a certain magic. On the date of our entrance into the world war, the total regular army medical staff consisted of 500 officers and 4,000 enlisted men. Of the latter, a full quarter were at once lost, for—mark this as another testimonial to the quality of our medical service—one thousand of

them were called immediately into other branches of the military as lieutenants, captains, and even majors. Thus the educational nucleus of the department was left at 500 officers and 3,000 enlisted men.

The 500 had, in June, grown to 18,000, the present rate of growth being about a thousand a month. The 3,000 enlisted men increased to the enormous number of 160,000, which will probably be 200,000 by the time this gets into print. Three great training camps springing into ordered and equipped being and all working at top speed and by intensive methods have performed the miracle; Camp Greenleaf at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., which is to be the final merger of all medical training camps; Fort Riley, Kas., and Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., the latter already merged with Camp Greenleaf on the medical training side.

Up to date these camps between them have succeeded in supplying every call made upon them by the vast organization of cantonments, hospitals, field divisions, and oversea detachments, and doing it on the punctual dot of time. For they are working against imperative necessity. There are many things that an army can do without if it must—but not doctors.

Time and again—the surgeon general's office admits it in whispers—they have been just one jump ahead of disaster. But they have always managed to make the jump.

Through the Routine

THE experts chiefly responsible for this experiment in the impossible made possible are, besides the surgeon general, Colonel E. L. Munson, the author of the general training plan for medical camps, divisions, hospitals, posts, etc.; Colonel Henry Page, who preceded Colonel Munson in the administrative control of Camp Greenleaf and is now there with him; Colonel W. N. Bispham, at Fort Riley; and Colonel P. M. Ashburn, formerly at Fort Benjamin Harrison and now attached to the surgeon general's office in Washington.

They, with their staffs, have achieved a work of mobilization unequalled in all the wonderwork of army building which the nation is just beginning to appreciate.

I have recently followed the process, step by step, of the making of a medical officer; "presto-changing doc into cap," as the official

(Continued on page 19)



Colonel E. L. Munson, C.O. at Camp Greenleaf, Chickamauga Park, Ga., author of the medical-camp idea

a plan for the progressive expansion of the medical service, through fully equipped training camps, which was complete in every detail. To the broadest medicomilitary knowledge of any living American, Surgeon General Gorgas adds the executive ability

Open-air colleges, not picnics. The men are undergoing quizzes on the previous day's lectures



A scene, long as torture, at a gate, beneath a cottonwood black against the moon. He had asked the girl to marry him

Old Wars and New

BY JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

IN the regiment with which I am marching in France—toward a big battle, we all fondly hope—there is a Catholic chaplain famous throughout the army for his Irish wit, his good humor, and his rich humanity. The other day, between hikes, a letter came to him; he read it and his chubby face wrinkled with pleasure. But the pleasure was also in his heart, filling it more than full, and he must needs share it, as he shares all the good things of life. So he passed me the letter, and I in turn read it. It gave me a glimpse into a true story, the other elements of which I drew from the padre. I like the story because it bridges that grim business which now is army life to the old days of detached posts, colored uniforms, and happy cavalcades. Also it has to do with the regeneration of a man.

Some fifteen years ago the padre—everyone calls him the padre—was stationed at an army post of the Southwest. At the same post were two young cavalry lieutenants, Jack Duvenal and Louis Hartigan, shavetails fresh from West Point, his friends, observed by him chuckingly. They were jolly, hard-riding boys, in love with horses and boots and spurs, with belts, revolvers, accouterments of all kinds, with the open air and the wide spaces, and also with the short, concentrated relief they got from rare visits to small cities which to them seemed splendid and immense—in love, in short, with the service as it was in those days. Had they been in love with this only, nothing would have happened. But they were, in fact, of the age where tumultuous outer activity goes with profound movements of the soul—enters here Miss Gladys Allandale.

SHE was a slender maiden, violet-eyed and golden-haired, who looked like an angel and rode—like a fallen one. She lived in a big city, but her father had a cattle ranch, near the post, to which she came for one or two months every spring. Her sole ambition then—at least, so it seemed, from all outward appearances—was to make the old earth ball spin beneath her hunter's spurning hoofs. The incidental fact that she might be followed in this pursuit by a wild retinue all bending over disheveled manes seemed to be profoundly ignored of her. She rode with little notice of those who followed, let her light caprice lead her, and threw but rarely a back-

ward glance at her escort of city gentlemen, of officers from the post, and straggling swains from the ranch—among them poor Pedro, chief vaquero, splendidly caparisoned, but with eyes, for her, of a very humble dog. She was a girl, anyway, who seemed possessed of singular innocence. When she turned on a man her big violet eyes, the victim perished, but she appeared to have not the least suspicion of what she had done. She had been finely educated in some young lady's school: her voice was low and well-pitched; a touch of the South trailed in her syllables; she said "most" instead of "very," and when she said it, with a slight emphasis—"I am *most* glad to see you"—her lips puckered a little about the word as she weighed upon it. Then the person to whom she had said: "I am *most* glad to see you" fell into a deep abstraction. He seemed to be inventing powder, or immersed in an intricate problem in four dimensions, whereas really he was simply standing there in a daze, his mind dumb and ecstatic, the whole earth and its manifestations gone, while he repeated to himself over and over again, over and over again: "*This is the most charming thing in the world, this is the most charming thing in the world!*"

DUVENAL and Hartigan were not long in joining the young woman's train, not long in climbing its degrees till they were very near its head. They were both, it must be said, rather good to look upon—with fresh, frank young faces and sound, supple bodies—possessed of all the glory of youth. They were not quite formed yet, and perhaps for the more subtle pleasures the lady would have preferred men just a little more mature, perhaps a bit more sophisticated. They were, however, good for this life of out of doors, for the fresh air, good to ride with. They were not quite formed, yet one could discern already in the two a fundamental difference. Something vibrated in Duvenal which appeared to be absent in Hartigan—nerves either more sensitive or less well enveloped, a capacity for sharp feelings which his intelligence did not understand, so that he was apt to seek dumbly for release in oblivion when troubled. Such types are more numerous in the United States of America than we admit. We say of them that they are "wild." "He

is a little wild," people would say of Duvenal. The difference in the two characters accounts for the difference in what happened. Hartigan, when he had reached a certain high rank in the train of Miss Gladys, appeared to be satisfied to remain here. His manner, severely courteous, yet kindly, seemed to announce a search for friendship and comradeship; without further expectation. As for Duvenal, he plunged on in utter headlong recklessness. He became not only Number One in the retinue, but the retinue, growing discouraged, began to trail, then tail off, then to scatter and disappear. The approach of summer completed the rout: bag and baggage the Eastern guests made for the beaches. Miss Gladys, contrary to her wont, did not go. She lingered at the ranch while the desert flowers died and the grass slowly dried and the dust devils began their tormented travelings. Her style of riding had changed. She rode alone, now, in the daytime; she did not gallop; she wandered about with drooping rein, dreamily. And she began to ride at night, beneath the moon or simply the stars, which in this clime are as big as the moon—and Duvenal rode with her.

Everyone now could see what course events were taking, or thought he did, and, the game being now left to two, the others stayed out in a circle, watching it go on. Among these was Hartigan, still courteous, still kindly, still detached. The padre also watched, a bit worried, but taking no action, for his system is rather to let men go as they will—which they are bound to do anyway—and fix up the broken souls (or heads) afterward. And still Miss Gladys lingered, and still Duvenal rode with her, at night, side by side, their stirrups, now and then, gently touching, along the murmuring irrigation ditches, beneath the cottonwoods, or in the wide plain, beneath the stars. But one day—as is the incredible way with bad news—the rumor went about that Miss Gladys was leaving. She was leaving to-morrow.

WHEN, that evening, after mess, Duvenal left the room he shared with Hartigan, he was a little white of face, but his eyes burned with a happy and determined ardor. When he returned, four hours later, it was with the feeling of a wild beast which, wounded, seeks its lair. He had in his head just

one intention—to reach his cot, and throw himself face down upon it, and remain there immobile forever. But he had forgotten Hartigan. When he opened the door he found Hartigan seated at the table in the center of the room. The man had been at some books which were still spread, but now his head lay upon them, his arms stretched out, as though he were asleep. But he was not asleep. A queer vibration was agitating him; he shook between the shoulder blades. Duvenal stopped, paralyzed. Hartigan suddenly raised his head, and the two men faced each other, eye to eye. "By God!" said Duvenal. "You too!"

Hartigan did not answer.

"Then," said Duvenal wonderingly, "why didn't you—"

"Oh, I gave up long ago!" said Hartigan hollowly.

They remained looking at each other quite a while. Then Hartigan said: "What luck?"

Duvenal threw himself wearily upon his couch and remained thus, face down, while Hartigan sat in his chair, still as a corpse. "I've had a terrible time," he said after a while, "Hartigan, a terrible time!"

And, raising his head and speaking seemingly to the wall at the head of his cot, he poured out a confused and incoherent account of what had taken place—a scene, long as torture, at a gate, beneath a cottonwood black against the moon. He had asked the girl to marry him; to marry him right away. "Right away, Hartigan, right away! You don't know how I want that girl, Hartigan; you have no idea! I'm mad over her, mad! And we wrestled there, under that tree—it was centuries, Hartigan, centuries! She didn't want to; she wanted to wait; I fought and fought. Sometimes I had her almost yielding—just a film between me and what I wanted; just a film. Then she'd get away again. I never could get through that film; never! She'd slip away at the last moment, and be miles gone—and I'd have to begin all over again. It was maddening, maddening! She was so beautiful too, Hartigan, fighting me. Her hair had come loose a bit; a wisp of it was across her eyes; sometimes it whipped down across her lips. And she is so gentle, Hartigan, so gentle and so frail—and yet so strong. So damnably strong! I could have crushed her in my arms, I could have crushed her dead—but her will, Hartigan, her will, beneath the soft voice, the big astonished eyes, the soft accent! It was steel. No; it was pliant and resilient—I couldn't get at it, I never could get at it; it was like a supple wrestler, ever freeing itself—the thing was maddening, maddening!"

"She wants to wait. She wants her freedom for one year. She wants to think. She is going back to that city, where there are so many men. And I am afraid. Hartigan, I am afraid!"

After a long time Hartigan said: "Well, it is no use crying over spilled milk." Then he started to say something else, but did not say it. "She—" he said, and stopped; then again: "She—" and stopped. Finally he said: "I'm going to work."

THERE was at that time in the army a movement for more scientific preparation. Hartigan spread his books before him and plunged his mind into their secrets. As for Duvenal, he rose after a while, opened his locker, and drew from it a bottle and a glass. He sat himself on the edge of his cot and poured himself a drink. Five minutes later he poured himself another.

What remained of the night passed thus—with Hartigan at the table, holding his mind rigidly to his books, with Duvenal sitting on the edge of his cot, a bottle at his feet, a glass in his hand. When morning had come Duvenal rose suddenly and made for the stables. But Hartigan was after him immediately. "I'll go along, eh?" he asked, and Duvenal answered: "Come along."

Without awakening their orderlies, they saddled their horses and were off. They rode toward a hill. When they were near the top they dismounted, left

their horses there, and went on afoot. When they were near the crest they got down almost on their hands and knees. When they had reached the crest they threw themselves down like Indian fighters. And after a while, lying there rib to rib, they saw, away below them, along the narrow ribbon of road, a cloud of yellow dust pass smoothly toward the railroad station behind the mesa.

IT was riding back that Hartigan at length formulated a statement which twice he had begun without finishing. But even then he did not say it aloud, but only under his breath, to himself. It was: "She would never have married me, and she will never marry him. She is for some rich man—that is clear as day—stamped and ticketed for some rich man—some very rich man."

Hartigan was right. Six months later a New York paper announced the engagement of Miss Gladys Allandale to George Gordon Parrot, wealthy

bade him to distrust others handicapped him further. Then it must be said that the old wound still bled in him, and that recurrent fits of despair, with their immediate search for the baneful form of consolation which already once had been his ruin, slipped him down again and again just as he seemed to be on the verge of a moderate success. At the end of the period of which I speak, in short, Duvenal was already one of those men who began to be shunned a little by those keen and cynical enough to divine that soon he may need to be helped. He was young enough, too, in body—having always liked to use it—and in mind, through an incurable freshness which might almost be called innocence. But to business men who knew him he was through; he would never command success. Of the army, of course, he was profoundly forgotten.

Then came the coup d'état. On April 6, 1917, the country went to war, and suddenly Jack Duvenal saw clear. Life lost the puzzling aspect with which for so long it had confronted him; it stretched before him now like a smooth, straight way. All the tortures of indecision, of wrestling with something one does not understand, left him abruptly. And, happy for the first time in many years, he walked into the nearest recruiting station and enlisted as a private. The army took him in once more, unknown, embraced him, swallowed

him; he disappeared from the other world in which he had never found his place.

SIX months later Padre Regan, stationed with his regiment somewhere in France, received a strange missive. It was from a Mrs. George Gordon Parrot. It was written in a distinguished hand, on fine paper delicately perfumed. And in a rather lofty, negligent manner, beneath which the padre thought he was able to divine something else, it asked if the padre "by chance" knew what had become of Jack Duvenal. The padre found out. Through

the years he had followed, in some small measure, the fortunes of Jack Duvenal. He knew that Duvenal was in the army somewhere. In a little while he had placed him. He was in a machine-gun battalion where he had risen to be sergeant. The padre wrote this information to Mrs. George Gordon Parrot.

An answer returned. In the same carefully negligent tone in which she had couched her first letter, Mrs. George Gordon Parrot asked if the padre could do anything for Jack Duvenal, for whom she had "always kept a great regard."

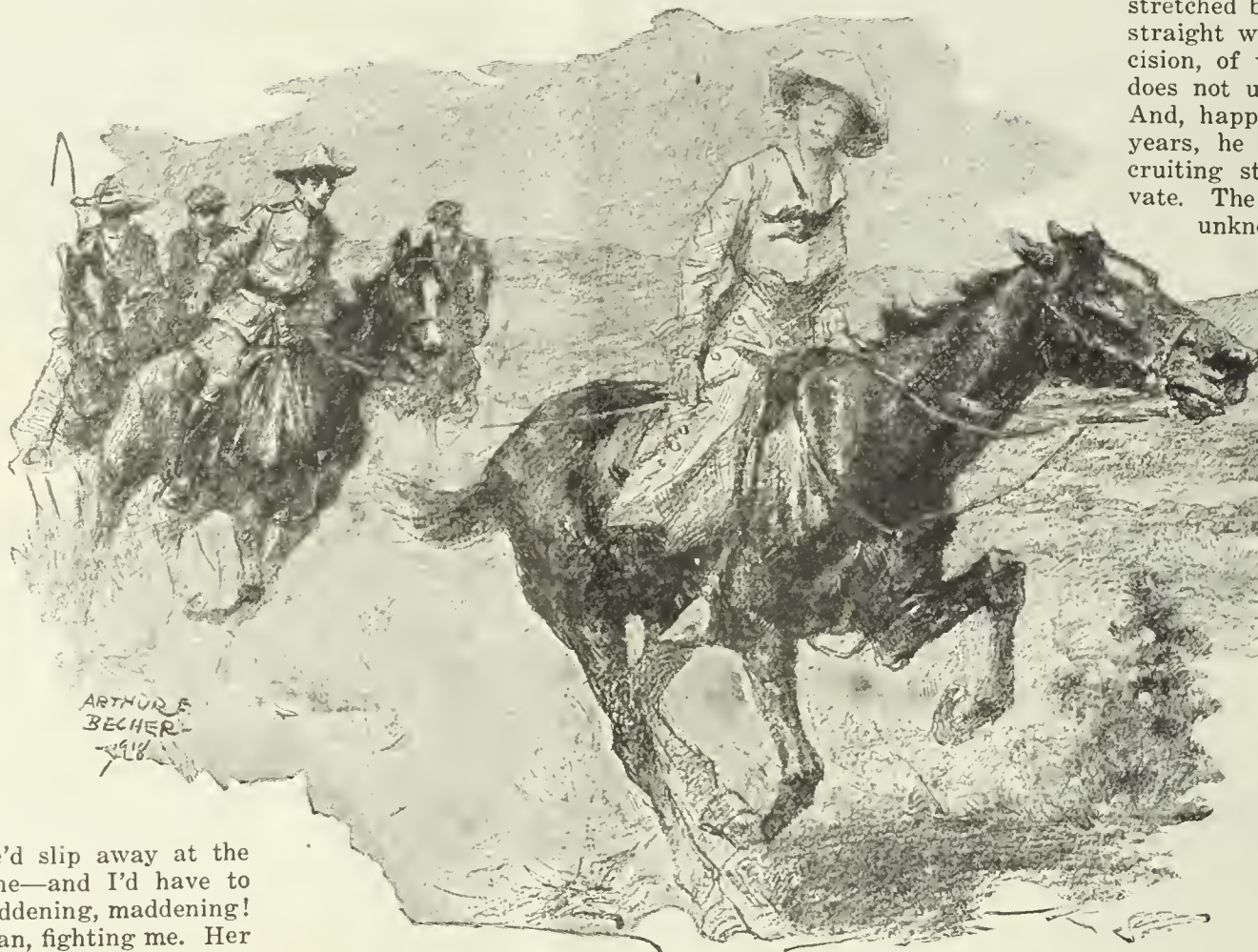
The padre thought a while, then with Irish wit wrote to a newly made general, called Hartigan, now commanding a brigade in France.

Brigadier General Hartigan answered. And it is this answer which reached the padre one evening between hikes, and which he let me read, being unable to hold all the pleasure of it to himself. The letter read: "Dear Padre: I do indeed remember Jack Duvenal, and your letter has interested me deeply. I have made a recommendation in the matter, and the recommendation has been acted upon favorably. Sergeant Duvenal will soon receive orders to rejoin the cadet school for officers. Very sincerely," etc.

The war, for us, is going to be a long one and a terrible one. Many officers will fall.

If Duvenal is one of these, let us not pity him. If there be the slightest flash part of an instant between the blow and his departure into eternity, we may well be sure that this fragment of time will be filled, as for him, with a profound thankfulness.

But if he does not fall, and many others fall, he will rise and rise fast. Then, at the end of the war, perhaps, he will return to the United States a very high officer. And perhaps he will meet there Mrs. George Gordon Parrot—who knows?



She rode with little notice of those who followed, let her light caprice lead her, and threw but rarely a backward glance at her escort

son of the wealthy banker; three months later the same paper announced the wedding.

Hartigan took all the harder to the science of his profession. And Duvenal went to the dogs, swiftly, by the bottle route. In two years he was out of the army, cashiered and in disgrace. . . .

There follows after this an obscure period lasting many years, during which Hartigan, by close application to duty, rises gradually in rank, very slowly, as promotion came in those days of peace, while Duvenal struggles rather ineffectively to make for himself some sort of a position in the civilian world, or rather, more simply, to save of himself what there remained to be saved. The day when he had found himself out of the army had been the day of his lowest ebb; he had not continued downward. Stunned at first, finding himself out on the street, as it were, he had seen clearly that if he slipped farther he was gone forever, and he had tried to face bravely the new life in which he must henceforth fight. He had a little money; he invested it in a cattle ranch, thus rather pathetically choosing for his venture a business which would keep him somewhat close to his old love, horses.

But civilian life demands virtues—and vices—which are not the same as those asked of the soldier. Duvenal had neither. He failed in his enterprise and had to take up new pursuits in which there were not even horses. He had been fond of uniforms, boots and saddles and spurs and whips: the lack of luster in his present life hurt him secretly. It placed in him a distrust of self, a sort of hidden self-contempt which did not make for the taking of happy hazards. Also, although he could command men and had a gift at organizing, he was a mere child in money matters. A code of honor which for-

Letters from the Air

No. 3: Aces and Boches

BY LIEUT. J. ALEXANDER BAYNE

—, FRANCE.

DEAR DAD: Well, I've finally shaken the dust of the schools from my feet and have gotten a job with an escadrille. This has been a great day, and, though it's about finished (it is now after ten o'clock), I'm going to use the remaining half hour telling you about it. First, because it interests and concerns me personally. I made my first flight to-day—that is, the first flight since I joined the escadrille. The chief lieutenant told me to take a machine and do everything I could, but to pull no acrobatics below 500 meters. As the machine was a 200-horsepower one, I didn't. You see, in the 200-horsepower the propeller turns to the right instead of to the left as in all the other machines, and this reverses everything one does. I had never done acrobatics in a 200 Spad before, though I had tried a few in the 180-horsepower. Needless to say, I made a holy mess of things—one time getting hung up on my back in a renversement, but the lieutenant said I did very well on the whole, so I am satisfied. I shall work hard each day so as to be able to go on patrol with the others as soon as possible. Now I'm with the escadrille, but not of it. All the chaps treat me wonderfully well, but I'm still an "Elève," not having received my "baptism of fire." This fault I hope to remedy soon.

At present I am the only American in the escadrille. There is another, but he is now on a permission. They are some fine bunch of boys. Second, the escadrille increased its score to-day by two bi-plane boche machines. They were both brought down in this morning's patrol. Four of our busses did the trick—hunting in twos. We had quite a celebration to-night. Over the wine, bought by the victors, they told how they did it.

This afternoon one of the chaps went over to see the wreck of his victim and told us all about it upon his return. He also had the machine guns, magneto, and what not from the machine for souvenirs. This particular boche—the first one of the two—was brought down in flames, and the adjutant told us with great glee and gusto how the pilot fell forward on his controls—thus causing the machine to plunge straight down with full motor. It then turned slightly on its back and, as it did so, burst into flames. The jolt of the machine turning on its back threw the observer out and he fell sprawling for a mere trifle of 3,000 meters. Then the machine began to disintegrate and came to earth in chunks. You should have seen the adjutant's black eyes snap as he told it. The other plane was brought down far behind the boche lines and so will probably not become official.

It seemed strange to me, sitting here to-night, to listen to the story in all its detail, to see the little adjutant—his arms waving and his eyes all puckered in smiles, tell how the observer fell with legs and arms outflung like a stuffed straw man, and to see the smiles and chuckles of the crowd. War plays queer tricks. The adjutant is a very friendly little man—he left his supper to-night to go and open the door for the dog whining to get in, and he goes out of his way to do one a service. But he is a dead shot and brought down his seventh "official" boche to-day. That means innumerable combats and perhaps a dozen or more boches actually shot down. It's not that the boys are hard-hearted—they know from bitter experience it's shoot or be shot at, so they shoot their best, and when successful laugh and brag about it. They have beaten the other man to it—that's all. The little adjutant had looked at his victims this afternoon—described them and their costumes to us, but it did not spoil his appetite for supper—improved it rather.

We jest about the taking of life—boche, of course, but men anyway. How different from civil life! And I, who have never yet killed a man, am green with envy and nearly ready to cry because I can't go to-morrow and attempt the same thing. Life is a darned funny proposition. (Continued on page 26)



At Villers Cotterets Woods, French infantry attacking. The infantry usually follows the tanks, but in the recent advances it is reported outstripping the tanks more than once



American soldiers at Chateau-Thierry, where they swept aside barricades like this in the Rue du Pont, thrown up by the Germans in an attempt to slacken the Franco-American drive



French "baby" tanks out looking for trouble. Regular "prize babies" too when it comes to fighting. These, entering the woods at the Marne, are searching for machine-gun nests



American troops marching down the famous Champs Elysées in Paris. Napoleon's Arc de Triomphe rises in the distance
© Kadel & Herbert

War, "the Terrific Adventure"

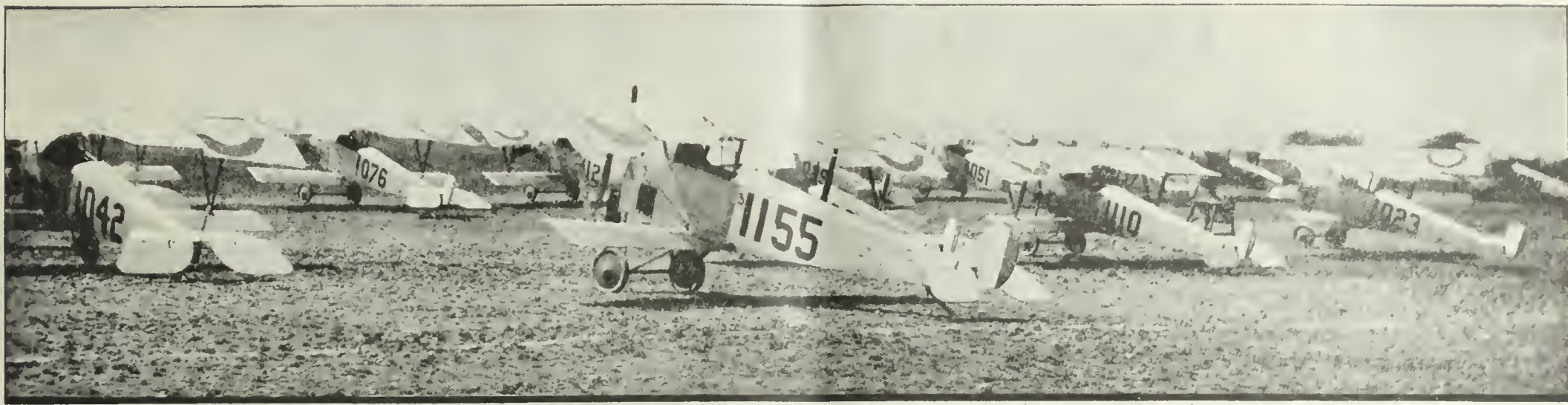
British Official © Underwood & Underwood



Trench warfare seems as old-fashioned now as it was novel in 1915. Here are French soldiers in the open, "digging in" under fire



The aviation training camps that Arthur Ruhl's article describes are far in the rear. Here is a French camp that is decidedly in the danger zone. A huge shell from a distant German howitzer has just burst, narrowly missing one of the hangars. Notice the flying shell fragments



American Islands in France—II

BY ARTHUR RUHL

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THERE are many aviation camps in France. The largest, however—the largest I think, indeed, in all France—is down in the sunny, hot plain country a few hours south of Paris, near the old gray town of Issoudun. None of these American islands is busier nor more interesting. Only those who already know how to fly are sent here. All day long, before land grubbers are really awake, until after sundown, the planes go slithering by overhead, each at its special task, watched, criticized, and kept track of as race horses taking their workouts are watched by their trainer. And how they go at it nowadays, roaring across a few yards of ground and off and up—only the pilot's helmet showing above the fuselage as the pickerel shape booms past—and a skyscraper's distance overhead in almost the first jump!

Even the machines, which, for some reason or other of power or mobility, are considered out of date to-day, although good enough yesterday or last month, are other birds altogether from the lumbering contraptions of ten years ago. With their slim, hard body and rakish "stagger," their look of compactness and dynamic force, they are as different from the machines with which the Wrights used to thrill us as modern express engines and destroyers differ from the machines of Stephenson and Fulton. An airplane is no longer a sort of ambulatory kite that one somehow keeps afloat in, but a steed to mount and drive and become a part of, as a cowboy is part of his horse. They even paint them now so that they look like dragons, with eyes and scales and fangs.

You find yourself—coming up from Limoges, for instance, and its talk of big guns and tractors—listening to a new and special sort of jargon. These quick-eyed young men talk of "props," meaning propellers—of "bumpy air"; "putting his tail up"; "virlles," "renversements," and so on. French words and ours mixed in the quaintest fashion. A plane which slews round after landing, as planes are very likely to do, makes a "cheval de bois" or "wooden horse"—behaves, that is to say, like a horse on a merry-go-round. A pupil who makes the required number of perfect landings, coming down like a grouse, lightly, head into the wind, without banging his tail, "making a cheval," or scraping his wings, or nosing over, is "lâché"—"released," that is to say, and ready to pass on to the next field. And you hear some American sergeant coming up to go on with the score bawl out: "Hey, Bill! How many lashays have you got?"

"Boy, There's a Motor!"

AS you stand there watching the flying, snatches of news come in from the other fields, by telephone, motors, flyers themselves—gossip of their own intense little world. They no more waste time thinking of getting killed than football men think of broken ribs or water on the knee.

"Hullo—there's a forced landing over

in the wheat." . . . You just have time to see the plane disappear like a partridge alighting—the repair crew is already on its way. The boob went up, it seems,

This is the second of Mr. Ruhl's articles from France. His next one, which is on the way, describes the first Fourth of July in Alsace, where American troops are on "German" soil for the first time.—THE EDITOR.

with his engine missing and had to come down almost before he had straightened out in the air. A few minutes' wait and word comes back that he is all right and not even the machine hurt. "Lucky enough—but wait till that Frenchman sends in his bill for damages! There's scarcely a night that somebody doesn't come in after it's too dark to see the ground to make a landing and goes swashing half the length of that field. We'll think we're paying for half the wheat in France—trust one of these canny old farmers for that!"

A roar different from that of the rotating motors with which most of the practice machines are equipped sounds overhead. It's like an express train on a solid roadbed—one of the new X's! "Say, boy, there's a motor! It makes those rotaries look like toys and feel like toys! When you've got that under your hand you know you've got some power! Golly! look at her climb! Did you see Robinson zoom her up

this morning? How far do you think you could zoom her up, captain?"

The captain allows about 500 meters, maybe—a "zoom" being a sort of shoot upward, like that which a roller coaster makes with the momentum acquired from its dash downhill. It is the abnormal climbing power which a plane has after coming up from a dive and which, if continued at the same angle, would eventually stall the machine. The captain himself tried her out yesterday—she's a bit slow on the turns, but he thinks she would loop very easily.

"They tried another of the new X's over on No. 7 last night. Hear what happened? That sort of traveling inspector, or liaison man, took her up, nosed over



Above: Ambulance unit at front ready for action. At left: Reasons for that "cheerfulness" at our base hospitals in France



when he landed and broke a prop and wing—why, that guy never did take up a machine without smashing it. His axle broke? Sure, the axle broke! But who broke it? D'you see him land? And up he comes to the major, who was all but exploding, and what do you think he says? 'Awfully sorry, major, to break your machine. However—fortunes of war!' 'Fortunes of war!' The stuff that man pulls! Can you beat it!" (Continued on page 20)

"MR. HOOVER" BY HENRY M. NEELY

ILLUSTRATED BY D. C. HUTCHISON

MR. HOOVER? Should say I do know him. He was steward on the tanker *Willgren* just this past winter. In fact, it was me give him his name. Oh, not that one, eh? You mean the real Mr. Hoover up in Washington—the fellow that invented meatless pork chops and sunless daylight and coalless winters and all that sort of thing.

Our Mr. Hoover was down on the *Willgren's* articles as name, John Gordon; birthplace, California; capacity, first steward; citizen of U. S.; age, 29; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 145 pounds; address of next of kin, none. There you have him all shipshape.

And a whale of a good steward John Gordon was too, I'll say. There wasn't a ship in the Universal Oil Company's fleet fed as good as the *Willgren*, and yet our bills wasn't as big as most of the others.

It was the way Gordon done it that made every meal look like somebody's birthday. He got his training in the West Coast passenger service, and out there their menus begin with the dinner bell and end with cigars and a Victrola concert, with everything from soup to nuts in between. I asked Gordon why he quit that service, and he smiled in the queer little quiet way he had and—"Fightin'," he says.

"Fightin'?" I says, and I must have looked at him kind of funny, for he was the quietest, most peaceable-acting man ever I was shipmates with.

"You see, here I'm on—on—" He hesitates for a minute, lets out a curse, and opens the drawer of his writing table.

"Hang it," he says, "I'm on somethin' for three months, and I've gone and forgot what it is again. Oh," he says, pulling out a letter in female handwriting on baby-blue paper, "here it is."

He opens the letter and looks it over from about page 62 on. "Oh, yes," he says. "Here it is. I'm on probation for three months."

"What are you on probation for?" I asks him, and he gets all red and flustered, and I can see right away it's a girl. "Oh," I says, "little Miss Baby Blue, eh?"

"Yep," he says. "She's a winner, Mr. Ingersoll, honest. And maybe she ain't got the education! And refined! No rough stuff, you understand. Not that she's got any kick against a man takin' care of hisself in a fight, but she don't like a man that goes out of his way to hunt one. I'm goin' to marry her soon's I'm off this here probation. Marry her and settle down to a fine little restaurant business I've got my eyes on ashore, where I can clean up my three or four hundred a month and live easy. But she won't have me until I've proved to her that I can keep my temper by stayin' on a ship's job for three months steady. She's afraid my temper'll make me lose my restaurant. Temper!" He laughs again. "Why, Mr. Ingersoll, I ain't got no more temper'n a canary bird. I never went into a fight mad in my life. It's just the other way around. Whenever a fellow offers to fight me," he says, "I could kiss him on both cheeks, frog-eater fashion, I'm so happy and grateful," he says. "Temper! Huh!"

"Well, well!" I says. "I never would've thought it of you really. You don't look like a fightin' man."

He gives me another of them queer smiles. "No? Look here."

He dives into his drawer again and comes up with one of them scrapbooks full of old pieces from

the Western newspapers about a prize fighter named "Gamecock" Grogan and saying he's knocking them all out one, two, three, and he's going to be lightweight champion if he keeps on. And they're all illustrated with pictures of this here Grogan, and I'm darned if it isn't my friend the steward.

"Yep," he admits. "It's me. I used to do 133 pounds ringside fine. But booze got me, and before I cut it out I was a back number. Then I met her and, seein' how she hates the rough stuff, I quit. I'm too old for it now, anyways," he says; "but, gosh a'mighty! how I do miss it!"

"Well," I tells him. "You've been on your probation two months now. In another month you can settle down ashore and join some good fight club and let her think you're goin' out to lodge meetin's three or four evenin's a week."

"Yes," he says, looking kind of blue. "That's all right, of course. But how am I goin' to stand this another month? You wouldn't care to help me out, would you, by standin' up with me for a few rounds? You're heavier'n me, but I think I could lick you."

"Much obliged," I says. "But I'm different from you. I can't fight until I get good and mad."

He smiles at me, real pleasant and obliging.

"Well, we can fix that," he says. "I'll sting you a couple of times—just enough to get you real mad," he says, "and then we'll go to it. What do you say? I like you first rate, Mr. Ingersoll," he says, "and I don't know any man I'd rather fight with than you."

WE was bound from Tampico, Mexico, to Providence with topped oil when this conversation takes place. It was at Providence that the steward's

"Calendars, most likely," I says, knowing the Old Man's ways. "He likes calendars with pretty pictures."

The Old Man comes up the gangway, sees me, shouts: "All right, Mr. Ingersoll; let everything go," and goes on into his room.

It was the 18th of March; I remember it well because St. Patrick's Day was Sunday, and I had been up to the Newman to the cabaret and still had some of my headache left. We passed out of Newport Harbor at three-thirty in the afternoon and began our long grind down the coast, me as first mate taking the bridge at four. With Block Island left astern and Montauk Light on our starboard bow, I turns the bridge over to the third, and goes below to supper, and it was there the blow fell.

"Gentlemen," says the Old Man, very solemn and serious, when we has our coffee and the chief engineer passes the cigarettes—"gentlemen," the Old Man says, "our birthday dinners is now and henceforth forever things of the glorious past, to be remembered and revived in our dreams," he says, "but never again to be enjoyed in our actual corporeal innards," he says. "Mr. Hoover of Belgium and Washington, D. C.," he says, "has now constituted hisself censor of our table menus." Then—"Mess," he says, calling the mess boy, "go and tell the steward to come here at once."

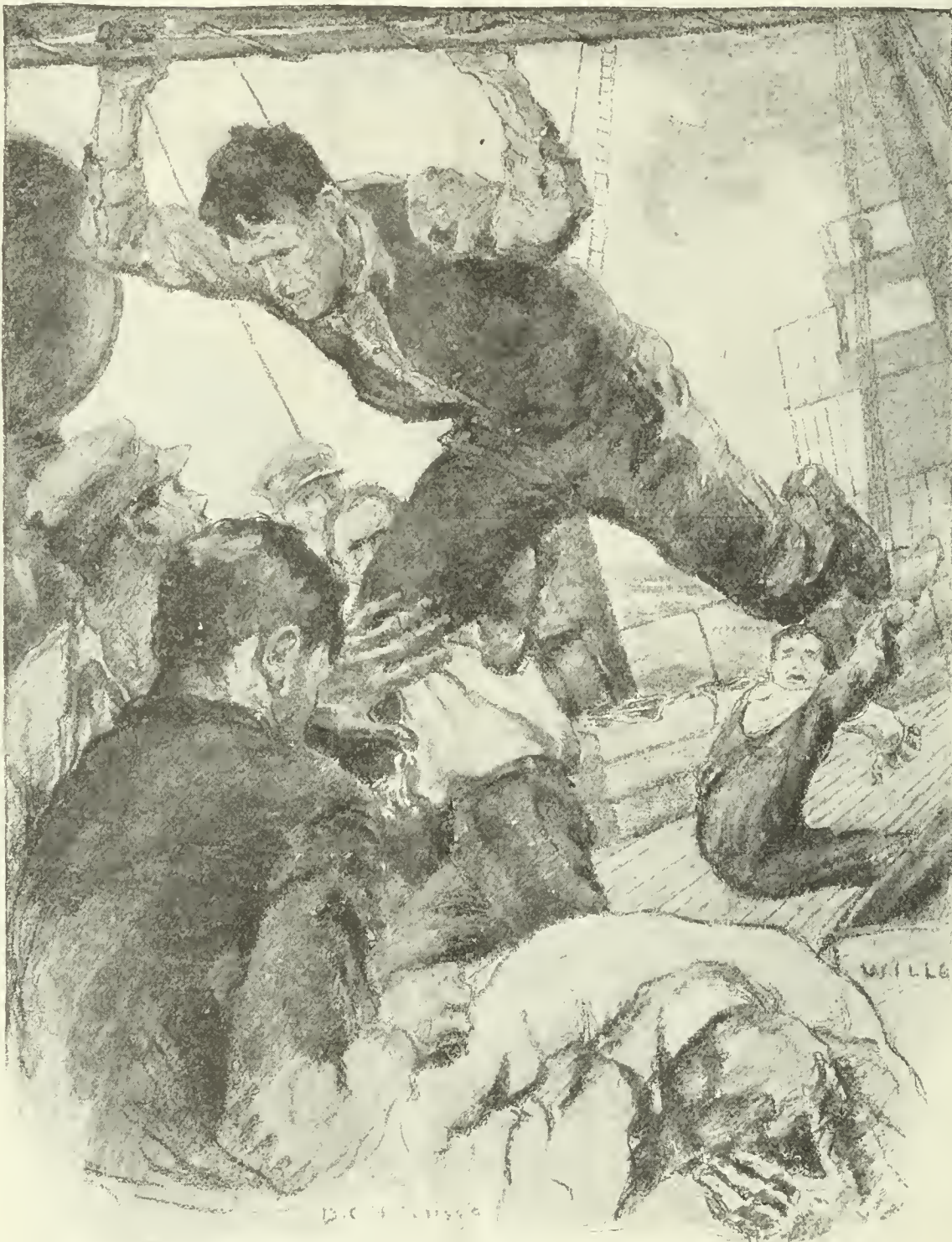
The Old Man goes into his room and comes out with three of the cards he had under his arm when he come aboard. "Chief," he says, "gaze on that and ponder on the things you've seen in the delicatessen store around the corner from your home at Fifty-fourth and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia. Sparks," he says to the wireless, "learn here what you've got to live on so long as Meinsel-and-Gott is at large. We'll excuse you, and you can go on up to your room and lubricate your generator with the scalding tears of angry youth. Mr. Ingersoll," he says, "for many months now I have watched in mingled admiration and awe," he says, "your feats at table with the knife and fork—more especially with the knife," he says. "I am not speaking now of your manual dexterity nor of your undoubted abilities as a sword swallower," he says. "What I am alluding to particularly," he says, "is the keen zest"—he pauses to let that sink in—"the keen zest," he says, "with which your voracious eyes has gleamed as you stowed away each knifeful into your bottomless depths. I will avert my glance as you now read what you are to eat in the future," he says, "and spare myself the sight of the agony which I know you will be unable to conceal."

DID you ever see these menus that Mr. Hoover got up for us men in the seafaring line in the coastwise trade? We're to get coffee for breakfast, but neither tea nor coffee—only water, mind you—for our heavy dinner, and only tea for supper. Tea! Think of that! Tea for red-blooded, hard-fisted American seafaring men, just like we was a lot of bloody Limeys! But there it was down on them cards in black and white. Bacon once a week for breakfast—honest, it makes me almost cry when I think of John Gordon's old breakfasts. Eggs

only twice a week, just like the great American hen has joined the I. W. W. and eggs was getting scarce.

And boiled potatoes! Breakfast, boiled potatoes; dinner, boiled potatoes; supper, boiled potatoes. I've got so here lately I'm ashamed to look a boiled potato in the face.

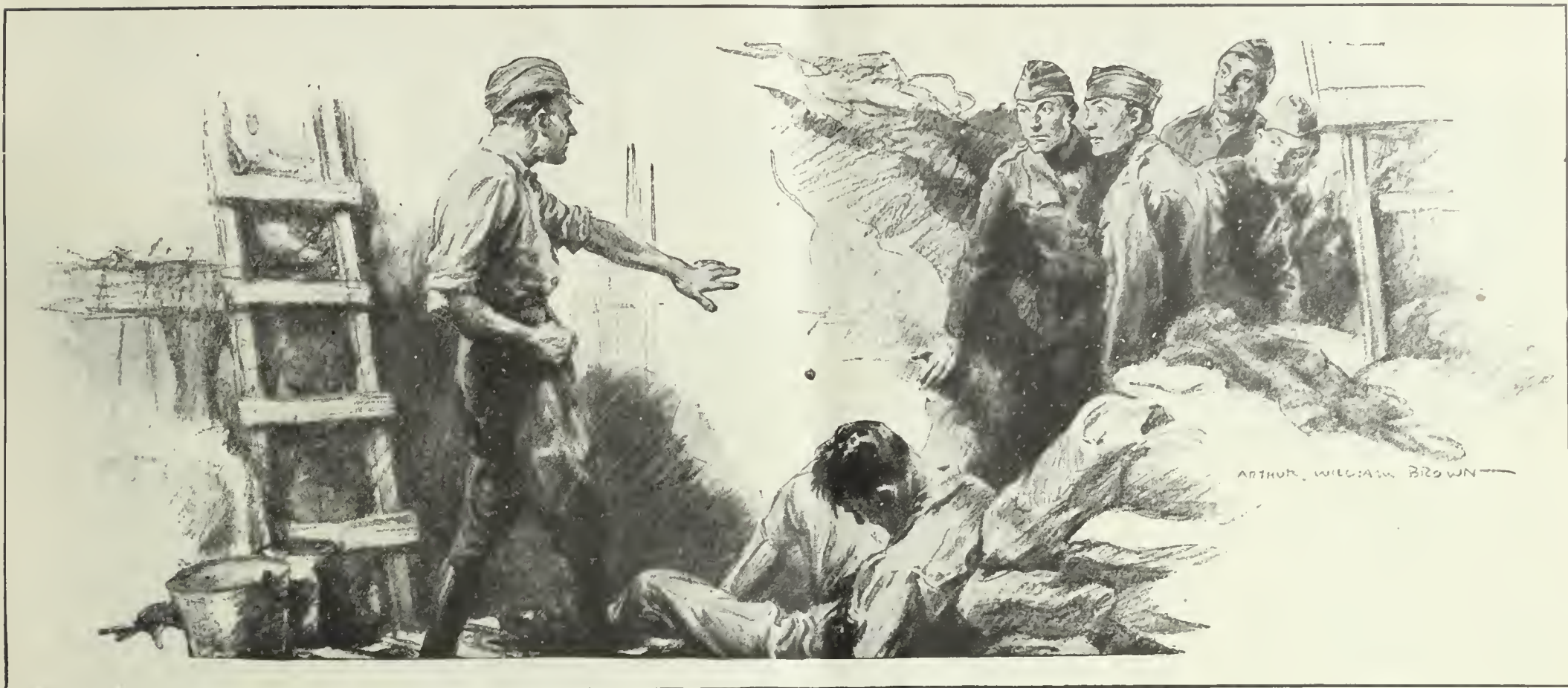
(Continued on page 34)



Then when the crew closes in, he starts swinging and kicking out with his feet

department run hard and fast on the rocks. That's where we got Hooverized.

We was waiting for the Old Man, and I was on the bridge deck, chinning to the wireless operator, when he says: "Here's the Old Man now. But what's them big cards he's carryin' under his arm?"



From Baseball to Boches

BY H. C. WITWER—ELEVENTH INNING

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, I must say I have had my hands full since my last *billet doux*, which same is high French for letter or I got stung on this here book which is called "French While You Wait." It don't say while you wait for what, Joe, but after lookin' it over I'm satisfied that it means while you wait for the Statue of Liberty and Grant's Tomb to do a jazz together up Broadway. I'm positive that all the French I'll ever learn will never show on me nowheres, and I'm ready to call it a day right now. Of course, I ain't exactly a dummy at that, Joe; I know a few odd words of the French which is about barely enough to get me past over here, but look at the advantage it gives Jeanne, which is my blushin' bride and as French as Paris. If we ever get in a argument, not that they's any signs that we will, where do I get off? These here French babies can recite the city directory while you're sayin' knife, and, besides, half the time I ain't got no idea what she's talkin' about. What's the use, then, Joe, of fightin' when you don't know what you're fightin' for, hey? Let the Germans do that—they invented it.

But in common daily conversation, Joe, we get along great. Jeanne speaks broken English and I'm there with crushed French, and between us it may sound like a dog fight to a innocent bystander, but as long as we understand each other, we should worry, hey, Joe?

Joe, this here book on how to talk French is a knockout, I'll tell the world! It must of been throwed together by Irving Berlin and George Cohan or somebody that wanted to slip the gentle reader a giggle while he was learnin' the language. I will copy off a sample of what I been studyin' and leave it to you. Here's one that's pretty rich:

"L'empereur descendit auprès du banc sur lequel j'étais assis."

Joe, that's the French. I have marked it so even you will know it. This is what the book claims that means:

"The emperor alighted on I where near the bench was sitting."

Oh, boy! Joe, if the emperor had alighted on I, I would of bust him in the nose. He must of fell out of a areyoplane, hey, Joe? But, no kiddin', if I went around talkin' like that, people would figure me nutty and Jeanne would leave me flat. So I have decided to give it up, Joe, for the time bein' and do what the trained officer from Plattsburg, N. Y., told me to do.

He caught me red-handed with the book the other day, and he asks me what I was learnin'. I says French, and he says if he was me, now that I am a newly made officer, he would leave that for dessert and begin with studyin' the *English* language. I suppose they is a joke in that somewheres, Joe, but it's past me.

Well, to get back to how busy I been, everything has been peaches, Joe, and we have did nothin' but fight. What we have did to them Germans, Joe, in the last coupla weeks has been aplenty. We been takin' away towns from 'em over here like a poker shark takes a sucker, and they ain't no race horse on earth could keep up with them squareheads the way they been runnin'. Joe, the Crown's Prince come here to play about a year solid, but, believe me, the German army ain't been playin' nothin' but one-night stands since we went to bat with 'em; and, boy, we got 'em headed the right way at last! I'll lay the world eight to five that this boob in Berlin is wishin' to Heavens right now that Columbus had got sunk by a U-boat before he discovered America, or that anyways the marines had kept out of the quarrel and left him alone. Joe, when them squareheads started runnin' they didn't take nothin' with 'em that might trip 'em, or the like, and you oughta get a flash at the stuff we grab off in these here burgs. I alone have got enough helmets, bay'nets, bullets, bombs, and the like to go down to one of them South American joints like Mexico and get myself elected anything from vacuum inspector to king.

The bunch of doughboys which is workin' under me, Joe, has made a name for themselves which is the talk of France and no doubt all Europe. Joe, we are knowed as the Roughneck Assassins, and the Germans like us and a drink of carboloc the same way. The colonel has took quite a fancy to me, which is only natural, and, Joe, he had all the toughest birds in the regiment picked out from the different companies and put under me. He claims I was about the only guy which had a chance to handle 'em. Well, at first, Joe, these birds gimme a little trouble, because they all knowed more about the inside of a guardhouse than Rockefeller does about the oil game. They are all good boys at heart, only none of 'em was raised on cream puffs and raspberry sundaes, and they ain't no doubt about 'em bein' a little wild in their ways. They had the rep of breakin' the hearts of a lotta young officers and they start right in on me. Well, Joe, they couldn't break my heart no more on account of Jeanne havin' done that

before she wed me, so I stepped right in and went to bat with 'em.

They is a guy called Slugger Weir, which before the Kaiser got smokin' opium used to be a heavy-weight box fighter in the good old U. S. A. He was the worst one of the bunch, Joe, and when I give him a order he would present me with a sneer like a wolf and take plenty of time doin' whatever I told him. Mixed with that, he give himself the habit of makin' out he didn't hear me, and a lotta stuff like that, prob'ly thinkin' on account of his shoulders he'd get away with it. Well, Joe, the rest of them guys would laugh when I wasn't lookin', and one day when I had bawled this Weir guy out I heard him whisper to a pal that I would never open my mouth to him if I wasn't a officer, and he was gonna get me the first chance he got.

Joe, I knowed they was no use throwin' this bird or any of his gang into the guardhouse, because they would only come out and start in all over again. I also knowed, Joe, that it was up to me to do somethin' on account of havin' the discipline of the U. S. army on my shoulders. Joe, I thought the thing over all day and fin'ly I made up my mind. I asked the captain if I could take this gang down to a trench which was a little ways from the shot and shell, because they was a tough bunch and I wanted to give 'em a talk. Well, Joe, he looks at me for a minute and then he says: "So they've turned out to be too much for you, eh, lieutenant?"

"Captain," I says, "it's a rare day when I ask a favor. Lemme do this here which I have just asked, and if them birds ain't eatin' outa my hand tomorrow and sittin' up on their hind legs at a nod I'll turn in my second lieutenant's union card and start in as a private again!"

"Very well," he says after a minute, "go ahead and work it out in your own way."

That was enough for me, Joe, so I rounded up this gang of roughnecks and took 'em back to the place I had picked out. They didn't have no idea what was comin' off, and rumors was runnin' around as wild as rabbits. This Slugger Weir guy kept sneerin' that I prob'ly was gonna treat 'em all to ice-cream sodas, so's they'd lay off ridin' me, or somethin' of the sort. Joe, I heard every word of it, and that was the first and only time I felt sorry for him. Well, Joe, I get 'em all in the trench and then I took off my second lieutenant's coat and hat and laid 'em down. You should of seen the way them guys crowded around to watch me, Joe. They must of

figured I was gonna do some magic tricks or the like for them, and had took off my coat so's they could see they was nothin' up my sleeves. When I got all set I turns around to this Weir guy and says the followin':

"Look here, you big four-flusher, from now till I put on that coat again I ain't no second lieutenant! I'm nothin' but a doughboy like you. That bein' the case, I'm gonna hand you the worst trimmin' you ever got in your life in full view of the audience. C'mon now and like it—take off your coat!"

Well, Joe, all them hard guys just stands there and gasps, and one of 'em give a cheer, but was shut up by the top sergeant. This here Slugger Weir looks like he can't believe it for a minute and then he grins all over and whips off his coat.

Joe, it was a good scrap while it lasted, but two minutes ain't very long. This Weir guy packs one terrible kick, I'll tell the world fair! It begin to hail fists all around me, and the first thing I know I am flat on my ear, listenin' to the sweet twitters of the birds and the like. No doubt I got a long count, but that ain't either here or there. I got up again and went to it. Well, Joe, I had the same trouble keepin' my chin off of this guy's fists again, and took everything he had right on the point. Joe, this time I stayed up, and when I found I could take it I simply sailed into this bird and hit him with everything but a machine gun which was standin' near. Them roughnecks has started by rootin' for him, Joe, but now they are with me to a man. They was enough advice give to me for nothin' to of win the war let alone this scrap, but I didn't pay no attention to nothin' except tryin' to flatten this guy. Fin'ly he begins to back away, and I put two left hooks to his ear. He starts to cave in, and I give him everything I got left right on the chin. Joe, he went down as cold as ten dollars' worth of ice, through for the day!

"Is they anybody else would like a copy before they're all gone?" I snarls, swingin' around on the gang.

Joe, their answer was nothin'.

"All right!" I says. "Now you guys listen to me. While you're under me, for all you know, me and not Pershing is runnin' the U. S. army. When I give a command I want it done with a snap, get me? If they is any more remarks passed about me while I'm with this outfit, I ain't gonna throw you in no guardhouse where the bullets can't bite you. I'll take you out and beat you up first and then I'll send you in No Man's Land to peddle copies of 'The Star-Spangled Banner' to the squareheads!"

They ain't a word outside of "Yes, sir!"

Well, Joe, Slugger Weir comes back to where he can recognize close friends and gets to his feet, rubbin' his jaw. He looks around the trench kinda hypnotized and says: "Was they many killed?"

They is no answer, Joe, and he blinks for a minute and I get ready to let him have it again if necessary. He stumbles over to me and I throwed up my guard, but he waves my hands away.

"Don't bother," he says, "I got enough, chief. I'm sorry for what I done and I'll go on the witness stand any time anybody claims you can't hit! What I wanna say is this, lieutenant, I'm strong for you from now on, and I wouldn't moan not even if you put me on kitchen police till Niagara falls." He turns around to the gang and scowls at 'em. "Any of you guys that don't jump when the lieutenant even hurls a glance in your direction has got to take a trimmin' from me!" he says. "As I have already flattened

most of you, I guess I can do it again without no practice." He looks at me again. "Will you shake hands before you put on your lieutenant's costume?" he asks, kinda pleadin'.

"Sure!" I says. "And I wish some time you'd show me that left hook of yours—it's a wolf!"

Joe, that guy brightened up and grinned like I had give him one of them Croix de Guerre things.

With that I put on my second lieutenant's coat and hat and swung around. Oh, boy, you should of seen them hands go up to salute. You'd think it was done mechanical!

"Now," I says, "you guys beat it back to your posts; school's over!"

Well, Joe, them guys would do anything in the world for me. You'd think they was fightin' to make the world safe for Ed Harmon instead of the Demo-

gun, crew and all, single-handed, and every one of the rest of them done somethin' almost as good. Jeanne is as tickled with 'em as I am, and I'd rather have this gang under me than be deputy general or the like.

Joe, we lost a few guys in that last big mêlée, which is no more than what you guys back home has gotta expect. You can't make no catchup without bustin' some tomatoes, and you can take it from me that for every guy we lost they was a dozen squareheads put under the daisies. Joe, I suppose a lot of them guys which is gettin' their idea of the war from the newspapers and doin' all their fightin' over gin rickeys and the like is groanin' over the size of our casualty list. Well, Joe, all I gotta say is this: I'd a darn sight rather kiss off while fightin' for my country than die a ordinary death in bed of double-

pneumonia or some popular disease like that. We all gotta go in time, and it ain't every day that a man gets a chance to get in the line-up with all the heroes which has gone to work and give up their lives for their country. They ain't nothin' grander in the world, Joe, and I'll betcha many a mother which is wipin' away a tear somewheres in the U. S. is also throwin' her chest out a mile too!

As far as that goes, even if you stay at home, Joe, every time you cross the street they's a chance you'll get hit with a auto or the like, so why not come over and die a he-man's death? They used to be a song called "This Is the Life!" Well, Joe, take it from me, this is the death. I wouldn't change places with Rockefeller, not that he asked me.

Yours truly,
Second Lieutenant EDWARD
HARMON, A. E. F.

(I have had to lay off tellin' about the battle till my next, Joe, because they ain't added up the hits, runs, and errors yet.)

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, I suppose you ain't slept a wink since I claimed I would tell you about the big battle in my last; that's if you got it. No doubt by this time the papers has been full of how we made the Crown's Prince wish his old man had took up parcheesi instead of war and also the way we have run the squareheads ragged. Joe, from the way they was goin' the last flash I got at 'em, some of 'em must be passin' the North Pole by now, if they is any

such thing. My ears is ringin' from hearin' "Kamerad!" which is German for "I got enough!" but, Joe, we ain't supposed to know German, and a lot of them squareheads went down below where they come from, still sayin' that Kamerad thing. Every squarehead I run up against was either married and with nine children in Berlin, or a liar. If they was all tellin' the truth, they is nothin' but single men left in Germany.

Joe, they is one thing over here which gives us a great deal more trouble than the Germans, and that is a alien insect which is called a "cutey." We have always knowed 'em as somethin' else back in the U. S., but over here they go under the name of cuteys. Joe, they sure do like a soldier, and once they make up their minds to bunk with you, Sherlock Holmes couldn't find 'em. The only way you know they are in your midst is when you figure you got the hives. Up to date nobody has invented a sure cure for them things, because once they pal up with you they is true blue and will stick for life. They ain't no use bathin', because they are all Annette Kellermanns when it comes to swimmin', and next mornin' they are right on the job, bright and smilin' and bitin' and the like. So, Joe, before you come over lay in plenty (Continued on page 30)



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN—

"If you got any drinkin'-carbolic acid, I think I'd rather have a shot at that"

crats now. Before we went into the last big drive, Jeanne come out and talked to 'em and give 'em each a rose she had picked by hand, and that cinched it for me. They called themselves Jeanne's Roughneck Assassins from then on. I got the best disciplined bunch in the regiment, and nothin' less than the colonel himself has praised me to my face twice for whippin' 'em together in such A-1 shape. Joe, if he knowed I had actually whipped 'em together, no doubt I would lose my swell job and be back with the cheaper help again. The captain says what I have did with these guys is nothin' short of a miracle, and they have had to lay off the hands at the guardhouse on account of it bein' empty ever since. He also wants to know how I done it, and I says that as long as Slugger Weir seemed to have the most influence with them, I had put it right up to him. And that's what I done, Joe, with both hands!

The French went wild over this gang of mine in the last big battle which was near a burg called Cohan, and you know a town named that has got to have a American flag wavin' over it sooner or later. We took seventy-five of them squareheads alive and buried about a hundred more. Slugger Weir won himself a war cross for takin' a machine

The Trucks Do Their Bit

BY JOSEPH BRINKER

IT is dusk. As the heavy train pulls out of the Pennsylvania Station in New York City, on its way to Washington, a tall and bronzed major of the A. E. F., who has had charge of the motor-transport work in France, enters the smoking compartment. "Why, hello, Jones," he says. He shakes the hand of an elderly man already seated. "How is the express-company business?" Jones had known the major intimately before the latter was taken from civil life to aid our overseas transport on account of his great knowledge of motor equipment. Jones had been talking to a high official of the Post Office Department and to one of the chiefs of the county agents of the Department of Agriculture who were on a Government mission to promote greater use of motor equipment in their respective fields.

"There have been great changes," said Jones. "Four of the largest express companies have combined, and I look for still other steps toward the consolidation of equipment. We want to reduce our terminal congestion by delivering all incoming freight on fully loaded trucks and without the usual notifications of freight arrival."

"I am glad to hear that you are taking steps to better transportation," said the major, "but I want to tell you of the wonderful work that our motor transport is doing abroad. America is standardization crazy. It is right that she should be. But I have just returned from a year's stay on the western front, and I want to tell you of a new standardization of perhaps equal importance to that of airplanes, ships, and munitions. It is a standardization of transportation—of vehicles driven by exploding gas. The alignment of war necessities is now something like this: 70 per cent transportation, 20 per cent industry, and 10 per cent men. I want to tell you of the great work which the United States army is doing toward meeting that vital 70 per cent, and how it sprang almost overnight from the least-motorized to the best-motorized army. Over 18,000 heavy-duty 3-ton standardized war trucks have been ordered for our Quartermaster Corps. Soon our artillery will be practically horseless, for we have designed three small sizes and two large sizes of track-laying or caterpillar type tractors which are capable of hauling every type of gun from the smallest fieldpiece to the largest siege gun and of going anywhere that horses can go and in many places that horses could never go. Already 10,600 of these standardized tractors have been ordered in addition to 44,700 standardized motor trucks to be used as ammunition trains, artillery-repair and equipment-repair vehicles. In all, our army will have approximately 100,000 standardized trucks and tractors for different classes of work in addition to tanks and passenger cars for officers' use. You know how motor trucks saved, first, Paris by the rapid movement of an army corps to Von Kluck's flank, and, second, Verdun by carrying up supplies when the railways originally serving that fortress were cut by the



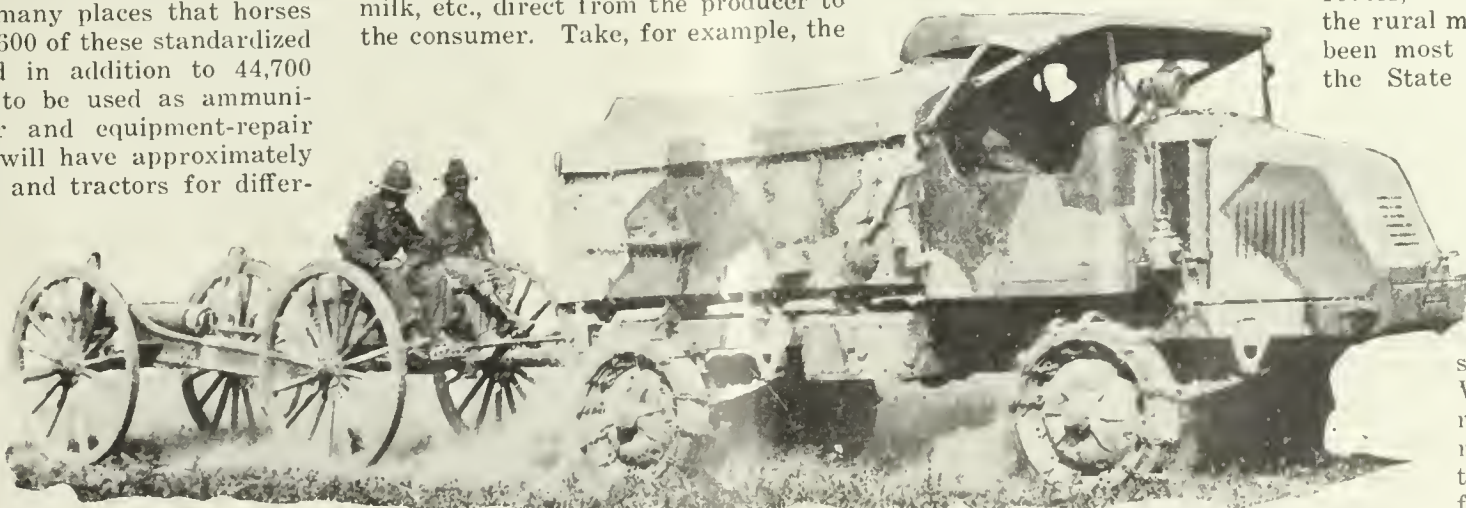
German fire. Our motor-transport system abroad is marvelously well organized and great things will be heard about it when once the army gets on the straight road to Berlin."

"Wonderful as is the work of our trucks abroad, it is not surpassed by what our trucks are doing to help win the war right here in America," said Jones. "Our 400,000-odd commercial trucks are playing a most important rôle by assisting the railroads and waterways in transporting the greatest amount of goods they have ever been called upon to carry."

"We are to-day upon the threshold of the great-

The most important transportation development of the war is motor trucks. The work they are doing, with their relation to the future of America, is the subject of a series of articles by Mr. Brinker, of which this is the first.—THE EDITOR.

est development of transportation over the highways which this country has ever known," broke in the chief of the agricultural agents. "Our trucks are helping to win the war by carrying food, in assisting in the harvesting of crops, and by carrying green-goods products, live stock, milk, etc., direct from the producer to the consumer. Take, for example, the



New standardized war trucks of the U. S. Artillery, carefully camouflaged, hauling light fieldpiece



Reinforcements arrive between Dormans and Rheims. At the left: The Post Office goes to the farmer now

haulage of live stock into the stockyards at Cincinnati." Here the expert pulled out his notebook and marshaled the facts. "From practically no live stock hauled by trucks in 1915," he went on, "commercial motor trucks in 1917 hauled 139,900 head of cattle from within a 50-mile radius and saved the farmers \$101,110 by eliminating the shrinkage in weight. Listen to this:

Number	Shrinkage if by rail lbs.	Shrinkage if by trucks lbs.	Total lbs. saved	Average price per lb.	Total Saving
Cattle 11,200	50	25	280,000	12 c.	\$36,400
Hogs 81,000	6	3	243,000	17 c.	41,310
Sheep 20,700	4	2	41,400	20 c.	8,280
Calves 27,000	12	8	108,000	14 c.	15,120

Total saved \$101,110

"Note, too, the saving in time and feed. Even with this good record, trucks have just begun to play their part in hauling live stock to the Cincinnati markets, for of the 1,962,207 head of stock which was received at those yards last year, 902,614 head, or almost 46 per cent, originated within a 50-mile radius. The 139,900 head brought in by trucks last year were only about 15 per cent of the total possible, viz., 762,714 head more. If all this additional live stock were hauled in one trip on one day, it would take 39,256 motor trucks of 3-ton capacity."

"What would they do with all that stock in one day?" asked the major. "That would be, let me see, about 135 trucks per day of a 300-day year?"

"Exactly," proceeded the speaker. "Besides, I want to say that the rural motor-truck express is increasing the nation's food production by enabling the farmer to stay on the farm. It's the missing link between the increased production necessary and the decreased labor caused by the draft or the needs of essential war industry. By horse wagon it took half a day to do what is done in one or two hours and kept the farmer from tilling the soil for that half day every time he went to market. The rural motor-truck express is increasing all over the country, especially in hauling goods to large centers of population like New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington on the Eastern seaboard; to Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati in Ohio; to Chicago, Milwaukee, and Kansas City as well as to Los Angeles and San Francisco. With the possible exception of California, which has close to 150 trucks

running daily over as many fixed routes, some as long as 150 miles, the rural motor-truck express has been most highly developed in the State of Maryland, where there are twenty-three rural express routes with a total daily truck capacity of 75.4 tons, covering a daily mileage of 1,588. Most of these routes run into Baltimore and some into Washington. Were it not for these rural express trucks running into Washington from Maryland and from the rich agricul-

(Continued on page 29)



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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



SEPTEMBER 21, 1918
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What We Think of Them

AMERICANS returning from France bring back a most cheerful impression that the effect of our army's cooperation with the Allies has not been exaggerated. We have been so often misled by overenthusiasm, the bounding press agent has so often injured modest enterprise by inflating it beyond all reason, that we might well have reservations as to the part the American troops have played in the unexampled struggle now raging along the front. Military men were frankly anxious about the early battles of our inexperienced soldiers. In the long run physical endurance, intelligence, the spirit of American youth, would tell a glorious story, but in the meantime what would happen when our men met the German veteran battalions and faced for the first time the fearful, murderous implements of modern warfare? The answer came in countless engagements between Château-Thierry and the Vesle. It came with especially pronounced emphasis in the conduct of the inexperienced Pennsylvania troops who, because of a pressing necessity, were thrown into the thick of the battle north of the Marne. It is a matter of military record that they displayed all the eagerness and dash of young troops and all the obstinate courage of veterans of a score of campaigns.

We often hear from the returning pilgrims that the soldiers are anxious to know the feeling about them in this country. "What do they think of us back home?" they ask. Perhaps it is just as well for their sobriety and modesty that they do not know. It would be more important to learn what they think of us.

Of Thinking in War Time

APART from the military and industrial sides of a war, there is the intellectual or ideal phase. Ideas, Secretary of War BAKER has declared, will end the war, as they began it. Something is to be said for the view that it does matter what one is fighting about. Even those who are of the "realist" school in their war thinking incline to the opinion that Frenchmen have fought all the better because they are fighting, not only on general and economic grounds, but also in defense of their homes and national life. NAPOLEON, who was a theorist but not "just a theorist," said that the military value of "the imponderables" could not be exaggerated.

In these reflections we run the risk of offending such persons as believe that, for the sake of national or international unity, every citizen of the Great Alliance should check his brains in the Entente cloakroom "for the duration of hostilities." Yet H. N. BRAILSFORD, expressing the view of British Liberalism, writes that "men of an active and civilian mind do not easily resign themselves, even in days so anxious as these, to the abandonment of all political thinking about the war." Mr. BRAILSFORD was thinking, when he began an article in the "New Republic" with these words, of the League of Nations. He might just as well have been writing of tariffs, or governmental provision for disabled soldiers, or war reconstruction, or after-war economic relations: problems such as need not assume first place in any nation's calculations so long as Germany remains unbeaten, but to which it is well for statesmen and publicists to be giving thought. In continuing to think about war and peace politically as well as strategically, more or less intelligent citizens of the Allied nations are only exercising one of their natural prerogatives. All this is the more obvious at a time when the German legislature and ministry have pretty unmistakably accepted military control. The difference between the Entente Allies with their tradition and fact of the civilian-controlled state, and the Central Powers, with their military-ruled organism, is too striking to be missed by the most muddle-headed defender of a creed outworn. And if it were not for some such contrast the present war would be *only* a contest over the Balance of Power—instead of that and a great deal more.

The advantage enjoyed by the Alliance, as expressive of political thought and potential democracy, over the Central Powers, as ex-

pressive of trained brute force, is not to be thrown away. It is a treasure not from the past alone or of the present: it is also a pledge and a treasure for the future. Hence the parrot cry one sometimes hears, "Nothing makes any difference except winning the war!" is no clear demonstration of patriotism.

Ideas and ideals do still matter. They will outlast the emergency. And they will even warm or chill our war spirit no matter how long the war lasts—and so one is grateful to the President for being more farsighted and more idealistic than some other Americans. The Alliance is at present a more nearly compact organization both as of, and as within, the nations making it up, by reason of WOODROW WILSON. There are men in England to-day and in Italy and in France who are more loyal citizens and more willing war sufferers and better soldiers because, thanks to the WILSON they know or imagine, they feel more forcefully than they could have felt without him the essential differences between Germany's politico-economic aims and the aspirations of the Great Alliance.

What Wilson Means

TO-DAY the President of the United States is, in a sense that perhaps no one who has stayed in America constantly since 1914 can fully realize, the cement of the Great Alliance. Some would say, instead, its leaven; others would say, with a half sneer, its Greatest Common Divisor. One might argue, if one had the cynic's temperament, that Mr. WILSON is, individually, no better or wiser man than Mr. GEORGE or Signor ORLANDO or M. CLEMENCEAU. Such a cynic might add: "The citizens of the Alliance who idealize the President of the United States at long distance and then conceive of his idealism as a power which elevates and unifies sentiment in the Allied countries are dreamers and illusionists. Obviously, Mr. WILSON is only a human being, like the other men of state. He even makes mistakes!"

Granted. But the fact remains that he gave British radicalism confidence and reassurance as to the Alliance's war aims and intentions at a time when the work of MILNER, CURZON, and CARSON had pretty much succeeded in destroying their confidence in Allied leadership. The fact remains that, at this moment anyway, he does more to solidify political thought in France than any one Frenchman—save only FERDINAND FÖCH. In the Chamber of Deputies M. CLEMENCEAU's Foreign Secretary will be quoting WILSON as justification of his policy in this or that, while at the same session the Socialist deputies claim him as their true voice and champion. One may partly explain this by saying that in Europe WILSON is, of course, the symbol of the United States, and that the winning of the war is now up to the United States. But this, though a partial explanation of an interesting fact, does not explain anything away. The phenomenon remains, even after it has been tested.

Reflections on the I. W. W. Verdict

AFTER nearly four months' trial a jury took a shade over an hour to find the 101 accused members of the International Workers of the World guilty of obstructing our Government's war program. This started some of the sociologists to theorizing about the tremendous "effort of will" by which, as they saw it, the country had roused itself unitedly to meet the issue framed by the I. W. W. group. But the indictment was drawn and the verdict rendered in the ordinary course of administering American justice. A lot of people cannot see the force of a free State simply because it is not dressed up in gold braid. Convicted persons usually think that the community as a whole had to take a day off just to deal with them; some criminals grow very self-important over it, and their sympathizers invariably agree with them. But both are wrong. The great body of average American citizens goes on its way and quite incidentally steps on or over any obstructive elements. If it took an "effort of will" to suppress the I. W. W., that effort has been continuous since July 4, 1776.

That Is Something Else Again

IN the comfortable offices of well-heeled weekly journals of opinion, on the cool, sleek lawns of Westchester country places, and wherever else "radical" thought has its habitation, there is much shaking of heads over the failure, in Russia, of the most promising experiment in social justice the world has ever seen. What a pity that America and the Allies did not "understand"!

Back in 1917, when America in the war was still a subject for discussion, it used to be a favorite radical argument that America was being pushed into the war by sanguinary, red-jowled, and dropsical old gentlemen at the Metropolitan Club who rather liked the idea of a war in which the young men would die while they, the adipose ancients, were quite comfortable in the club window at home. The formula was: "If Wall Street itself had to do the fighting, there would be no war."

To-day radical opinion, comfortably installed in central Manhattan and on the Westchester lawns, thinks it a pity that the greatest social experiment in history should not be permitted to work itself out in Russia even if it was bound to fail in the end. That interesting social experiment has cost Russia half a million square miles of territory and sixty million people grabbed by the Kaiser; the German yoke on all of Russia virtually; civil war all over Russia; disorganization; famine; the sympathy of every democratic nation. Is that too high a price to pay for an interesting social experiment, even if it was bound to fail? Not when you look at Russia from the comfortable distance of middle Manhattan or the Westchester shore.

Gardens and Politics

IN this matter of keeping one eye on the November and other elections, our voters who have had practical experience on the soil recently can turn some of it to profit in their political thinking. There are weeds of the weediest that flourish in the shade of and on the plant food of the vegetable which they rob by imitating it. A tall and leafy pest, nameless to our scant botanical learning, has the exact color and general shaping of the tomato plant. Another long, pale, slimy parasite is a perfectly good copy of the pea vine in all save product. Every political party and every political leader that establishes a success in the rich soil of deserved popular favor is at once beset by the like useless copying organisms. The test is this: What do the imitators produce? And the answer of common sense is: Weed them out! This is not a good year for political parasites, so take the paris green along when you go to the polling place.

Town and Country

BY way of a basis for any league of free nations that may be formed, let it be remembered that this year of 1918 has seen a marvelous coming together of our urban and farm populations. Cynics may sneer that the fear of food shortage is the beginning of community friendship, but nevertheless such acquaintance, once formed, is a solid fact. In Kansas over 40,000 town dwellers helped save the wheat crop and thousands of these toilers took preliminary training to harden them for the work. In Texas they closed offices, stores, and banks to go out after the more essential potato. It was sugar beets that made the urbanites leave home to hoe in Utah and Colorado, while Willamette Valley berries emptied the cities of western Oregon. So it went all over the country—town people quit living off and sneering at the farm regions and went out to help fill the community cupboard against next winter. And why not? Life has been broadened and sweetened for all concerned; it is not simply a matter of food. These better habits may become permanent, we Americans may come to love the earth and its fruits as we should, and to know the feel of the fields from which our life is drawn.

Luck of the Road

SOME of the most improving lectures, posters, stories, and tracts as yet known to the human race dwell ever so convincingly on the peril to the innocent-minded of picking up traveling acquaintances of whom you know little or nothing, but when a singularly handsome young woman in blue checked gingham with curly blond hair and mystic brown eyes takes the seat alongside you in the fashionably crowded day coach, reads part of your newspaper with special attention to the military photographs in the pictorial section, comments intelligently on the passing scene as viewed from the window, and then transfers herself confidently to your lap and goes fast asleep, sheltered by the magazine section of your journal so that the returning vacationists across the aisle lower their voices to indoor pitch, and the conductor swells you with pride by warning in a gruffly paternal tone that she must have a half-fare ticket next time, and that he has three of them at home himself, and when she is recalled smiling from ten kilometers deep in slumber land by the imminence of the terminal station, and reclaimed by a much-embarrassed mother who had no idea that she could get drowsy so soon, and is intensely interested in your views as to the rather remote possibility of adenoids, why, what is there to be said about that except that these moralists do not travel in the right company and that some trains still run altogether too fast despite the shortage of coal?

Looking Ahead

IT comes within a few days of being eight months since the Prussian Minister of Finance, Herr HERGT, said in his budget speech (January 16, 1918): "The 'great army' over the water cannot swim and cannot fly; it will not come."

In July the "Frankfurter Zeitung" was sturdily maintaining that the American forces in France were "an unorganized and unpracticed mass."

We debate neither point: the impossibility of the American troops arriving in France at all; their being, or not being, on arrival, "an unorganized and unpracticed mass." But we are not a German "military expert," not even a Prussian finance minister.

Warren Barton Blake

WARREN BARTON BLAKE, who contributed to these pages almost every week during the last four years, was drowned off Sankaty Head, Nantucket, in August. The loss to American journalism is a very special one. There are so few men whose minds are as thoroughly cultivated as his was; and of these only the rarest have the vivid interest in what is going on in the world that journalism needs. BLAKE went from Harvard to the Sorbonne; he fell in love with French culture and with the Irish countryside. He walked in Brittany and talked in Dublin and dined in Paris and listened beside peat fires. He wrote gracefully about the things he had read and the things he had seen. He wrote honestly. He managed somehow to know those things that require a delicate and sophisticated taste, and at the same time to follow the course of American politics. He bridged the gap that has obtained in America between educated men and practical men. BLAKE was deeply concerned for France when the war began; he saw the duty of America earlier than many Americans, and he wrote what he felt. When finally the United States declared war, BLAKE went to a recruiting office and offered himself as a private in the ranks. It is characteristic of him that none of us at COLLIER'S knew he had tried to enlist until after his death. The loss to the members of COLLIER'S staff is a poignant one. He had the Old World conception of living as a fine art. He brought us what all Americans need so much, a reminder that life is something more than a career. We who knew him do not quite know how to do without the shy eagerness and the friendliness and the generosity that was BLAKE.

September 21, 1918

A LETTER FROM FRANCE

(From a private in the Engineers)

DEAR BILL: The gang has lately turned into a debating society with only one subject of discussion: The East *vs.* the West. Can you beat it? As though there was any comparison! The arguments just get good as lights go out, but they continue never the less (I know it should be one word, but the typewriter don't), enlivened by a few warm admonitions from the noncoms to "dry up." Some bird starts boasting Los Angeles, and then one of the New York bunch tells him that there is a different fellow from that town in New York City every week buying Grant's Tomb or the Brooklyn Bridge.

The other night a native son of Cincinnati said: "Why, I've been farther up in the air than you've been away from home." More food for thought was contained in this broadside: "You're nothing but a rookie anyway. Why, I've spent more time in the guardhouse than you have in the army."

Here's the prize for contrariness: "When I got to France they handed me a pick and shovel and said: 'Here, take your pick.' I took the shovel."

So at last they are publishing the figures showing the number of U. S. soldiers in France. Until I saw the official statement I never realized there was such a thing as modesty in the army.

From one of the many over here to make the w. s. f. d.
HOBART.

Business in War Time

No. 12: How Much Candy Are You Buying?

If anyone doubts that the majority of American business men are doing their utmost to win this war of ours, if anyone, at this late date, thinks that the greater number of American business men are surreptitiously working against the purposes of the Government instead of whole-heartedly and enthusiastically working for and with those purposes, let him read this story of the candy manufacturers of New York State.

The story begins very simply with a sign in a candy-shop window:

**Help win the war
Conserve sugar
By buying less candy
and investing in
WAR SAVINGS
and THRIFT STAMPS**

This sign, mind you, appeared in a candy-shop window! A year or two ago, what would you have thought of a manufacturer who asked you to buy less of his goods so that the money saved might be devoted to a better purpose? Even to-day, with the current of affairs running so strongly in a different direction than it did a year ago, six months ago—yes, than even one month ago!—such a sign strikes you with an amazed sense of unreality.

It was this sign that started the writer on a quest to find out the facts about the candy situation. This quest led him in time to the office of M. L. Morgenthau, Chairman of the Committee on Candy Conservation of the Association of Manufacturers of Confectionery and Chocolate of the State of New York, and President of the Mirror Company, who control eighteen candy shops in the Metropolitan district. Mr. Morgenthau, it may also be mentioned, is a brother of our former ambassador to Turkey. It seems that a keen sense of social service runs in the family.

It was on July 1st, of this year, that the Food Administration in consultation with representatives of the candy manufacturers decided that the latter, on account of the sugar shortage, were to be allowed just 50% of the sugar used the preceding year. Now of course there is nothing unusual about curtailment these days. But what is unusual and inspiring is the way the candy manufacturers started in to obey not only the letter but the spirit of the Food Administration's wishes.

Like everything else, the price of candy had risen, but despite this fact Mr. Morgenthau

found that his stores were selling more candy than ever before. With sugar rationed at the rate of two pounds per person per month many people turned to candy to satisfy their craving for sweets. And Mr. Morgenthau said he realized how unfair it was to those others who were strictly conscientious about

at a time. They were urged to buy coconut candy in preference to others because this kind of candy takes less sugar and, more important, because coconut shells are used in the manufacture of gas masks; they are carbonized and with other materials placed in the canisters through which the soldiers breathe.

But Mr. Morgenthau went a step farther. The sales in his stores had been built up largely by tempting window displays of candies. He cut down on these displays. Almost half the window space formerly used for the display of candies was used instead for the display of War Savings Stamps posters.

And now the most remarkable part of the story follows. Having proved that these methods were successful in reducing the sale of candy, Mr. Morgenthau explained them in detail to the association of candy manufacturers of which he was a member. And the association as a whole adopted them!

The Food Administration think so well of these methods that they sent a letter to each Federal Food Administrator urging him to see that the candy manufacturers in his State follow them.

There you have the story of one group of manufacturers who, heart and soul, have fallen into step with the Government's requirements.

But the success of this patriotic cooperation of theirs depends upon you, the consumer. As Mr. Hoover points out, its success depends upon voluntary effort.

Buy candy, but buy it moderately! Do not buy more than a pound at a time and keep the total of your purchases down to one-half of what you formerly bought. The one exception to this rule is that you can buy all you want for men and women in the service on this side of the water; don't send candy to the men on the other side. For the Government is buying at a far lower price than you can buy, all the candy that the boys overseas require and is getting this candy to them fresher and in better condition generally than the individual purchaser can get it to them. Instead of sending them candy, send them money to buy the candy from the Government.

And cultivate a taste for coconut candies because the Government wants all the coconut shells it can get.

As William Almon Wolff pointed out in a recent issue of COLLIER'S, the American nation, and especially the American housewife, saved enough wheat last year, from a sparse crop, to save our Allies from disaster.

A similar voluntary saving on your part, on mine, on the part of all of us, is called for in the present candy situation.



A candy-shop window dressed in the interests of candy conservation. Note the display of signs urging economy and the purchase of coconut candies because the army needs coconut shells

their sugar rationing to see some people buying in another form all the sugar they wanted. The Food Administration, understand, did not want to prohibit the sale of candy nor discourage its moderate use. The actual need of candy is implanted very deeply in nearly all of us. But there seemed no practical way of rationing candy to the general public, of seeing that each person received his fair share.

With this situation confronting him Mr. Morgenthau himself planned deliberately to induce people to eat less candy.

The sign with which we began this article was but one of many displayed prominently in all his candy shops. Another quoted Mr. Hoover's words: "We have founded the Food Administration on voluntary effort. We have no desire to depart from this idea, but if we are to accomplish this problem it must be accomplished by the voluntary effort of the intelligent people, the influential people of the community. If this democracy has not reached such a stage of development that it has in its people the self-denial, the willingness to sacrifice, to protect its own institutions and those of Europe from which our own were bred, then it deserves to go down." Signs were used, and placards, leaflets and cards—thousands of them.

Customers of the Mirror shops were urged to limit their purchases to one pound of candy

"Uncle Sam, M. D."

Continued from page 6

of the surgeon general's office to whom I applied put it. "All right," he added. "Go down to Camp Greenleaf and report to the C. O. (commanding officer; in this case, Colonel Munson) and you'll get a chance to go through the routine."

Accordingly I went to Camp Greenleaf, which is at Fort Oglethorpe, which is on the site of the battle field of Chickamauga—the trench-digging detachments frequently come upon bullets, shell fragments, and other relics of the Civil War—where, as mobilized, doc expressively puts it: "it's hot in the morning, hotter at noon, and hell at night." Scattered through the park were tents, barracks, and hospitals holding some 12,000 men being trained to medical service, 1,100

of whom were the medical-student officers whose life I was to live for the time. Of course I lost my way; everyone does on his arrival. I got in by a side road and gained my first vivid impression of the place from a panting, fat, and perspiring figure which went pounding past me on the hard road. The figure was somewhat excessively clothed for a temperature of 102 degrees, having a sweater over its heavy woolen shirt and a coat over that. It dashed madly up a steep hill, dashed madly down again, and then dashed madlier up a still steeper hill. It was reducing its fat to the requirements of military life.

Nothing more typical did I see in my stay at the camp. Pretty much every student officer there was doing the same thing in one form or another. It was not necessarily physical fat that they were reducing, but slothfulness of habit, easeful ways of life, the thousand and one little self-considerations to which the man of established position in the world unconsciously succumbs. Those eleven hundred "students" were, for the most part, men of importance and position in their own communities, many of them even of marked attainments and national reputation in their profession. It is no exaggeration to say that no other military organization in existence to-day represents so high a sum total of brains, standing, and achievement. And their one important business in life was to sweat themselves down, through the hard routine of enlisted men (though retaining, in abeyance, their rank as officers), plus the severest kind of intensive technical education, into fitness for military service. Their fitness for medical service is assumed after they have passed the examinations for admission.

Headquarters promptly assigned me to a cot in a barrack housing twenty-eight student officers, which I shall designate as X Company, and for a period I became part and parcel of a decidedly active, not to say overcrowded, life.

Doctors of Democracy

IN being assigned to X Company I was blessed of the Fates—so X Company assured me. X Company is the crack company of the best battalion in Greenleaf. I have it on their own authority. Like

the Boston subway conductor, they don't have to prove it; they admit it. If proof were necessary, they could point (and do) to a large red star, affixed to their barracks, inscribed "Banner Company." Anyway, I am ready to affirm that I don't want any better company for my medicomilitary career; and the fact that every other company I encountered enthusiastically described *itself* as the paragon of organizations, with various proofs if desired, has not shaken my faith in X.

And how essentially democratic it is! At the moment of my informal induction into the barracks, a bibliophile whose medical library is famous throughout his section of the country was holding his own

The rest were studying in notebooks, polishing their boots, or disposing their scant outfits. I had chanced upon what is known, by courtesy, as a "leisure period"!

Life in medical training quarters is, as our top sergeant puts it, "one giddy round of nothing-to-do-but-work." Some sights are too sad for tears, as the poet has stated, and the spectacle of a fifty-year-old easy-chair consultant, who has added one inch per year to his waist line, essaying to touch his toes thirty times running without bending his knees, is one of them. Twenty minutes of the assorted calisthenics, however, produces the paradox of increasing the appetite while decreasing the girth.

It is an earnest lot of eaters who troop into the mess hall and tackle Uncle Sam's grub; excellent of its kind and plenty of it. Our army prides itself on being the best fed in the world. After that the more expert eaters have time to fold their bed clothing and stack their mattresses to the mathematical pattern required by the inspector. The slower ones do the best they can. The "All out!" call frequently cuts them short, and they tumble outside and fall in to march away and begin the day's schooling. This may start in with gas-mask drill, or equitation, or French, or tactics, or a quiz on supplies, or a practical lesson in camp sanitation, or manual, or instruction in the maintenance of morale, or trench work, or ambulance formation, or the establishment of a field hospital, or target practice, or the inspection of food. But, ten to one, it is military and not medical. Later on the students will receive intensive training in their own specialties, under the highest authorities in the professional world, an educational opportunity which no one medical college could begin to afford them; surgery, X-ray work, sanitary engineering, diet, and a score of other branches. But for the initial fortnight or more the newcomer may as well forget that

he is a doctor. The Medical Officers' Training Camp will help him forget it. It is there to make him a soldier. All else is subordinated to that purpose. If he can't be made a soldier, no matter how high his scientific attainments, he will never attain to the goal of active service.

A Working Military Foundation

THEREFROM arises an occasional misunderstanding. From one of the Eastern cities there arrived at Greenleaf an expert who, though not yet forty, is already recognized as an authority in his own department of practice. He affects the brusque, authoritative, self-confident manner of success. Very plainly he let it be understood on arrival that he had come to the M. O. T. C. merely as a concession to a custom which, however necessary in the case of less thoroughly equipped initiates than himself, was for him a sheer waste of time. Camp Greenleaf had nothing to teach him—though, of course, it was welcome (Continued on page 26)



Herr von Croup has invented a super-super long-range gun



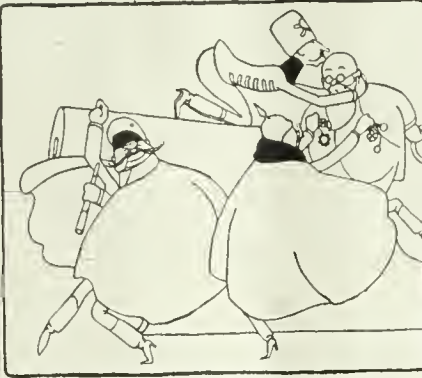
Which he demonstrates to the All-Highests



The shell reaches New York and is still going strong



Chicago, San Francisco, and she shows no sign of weakening



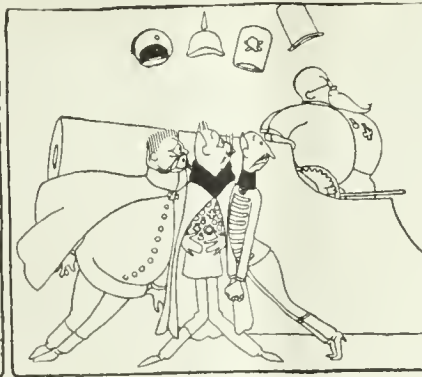
The world is ours—cheers and iron crosses



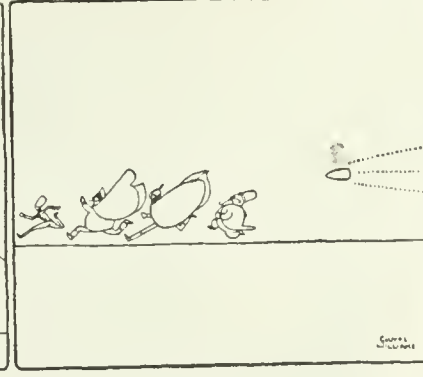
But Hindenburg is worried. The shell hasn't stopped yet



She's crossed Japan, Russia, and is entering East Prussia



She arrives



Finis

THE SUPER-SUPER LONG-RANGE GUN

Drawn by Gluyas Williams

in high forensic debate against the professor of ophthalmology in a great university as to which was responsible for not sweeping a minute piece of lint out of a remote corner. Near the door a surgeon whose beautifully accurate bone junctures are subjects of diagram in standard publications was profanely struggling with a blanket whose corners simply would not lie even to that degree required by the meticulous eye of the inspection officer. A noted authority on public health was meekly accepting the polite but decided strictures of a cub of a recently graduated medical student who was none the less an excellent officer. A rotund and scholarly appearing gentleman of middle age was getting a little extra exercise in the form of a wrestling match with a fifty-pound chunk of ice which was giving him 150 pounds handicap and beating him at that. The joint author of a widely used textbook was painfully picking out his day's report by the one-finger method on a typewriter established on the window sill because there was no other place for it.

American Islands in France—II

Continued from page II

The training at Issoudun is a sort of follow-the-leader game, beginning with simple flights—"hops"—and progressing to machines with smaller wings, greater power, and more delicate control and finally finishing with squadron flying, acrobatics, and aerial gunnery. This last is a game by itself, full of tricky technique, and, other things being equal, the thing which is likely to decide whether yours or the enemy plane is reported missing.

Infantrymen, with that charming disdain which every branch of the service has for every other, have endeavored to tell me that aerial gunnery is less

target. The pupil experiments with this until he can pour his stream of bullets into what would be the pilot's seat or the oil tank. In actual fighting tracer bullets, treated with magnesium, so that they trail a line of smoke after them, are interspersed in the belt with the real ones to assist in getting the range.

After one has practiced this sort of three-dimension shooting on the ground and remembers that it must be done in the air, while flying oneself if, as is generally the case in fighting-flying, it is a one-

target. The pupil experiments with this until he can pour his stream of bullets into what would be the pilot's seat or the oil tank. In actual fighting tracer bullets, treated with magnesium, so that they trail a line of smoke after them, are interspersed in the belt with the real ones to assist in getting the range.

that they had left us, but there they were metamorphosed into hawks, skylarks, what you will, obligingly showing off before the ladies. They were still up there in their finer ether when I said good-by. Every day at Issoudun, off in some untroubled corner of the sky, you will see a couple of planes thus practicing, chasing each other up and down and round about, each armed with a photographic machine gun, loaded with films instead of cartridges, and "shooting" each other as they flash past. These films are developed, and one can see by the position of the image on a cross wire exactly how near they would have come to hitting each other had they been firing bullets. Methodically they grind away at "stunts" which only supposed dare-devils were able to do a few years ago. The "dead-

ly tail spin," dear to writers of aerial fiction, is part of their regular work. They deliberately throw themselves into it and bring themselves out again. Indeed, the ground, like the sailor's lee shore, is the only thing they bother about. It is the short turns, the side slips, and vrilles close to the ground, with no room to straighten out in, that make trouble; and the bad landings, "chevals," nosing over, and so on, which smash wings and props, and keep the mechanics busy. They smash machines in these training camps as unconcernedly as tennis players use up balls during a tournament. There are three chalk lines in front of every hangar where planes are lined up. Those on the outside line are inspected, tuned up, and ready for flight; those on the other two lines half ready, or waiting for the "doctor."

The Island of Youth

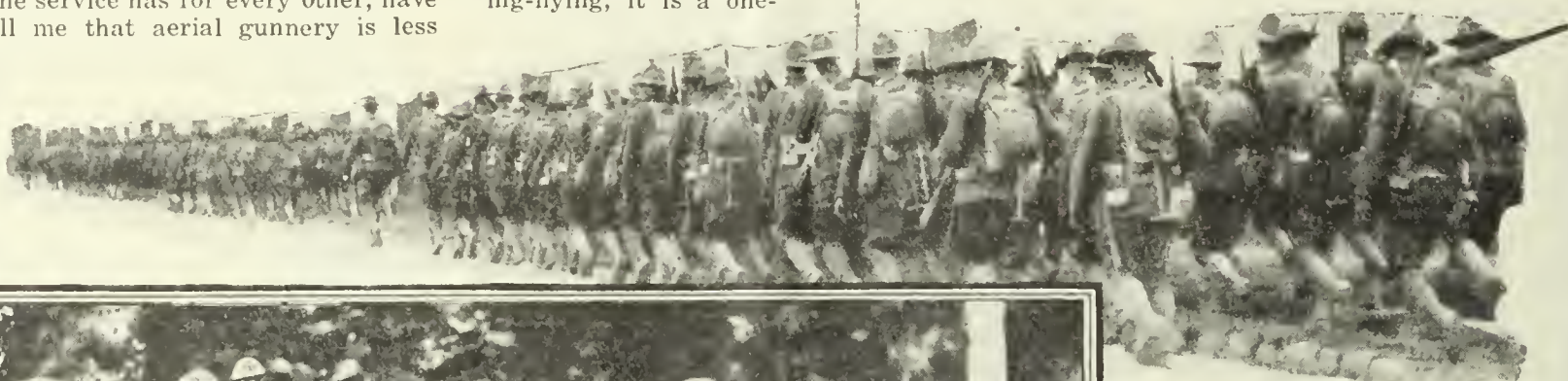
ALL this technical skill and correlated energy, all these barracks and fields, millions of dollars' worth of planes, months of work and the labor of thousands of hands, produce at last a handful of chosen men—the actual flyers in this city of eight thousand are, at any one time, only about three hundred—who go drumming up into the sky one day to meet other young men who have gone through similar months of study. There is a swoop, a roar, a flash past—and one or the other of these boys, and all the strength and beauty he and his machine represented, and all the work and wealth and hopes, go hurtling down in a trail of oily black smoke. Tucked away in your paper somewhere next morning is a half-noticed phrase in the communiqué—"Five of our machines have not returned."

No, war is not an inexpensive way of settling differences of opinion, whatever way you look at it. But the eager young men keep pouring in and the work goes on. Only youth is of any use for this sort of thing—not that semipermanent youth which any man in good condition can keep, but that perfect and ephemeral youth which considers not nor philosophizes that brief time when the flexible body is like that of a seal in the water and impulses are not delayed by

any "judgment" or lessons of experience. This sort of youth and the other sort as well have been devotedly spent here, and those who see Issoudun now on a bright summer afternoon can have little notion of the work and worry built into all those clean pine sheds and crowded hangars since the days of a year ago when the camp was started in a stretch of empty French mud. And the young officers who have been through the mill and come back from the front as instructors, or been detached on the way as executives, are men already, although still in their twenties, with the ability to command and lines in their bronzed faces not entirely due to squinting into the wind and sun.

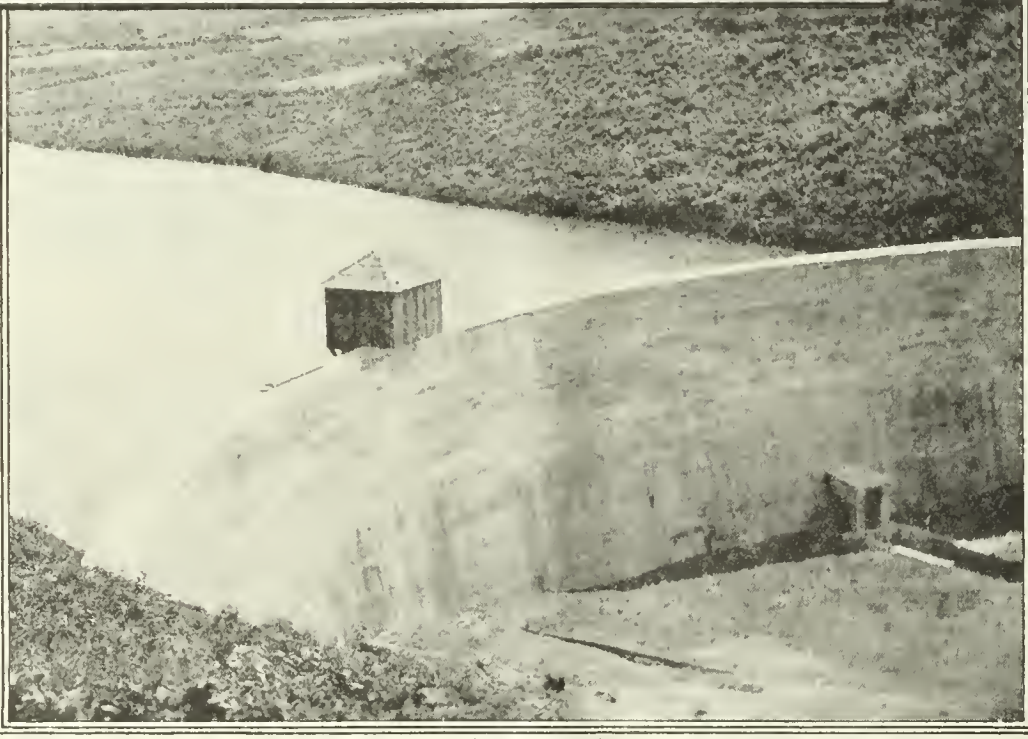
Scattered through these various islands of supply are those of another kind—hospital islands. They too are cities in themselves, some of these big base hospitals, and with their thousands of beds, their

U. S. troops off for the firing line. Below: At rest after a day at the front



difficult than rifle shooting because the airman has a machine gun and plays a stream of bullets as a man plays a stream of water with a hose. But in rifle shooting, even at a flying mark, the gunner stands still and the target moves in, at most, two directions, away and up or down, while in the air both gunner and target are moving at the rate of 100 miles an hour at all sorts of changing angles. Everything is over in a flash and one shot, if it lands, is enough. The allowance for the other plane's speed is taken care of automatically by a special sort of sight which permits one to shoot far enough in front of the moving target while apparently firing directly at it. But this allowance for the target's speed is taken care of automatically only when it is moving directly across one's line of flight. When it is coming or going at an angle, the deflection must be calculated, and done so almost instinctively.

The pupil, in addition to practice at clay-pigeon shooting, begins with a sort of suspended hobby-horse which imitates pretty well the controls and "feel" of a regular plane. Seated in this, he sights at a toy airplane pulled along a track with various dips and climbs somewhat after the fashion of the moving birds in a shooting gallery, and calculates his angles for fire. Then he goes to a machine-gun range, with several targets, on each of which is painted the image of an airplane as it would appear in various theoretical positions—crossing in front, approaching or going away at an ascending or descending angle. Each image is fired at from a different machine gun, the sights of which are so fixed that their relation to the miniature plane is what it would be in the air, although, of course, in this case the gun itself is aimed straight at the



In order to get a proper water supply at one of the American base hospitals U. S. engineers built this dam and reservoir. Out in our Western dry country this would have made a sizable irrigating "proposition" in itself

man machine—with the deafening roar of the propeller in front of you and the wind pushing back over you almost like so much solid water, and the machine itself vibrating, jumping up, and dropping as it strikes "bumpy" air—one understands that it requires a pretty perfect coordination of muscles, mind, and nerves.

Dare-Devil "Stunts"

AND they really seem—these fighting flyers—creatures of two worlds and gifted with instincts and reactions quite apart from those suggested in the earthly shapes which greet you as shy, even awkward, quite everyday young men. I dined at one of the fields where advanced pupils were flying, along with several Red Cross guests, and afterward strolled out on the field. Suddenly, up in the pale blue zenith, appeared two little specks. One hadn't even noticed



Why worry the floor is Valsparred!

Think of having a varnish on your floors, woodwork, and furniture that says, "*Why worry when accidents happen?*"

There is one such varnish—Valspar.

Thousands of tests have proved conclusively that water, either scalding hot or icy cold, *positively will not injure its surface.*

Nor will alcohol, ammonia, and such liquids turn it white, spot or mar its beautiful surface. In the bathroom, kitchen, pantry, and laundry,

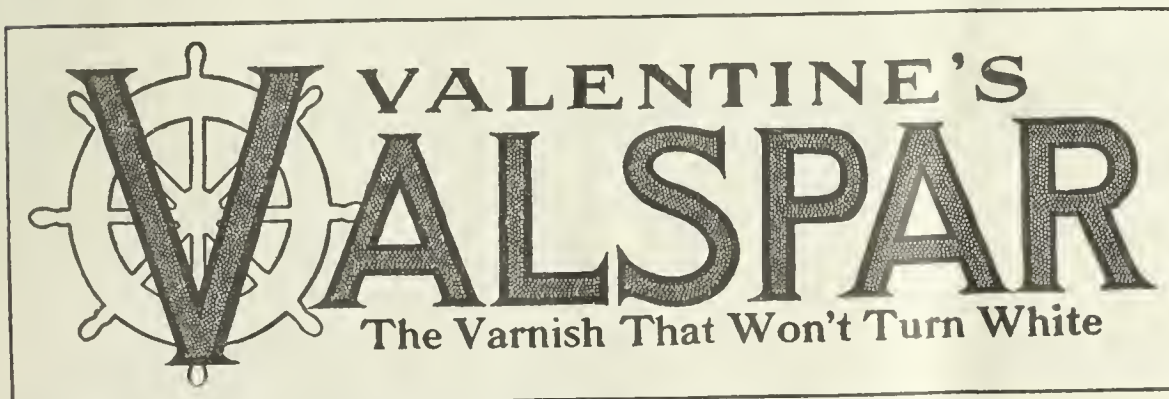
spills and splashes won't hurt it—in fact, the way to clean a Valsparred surface is to *wash it with hot water and soap!*

Use Valspar *wherever you need varnish, indoors or out.*

It protects and preserves. It is quick-drying. It gives a beautiful finish. It is wonderfully tough and durable.

Don't rest content with merely reading about Valspar varnish. *Try it.*

Special Offer—If you wish to test Valspar send 20c. in stamps and we will send you enough Valspar to finish a small table or chair.



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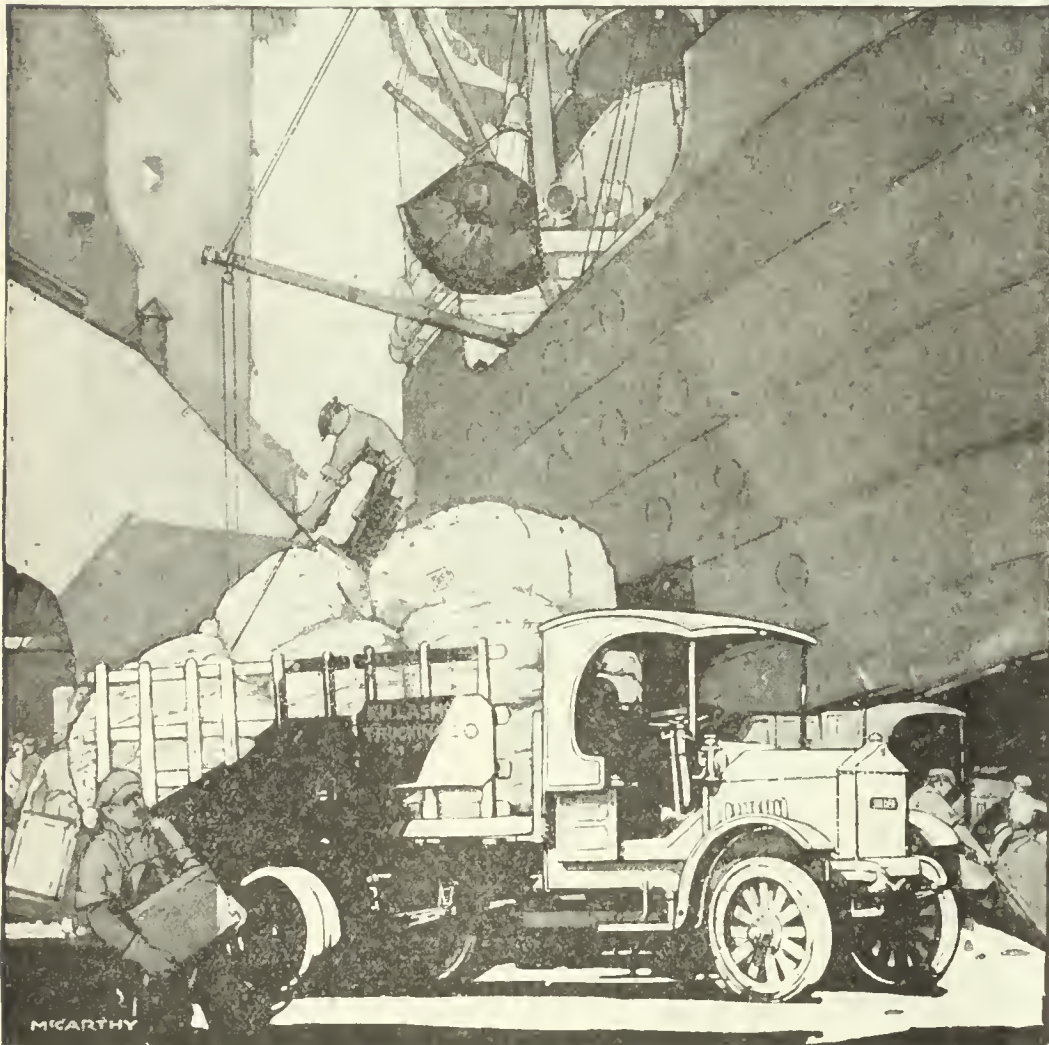
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Whenever the power to endure continuous hard service at low operating cost was the requirement of the hauling job, no Selden Truck ever failed to render profitable service.

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doctors, nurses, enlisted men, ambulances and motor trucks, libraries, canteens, and movies, have a local life so strong and cheerful and forward-going that one almost forgets they are receiving wreckage flung back from the front instead of sending new strength up to it. And, of course, as a matter of fact, this latter is what they largely are doing, for men well enough to get back to a base hospital are more often than not well enough to recover altogether.

I saw one of these base hospitals where there were barracks built or building for 20,000 beds. They had their own railway, so that hospital trains might run directly up to the receiving room. In order to get a proper water supply the engineers had built a dam and reservoir which, out in the western dry country, would have made a sizable irrigating "proposition" in itself. They had bought a farm and, putting a sort of garrison of men with farm experience in charge, run it both as a practical farm and as an exercise place for tubercular and convalescent patients. They had an athletic field and tennis courts, and nearly every night movies or a concert or some other entertainment, to which crowded everybody able to walk—doctors, nurses, and patients. In short, there was such a constant going and coming and cheerful busyness that the chances of being lonely were about as good as on a big transatlantic passenger ship.

In every military hospital in Europe one finds a similar pluck and patience and gratitude. Our men will never know what war means in the sense that Turks and Russian peasants have known it, or the Austrians and Hungarians jolting back in open carts with festering wounds from the winter fighting of 1915 in the Carpathians, fifty or seventy-five miles through the snow to the nearest hospital, hands and feet frozen before they started, or freezing on the way. Nevertheless, one does feel something in these American hospitals—a certain cheerfulness which I have never quite felt elsewhere. Some of it, this curious "ginger" or "pep," is due, no doubt, to our newness to the war, to the fact that it is still for most of these boys, not something which has been lowering over them all their lives, but an entirely novel and terrific adventure. But there is something more than that, I think, something which one likes to think is part of the crusading spirit with which these boys came across the ocean to fight, part, indeed, of the freedom and friendliness and adventurousness of American life itself.

"Cripples" Are Out of Date

THIS spirit is backed up, often, by very practical help from the doctors themselves. The stress laid on mental hygiene of late years, the concrete things one can do merely by believing one can do them, shows in the attitude of the army doctors everywhere. There was an example of this, for instance, in one of the hospitals not far from Issoudun. As an orthopedic center it had rather more than its share of amputations, and from the start the effort was to convince the patients that they were not in the least wreckage, "cripples," but essentially the same as anybody else, with useful work to do and the ability to do it. The one-legged hero limping round, boring the world for the rest of his life with stories of how he won the great war, is not encouraged. So far as possible they even do away with the "crutch idea" and just as soon as it is possible a man is put on artificial legs, taught to walk, and kept walking.

I saw one fine young fellow with both arms amputated just above the wrists. A Russian, in a similar situation, might well have made one feel that all civilization was a failure. They had fitted him out with some sort of makeshift hands, however, and this young man, scarcely more than out of bed, was driving one of the hospital's automobiles!

We are able to benefit, of course, from what the war has taught others, and much of the more miserable sort of torture—that coming from infected

wounds—is largely done away with. The new surgery, which consists in opening up wounds and cutting away at once not only all infected tissue, but tissue so bruised or shredded that it will never become healthy again, has largely done away with the more loathsome sort of wounds. The Carrel-Dakin treatment, which consists in washing the wound with a solution liberating an amount of chlorine strong enough to act against bacteria without injuring the tissue itself, further reduces pain. As a result, men come back to the base hospitals with a whole thigh plowed open, and after a day or two look, as you pass them in their beds, so far as their color and general appearance go, almost like well men. In some hospitals they make much of sun treatment, and there was one, particularly, in which one was continually meeting men strolling about the grounds with shoulders and legs bare, so as to let the sun get at and dry and heal their wounds.

Gentleman Rankers

MOST of these hospital islands were originally started with units from one city or hospital—here everybody is from New Orleans or Kansas City or Chicago, there you find old friends from the New York Hospital, or the Post Graduate. The story of these units from the time they first dodged submarines, through the trying period when they were dumped in some little French village with scarce a place in which to wash one's hands, up to their present completed state, would make a three-volume novel in itself.

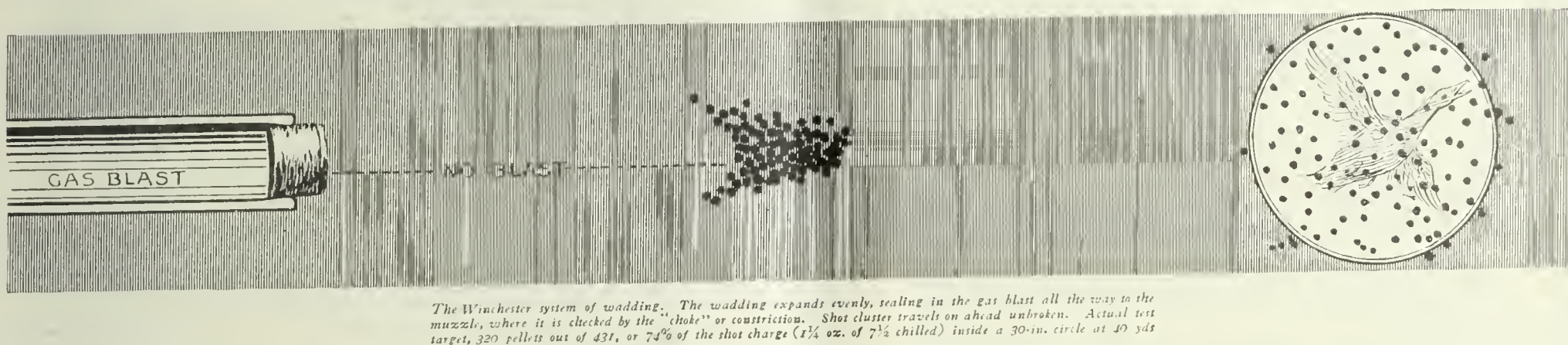
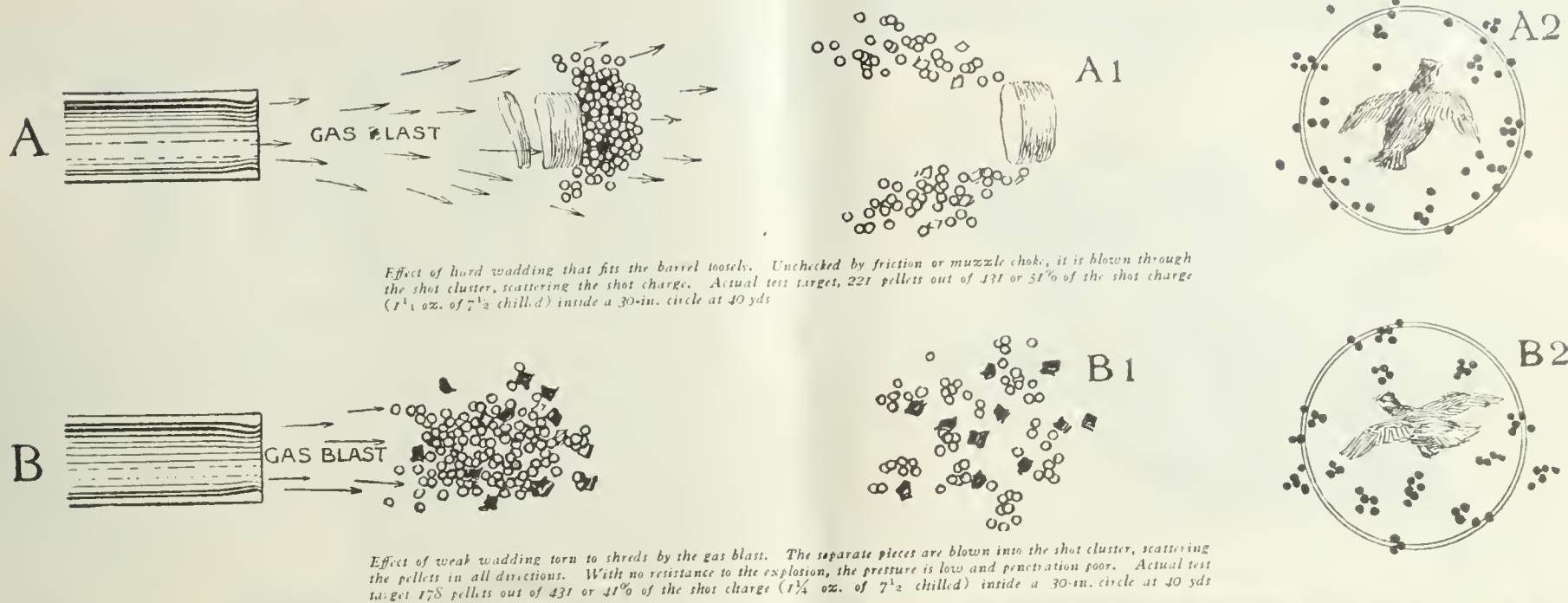
All sorts of people, fitted and not, for army discipline, volunteered for Red Cross work in the early days of the war before the army itself took over all the hospitals. There were college boys thinking, perhaps, of driving ambulances, business men, painters, dramatic critics, physicians with their ten or fifteen years of successful city practice. When all this heterogeneous mass was poured into the slow mill of army red tape and army promotion quaint situations developed at once. Experienced physicians found themselves only lieutenants and taking orders from boyish captains or majors—sometimes their own pupils—commissioned later from home training camps. Many still find themselves so—the early bird turned into the late worm. Men who had traveled in France and knew French were put into private's uniform—and our regular issue uniform is calculated to turn the most perfect Vere de Vere into a bandit—and set to cleaning latrines. I heard of one young lawyer kept for several months on "Night K. P."—Kitchen Police—and assigned to peeling potatoes. He went finally to his superior officer and delivered himself thus:

"Sir—this is an economic waste! I am a college graduate, and I speak French. There are surely ways in which I could be more useful than in peeling spuds."

"You're damn right," replied the lieutenant, "it is an economic waste. You peel 'em too thick. Go back to your work!"

"Gassed"

I STOOD in the receiving room of one of these base hospitals one night and watched a transport of 600 wounded arrive. Most of them could walk—they had been cleaned out of the Paris hospitals and sent down here to get well or to be discharged altogether. Only about a hundred were "stretcher cases," the rest mostly "gassed." They had already been several weeks in the hospital, but their stubborn burns still stuck to them, and they came in with goggles and eye shades, or squinting and bending their heads as if ashamed. They were burned in eyes and lungs, generally, and sometimes on their bodies where the fumes had worked through their clothes. Gas masks and gas alarms and the respect everybody has for the treacherous stuff have met gas attacks to a certain extent—the gases are sent over in shells, nowadays, generally, instead of left to the



Effect of wadding construction on shot patterns

Poor wadding responsible for more faulty patterns and lost birds than all other gun and shell troubles combined

A strong uniform shot pattern depends upon how perfectly the *wadding* in your shells controls the five-ton gas blast behind it.

The wadding, like the piston head of a gas engine, must give the explosion something solid to work against so that the shot may be *pushed* out evenly.

It must expand and fill the tube of the barrel, completely sealing in the gas behind it. No gas must escape to scatter the shot.

It must offer just the right amount of resistance so as to develop uniform pressure and high velocity without danger of jamming the pellets out of shape at the "choke" or muzzle constriction.

The illustrations at the top of this page show actual test patterns as high as 59% faulty, the result of poor wadding.

The Winchester system

Winchester wadding is the result of repeated experiments to determine the most efficient control of the gas blast.

The special construction of the *Base Wad* gives what is known as *Progressive Combustion* to the powder charge.

Combustion spreads instantly through the

powder charge. By the time the top grains of powder become ignited the *full* energy of the burning powder behind is at work. Though the explosion is almost instantaneous, it is none the less *Progressive*, the final energy and maximum velocity of the completely burned powder being developed at the *muzzle*, where it is most needed.

Meanwhile under the heat of combustion, the tough, springy Winchester *Driving Wad* has expanded to fill the barrel snugly all around. No gas escapes. It is completely sealed in. The wadding *pushes* up the shot evenly.

At the muzzle the shot pellets slip out with out *jamming* while the wadding is checked for a brief interval by the constriction of the muzzle. *It follows some distance behind the shot pattern.*

The shot cluster travels on, unbroken by gas blast or wadding and makes the hard-hitting, uniform pattern for which Winchester shot shells are world famous.

Fish Tail Flash. All Winchester smokeless shells are made with the new Winchester Primer—the quickest and most powerful shot shell primer made. Its broad *fish tail* flash gives even and thorough ignition. Every grain of powder is completely burned up before the shot charge leaves the muzzle.

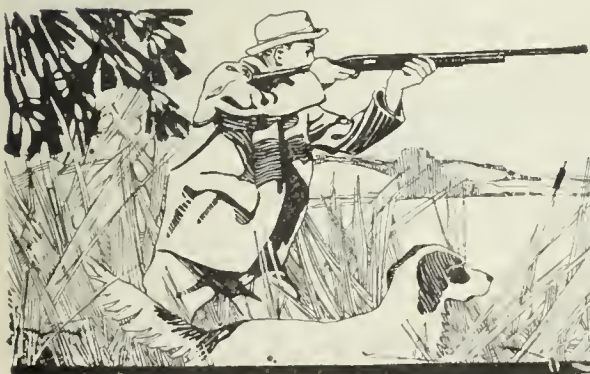
The Crimp. The required degree of pressure necessary in seating the driving wad is worked out in combination with the *hardness* or the *softness* of the *crimping* required for any particular shell.

Water-proofing and Lubrication. In the cold, damp air of the marshes, or under the blazing sun at the traps, Winchester shells will always play true. Winchester water-proofing process prevents them from swelling from dampness. Special lubrication of the paper fibres prevents brittleness and "splitting" in dry weather.

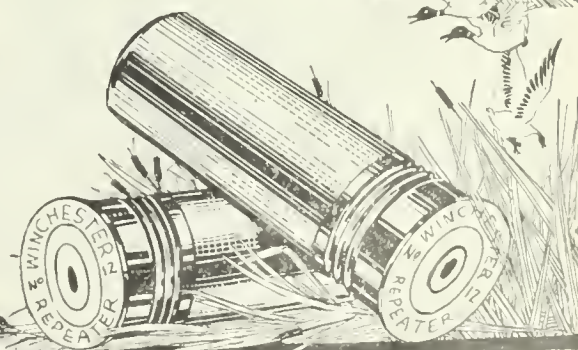
Uniform Shells. From primer to crimp, Winchester shells are constructed to insure the maximum pattern possible from any load and under all conditions. \$100,000 is spent annually in the inspection and testing of finished shot shells. 25,000,000 rounds of ammunition are fired every year in testing guns and ammunition.

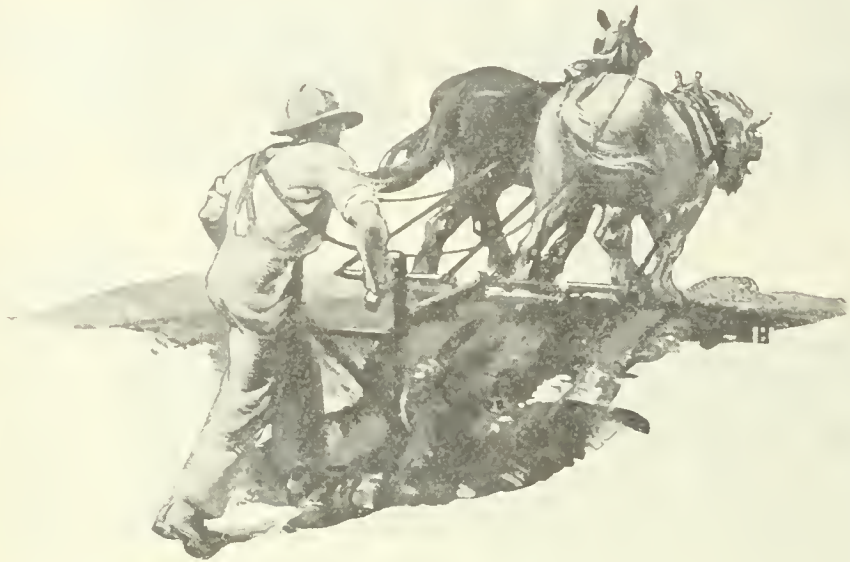
Clean hits and more of them

To insure more hits and cleaner hits in the field or at the traps, be sure your shells are Winchester Leader and Repeater for Smokeless; Nublack and New Rival for Black Powder. Write for our Free Booklet on Shells. Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Dept. 281, New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.



WINCHESTER
World Standard Guns and Ammunition





FERTILIZER

Two big factors in modern warfare are food and munitions. The same material that helps enrich the soil of the wheatfields of America also goes into the making of the powder that explodes a shell on the battle-fields of Flanders. This material is Sulphuric Acid—a chemical of such far-reaching importance that a shortage in the supply would seriously affect practically every industry in the land.

The New Jersey Zinc Company has been making Sulphuric Acid for many years. The same experience, equipment and manufacturing skill that govern the manufacture of its other products are behind this activity also. The Company's sources of supply, its facilities and its organization are such that it is able to supply the markets of the world with products of recognized worth.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY

55 Wall Street, New York

ESTABLISHED 1848

CHICAGO: Mineral Point Zinc Company, 1111 Marquette Building

*Manufacturers of Zinc Oxide, Spelter, Spiegeleisen, Lithopone,
Sulphuric Acid, Rolled Zinc Strips and Plates,
Zinc Dust and Zinc Chloride*

The world's standard for Zinc products



wind—but it is all but impossible to fight for hours with one's nose pinched tight with a sort of clothespin, a chunk of rubber between one's teeth and breathing only "strained" air through a sort of porous brick, and not yield to the temptation to take the mask off and get a free breath. The glass eyepieces become clouded with moisture and the men try to wipe them or, desperate, tear them out altogether. Or they take off their masks, sniff the air and think it safe, and it is not until hours afterward that they find themselves coughing and their eyes smarting, and then it is too late.

Of course, the burns may not be serious—not much worse than a bad attack of "pink eye"—but at best they are stubborn and treacherous. You will see scores of men in the gas wards after such a convoy has come in with a corroded track across the eyeball—the part not covered when the lid is open—which looks a little as if it had been sandpapered. When burns like this heal they leave the skin slightly opaque, and when this comes across the pupil the sight is correspondingly affected.

The "mustard" gas with which most of them are burned is extremely volatile, yet, as it is sent over in shells, a liquid and heavier than air. It clings to vegetation, therefore (a rain generally brings a shower of gas shells), and lies for days in woods and the moist earth of shell holes—precisely the places where men must seek shelter. And when its fumes penetrate clothing it attacks the parts of the body, generally the tenderest, dampened by perspiration, and does this so gradually that a man may not realize he is being burned until the gas in his clothing has had hours to take effect. The only good thing to be said about gases is that they belong to the class of things through which scientific ingenuity may make war so destructive and so disgusting that it will become intolerable. It is a long way from "flashing sabers" to being blinded or crippled miles away from an enemy poison which has worked through your clothing while squatting in some filthy shell hole.

The Pace Must Be Held

IN any million men under the strain of active service there are hundreds not wounded, but for one reason or another no longer fit. There are hundreds such, of course, although their eccentricities may not be apparent yet, even before active service begins. A continuous stream of such cases trickles back from hospital to hospital and finally to the point from which they are sent home, varying in all sorts of ways, from the tragic to the grotesque.

I saw one big strapping fellow going home because the army couldn't find shoes big enough for him! Special shoes might have been made, of course, but the special orders necessary to make the special shoes, and the difficulty of keeping him and his special shoes together, as he might be transferred from place to place, all involved problems which the army thought impracticable, and so the giant was going home. He had cut holes for both his big toes when I saw him, and said that he never had had a pair of shoes in his life with which he hadn't had to do the same thing.

Then there are those with queer kinks in their mental machinery, or for one reason or another "temperamentally unfitted for service in France."

The majority of what are known as shell-shock cases are merely "nerves" in one form or another, the result of causes as various as those which produce "nervous prostration." A man might have shell shock in America merely as the result of hearing that he was called up in the draft. Home-sickness, boredom, worry over business or family affairs, all these can assist in bringing the condition about.

When they thought that a patient was not progressing as fast as he ought, the French, it is said, have occasionally found it useful to tell him that it was a pity he had to stay so long in the hospital, as he would probably have to lose his next leave if he stayed much longer.

The ten days' leave which the French soldier gets every four months is very dear to him, and the tonic effects of this suggestion are said to be surprising.

"All Wiz Me!"

THESE hospital cities are cheerful—among the most cheerful neighborhoods of France. As you crowd into the big "hut" to see the movies after supper, with the hospital band banging away and everybody smoking and talking, and look over the sunburnt faces of these men, half of whom have limped over from their wards in their bath robes; as they applaud uproariously when each new nurse comes in and looks for a seat, or bellow when somebody opens a curtain and lets in the light during a movie, or roar when a bench breaks, you would scarcely realize that you were not among a crowd of baseball players in the pink of condition.

It is only when the show is over and they begin to hobble out that you see that some have lost legs or arms, or have their fingers in splints, or are squinting from gas. They will stand for anything except being pitied or preached at, or for what seems to them like a lack of manliness. They will applaud uproariously when some lady poet recites doggerel in which "home" rimes with "ocean foam" and they are pictured as the bravest of the brave, and five minutes later bawl out some well-meaning but hapless male who, for some occult reason, seems lacking in sincerity, or what is described as "guts."

One evening a hut secretary started to lead a mob like this in singing. He was good-looking, strongly built, no doubt an intelligent young man; he was asking them to sing songs they all knew and sang every night: "Now, boys, altogether!" He beamed and with a great air of enthusiasm began waving both arms like a bandmaster. But something about him, some movement of head and shoulders, some almost imperceptible teeter as he rose on his toes, something hard to put one's finger on but unmistakably there, broke the spell and in five seconds men were slapping their wrists and falling over backward and bellowing to each other behind their hands: "Good . . . night!" A personnel officer, who knows everybody and everything, sat beside me, grinning sardonically. "You've got to be one hundred per cent man to get away with this crowd!" he said.

A few minutes later a French singer stepped out on the same stage. Her black dress was cut away a little from a round white throat, her black hair came down in a quaint French bang, she smiled, but not too much, a broad, friendly, and all-inclusive smile, and she sang in a full rich soprano, with the ease of water running downhill. She sang "Carmen" and "Madame Butterfly" and French love songs that nobody understood but applauded just the same. Later she sang some more concert pieces and "Joan of Arc" and "Madelon"—that French marching song which we have more or less made ours. She had them all in the hollow of her hand by this time, as they, in a way, had her too, and then she stepped to the front of the stage, and with the color showing just a bit through the powder, in her crisp, businesslike French way, she announced: "OVER ZERE!"

It was just what they had declined to sing an hour before, but a breeze of amused approval at once blew across the crowd, and with one of her broad, friendly smiles she added: "All wiz me! Tous avec moi in ze chor-ées!" She sang the words in French, the band playing with her, and when the chorus did come it brought everything there was in the hall—band and piano and trombones and the voices of 500 men and the clear woman's voice rising above them all, and finally 500 pairs of army boots stamping out on the shaking pine floor:

*Over there! . . . Over there! . . .
And we WON'T—COME—
BACK—TILL—
It's over, over there!*

Mr. Ruh's next article from France will appear in an early issue.

REO

This Reo "Speed Wagon" Is Typically American

STANDARDIZATION is going to win the war.

IN OTHER WORDS the American method of making quantities of Aeroplanes, Ships and Guns, Trucks, Tractors and Tanks—enough to snow the Huns under—is going to give the Allies supremacy.

THE GREAT DISTRIBUTION of wealth in this country—the great per capita demand—made standardization methods possible.

IN EUROPE THEY HAVE ALWAYS designed an article to fit the needs of each individual customer—and a different one for the next.

THE COST BY THAT METHOD was prohibitive to all but the few—hence the output was small and standardization—interchangeability—impossible.

THIS REO "SPEED WAGON" is a typically American product in every sense of the word. It is one of the best examples of the application of that principle.

EVERY PART IS ABSOLUTELY interchangeable and any one of hundreds of Reo dealers can furnish you replacement parts instantly, from stock.

THE STANDARD TYPES of bodies have been developed after much study and they are adaptable to hundreds of lines of business.

THEN THE CHASSIS, equipped with driver's cab and sills (as shown) is further adaptable to innumerable types of special bodies for special uses.

THE VERSATILITY—the range of usefulness—the adaptability—of this Reo "Speed Wagon" to different conditions of roads and loads—is almost limitless.

THIS REO WAS THE PIONEER in pneumatic tired trucks—it is still the leader.

STANDARD IN ITS PRESENT FORM for several years, its quality has been proven beyond a doubt.

ITS GREAT SUPERIORITY lies in its Low Upkeep and operation cost.

NOR IS THAT A MERE CLAIM—a statement. The proofs are available and in such volume as will astound you.

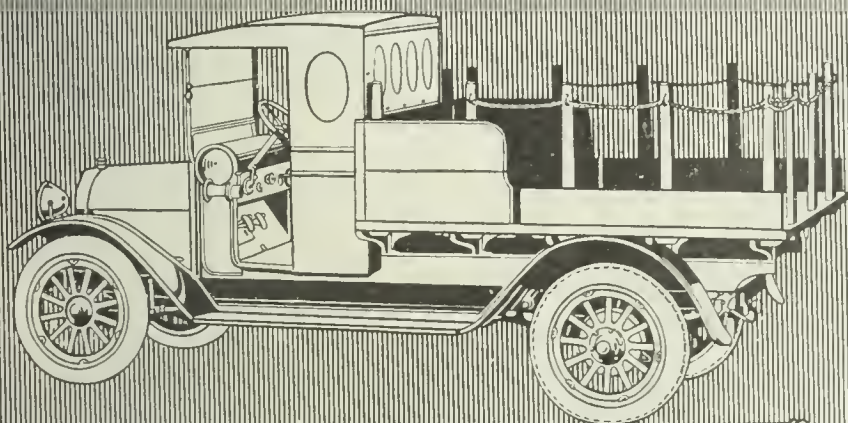
JUST ASK YOUR REO DEALER to show you comparative figures of costs of operation and upkeep of this Reo—in your own line of work—and in direct competition with trucks of other makes.

DON'T DELAY. DEMAND always in excess of possible output of Reos, is now more so than ever.

BESIDES DEMAND IS INCREASING while output is going the other way.

SO THE ONLY WAY to obtain a Reo "Speed Wagon"—to be at all sure of an early delivery—and to get it at the present price, is—order at once.

TODAY won't be a minute too soon.



Standard "Stake" body Reo "Speed Wagon." One type that is adaptable to many uses particularly custom trucking and general delivery work.

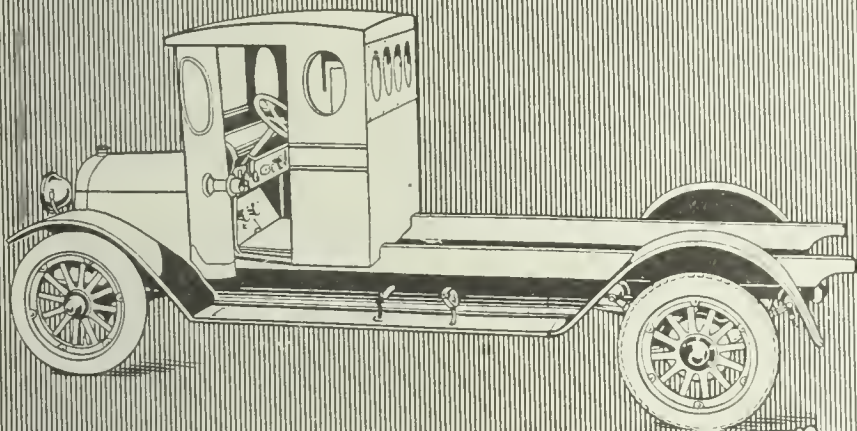
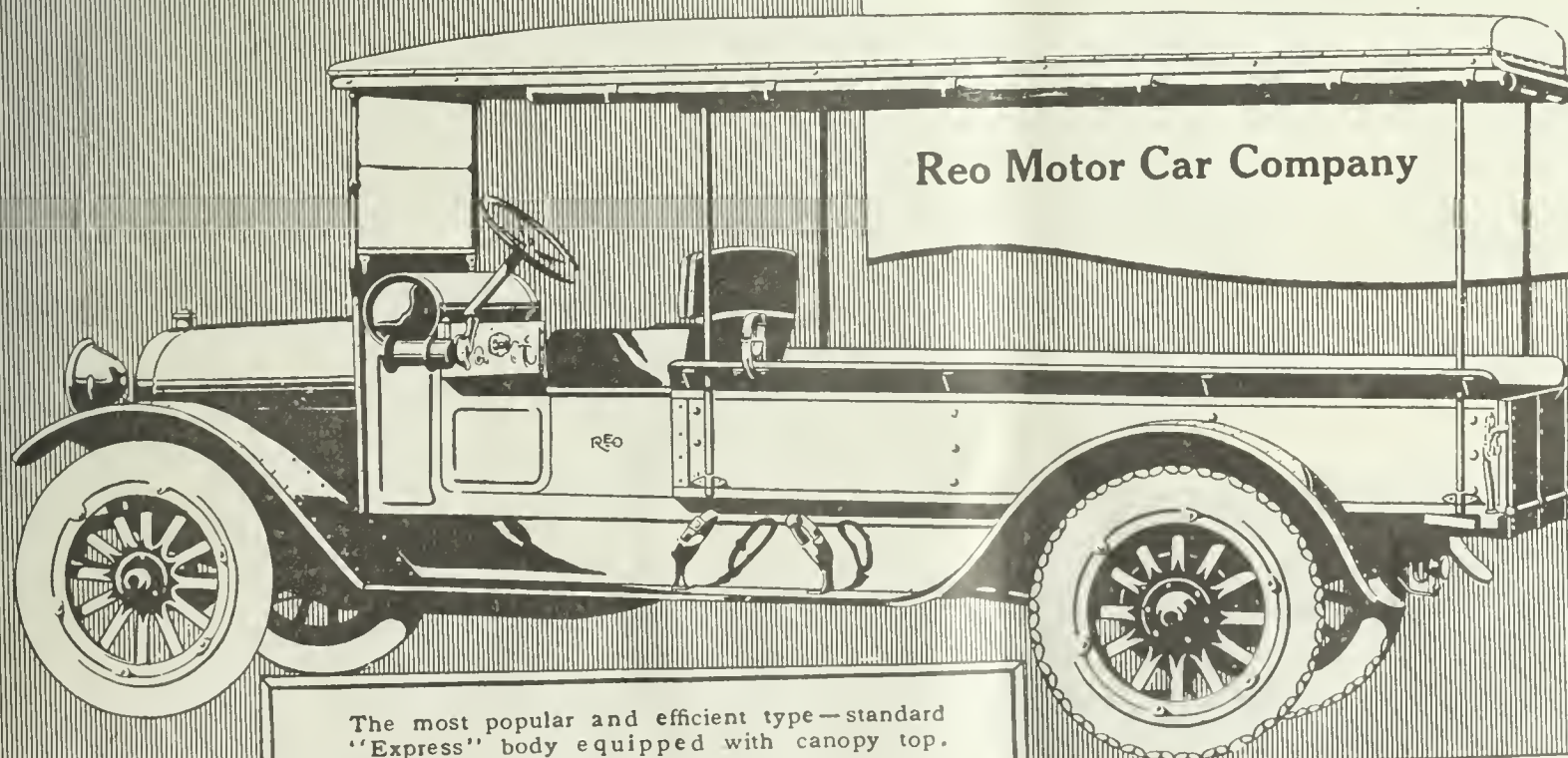


Illustration shows Reo "Speed Wagon" chassis with driver's cab and sills ready to receive any special type of body you may require for your particular service. Your local body builder can either work over your old wagon body, or build a new one to your specifications.

Your Reo distributor will gladly furnish blue prints, dimensions and many helpful suggestions.

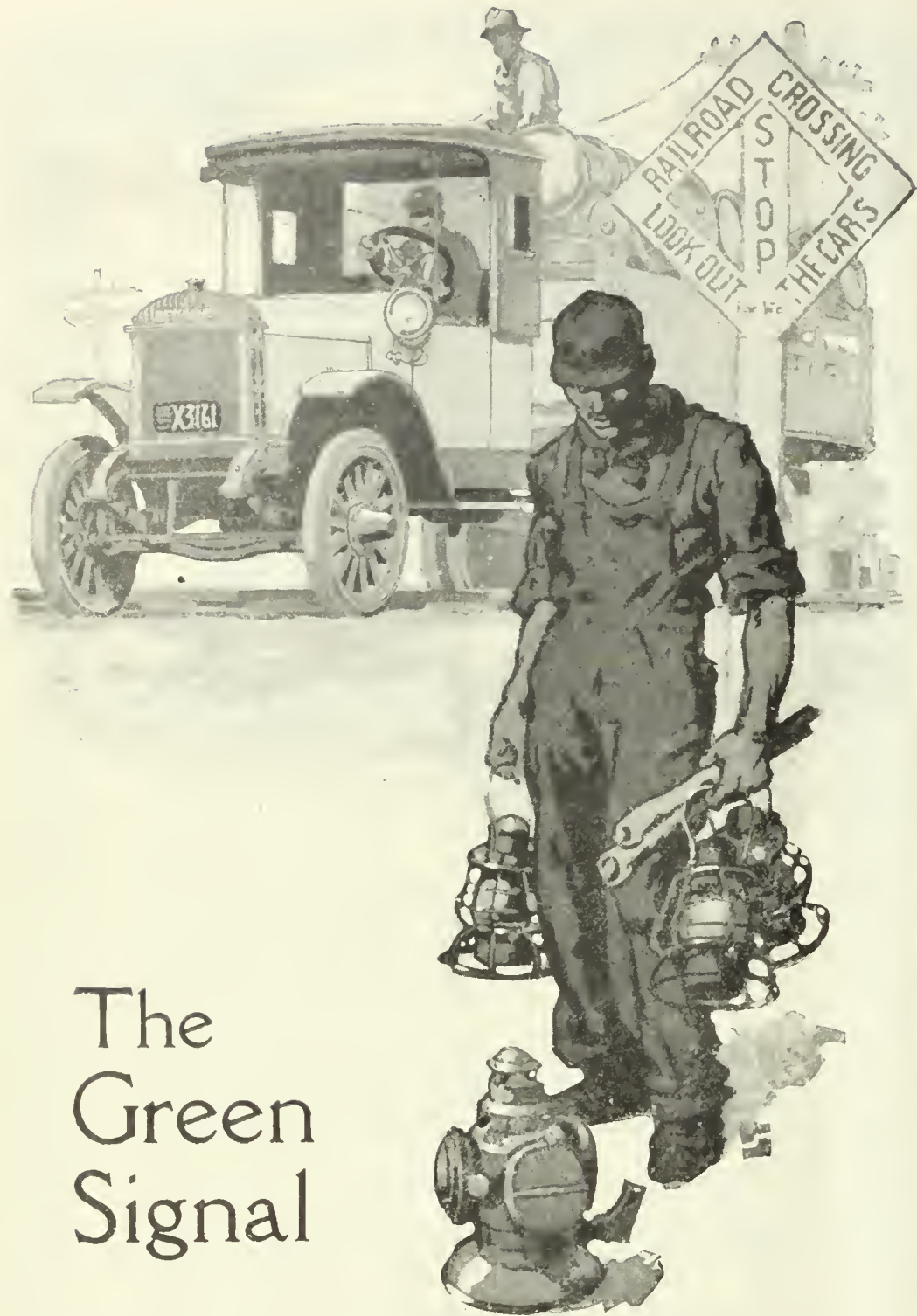


The most popular and efficient type—standard "Express" body equipped with canopy top.

Reo Motor Car Company

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STANDARD
OF VALUES"



The Green Signal

War materials are the only shipments that have the right of way on the railroads—yours must wait its turn.

Bethlehem Internal Gear Drive Motor Trucks have the Green Signal on all roads. There are no waits—no delays—they stand up and deliver.

1½ Ton Chassis	2½ Ton Chassis	3½ Ton Chassis
\$1765	\$2165	\$3265

F. O. B. ALLENTOWN

Gray and Davis Electric Starting and Lighting is standard on all models.

Take everyone's advice and examine a Bethlehem.

The Motor Truck bought to-day without Electric Starting and Lighting will be out of date to-morrow

BETHLEHEM

Internal Gear Drive

MOTOR TRUCKS

Dependable Delivery

BETHLEHEM MOTORS CORP'N. ALLENTOWN, PA.

The Motor Truck bought to-day without Electric Starting and Lighting will be out of date to-morrow

Letters from the Air

Continued from page 9

Our escadrille is the proud possessor of an unusual record—twenty-seven official boches shot down in eight months, with never a man or machine lost. We have five "aces" in the bunch—men who have gotten five or more boche machines, and all the others but three, including myself, have one or more. The escadrille has received an army citation for its good work. I am most fortunate to be a member and shall try hard to be worthy of my place here. It will be some little time, though, before I'll be permitted a place on regular patrol. But I'll work hard and make it as short as possible.

The Spad I drove to-day was a beauty—200 horsepower (really 220) and also two machine guns—a distinct advantage for a green man, as one throws twice as much lead. They are fast—mount like rockets. They give Fritz something to think of—sometimes they

put a stop to his thinking for all time. Well, it's late—all are in bed except myself, and I think I'll make it unanimous. Hope to fly again to-morrow.

I am more than happy and contented here. I'm not even going to take my permission of ten days—haven't the money and would rather stay here. Want to do some work. Speaking of work, I'm redesigning our emblem, a running greyhound painted on each plane of our escadrille. First time I've hit my old trade since I left Chicago. Intend to do a lot of art stuff now.

Love to all—it's past bedtime. And don't worry about me. I'm a "canny Scot" and expect to beat the game through—no foolish risks unless necessary.

ALEX.

The fourth of Lieutenant Bayne's letters will be published in next week's COLLIER'S.—THE EDITOR.

"Uncle Sam, M. D."

Continued from page 19

to try. The examiner to whom he was assigned was more interested than impressed.

"Captain Wise-Guy," said he mildly: "Suppose you were directed to take charge of a sanitary train, for transfer to Camp Wadsworth, what would be your first procedure?"

"A sanitary train?" repeated the newcomer blankly.

"Yes. What is a sanitary train?"

"Why, it's—it's an outfit of hospital equipment and instruments and emergency tents and—and that sort of thing," groped the fledgling captain.

"What is its numerical strength?"

"I don't know."

"How long is it, in marching formation?"

"I couldn't say."

"Captain, a sanitary train is a mile long in line of march and comprises nearly a thousand men and officers. Do you think you could take one out to-morrow and get it into camp for the night properly?"

"No, sir."

"Do you think it would perhaps be useful for you to learn?"

"Yes, sir."

So Captain Wise-Guy goes into barracks with a number of other men, many of them quite as eminent and ignorant as himself, and undertakes to master this and some hundreds of other matters that had never been dreamed of in his philosophy.

Occasionally there arrives a medical veteran of the Spanish-American War, with some confidence in his military capacity. For such as he a question is devised, based upon an enemy battery firing at high trajectory, a sheltering hill, and the disposition of the medical officer's supposititious squad in the place of greatest safety. Ten times out of ten he elects to keep the hill between his men and the battery. It is then in order to explain to him, in words kindly adapted to the incipient intellect, that the side of the hill which he has picked is under a steady shower of the high-trajectory shells, whereas the slope nearest the battery is quite safe—and doesn't he think that a cursory consideration of the phenomena of shell fire would perhaps augment his unquestioned efficiency? If he possesses any judgment at all, he does!

But, however much or little he knows on arrival, doc does most unremittingly toil and sweat for his daily bread. If he is a tyro, he must be brought up quickly to such a minimum of proficiency that he won't disgrace his file on review. (And, by the way, I witnessed one review of the whole student corps, few of them of more than six weeks' experience, many of only a fortnight, and though it would be absurd to say that they exhibited the precision of long-trained regulars, they did march with the swing and ease of real soldiery, and their formation was better than that of the average militia organ-

ization in peace times. Doc learns quickly.) If he has had experience, there is always plenty more for him to learn. Of one thing he may be sure: he will go forth with his education still incomplete, for he could stay there a year with profit to himself. But no man stays at Greenleaf a year. The call for medical officers is too incessant and exigent. All that the system now asks of the man is that he shall acquire a good working military foundation. Any day word is likely to come from the surgeon general's office to this effect:

"Can you send out for immediate duty twenty-four officers between thirty and thirty-five years of age, graduates of Class A or B medical college, one year or more hospital experience, having special surgical experience?"

And the answer is always in the affirmative. But it means that the student officers must take their places in the war machine at the earliest possible moment of fitness. To crowd six months of education into six weeks of time: that is the aim of the M. O. T. C. It is intensive training at its most intense.

Few Failures

TO some of the volunteers it comes as a painful shock. They tell a story (without a sequel) at headquarters of a magnificent son of ease, a nerve specialist whose polished charm of manner won him a highly remunerative practice in the exclusive circles of his city, and his first appearance at camp. After going through his tests he applied at headquarters for some information and was referred to the adjutant. Now, an adjutant works only twenty-four hours a day; all the rest of his time is his own for sleep and recreation. Consequently he has ample leisure to answer such questions as the one which the social lion addressed to him, to wit:

"Which side of the barracks does the sun shine on in the afternoon?"

"The west side," replied the adjutant, surprised but courteous.

"Of course. But which side would that be in Company Z barracks on Letterman Street?"

"The right as you go down the street. Why?"

"Every afternoon," explained the new arrival, "it is my habit to take an hour's nap from four to five, and I should like to have my cot on the shady side."

The adjutant turned away to conceal a baleful gleam. "Quite so," he returned kindly. "Well, you just explain that to your company, and no doubt they will fix it for you."

How the company fixed it I cannot say (as stated above, this story lacks a sequel), but I am informed that anyone desiring to start a rough house in Z barrack has only to hum a lullaby in the presence of the medical son of

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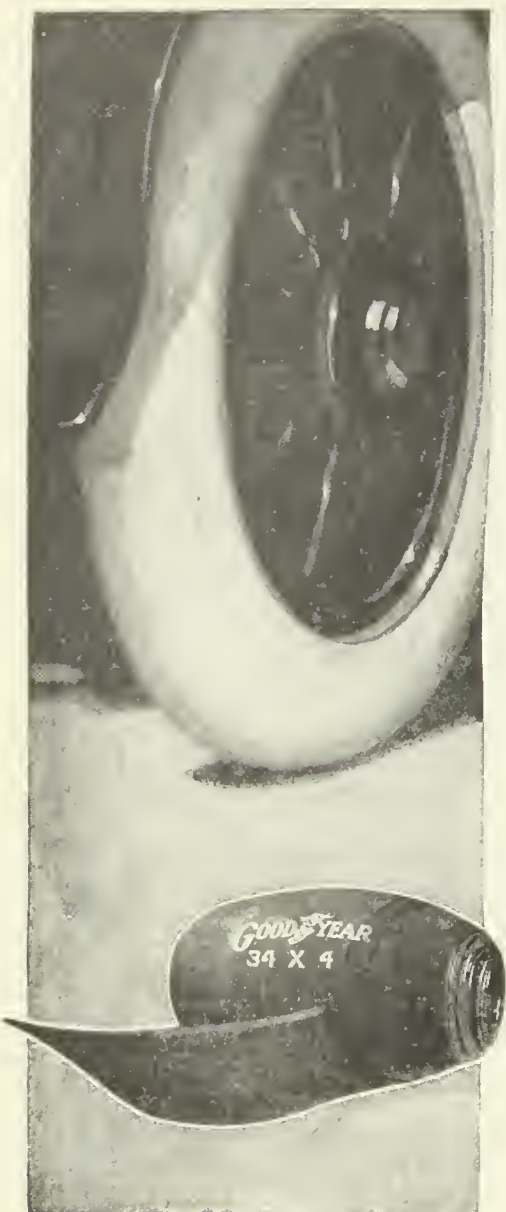
Wherever you see Triangle B—on the crank shaft of a war car at the front—on a drop hammer—on thousands of great drop forgings all over the world—on hand tools made for satisfaction and service—remember that mark means "Rely on me. I am made as well as I can be made. I shall not fail."

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WHEN you begin to anticipate trouble from that old casing, it's time to reinforce it with a Goodyear Inside Tire Protector. This is a staunch support for weakened tires that re-invests them with life and mileage. The Goodyear Inside Tire Protector never chafes a tube. Its cost is low; its saving great—for it helps secure the last thousand miles which are the cheapest.

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GOOD YEAR
AKRON
TIRE SAVERS

ease, now radically reformed, and he will be accommodated.

What constantly impressed me was the readiness and good humor with which these mature and settled tyros adjust themselves to the hardening process of the camp. Setting aside the radical change in environment and all habits of life, the physical and nervous strain alone, one might suppose, would eliminate a considerable percentage, particularly of those over forty. For they literally have no leisure time whatever (except on Saturdays and Sundays) from 5.45 a. m. to 9.30 p. m., their "off duty" moments being devoted to study, and so insufficient therefor that the shower baths, which alone maintain lights after "taps," are often crowded with students huddled on their camp chairs and striving to overtake their quizzes, up to midnight. It is no longer considered good form, by the way, to creep up in the rear and turn the showers upon these earnest pursuers of knowledge; even the most refined humor stales by repetition. The setting-up exercises, the drills and reviews, the orderly duty and the manual labor of the barracks would tax the endurance of the average college boy ten, fifteen, or twenty years younger than these "freshmen." Yet few drop out. And the only grouching I heard in the course of my stay was from the older men who, being excused from part of the exercise or drill because of physical condition, bitterly resented what they regarded as unjustified discrimination.

The Pick of the Professions

LEST life in camp should become too easy by habitude, the novices are from time to time introduced to that variegated exercise known as the "hike." To go on a hike, you pack up your troubles, consisting in dog tent, spare clothing, blankets, utensils, and the like, in your old kit bag, and smile yourself along a country road until you are permitted to camp for the night. As Company X had already done its hiking, through two days of soaking rain and returned singing joyously (whereby they acquired great merit with the C. O.), I was graciously invited to join the dentists and vets in their turn. It was carefully explained to me that this was merely a practice march, not in any sense to be considered an endurance test. Unfortunately nobody had thought to inform the sun upon this latter point: Old Sol came forth and warmed up those white-gray roads to a temperature of 105. What it was in the shade I don't know, and it makes the less difference as there wasn't any shade, anyhow. Yet the "dents" and the "vets," fresh from the cool of stables and the ease of offices, "hit it up" along the hot Georgia highways as if that had been their custom all their lives. When the halt for camp was called they pitched their tents like veterans, cooked their own supper over their own trench, cleaned their own mess tins, and had enough energy left over to organize a singsong and several sprightly boxing matches. No man goes out of Camp Greenleaf without at least one thorough practical lesson in the art and practice of the open road.

Just a word about these dentists and veterinaries. There isn't much glamour about their war prospects. Their chance of getting to the fighting front is practically nil (though, to be sure, you never can tell in a war where the greatest of battles was saved by a scratched-up force of Chinese coolies, American pick-and-shovelers, and all the accumulated odds and ends that are caught up in a retreat). But Uncle Sam's teeth have got to be kept sound and sharp against the time that he is ready to take a bite out of the Kaiser, and Uncle Sam's horses and mules have got to be kept in prime condition for their duties. So when the call came the dentists and the veterinaries answered "Ready" as promptly as the physicians; and, like the latter, these volunteers are the pick of their respective professions. Nor is there one iota less of war enthusiasm in them than in the M. D.'s. The particular pride and joy of the dentists is a complete dental parlor on wheels, lus-

trous and lovely as a circus wagon, thrilling to the imagination as a chamber of horrors, equipped with every device of torture down to the last minute of scientific progress, and manned by three dentists and two assistants. Presently every division will be attended, when it goes to the front, by at least one of these vehicles.

The Sikes

ALL play and no work will make even a doc a dull boy. Hence amusements are systematically arranged for him. Once in so often there are lectures on general war topics of interest, and the men gather, by order, for frequent singsongs. But it is at the occasional vaudeville performances that the local talent chiefly shines. The camp has a capital band and orchestra—though how they find the time for practice is a mystery—and this forms the basis for the "shows." As for the rest, in music, acrobatics, and specialties, the entertainment that I attended was up to the level of top-notch professional vaudeville. It ought to have been. Nearly every man on the program was a "headliner on the Big Time" before he got into the war.

The last number, alone, was purely amateur. The little stage filled to overflowing with young huskies in the uniform of privates and noncoms, a full company of them, while their leader took his place in the orchestra. He waved his arms esoterically, and the whole outfit burst, full-throated, into song. I have heard more delicately modulated and more technically expert singing, but never before anything to equal that chorus in verve and swing.

"Where did they raise the glee club?" I asked my neighbor.

"That isn't a glee club," he answered. "Those are the Sikes, the whole damn family."

Thus I had my first view, though not my first hearing, of that most extraordinary of military organizations, the company of psychologists. Of these enlisted men all but one are college graduates. More than 50 per cent are college professors. They look like long-shoremen, and they sing together like the morning stars! When they first arrived nobody (except perhaps the C. O., and his plans had not yet matured) knew exactly what a psychologist was for, in a military camp, anyway. They didn't know themselves. So they put their heads together and decided that, in lieu of specific information, it was their business to show the rest of the outfit what a lot of fun soldiering at \$30 a month is when you go at it the right way: to take every job that came along, hard or easy, clean or dirty, and put it through with a grin; and everlastingly to make a cheerful noise about it. So, when you see a crowd of men with more than normal spring and grip to them, or hear a concerted or joyous noise anywhere about the premises, it's a fair bet that the Sikes are guilty. Curiously enough, now that a department of camp morale has been substituted, the Sikes discover that the very thing which they have been doing at a venture is part of what they will be expected to do in the new activity. But they were bound to do it, anyway. It was the revulsion from the academic spirit. If you can picture a red pepper with a smile on its face, you'll have the measure of the Sike.

Game to the End

THEIRS is only the more expressive and ebullient form of the spirit which animates the entire camp. It is difficult to set forth this spirit and be at once adequate and temperate about it. If I had to select the one quality which chiefly characterizes doc in uniform, I think I should name gameness. Fuse with his determination and enthusiasm a certain healthy humility, born of the necessity of learning things from the bottom up, a prevailing readiness to help the man a little newer than oneself, and a complete sense of democracy, and you get an esprit de corps such as one would not believe possible in an organization so new and so constantly renewing.

Noted General Pays Tribute to Tobacco

Larus & Brother Company, Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

All my life I have heard that smoking was unhealthy until I read an article on Military Leadership and Training written by a high Army Officer.

This Officer said: "If you don't smoke a pipe, learn, and teach your men to smoke a pipe; it quiets the nerves wonderfully, and gives one steadiness that is so necessary for a military man."

The next time I went to town I went to Primm's Tobacco Shop and asked for a real pipe tobacco, and they gave me a tin of Edgeworth Plug Slice. Gentlemen it is sure there with the nerve-quieting, satisfying qualities. I have not tried Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed yet, but it has got to go some to equal the Plug Slice.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) S. W. JONES,
1st Lieut. Inf. R. C.



Thank you Lieutenant Jones. May you live long and prosper and come to wear the five point star on the collar of your uniform.

Incidentally you will find in Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed the same quality as in Plug Slice—the only difference being in the form it comes to you.

The officer to whom you refer and who said: "If you don't smoke a pipe, learn, etc.," surely had the right idea. We were so interested in this officer—believing he

might have something more on the subject that the boys in khaki should hear, that we looked him up and here he is—General de Brock, an old French cavalry officer, who could speak with the voice of authority. We quote from General de Brock's instructions to his officers:—

"Every trooper should be encouraged to smoke a pipe. Why? Because it will keep him awake. The pipe is a means of diversion which, far from interfering with the trooper's performing his duty, attaches him to it and renders it less burdensome. It soothes him, kills time, banishes unpleasant thoughts, and keeps the trooper in bivouac and near his horse.

"On outpost, all sleep is forbidden. What a comfort you will then find the pipe, which drives away drowsiness, speeds the weary hours, renders the rain less chilly, and makes hunger and thirst more easy to endure. If you have to make long night marches after the fatigues of the day, when sleep overpowering you is a veritable torture and cause of numerous injuries to the horse, nothing will keep you awake like smoking your pipe.

"In a campaign, where men's resources are so limited, there is nothing so trifling as to be devoid of value. The pipe is a medium of exchange, of pleasure and of duty in the fraternal associations of our military life; in certain cases, when loaned it becomes a veritable means of relieving distress. Therefore, whatever Aristotle and his learned cabal may say, smoke, and make your troopers smoke."

We will wager General de Brock was beloved by his officers and troopers, besides being recognized as an authority on things military.

Try a sample of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed (enough for two pipefuls) on us. Edgeworth doesn't suit every pipe smoker, but so many pipe "cranks" and pipe "fans" have come to it as "the thing" after years of searching—that we're willing to chance its suiting you.

Edgeworth is sold in convenient sizes to suit all purchasers. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in pocket-size package is 15c. Other sizes, 30c. and 65c. The 16-ounce tin humidifier is \$1.25, 16-ounce glass jar \$1.30. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 30c, 65c. and \$1.20. For free samples, write to Larus & Brother Company, 3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

The Trucks Do Their Bit

Continued from page 15

tural sections in Virginia, the capital might have had a serious food shortage this year."

"The capital?" queried the major.

"Yes, you must remember that its population has increased 100,000 over last year, while no added railroad or trolley facilities have been secured. J. S. Barnsley is a farmer in Olney, Md. That's about twenty-one miles from Washington. He operates four rural express trucks to carry all the products raised by fourteen farmers in his vicinity. That means fourteen sticking to their job. Barnsley really acts as a banker for them. He buys the goods they need.

North, East, South, and West

"I CAN give many more instances," continued the agricultural chief. "Two 5-ton motor trucks with giant bodies are hauling on an average 15,120 dozen eggs a week to New York from Vineland, N. J. That's the largest egg-producing center in the East, you know. At this rate 786,240 dozen eggs will be carried in a year. That's only 35 per cent of Vineland's total yearly production, approximately 2,250,000 dozen. Then, too, the trucks are handling the eggs cheaper and quicker than by rail, freight, or express and without so much breakage, and there's only one handling—to the commission merchants.

"Motor trucks are also hauling farm products to various points along the recently opened New York State Barge Canal system. That waterway will, it is estimated, carry 10,000,000 tons of freight each way during the season from May 15 until about December 20, when it is usually frozen over. Think of the future possibilities for motor trucks here: 82 per cent of the State's population is within ten miles of some point of the canal system!

"Out in Missouri trucks are playing an important part in bringing garden products into the large cities, particularly St. Louis. Listen to this; it is a typical example: L. Vasal of Nursery, Mo., says that his trucks 'save myself and horses from many hours of work. Before I was compelled to go to market with the team, which took from 6 to 7 hours and often robbed me of a good night's sleep. Now I make the trip in 2½ hours and have from 3½ to 4½ hours more for my farm.'

"The Worswick & Jones ranch, Roswell, N. Mex., has a motor truck with a 350-gallon tank which is used to carry water 15 miles from a water hole to a cattle-grazing pasture. This enables fine pasture land to be put to use which without the truck would be wasted.

"Out in the bottom lands of Missouri and Kansas many thousands of dollars' worth of wheat was destroyed last year by summer floods. Starting in Osawatomie, Kas., the farmers are cooperating to move the wheat by means of motor trucks to higher ground as quickly as possible after cutting. And Big Chief Hoover is spurring all the lesser food administrators in this work and in the establishment of rural motor-truck expresses.

"A Pittsburgh ice dealer fills refrigerating cars with ice. By means of one motor truck with an elevating body he does with three men the work which would require eleven men with horses and wagons. Eight men are thus released for other vital war work.

New Fields

"JUST one more example: In the great wheat country in the eastern part of Washington great numbers of trucks are used to haul the wheat direct from the fields to the elevators. Previously it had to be hauled by hand from the field to the nearest road, where it was loaded into horse wagons for a slow eight- to ten-hour journey, in some cases, to the nearest railroad siding or elevator. Fruit growers are also realizing the advantage of motor trucks for quick marketing. Some of these have a removable 25-barrel tank for spraying purposes and put under

pressure by means of a small pump driven by the truck engine."

"I think I can give you a general O. K.," said the express official.

"There are, of course, many other new fields to conquer?" This from the major.

"Right," said the Agricultural Department official, fishing out another notebook. "Motor trucks are to-day proving profitable in the great logging business in the Northwest, where it is cheaper to haul under ordinary circumstances by motor trucks up to 10 miles. Experienced loggers state that it costs \$2.75 for loading and freight for 1,000 feet if hauled by railroad. If the logger does not ship direct to the mill, the cost of unloading, or 10 cents per 1,000 feet, must be added, making the total cost \$2.85, exclusive of the initial cost of the spur and the railroad, about \$5,000 a mile. A motor truck will haul logs on good roads at a cost of about \$2.75 per 1,000 feet. The cost of logging by horses on even 2- to 3-mile hauls will run from \$3 to \$3.50 per 1,000 feet. Where roads are poor, loggers are building roads which cost from \$2,500 to \$3,500 per mile less than railroad tracks. Out in Yucca, in the southeast desert of Arizona, John R. Wichman has been hauling tungsten, molybdenite, and other rare minerals entering principally into the construction of munition steel, by trucks to the nearest railroad, 35 miles away, across a desert of drifting sand. During 4 months the truck used has covered 6,300 miles and has done as much work in the 4 months as would have been done in 4 years by burros in the old way.

"Down in the Southland hundreds of thousands of bales of cotton are hauled annually in the big cotton centers. Trucks are not only used in the big cities, but on the farms where cotton is raised in addition to diversified crops. The shortage caused by buying up of mules for war purposes has forced cotton handlers to call in the motor truck. Memphis, Tenn., one of the greatest cotton markets in the world, leads in the use of trucks for handling cotton, and a large percentage of the crops raised within a radius of 50 or 60 miles of that city was hauled last year for the first time by means of trucks. Thousands of tons also came by trucks from Arkansas across the Mississippi River."

Government Highways

"NOW I know why one of your dry associates speaks of you as 'The Hon. Statistical Abstract,'" spoke up the Post Office official. "Your statistics have been anything but dry, though. In fact, they have quite reconciled me to this—ahem—rather arid train. However, I have a few of my own. The work which private trucks are accomplishing in the haulage of food is indeed wonderful, but we in our department have laid out a most ambitious plan for between 3,000 and 4,000 miles of parcel-post and mail routes. These will ultimately require the services of 100,000 or more trucks. They extend from Portland, Me., to New Orleans, La., and will cover a large stretch of territory in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and West Virginia in addition to routes serving the Western and Pacific Coast States. It was only on March 29, 1918, that Lancaster, Pa., became a suburb of New York City by a parcel-post motor truck which made the 171-mile trip between the two cities in 13 hours with 2 tons of food products and reduced the number of handlings from fourteen to six. These trucks can be operated at a profit if only a small percentage of first-class mail is carried. There are approximately fifty letters to a pound, and at 3 cents to the letter the revenue for 1 pound of mail is \$1.50. For 1 ton of mail, which can easily be carried on a post-office motor truck, the revenue would be \$3,000. In addition to the use of Post Office trucks on the rural routes, they are also being employed in seventeen of the large

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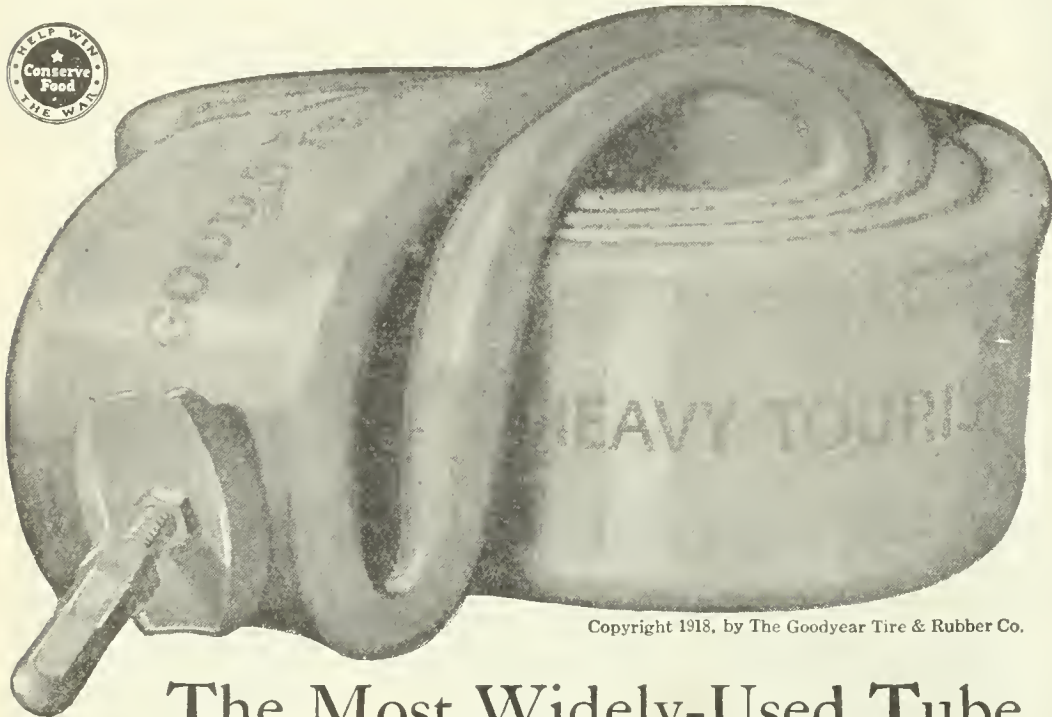
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cities for carrying mail between stations and between stations and the railroad terminals. Postmaster General Burleson last year reported that in one city the motor trucks engaged in the transportation of mail between the depot and post office were scheduled to make 384,526 trips, and there were only 132 failures, or one failure to every 2,913 trips in a whole year.

"We plan to have a greater number of trucks in use than any other department of the Government, and this, together with the increased use of the roads for driving war trucks overland and the great advance made in overland truck haulage by privately owned vehicles," continued the Post Office official, "has given a new national aspect to our road-building program. Until recently there was no centralized head for our highway development. And yet nine different branches of our National Government are directly interested in highway advancement—the Agriculture, War, Post Office, and Commerce and Labor Departments, and the Food, Fuel, and Railroad Administrations. This uncentralized road-building authority was remedied on June 10, 1918, by the appointment of the Government Highways Committee, comprising representatives from the War Industries Board, the Fuel and Railroad Administrations, the Highways Transport Committee, and the Motor Transport Service of the United States army. The chief objects of the committee will be the determination of which roads shall be built and to co-operate with the various States of the Union, the better to secure the construction of these necessary highways."

New York's Experiment

"SPEAKING of privately owned and other trucks," interjected Jones, the expressman, "in New York City there will be no more lines waiting as long as 60 hours to get into the piers to deliver goods or to get goods. This month a city-wide store-door delivery plan will be inaugurated and all incoming goods directly loaded into registered vehicles. These will depart from the various piers with full loads and deliver all less-carload lots of freight direct to the consignee without the formality of notices of arrival. If the consignee refuses to accept the shipment and pay the freight and delivery charges, the goods will be placed in a public warehouse at the expense of the consignee until called for. No more empty trucks getting on to a pier for

one small case and blocking all the other trucks in line while the driver hunts through great piles of goods to find his one lone case. The entire delivery will be regulated by zones and will be under the supervision of a drayage director. The plan will be thoroughly tried out in New York City. If it's a success, it will be extended to all the other large cities of the country.

"In addition to the work our own express vehicles are performing, it will interest you to know that forty-nine companies, with approximately 200 trucks, are now operating these vehicles on schedule over sixteen routes out of New York City. Twenty-eight other companies, with 100 to 150 trucks, are also operating out of New York City over irregular routes. One of the regular routes extends from New York to Boston, 249 miles, another to Pittsburgh, 401 miles, and still another to Allentown, Pa., 104 miles. Other regular routes are to Scranton, 136 miles, to Burlington, Vt., 336 miles, and to Buffalo, N. Y., 458 miles, and thence to Cleveland, 586 miles.

"Between Cleveland and Akron, Ohio, privately owned motor trucks are carrying a great volume of goods in each direction. A recent survey made on the Cleveland-Akron road showed that 507 motor trucks passed a given point during a 72-hour period, an average of 169 trucks every 24-hour period. Assuming the average load carried 2 tons, the trucks handled 338 tons every 24 hours. For a year of 360 days at this average, the total amount of goods hauled by trucks between the two cities would amount to 121,680 tons. That's equivalent to 3,042 freight carloads of 40 tons each.

"I'm giving you only a few examples of the many ways in which trucks are helping to win the war by conserving man power, by assisting the railroads, by hauling food products and all sorts of manufactured goods. And don't forget another leaf out of my notebook: They can also assist in reducing the steel consumption, for it has been shown that it requires approximately 1,437,000 tons of steel to build 50,000 steel freight cars and 12,500 locomotives. It only requires 300,000 tons of steel for 200,000 motor trucks of equal ton-mile carrying capacity, a saving of steel in favor of the truck of 1,137,000 tons."

"Boys," said the major, "your little monologues are full of the stuff that makes for victory. Why don't you print 'em?"

From Baseball to Boches

Continued from page 14

of powder, and it don't have to be talcum either. Any can that's got "Poison!" on the outside is worth tryin'.

Well, Joe, I have just asked the captain if it is O. K. with him to tell you all about the last big brawl we had in this letter, and his answer was exactly the opposite to yes. So I'll have to save it for a while yet. However, the war's correspondent was right here on the job, and no doubt you will be able to read some of it in the paper which took a chance and sent him over here. The name of it is the Associated Press, and I hope you have got a copy of it with my picture in it, and is it any good?

WHILE I'm waitin' to give you the inside dope on this here Made in America drive I'll tell you what a time we had gettin' outa Paris that time I pitched sterling ball for the Red Cross and got gyped outa twenty bucks, not to say losin' the game through trickery and foul play. Me and the war's correspondent and the trained officer from Plattsburg strolls up and down the boulevards after the game that night to our heart's content, and the way them swell dames looked us over was enough to turn anybody's head. Of course they didn't bother me, Joe, because I am a married man, and, apart from that, Jeanne has got it forty ways on any dame I, you, or anybody else ever seen. They's only one woman in the world that looks as good

to me right now, and that's the Statue of Liberty, Joe.

Well, the first thing you know, the trained officer from Plattsburg quit lookin' at the girls and takes a slant at his wrist watch and practically at once he says: "Heavens above! We're up against it now!" in a loud voice, the while gettin' pale.

"You said somethin'!" says the war's correspondent. "That blonde over there can have anything I got, outside of my passport!"

"Shut up!" says the Plattsburg guy. "No woman could get us out of the mess we're in now if she were Helen of Troy!"

"Where d'ye get that Troy stuff?" I says. "They's better-lookin' dames in Albany and Syracuse than Troy ever seen. Why—"

"Both of you idiots are enough to drive a thinkin' man crazy!" butts in the Plattsburg guy. "It's all right for this alleged reporter, but you and me are facin' perhaps twenty years in Leavenworth, if not a firin' squad!"

"I told you to lay off of this *vin ordinaire*," I says. "This here French booze is brutal and—"

"What's the trouble?" butts in the war's correspondent.

"Trouble?" howls this trained officer. "It's half past eight o'clock and we've missed the last train to our base. We were due to report to the captain at midnight. You know what that means

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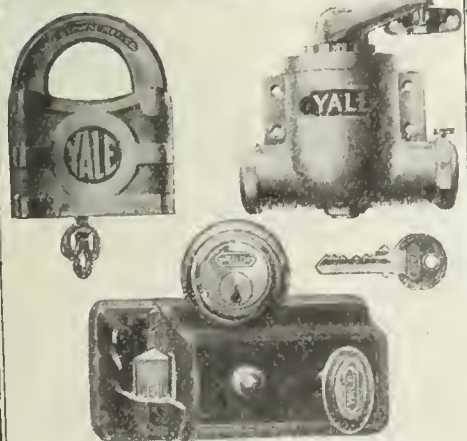
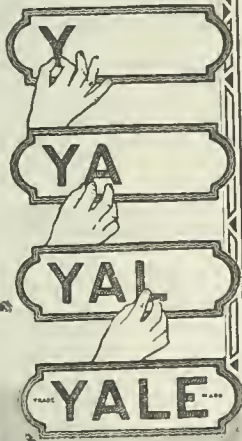
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in war time, don't you? My career is ruined!" He moans.

"Maybe you can get a new one at the quartermaster's," I says. "They got a lotta fresh stuff in last week."

The war's correspondent treated himself to a laugh and then he says:

"Listen! If he's on the level with that missin' the train thing, you guys are up against it for real. They give a guy ten years only last week for over-stayin' his leave."

"Well, I can't help it," I says. "Let's telegraph the captain that we have got sick, hey?"

"That's the best idea you ever had in your life—probably the only one!" says the Plattsburg guy. "Only we'll have to prove it."

"All right," I says. "They's a American ambulance around here somewheres and we'll get the medico to give us a note that—"

"Don't waste time talking about it!" butts in the Plattsburg guy. "Let's go!"

Well, Joe, we grabbed a taxi, and in less than no time, or about a hour to be exact, we wind up outside a American hospital. A guy dressed like a Coney Island head waiter, or, in other words, wearin' a white coat and pants, comes out when we ring.

"What do you guys want?" he says.

"Practically nothin'," I tells him. "It seems to have got by you, but we're a couple of American officers, this guy bein' no less than a Plattsburg graduate. We have went and missed our train back to the base and we'd like to stay at your hospital till to-morrow, so's it'll look like we was sick."

"You wanna stay here to-night?" he says.

"If I could guess like you," I says, "I'd make a bet on when the war's gonna end and give any man odds."

"Humph!" he says with a sarcastic snort. "You got another guess comin'. This here's a hospital, not a hotel. Good night!"

"Wait!" I says. "Be a good feller. Give us somethin' so's we can claim we're sick."

"You wanna get sick?" he says, attemptin' a smile and missin' it.

"Right," I says. "That's why we come to a doctor."

"Step inside," he says. "I know you guys is kiddin' me, but I got a hunch I can fix you up."

WELL, Joe, we all went in, and on the way down to the abattoir part of the hospital we passed a lot of Red Cross nurses. Joe, these dames all come from the U. S., and they must of been hand-picked, because any time any of 'em got sick of the smell of chloroform she could go right to work in the Follies and Ziegfeld would break his neck to sign her up. The war's correspondent says he would give a arm to stay there a week, and I says why not have his head cut off and be done with it, because there's somethin' he'd never miss.

Joe, after lookin' these here nurses over I know why them young doctors spends four years in a hospital before hangin' out their own sign. If it was me, I never would go in business for myself at all!

Well, the doctor comes out with three glasses of somethin' and hands 'em around. I took a smell of mine and would of died right then and there if I had of had a weak heart.

"Listen!" I says. "If you got any drinkin'-carbolic acid, I think I'd rather have a shot at that. This stuff don't go!"

"Drink it down," he says. "Be a man!"

"Sure!" says the war's correspondent, throwin' his in a cuspidor with a quick twist of his hand. "It ain't nothin' but a little nux vomica."

"Yeh," I says, "I'll prob'ly do that all right the minute I get outside of this stuff. I didn't wanna croak. I only wanted to get a certificate that I'm sick."

"Drink it down," says the doctor, while a nurse lured me on with a vampire grin. "And I'll guarantee you the certificate!"

"C'mon, then!" I says to the Plattsburg guy. "Here's a go!"

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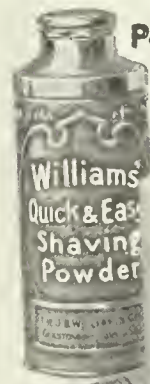
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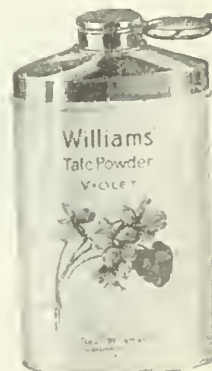
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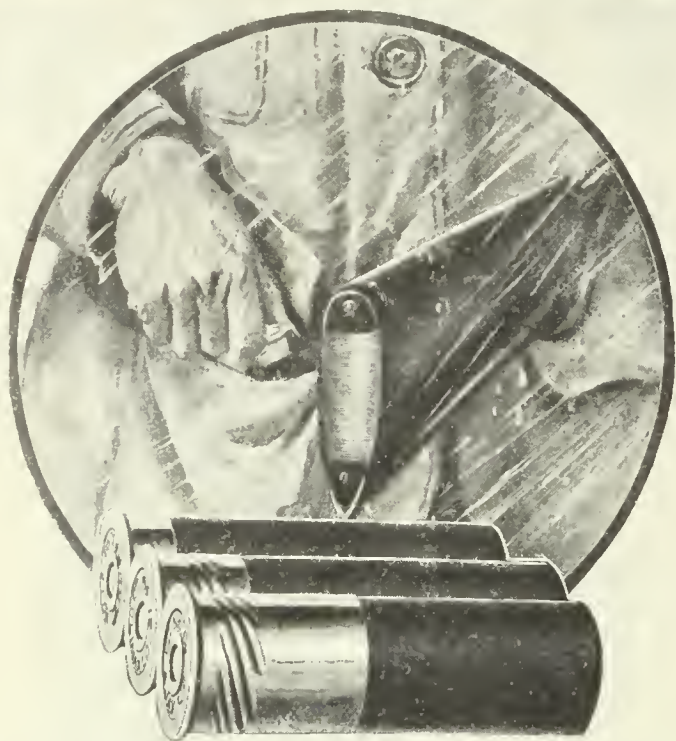


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Joe, we swallowed this stuff, and oh, boy! While we was reelin' around the ward the doctor give us the certificates and we was showed the way out. Joe, we was the same as Chaplin to them nurses, and I could hear their wild laughter long after we got in the street.

"What now?" says the Plattsburg guy, rollin' his eyes and holdin' his stomach, like he had heard somebody was gonna try and steal it away from him.

The war's correspondent sits down on the curb and begins to shriek with laughter.

"Oh, lady!" he hollers. "The only thing the matter with this story is that nobody will believe it when I cable it over. If I could only use you guys' names!"

"Heavens, I feel terrible!" moans the Plattsburg guy.

"I figure we didn't get enough," I says. "Let's go back and get another shot of that stuff before it's all gone. Maybe we can get so sick that we won't have to prove nothin' by talkin', hey?"

"Look here!" says the war's correspondent. "A joke's a joke, but this has gone far enough. I know enough about military procedure to know that if you boys don't report to-night it's gonna break tough for you. I think I can get hold of a guy here which will drive us by auto as far as the base if you'll both chip in to pay him. This bird will come high, but—"

"For the love of Heaven, then, get him!" hollers the Plattsburg guy. "I'll pay anything he wants!"

"Wait here," says the war's correspondent, "and don't go and croak on me while I'm gone, because then this guy will put the bee on me for about ten francs for bringin' him over. If you had any brains, you wouldn't of drunk that stuff!"

IN about twenty minutes, Joe, he rolls back in a auto which was prob'ly all the rage when Grant took Richmond. The motor sounded like a air raid and the driver looked like the victim of one. However, Joe, it was no time to get fussy, so we all climbed in. The chauffeur of this thing goes around in front and starts crankin' it up. If he throwed that crank around once, he done it a hundred times, and all the motor did was moan like somethin' was dyin' a horrible death under the hood. All at once he got it right. Oh, boy!!! Joe, they is a terrible explosion and he fell about ten feet away with the crank still in his hand. People which was passin' run for cover, and a horse hitched to a cab started for Fort Worth. But, Joe, the motor was turnin' over and the chauffeur gets up and comes back grinnin'.

"Viola!" he says. "What would you? I cannot help zat. Always Marie she give the small keek back. It is so droll, *n'est ce pas?*"

"Who's Marie?" I says, not seein' no dames in the neighborhood.

"That's what he calls this boiler," says the war's correspondent. "Don't say nothin', he speaks English, and he's liable to get sore."

"I'm dumb!" I says.

"I found that out long ago!" remarks the Plattsburg guy.

Well, Joe, believe me, that was some ride! I'll tell the world that Paul Revere's dash was a exercise gallop alongside of the wild way we fled through Paris and out into the open country. This here Marie was some car, and it only goes to show you can never judge nothin' from appearances. Take a crab, for instance—the first time I seen one I tried to squash it with my foot.

Along around eleven o'clock, Joe, it looked like they was no chance of us makin' the base in time, on account of Marie stakin' herself to a blowout and guys guardin' the road stoppin' us every seven inches. This chauffeur had plenty of monkey wrenches and the like with him, but no extry tires, and as none of us was in the habit of carryin' them around, we was stuck. To make it excitin', the Plattsburg guy offers the chauffeur fifty bucks extry to take



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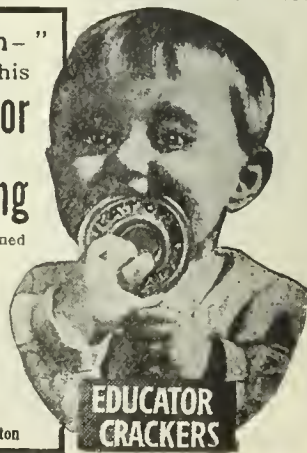
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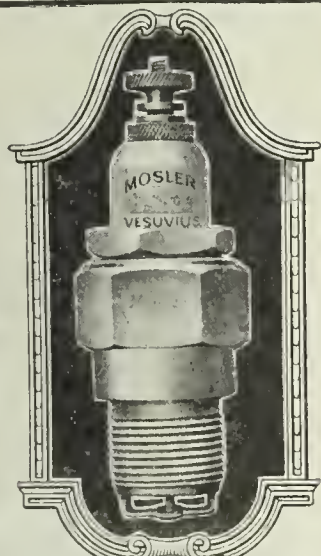
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us along on the rim, and I leave it to you whether we went away from there or not. For fifty bucks this guy would of blowed up the Louvre and furnished his own bomb.

Well, Joe, in another hour we are out on a road which the Germans is showerin' with attention and shells, and shrapnel bust around and over us like hail. We are a hour late and the Plattsburg guy is moanin' about what's gonna happen to us and he's got it doped that they would start in by shootin' us. We slewed around a turn and there's another car turned over on its side. We almost run into it and would of if I'd been drivin', but our chauffeur missed it by dumb luck. A coupla sentries or the like jumps out from behind it and hollers for us to halt. We did that by simply runnin' into a ditch.

A COUPLA French officers comes runnin' over and we gotta show them everything on us but a mole I had on my right shoulder. Then these guys claims they got nothin' less than a general with them and he's gotta get to headquarters right away. They says a shell put their bus on the bum and it was lucky we come along. They didn't say lucky for who, but from the way them shells was bustin' up the road, I'd say it was lucky for the Germans. They didn't ask us if we'd take this here general; they simply says make room. Well, Joe, I stole a look at the general, and it wasn't Pershing, but some French bird, and I thought the Plattsburg guy would throw his arm out salutin' him. I give him one wave and let it go at that.

Well, Joe, the general sits as straight and stiff as a poker and the Plattsburg guy keeps lookin' at him like he never seen one before in his life. The war's correspondent nudges me a coupla times and wags his head at the general and he hisses that he's got a peach of a story, but that don't mean nothin' to me. Joe, I figure the both of them is kiddin' me and it got me sore, so I says to the general:

"Well, this is certainly a fierce night to be out in, hey?"

Joe, he looks around at me for a minute and then he smiles.

"Oui," he says.

Joe, that means he figured I was right. The Plattsburg guy acts like he'd gone nutty. He crowds me over in a corner and claps his hand on my mouth. The war's correspondent shoved a handkerchief in his own.

Well, Joe, in less than a hour more we was at the base, only a mere two hours late, and we ain't no more than hopped outa the car when we run plumb into the captain. They ain't no smile on his face.

"Ha!" he grunts. "Both you men are under arrest. Corporal of the guard!" he sings out.

Joe, it looked bad.

Out steps this here French general, and the captain gasps and salutes him seven times by my count. They talk in French for a while, and I see the war's correspondent begin to grin.

"You guys must of been born in a bed of horseshoes," he says to me. "The general has told the captain that you brought him all the way here under fire and rendered valuable aid. For all I know you may grab off a cross!"

Well, Joe, we didn't get no cross, but after the French general left, the captain turns to us and grins.

"Go to your quarters," he says. "Just make out a formal report of the reason you were late and hand it to me. You will be cited for what you did to-night. Good night!"

"Gimme a cigarette!" I says to the war's correspondent. "That there French general must be a good guy—he certainly give us a out anyways. What's his name?"

"Foch!" he says.

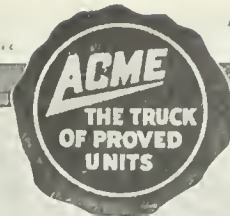
Yours truly,
Second Lieutenant EDWARD HARMON.

(Joe, I will give you the dope on the big battle in my next. That Foch guy's got charge of the war; we was lucky, hey?)

(To be continued)

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"Mr. Hoover"

Continued from page 12

Well, we gets about that far reading the cards when the mess boy brings the steward in. John sure looks blue. I can see he's been worrying about how and where he can sneak in a quiet fight or a friendly murder without being fired for it, just to relieve the monotony of his last month's probation. But he didn't know about these Hooverized menus yet, so I watches him close to see how he'll take it.

The Old Man clears his throat, takes the card from Sparks, and turns to Gordon. "Steward," he says, real solemn, "your menus in the past has done a lot of credit to your imagination and a lot of good to my own personal stummick. But Mr. Hoover up in Washington says here that you'll have to stow that imagination up fa'rd in the chain locker, and me, I'll have to log my stummick its next six months' whack. Food, my boy, will win this war, and, as far as I can make out, you and me and the rest of us that's already doing our bit by going to sea, is going to furnish the food by having it took away from us even that which we hath," he says, "while the loafers ashore sends their children around to the Chief's favorite delicatessen store to buy another pound of Camembert cheese because they themselves is too full of dinner to move away from the table."

The steward gives the card one long, searching once-over and then he looks at the Old Man.

"Cap'n," he says, "Mr. Hoover, he never made up these here menus," he says. "No, sir," he says; "they was stole pure and simple from some county almshouse," he says. "Only inmates," he says, "could live on this here line of grub, and it looks like Mr. Hoover was trying to make inmates out of us."

"Nevertheless," the Old Man says—"nevertheless, the company's orders is that they're to be followed strict and to the last letter of the alphabet. So act according, steward."

"It's goin' to make trouble in the foc'sle, sir," says Gordon.

The Old Man looked at him stern and severe. "Steward," he says, "when I has an officer in charge of a department of this here ship, and any square-headed Scoovie from the foc'sle comes messing into that department," he says, "I expect that officer to settle the matter without bringing his troubles to me. You've got two fists, steward," he says, "and if you're too little to handle a Scandihoovian crew, maybe I can get Mr. Hoover to send Jess Willard down to the *Willgren* for steward."

Well, sir, I never seen a man's face brighten up the way Gordon's did at them words.

"You mean, sir, that I can—"

He can't go no further, but I see his right hand clenching into a fist.

"You mean I can—" he begins again, and then he starts for the door. There he turns and holds out the menu card. "Cap'n," he says, "you can depend on me to follow out this here bunch of menus all the way through the alphabet like you told me," he says, "more especial in the foc'sle," he says.

22d and heads her west half south, true, for Tampico without nothing happening. But on the 23d, Clyde, one of the cadets, tells me that the bos'n took a couple of boiled potatoes into the galley at breakfast time and begun to abuse the cook about them. Clyde tells me that the bos'n ain't been seen since.

Then, down at Tampico, our first cook gets filled full of that spiggoty third-rail bug juice, gets lost up Union Square way, and we has to sail without him. But Mr. Hoover's a game kid.

"All right," he says, "I'll do the cooking myself."

We leave Tampico at noon on the 27th with topped oil for Tampa, Fla., and we've got all fast there at noon on the 31st, the very day that the real Mr. Hoover's new kind of extra-hour time goes into effect.

"I suppose the crew'll blame me for that too," says our Mr. Hoover.

ON the 2d we're all ready to take in our lines and beat it back to Tampico. All we're waiting for is the Old Man. As soon as I see his automobile heave in sight, I jumps up and blows my whistle for the crew to hustle out and single up, and out they come—all dressed up in their shore-going clothes, and each one has his sea bags packed.

The Old Man comes up just then, and they all line up along the rail and start telling him about it. It's the steward. Yep; Mr. Hoover. Seems the bos'n, backed this time by the second pump man, has gone into the galley again to talk about the boiled potatoes. And they comes out quick. The bos'n comes first and lands on his back with one eye the size and color of a healthy beet and one ear just debating whether to come all the way off or not.

"'Ee heet at me feefy time," he assures the Old Man.

"My, my!" the Old Man murmurs. "And lands only twice? How wasteful! Where's the second pump man?"

We all turns around and see him coming. The petty officers' mess boy is carrying his bags for him. He's a big, long skinny guy with a reach of about five feet, Pumps is, but he's dragging one leg after him like it was broke and nursing his right wrist with his left hand real tender and affectionate. He hasn't got a collar on because all the skin's taken off one side of his neck, and his nose looks like it's been split right down the bridge.

"Why, Pumps," says the Old Man, "did you get mixed up with some of your machinery?"

"No, cap'n, sir," the bos'n horns in, "dee stoo'rd, 'ee do dat too. 'Ee's got somesing hart een 'ees 'an's w'en 'ee 'its us bot'."

"Yes?" says the Old Man. "Knuckles, most likely. And did you two big guys beat him up very bad for doing all that to you? Did you carry him up to the hospital where he can be nursed back to life?"

Just then there comes the sound of a voice from the poop raised in happy song. It's Mr. Hoover, dancing a gay little two-step as he goes to the rail to empty a pail of slops overboard. Gosh, but he does act happy!

"Hello, everybody," he says. "It's a great life if you don't weaken, ain't it? What's all the party for? Dance to-night in the old town hall? Oh"—seeing the Old Man behind the crew—"beg pardon, sir; I didn't know you was there."

The old man, looking very stern and severe, tells him that the crew is accusing him of beating them up and starving them and that they're going to quit us in a body unless we fires him.

"What!" says Hoover. "Fire me! Make me lose this job and me with only two more weeks to go?"

"I'm sorry, steward," the Old Man says; "I'm sorry, but it costs this company \$2,000 an hour to hold up this ship once she's ready to sail. So, if you'll kindly step into my room, Mr. Gordon, I'll pay you off and give you transportation north. Shift back to your working clothes, boys, quick," he

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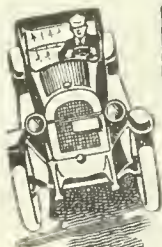
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says to the men. "Mr. Ingersoll, get ready to let everything go."

I goes on up to the foc'sle head, and I'm pretty busy for a while, but I finds time to shake hands good-by with the steward as he goes over the side.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hoover," I says. "Now you'll have to go through another three months' probation?"

He gives me a funny kind of a smile and he grips my hand hard.

"Mr. Ingersoll," he says, "thanks for your good wishes. The cap'n and me," he says, "understands each other pretty good now."

I don't quite get what he means, but I'm too busy just then to ask any questions, for we're hauling in the gangway, and we give the signal for the tug, which starts to work her out of the narrow cross channel we're in to head her down Tampa Bay. But the wind swings her in in spite of all we can do, her being light and high out of the water, so I calls to a little gasoline towboat called the *Nymph* to come take a bow line and help pull us out. The fellow aboard of her yells to a fellow on the dock who's standing talking kind of confidential to Mr. Hoover, and this fellow jumps aboard the towboat, backs out for our line and gets us around in great shape.

WE pass Egmont Key Lighthouse at seven o'clock just as it's getting good and dark, and a little later a couple of gasoline boats comes up astern and blows the signal for us to stop so they can take the pilot off. I gets the crew to the lee side with the boat rope and the ladder and yells for the cadets to come and help, but the Old Man he calls down from the bridge to never mind the cadets.

I turns in for a few winks of sleep and takes the bridge from the second at four in the morning. At five the mess boy brings me my coffee, and his hands is shaking so he near spills it. "What's the matter, Mess?" I says.

"It's—it's—it's Mr. Hoover."

"Mr. Hoover?" I says. "He's gone We fired him."

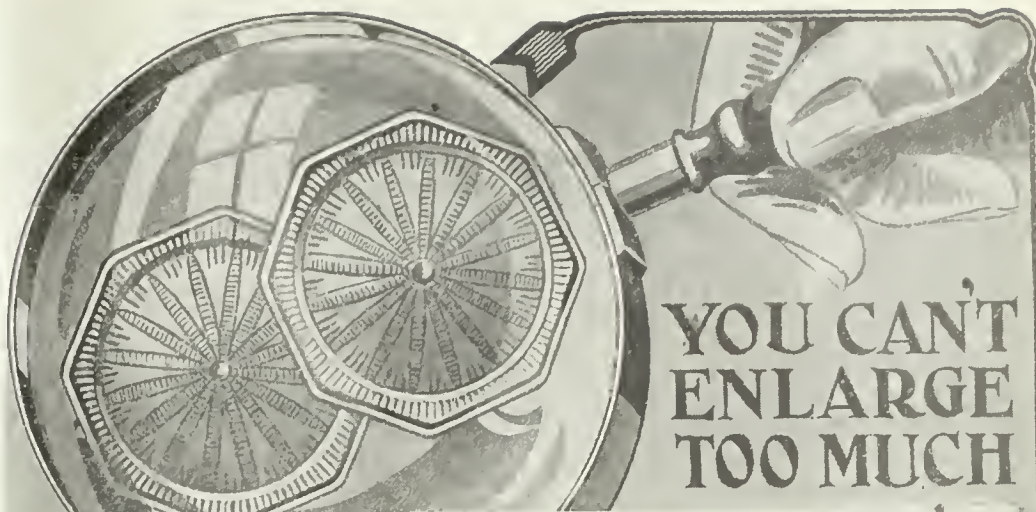
"Y-y-yes, sir," he says. "But he's aboard. I just seen him in his room. He came down after us on the *Nymph*, and when we stopped to let the pilot off the three cadets went back to the stern and hauled him aboard."

Right after my own breakfast I see that the mess boy is right. The Old Man and me goes up to sit in the lee of the wireless room to smoke our pipes when we notices four or five of the seamen skulking around on the poop. Then Mr. Hoover himself comes out of the galley and makes for the fore-and-aft bridge. All at once, like there has been some kind of a signal give, the whole crew, and oilers and wipers and pump men and quartermasters, seems to spring up out of nowhere, and there's Mr. Hoover surrounded with no way out of it. The Old Man, he gets up out of his chair.

"Mr. Ingersoll," he says, "blows struck aboard ship where an officer sees them," he says, "is likely to cause trouble for them as strikes them. It is now about nine o'clock," he says, "so you and me had better hurry to make preparations to take our noon sights," he says.

I gets his point right away, only I'm of the opinion that the odds against Mr. Hoover is too great and we really ought to interfere. But I follows the Old Man up to the navigating bridge and we sneaks over to the dog house on the starboard end and peeps around through the windows where the crew can't see us.

THE Scoovie bos'n, he's doing the Targuing with Mr. Hoover. All of a sudden he gives a signal, and everybody makes a rush at once. But Mr. Hoover's like a cat. I never seen a man so quick. He makes one good, clean upper cut to the jaw that puts the bos'n down like a dog, and then he jumps, grabs an awning pipe above his head and pulls hisself part way up like he's chinning hisself. Then, when the crew closes in, he starts swinging and kicking out with his feet so fast I can hardly follow them with my eyes, front and back and sideways and upward and



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downward, right in with his heavy shoes among that bunch of squareheads.

Three of them goes down in a heap, and the rest gets all tangled up together with their rush, and, before they can untangle, Mr. Hoover, he pulls his feet up, shoots them out, and does a foot-first dive right over their backs, and lands on his toes neat and clean outside the bunch. Before they can recover and turn on him, he lands with his right behind the ear of one of the quartermasters, jumps over him as he falls, and in three steps he's on the fore-and-aft bridge, turning and facing them and daring them to come after him.

It's a darned smart move too. The fore-and-aft bridge ain't wide enough for two abreast, so they can only come at him one at a time, and it's easy to see none of them wants to be the first one. So they pretends to be busy picking up the bos'n and the rest of the wounded while Mr. Hoover stands there and laughs at them.

"You'll do me out of my last two weeks, will you, you square-headed Scoovies?" he yells at them, and he laughs again. "Come on; let's see the man that wants to begin it."

He might have had them bluffed right there if some one of the gang hadn't got hold of a heavy stick of wood about five feet long and fit to knock out a bull. With this weapon in their hands they gets their nerve partly back, and they gives it to a husky young Russian quartermaster who's all of 200 pounds tall. Before he can get it through his thick head that he's elected to the honorary position of number one on the list of To Be Killed and Injured, they shoves him ahead of them and they all piles after him to the fore-and-aft bridge.

AT that it's a nasty position Mr. Hoover's in. If it wasn't for the club and the size of the quartermaster, he'd have a chance, but it's a whale of a heavy stick and, with the quartermaster's beef behind it, no human bare arm could beat it off. I pulls out my whistle and looks at the Old Man for the word to blow it.

"Mr. Ingersoll," he says, "you and me is too busy figuring out where we'll be at eight o'clock to-night to see anything taking place on the ship," he says, "unless it's officially brought to our attention by the parties interested."

So that settles it. I can see Mr. Hoover knows he's in a bad fix. He takes a quick look around him on both sides and then sizes up the men pressing toward him in single file down the narrow fore-and-aft bridge. There's the husky quartermaster and a couple of other big ones in front and a couple of little shavers shoving them on from behind. The bos'n, the other quartermaster, two seamen, and an oiler is sitting on the big hatch on the poop nursing heads and noses and arms, all the fight taken out of them by Mr. Hoover's horizontal-bar work with his feet, and only just enough ambition left to watch, hoping to see Mr. Hoover nicely murdered.

And it looks like he's going to be too. The big quartermaster raises his club and advances, his crowd pressing him on from behind and telling him how easy it's going to be. Mr. Hoover gives another quick look around, waits until the quartermaster begins his swing, and then suddenly vaults over the hand railing to one of the tank tops on the expansion trunk below, just as the club comes down whack! on the place where his head was only a minute before. The stick hits the iron pipe rail, and you can see how it stings the quartermaster all the way to the shoulders, for he lets out a yell, half drops it, and shakes his hands like flippers, cursing all the time.

But Mr. Hoover don't wait for another whack. He reaches up over the bridge, grabs the two big feet of the squarehead, yanks quick and sudden, and the big quartermaster comes sprawling down flat on his face, his hands grabbing at the rails, the stick of wood batting him across the head as he falls and jamming crossways of the narrow bridge, its ends across the lower rails on each side and blocked firm against the stanchions.



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Mr. Hoover, he sees this quick and acts according. I never knew a man who could think so fast in a fight nor make his feet answer his helm like he could. Before I can figure it out he's up the steps to the poop, runs around, and comes charging them from the rear down the fore-and-aft bridge where the littlest runts in the crew is pretending to be brave attackers.

But they don't pretend long. Just as he probably has it figured out, soon as they see him coming at them, they rushes in a panic up against the others, pushing and scrambling, forces the forward one up against the jammed stick and into the kicking legs of the quartermaster, who's trying to scramble to his feet; they pushes some more to get out of Mr. Hoover's way, and the rush gets so strong the forward end man can't hold it. It shoves him over until the stick catches him just below the knees, and he does a tumbledown on top of the quartermaster, who, thinking it's probably Mr. Hoover, starts to fight like mad, and the two of them rolls off the bridge to the expansion trunk, where the big quartermaster's head lands on the sharp end of a wing bolt on a tank dog, and it lays him out flat.

Then Mr. Hoover gets real busy and interested. Two cross hooks knocks a little Spanish oiler through the railing to the main deck, and he's out for keeps. Two more swings puts a runt of a wiper down on his knees begging for mercy. The rush carries the next biggest seaman up against the stick, trips him off his feet, and down he goes with another seaman piling down on top of him, both of them fighting with each other to keep from finishing nearest to Mr. Hoover's flying fists. That leaves only two, and they takes the tip from Mr. Hoover himself, jumps the railing, and runs for the foc'sle through the port alley.

Mr. Hoover, with the way clear before him, looks them over, gives them a happy laugh, tosses the stick into the sea, and then comes dancing down the fore-and-aft bridge. Honest, he ain't even winded by his exercise. And the bos'n and the crew and the oilers and wipers and quartermasters watches him go into the saloon, gets painfully up onto their feet, and drags their broken heads and bones down to the foc'sle.

I sees John, the mess boy, that afternoon. He's smiling all over his face. "What is it, son?" I asks him. "Somebody give you a Christmas present?" "It's Mr. Hoover," he says. "He's a queer guy."

And just then the Scoovie bos'n comes up. He's got a bandage around his jaw, but he's smiling too. "Dat's wan ver' gut dinner," he tells me.

"Good dinner?" I says. "We didn't have anything extra. What's the idea?"

"I don't no," he says. "Vee git steak wit' all kin' 'a t'ings aroun' 'im. Dee stoo'rd, 'ee say 'ee's feelay meen-yon."

"Filet Mignon, eh?" I says.

"Yeh. An' bake p'tat an' p'tat grat-in an' peas an' salad an' puddeen. An' dee stoo'rd, 'ee waits on dee table for us 'eesself an' for dee seamans too. 'Ee's wan fine man, dat stoo'rd."

"So—o—o!" I says, getting wise.

THEN, that night, when I'm passing Mr. Hoover's room, he calls me in. "It's hell not to have an education, Mr. Ingersoll," he says. "Here I've got a letter to my girl almost done, and I hit three words in the last sentence I can't spell. How do you spell 'irritatin',' an' 'rained,' an' 'peace'?" he says. I spells them for him.

"I'm sendin' this from New Orleans, tellin' her I'll be home in two weeks to marry her. I'm going to stop off here for a week's rest, sparrin' with Battlin' Newlin. He's trainin' for his championship fight with Kid Hennessy."

"But," I says, "that's a funny combination you've got in that last sentence—irritating and peace together, and rained—we ain't had no rain."

"Oh, it ain't that," he says. "I'll read it to you. It's about how I've come through my probation."

"There has been irritating incidents, of course," he reads, "but mostly on the voyage peace and quiet has rained, more especial here just lately."



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Germany began her war with no plans for elaborate taxation of her people; the Junkers expected to saddle the cost of the war upon quickly conquered nations. Not so does a free people make war! From the start we have gone down into our own pockets for every cent we expend; we have never thought of taking, we have thought only of spending our blood and our treasure to protect our ideal of free national life.

The menace of Hindenburg makes no American tremble. But it makes us grit our teeth and either fight or give! What the Government (which is the people) wants to borrow, we, the people, as individuals will lend.

The menace of Hindenburg shall cease to exist in the world even as a shadow; and we shall return to our individual pursuits under the protection of our national ideal successfully defended; and, please God, other nations, as the result of this struggle, shall join us and our already free Allies in the enjoyment of our blood-bought and blood-held freedom.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 28, 1918

VOL. 62 NUMBER 3

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Charles V. Combe

who spent sixteen months in German prison camps, writes on "War Prisoners," and compares the German methods of treatment with ours

Lucian Cary

tells the humorous story of a New Yorker who tried, "Putting It Over on the Old Home Town"

Benjamin Strong

Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of the Second District, answers the question, "More Liberty Bonds, or More Income?"

Wilbur Daniel Steele

"A Taste of the Old Boy" is a tale of an unusual adventure with a U-boat

Clarence B. Kelland

"Uncle Sam's Fake Factory"—our huge plant in France where we build the "scenery" that fools Fritz



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in extensive imitation. Undoubtedly the wonderful new Congoleum Art-Carpets will be imitated, also, and so we want to tell you in advance how you may be *sure* you are getting the genuine.

Look for the New Gold Seal

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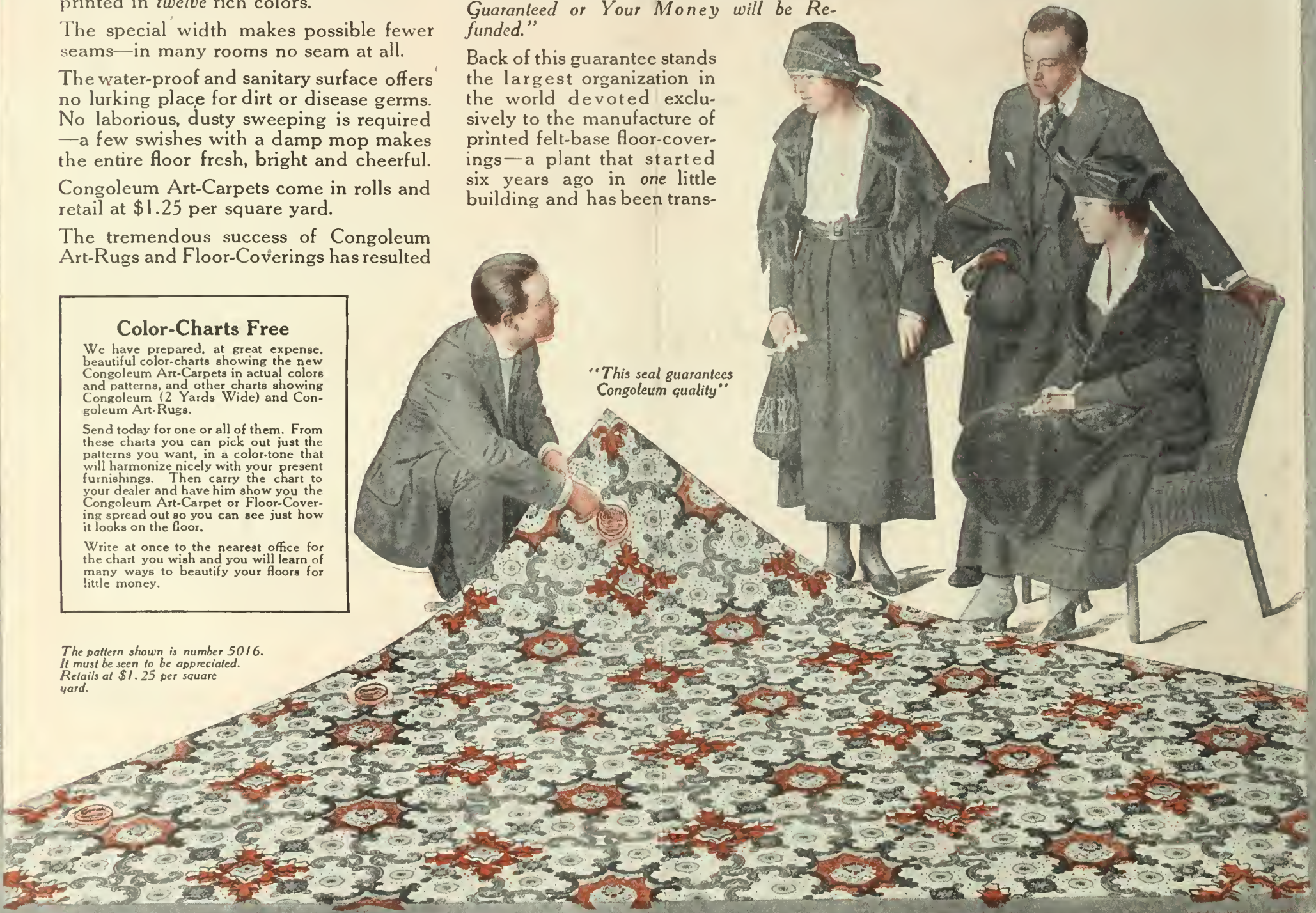
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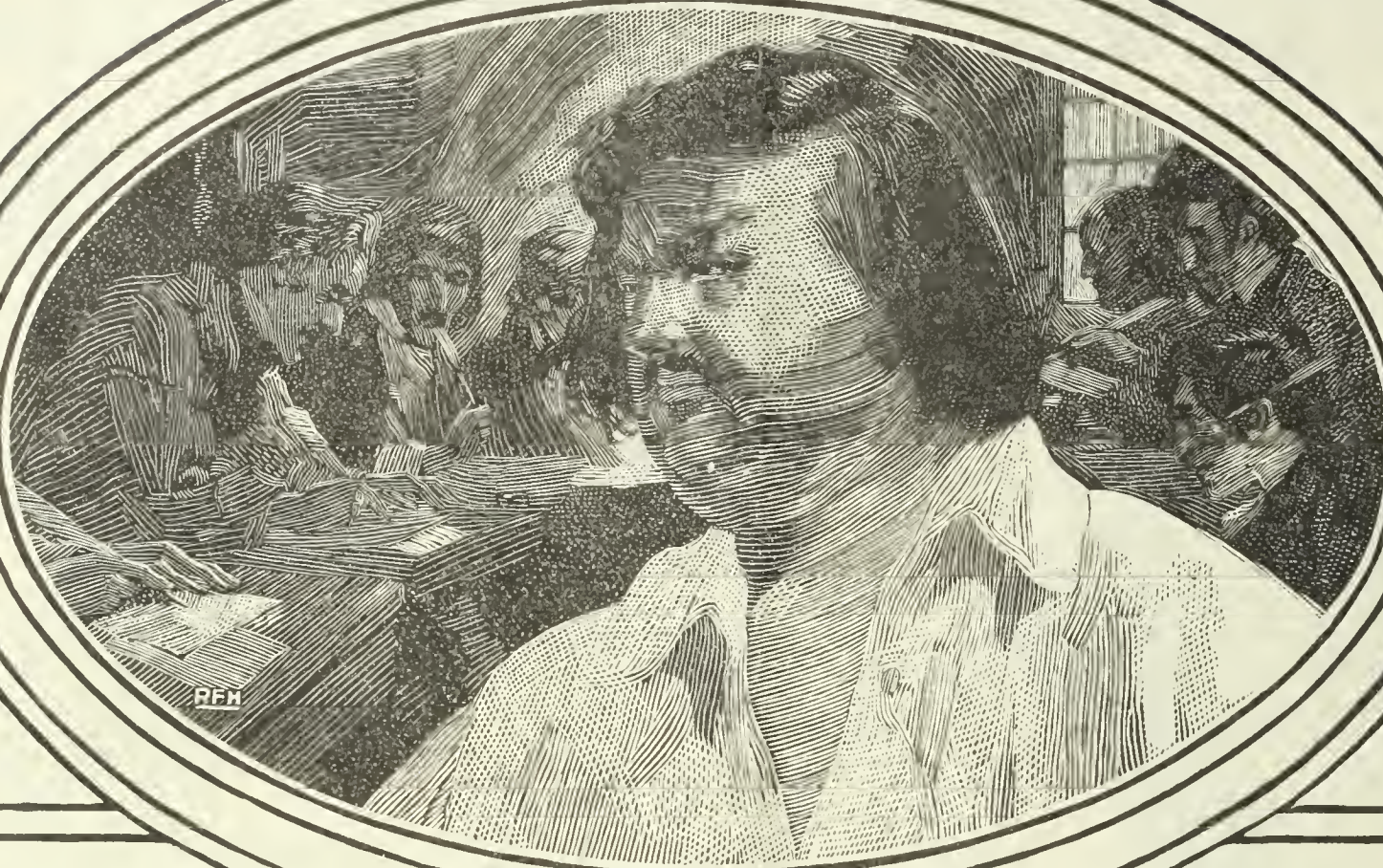
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Price: 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Canadian and Foreign, 10 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year.

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War Prisoners

How Germany Treats Them—How America Does

BY CHARLES V. COMBE

AS I have been a prisoner of war in the hands of the Germans for sixteen months and have first-hand knowledge of conditions behind German barbed wire, I believe I am qualified to compare the lot of the war prisoners in that country and the United States. I wished to compare conditions among working prisoners, since it is upon them that the Germans practice the cruelties so often reported, and as Fort Oglethorpe was the most representative camp for my purposes in this country—the German sailors are interned there—I investigated it.

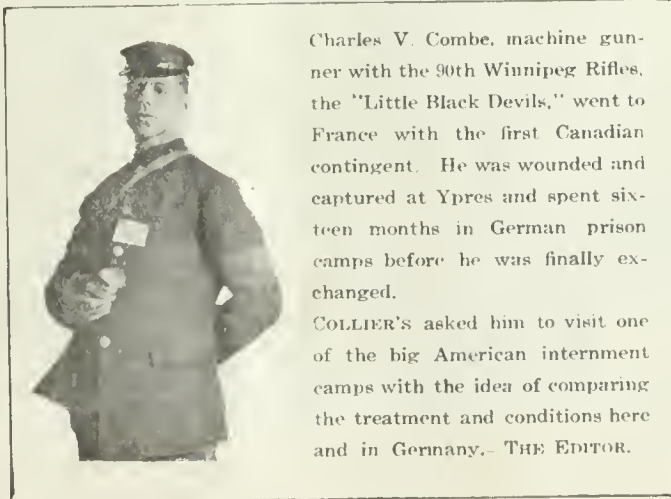
Whether in Germany, the United States, England, or France, a prisoner-of-war camp has pretty well-defined physical characteristics. It is a huge, square, barbed-wire inclosure, with outside fencing ten to twelve feet high and several lesser fences defining inner prohibited areas. At night it is brilliantly illuminated by great arc lights to enable guards to detect any attempts to escape. A typical camp covers about a square mile of ground; it contains regular "streets" of numbered barracks, together with necessary administration buildings.

Outside the camp proper sentries patrol ceaselessly day and night. In Germany machine-gun nests are placed in strategic positions to quell possible mutiny. At Fort Oglethorpe lookout boxes are raised about fifteen feet above the ground level at regular intervals of a hundred yards or so. Inside each is a youth with a machine gun. He has instructions to "let her flicker" on any man seen out of bounds or attempting to escape by day or night. Usually the exercise grounds are on one side only of the camp.

Colonel Penrose, the commandant at War Prisoners' Barrack No. 2, which is the official name of the camp at Fort Oglethorpe, showed me his camp with pardonable pride, explained his system of prevent-

ing escapes, and invited me to tell him how I would get out of his clutches. I really didn't see how it could be done, but volunteered the opinion that a successful escape was usually the result of careful planning rather than inspiration. I was constrained to confess, however, that even if I were gifted with the proverbial nine lives of a cat I would rather risk the whole nine in an attempt to get out of Germany than one of them in a foolhardy adventure around his brightly lit barbed wire. He pressed for details. I told him his prisoners were too comfortable to take desperate chances, and that German guards were old and dull of sight and sense, while the Americans were young and at the meridian of their hunting powers. For the rest I told him many things which I must not repeat here, since the Germans are good imitators, and I don't propose to give them any hints for guarding their camps as vigilantly as do the "verdamnte" Yankees. The American authorities were not enthusiastic over my proposal to take photographs in the camp. It seems that an energetic New York newspaper man had photographed a German foreman standing against a rock pile, and had published the picture. In some mysterious manner, probably connected with a submarine in the offing and an unintended enemy agent, the illustration traveled to Germany, where the subject was identified as a Prussian captain known to be interned in this country! An immediate charge of subjecting the Prussian commission to indignity was made by Germany, together with threats of reprisals; and it took the united efforts of the American War Department and the neutral embassy representing Germany to convince the enemy that he was in error. The Prussian "officer" turned out to be a interned rock foreman from the West. So, to avoid any more such dangerous situations, the authorities now take their own photographs.

The most vital and interesting comparison em-



Charles V. Combe, machine gunner with the 90th Winnipeg Rifles, the "Little Black Devils," went to France with the first Canadian contingent. He was wounded and captured at Ypres and spent sixteen months in German prison camps before he was finally exchanged.

COLLIER'S asked him to visit one of the big American internment camps with the idea of comparing the treatment and conditions here and in Germany.—THE EDITOR.

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braces the general living conditions of prisoners in Germany and America, respectively, their food, clothing, and shelter. Colonel Penrose assured me—and what I saw confirmed the assurance—that German prisoners under his control (and there are about 5,000) enjoy precisely the same living conditions as American soldiers. I will outline the daily meals given in American and German camps.

BREAKFAST.—*Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia:* Coffee, sugar and milk; bacon, ham, or cold meats hashed and fried with potatoes; bread and butter.

Soltau, Hanover, or Giessen, Hesse: Coffee made from burnt acorns; no sugar and no milk; or corn-meal tea; or filthy and gritty cocoa. Each day the prisoner is given six ounces of prison bread, which is the basis of his sustenance and which varies in nutritive value according to the condition of Germany's national larder. In July and August, 1916, for example, it was 20 per cent wood pulp dried and floured and treated chemically to make it absorbable into the human system. Usually the prisoner must save some of this bread for breakfast or go hungry. In the United States Germans get all the bread they want with every meal, though they are on sugar and butter rations—as the Americans are.

DINNER.—*Fort Oglethorpe:* Soup; fresh beef, mutton, pork, or fish (no veal); two or three fresh vegetables; stew twice a week instead of meat and vegetables; a final course of fresh tomatoes, prunes, or canned fruit, and rice.

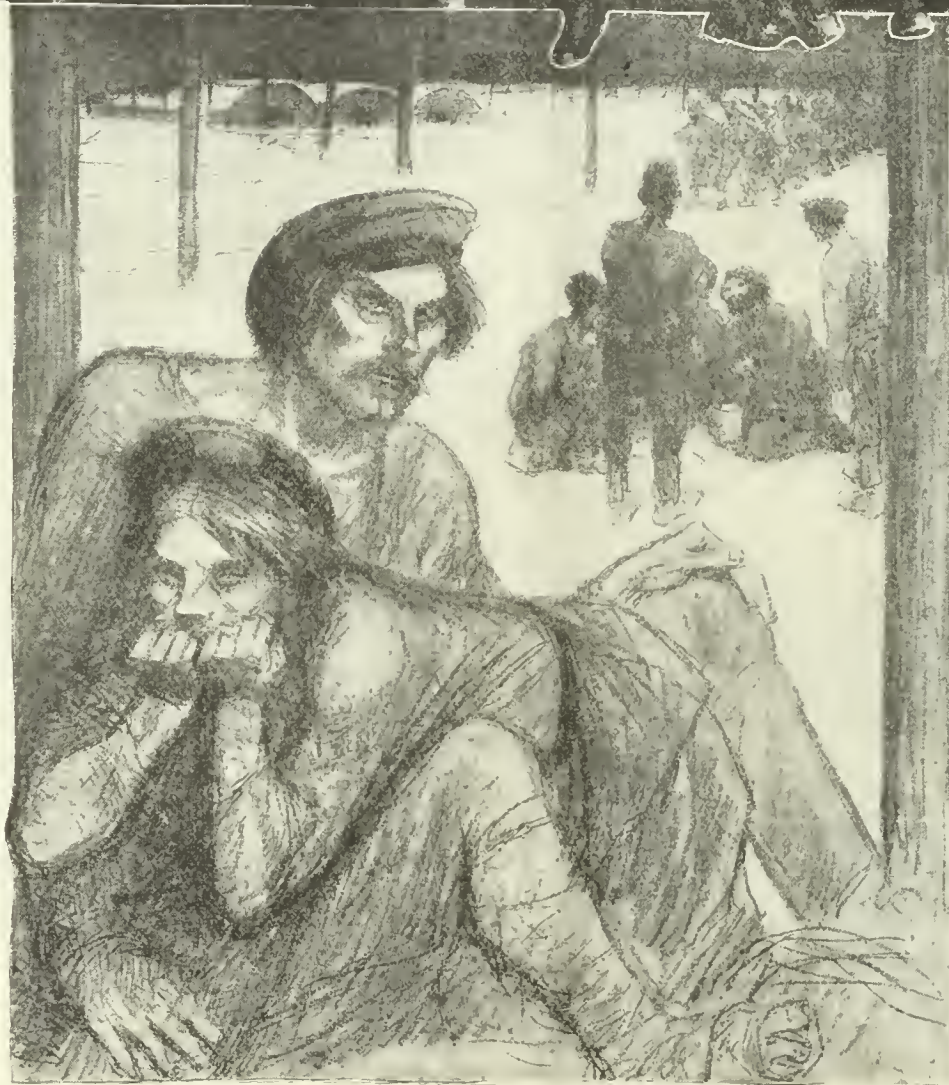
Soltau or Giessen: One liter of "soupe," variously named yet eternally the same except on Fridays, when it has an objectionable fish "taint." These soups are really a kind of gruel with a sediment of overcooked vegetable matter.

SUPPER.—*Fort Oglethorpe:* Tea, sugar, and milk; bread and butter; jam, cheese, rice, and prunes, or something of that nature.

Soltau or Giessen: Same as dinner, but about two-thirds as much. One night a week, cheese with potatoes (usually three-quarters rotten); another night, a salt-pickled uncooked herring. It is next to impossible to get boiling water to make tea even when parcels from home are allowed prisoners.

To make the situation even worse, German guards consistently and persistently steal even the scanty rations provided. At Giessen the "inside" sentries used to provide themselves with ruck sacks which they turned over to the cook-house Unter-offizier, who returned them at night loaded with a liberal share of our rations. Each sentry took his "spoils" of food home for his own people, or to sell. In the aggregate this petty robbery worked a very considerable hardship on men who had no food from home. We complained to no purpose, and I suspect that everybody was in the same boat.

At Fort Oglethorpe



"We signed an agreement, as Germany did, to treat our prisoners of war humanely." The top row of husky German sailors shows how Colonel Penrose, the commandant at War Prisoners' Barrack No. 2, interprets this agreement. Underneath is Germany's interpretation of the same agreement—Steinlen's picture of Russian prisoners of war starving to death



Workers (note the predominance of sailors' uniforms) and nonworkers attending a movie at Fort Oglethorpe; cinemas, theatres, sports are part of Colonel Penrose's humane plan for conserving the prisoners' health

the Germans have canteens (under the strictest military control, of course, to prevent plotting and illicit trafficking) where they can buy at cost practically anything they have the money to pay for, from tobacco and cigarettes to the choicest foods and the multitudinous white elephants of the luxury trades which some millionaire internes fancy.

Fortunately, most

Entente prisoners in Germany have friends at home. The Germans, like the Americans, allow parcels to go through the censorship office unless there is a "strafe" on, in which case parcels are stopped during the pleasure of some tyrannical and strutting commandant. Generally, prisoners who receive parcels are better fed than the Germans themselves.

"Why do you treat the Germans so well when they treat our workers like dogs, worse than dogs?" I asked Colonel Penrose.

He looked at me and replied: "I will tell you. We are a humane and Christian nation. It is against these unspeakable atrocities of which you speak, and the spirit that is responsible for them, that we civilized western nations are fighting. If we act as badly as they do, we shall be as bad as they are. We signed an agreement, as Germany did, to treat our prisoners of war humanely. We are doing our best to keep the letter and spirit of our agreement in an honorable manner. Our agreements are not scraps of paper. Anyway, we are human beings, and couldn't do such things."

"Barbed-Wire Madness"

THEN Colonel Penrose explained that workers and nonworkers are provided with wholesome recreation. Cinemas, theatres, schools, churches, field sports, and all the diversions of liberty are provided them to such good purpose that the average of sickness is negligible. All are encouraged to participate in these socializing activities.

"I believe in helping them all I can," the commandant explained to me. "It keeps them contented and makes them better workers"—the American attitude again, in comparison to the German.

In contrast to the hundreds and thousands of prisoners who have died in Germany, only one German interned at

Fort Oglethorpe has died from disease. This is an indication of what Germany could have done had she used the same capable, humanitarian methods.

It speaks well for the American system of administering prison camps that no case of "barbed-wire madness" (*maladie de fil de fer*) has yet developed in this country. It has long been rampant in Germany, and that is why "Heinie" was so willing to allow mutual exchanges to neutral countries. It is a disease of "intellectuals," so called, and begins with ennui and homesickness, developing into despondency, which causes insidious physical, mental, and moral deterioration, (Continued on p. 28)

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More Liberty Bonds, or More Income?

BY BENJAMIN STRONG

GOVERNOR OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE BANK OF THE SECOND DISTRICT AND CHAIRMAN OF THE LIBERTY LOAN COMMITTEE

UNDOUBTEDLY thousands of Americans are puzzled in trying to determine how many Liberty Bonds they should buy. The writer does not intend to lay down rules by which anyone may accurately decide his duty in this matter. That decision must be made by the individual according to his ability, his personal needs, and his patriotic impulses. But some light may be thrown on the subject by presenting various aspects of the question which may not have occurred to the reader. The matter certainly involves perplexities. The individual is considering his own comforts, or, possibly, what he believes to be his necessities. The Secretary of the Treasury is charged with the duty of borrowing a large part of the money required for the prosecution of the war, but at the same time must so shape his plans that essential business may proceed and even be extended. But the money must be raised!

Buy or Pay

THE financial officers of our Government face a difficult situation which they do not control and have power to influence only to a slight extent. Expenditures are mapped out by the various departments of the Government, the largest now being by the War and Navy Departments; they are submitted to Congress and appropriation bills result, which authorize the expenditure of the various amounts demanded by the departments, as finally approved by Congress. At no point have the Treasury officials any legal standing to control, and they can but slightly influence the amounts of these expenditures outside of those relating to the administration of their own department. The Treasury, therefore, is called upon to raise money, the amount of which it has no voice in determining, and the expenditure of which it has no means of controlling. Its policy must be governed, under the outworn procedure which our Government follows, by very simple rules. Sound financing requires that as large a proportion of war expenditures as possible be raised by taxation, but not so large an amount as to impair business enterprise, and particularly those enterprises which must be developed to high speed in order to produce goods required for war purposes. If, therefore, the Treasury is provided by Congress with a given proportion, say, one-third of the expected Government outlay from taxation, whatever else is spent must be raised by the Secretary of the Treasury through various forms of borrowing authorized by Congress at his request.

Right here the attitude of the people of the country, even more than the decisions of Treasury officials, controls developments in future years which will be of vast importance to our welfare. If we are able to pursue a policy of gradually increased taxation as industries are able to bear it, but never raising taxes to the point where essential business is injured, and if we can raise the balance of our war expenditures from voluntary subscriptions to bonds, and the bonds are paid for out of savings, the country's financial condition after the war is over will be substantially unimpaired. It certainly will be vastly better than that of some other belligerents. On the other hand, if these voluntary subscriptions are not made, no one for a moment would assume that on that account we must stop fighting. The war must be won and the funds must be raised to win it, even if bond issues fail. The failure of a bond issue would simply mean that other methods must be employed, possibly methods less sound in principle and certainly less palatable in application than those now pursued. The choice of methods cannot be said to

rest any more upon Government officials than upon the public.

Assuming that expenditures will shortly amount to \$2,000,000,000 a month, and that it is possible for Congress to levy taxes that will produce a total of, say, \$8,000,000,000 for this fiscal year, there will still remain \$16,000,000,000 to be raised by borrowing. The success of these borrowing operations will

a return of 6 per cent or 8 per cent, or even more? Possibly the first point to consider in choosing between a subscription to Liberty Bonds and the purchase of other bonds or stocks paying a higher return is whether an investment in some other security may aid or hinder the Government in the prosecution of the war. There is no choice whatever between investing in the war bonds of the Government and

investing in new issues of securities made by enterprises engaged in operations of no assistance to our war activities. That question has already been answered by our Government for every investor. Capital Issues Committees have been appointed to determine whether it is in the public interest to allow any given issue of new securities to be offered to the public. But this does not answer the investor's question as to whether he may not purchase some existing security which pays a higher return than Liberty Bonds.

Your Need or Uncle Sam's?

AN example may illustrate the state of mind of an investor who must consider his own personal necessities. He may be a poor man who has been dependent upon a small salary or a small income from a nest egg of investments accumulated after long years; he may have saved a small part of this income, or, possibly, some of his investments returning a high rate of interest may have been repaid at maturity. He knows it costs him more to live than it did before the war. Must he make the sacrifice involved in accepting 4¼ per cent interest instead of a higher rate, possibly even 6 per cent or 8 per cent, which he may have been receiving until his old investments were repaid? This is one of those doubtful cases where each man must decide according to his present needs as contrasted with the needs of his Government. If economies can be practiced which will not interfere with the maintenance of his health, or that of his family, or with the education of his children, or with continued efficiency in his work, he is justified, and, possibly, required as a matter of duty to give up a larger income in order that his Government may have his support. By this sacrifice he assumes his share of the burden of the war. On the other hand, if it really involves impairment of health, or efficiency, or

the loss of education for his children, he is warranted in making investments of a character that will pay a higher return. But, in selecting an investment which pays a higher return, it is desirable, if possible, to pick out some new issue and, of course, a sound security, stamped with the approval of the Capital Issues Committee. If this is a fair statement of the position of a man with an income of, say, twenty-four hundred dollars a year, who is able to save two hundred dollars, it is hard to justify him in withholding his savings from the Government. Two hundred dollars invested at 4¼ per cent produces \$8.50 a year and at 7½ per cent \$15 a year. He foregoes an additional income of \$6.50 per annum, which even the poorest man can afford, and it must not be overlooked that in his case the income from his new investment is free of any taxes whatever. This may seem an insignificant contribution to the Government's war effort, but 10,000,000 people making an investment of this size can furnish the Government with \$2,000,000,000, which is one-third of the probable amount of the Fourth Liberty Loan.

Another class of investors, now a much larger one than is generally realized, comprises those patriotic men

(Continued on page 29)



Poster by Walter Whitehead for the Fourth Liberty Loan

depend primarily upon the extent to which our people are willing to economize and then upon the extent to which they are willing to turn over the fruits of their economies to the Government. Unspent income is generally represented in this country by

"Our success in financing the war from now on will absolutely depend upon the extent to which the American people are willing to economize."

unused balances in the bank. Therefore, successful borrowing by the Treasury will depend upon the amount of those idle bank balances and upon whether their owners will be willing to exchange them for Government bonds.

The bonds recently issued by the Government, known as the Third Liberty Loan, bear interest at 4¼ per cent and were offered at par. It was quite natural that anyone having idle funds in bank should ask himself the question: Is it my duty to buy a 4¼ per cent Government bond at par when I can buy other good bonds and stocks that will pay me



Putting It Over on the Old Home Town

BY LUCIAN CARY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR G. DOVE

HENRY MILLS was a typical New Yorker. He had been born and brought up in the Middle West. That is, if a boy who becomes an orphan at eight can be said to have been brought up. In the fifteen years since he had boarded the midnight train for New York, with twelve dollars in his pocket and the battered Gladstone bag that had been his father's in his hand, Henry had wiped away the last trace of his provincial origin.

The last trace had been the habit of wanting oatmeal and prunes and steak and fried potatoes and pancakes and coffee with cream before seven o'clock in the morning.

Nowadays Henry entered the offices of Blade & Blade at a quarter past nine, after consuming a glass of chilled orange juice, a cup of black coffee, and half a slice of thin toast. There had been a period immediately following Henry's arrival in New York when he had eaten even less for breakfast. But that had not been a matter of choice.

On this particular day, a Monday in August, it was precisely a quarter past nine when Henry lifted his hat in the anteroom of his office and said "Good morning!" to Miss Bell. It was a privilege to say good morning to Miss Bell. All the secretaries at Blade & Blade's were good-looking, but Miss Bell was good-looking in altogether the nicest way. Everybody who called on Henry looked twice at Miss Bell, and the second look was always longer. But nobody ever came into Henry's office and said: "That's some kid you've got out there." And nobody who called up on the telephone ever tried to make a date with her. She had the coolest and the pleasantest telephone voice on the Murray Hill exchange. She seemed sober at first sight. And then you said "Good morning!" and her face lighted up and her brown eyes seemed actually to sparkle as she said "Good morning, Mr. Mills!" and you saw that she had a dimple in her cheek and humor in her

mouth, and you realized that she was not really sober but demure. Henry entered his own room and hung up his hat and his stick in a kind of reflected glow—precisely as he had done a thousand times before.

HENRY sat down at his desk precisely as he always sat down at his desk. It was one of those glass-topped desks that will forever remain a mystery to ministers of the gospel, college professors, and newspaper men. There was nothing on it. There was never anything on it. It was the desk of a man who gets things done. The moment Henry sat down at his desk, Miss Bell appeared as if by magic from the anteroom and placed before Henry the most important letter in the morning's mail. She presented a second letter only when Henry had disposed of the first. Thus, though Henry wrote a great many letters, and corrected reams of advertising copy, and dealt constantly with proofs and dummies and estimates, there was never any accumulation of papers on his desk. Henry was one of Blade & Blade's service men, and, as everybody in the advertising business knows, Blade & Blade's methods are most modern.

The letter Miss Bell now presented, precisely as she was in the habit of presenting a letter at this hour, bore the heading of the Camp Motor Accessories Corporation of Midvale, Ind. It ran as follows:

"DEAR MILLS: Since our talk last week I have decided that I can make the salary \$8,000, instead of \$7,500, and throw in one hundred shares of Camp Motor Accessories Corporation stock. At our present rate, which should increase, these shares will bring you \$2,000 a year. You know \$10,000 a year buys twice as much out here as it does in New York.

"Why don't you give up cabarets and all that rot and come out here and live?

"In any case, you must come out here and see us and meet our organization. You can get a train

out of New York before midnight that will bring you here in time for lunch. Come out here Friday and spend the week-end. You will never want to go back.

Yours cordially,
"THEODORE CAMP, President."

A faint grin hovered on Henry's lips. It was partly that the letter was so unusual a letter to come from a business man, but it was more that Henry knew something Mr. Camp didn't know. Mr. Camp didn't know that Henry had been born in Midvale, Ind.

Henry looked up at the serene Miss Bell.

"Midvale is my old home town," he said briefly.

Miss Bell smiled at Henry, a smile of the most complete understanding. Miss Bell had been Henry's secretary for more than three years. It is possible that she understood Henry better than he understood himself.

Henry looked out of the window, looked out over a desert of roofs at the towers of Manhattan, their tall shapes gleaming in the August sun, their proud heights announcing the pride of the metropolis. But what Henry saw was a wide macadam street and the long rows of friendly elms that made an arch of greenery above it, a street in Midvale, Ind.

HE had cut himself completely off from Midvale. He had never met anyone from Midvale except Theodore Camp, and Camp had gone to Midvale long after Henry had left. He had never received a letter from Midvale except the one he had just read. He had never seen a copy of a Midvale paper. The town had doubled and redoubled its population within the decade. The Camp Motor Accessories Corporation had a whole group of new factories. So had the manufacturers of the Wabash Twin-Four motor car. And the Everspark Ignition people. But these were things that Henry Mills knew as a business man. As a sometime citizen of the old Midvale he knew nothing about the new Midvale.

All his memories of the old Midvale were painful. His memory of his last day in Midvale was the sharpest and bitterest memory of his life. He had worked all summer, the summer after he had been graduated from the Midvale High School, driving a delivery wagon for his Uncle Andrew's feed store. His Uncle Andrew had paid him \$8 a week and Henry had paid back \$5 for board. Of the remaining \$3 Henry had saved an average of \$2.85 a week. He hadn't minded because he was going to college in the fall on money his Uncle Andrew was going to lend him. And then in September his Uncle Andrew had reneged. Without a word Henry had called at the bank for his savings, had bought a ticket at the railway station, had packed the Gladstone bag. He had never communicated with Midvale since. Midvale, in the person of his Uncle Andrew, had thrown him down.

Henry Mills knew that was the reason he wanted to go back there now. It would be sweet to go back there as a New York expert. It was sweet merely to be asked to come back.

Henry turned to Miss Bell. Her notebook lay open on the leaf of Henry's desk. It had been lying on the leaf of his desk all the time Henry had been gazing out of the window into his boyhood. But Miss Bell had not tapped her pencil, or shifted her position, or hummed "Where Do We Go from Here?" under her breath. As Henry began to speak, Miss Bell's pencil began to move.

"I still feel," he dictated, "that it would be a mistake for me to leave New York. But I cannot refuse your very handsome offer point-blank. I should like very much to go to Midvale and see your plant and meet your organization. I find I can leave here Thursday night, and arrive in Midvale Friday noon, as you suggest. Unless I hear from you in the meantime, you may expect me on Friday."

Henry ceased speaking in the calm and satisfying knowledge that Miss Bell would reproduce what he had said to the last comma, although he had not indicated the commas. It was Miss Bell's job to take care of the details, and she did.

Miss Bell arose. Henry leaned back in his chair. Their eyes met—and in that meeting this morning became different from any other of the thousand mornings that Henry Mills and Mary Bell had worked together. They said nothing aloud. They did not actually cross that delicate barrier before which they were an executive and a secretary and beyond which they would be a man and a woman. But Henry knew that Miss Bell knew he intended to accept Theodore Camp's offer; and Miss Bell knew that he knew that she knew; and each of them knew that the other was sorry.

What Miss Bell said was: "There is nothing else of immediate importance. You have a conference with Mr. John Blade at ten o'clock and an appointment with the Farwell people at eleven. Would you like the Farwell folder?"

And what Henry said was: "Yes, bring me the Farwell folder."

At ten o'clock Henry told John Blade about his offer from Theodore Camp.

"I don't want you to leave us, Henry," John Blade said.

"I don't want to leave," Henry Mills said, "but I'm afraid I can't afford to refuse."

"H-m-m-m-m-m," John Blade said. "I suppose they're offering you about twice as much money as we're paying you?"

"Just about twice."

"Well—" John Blade paused. "Go out and see them, Henry. We can give you a good big jump—say \$2,000. But we can't double your salary, and we won't stand in your way if you can double it."

Henry thought it a very satisfying conversation as he reviewed it before going to sleep that night. It was better to leave an employer with good will on both sides. He liked John Blade.

HENRY worked unusually hard during the three days that followed. It was a short week. But with Miss Bell's help he cleaned up everything by five o'clock Thursday afternoon. His ticket to Midvale was in his pocket; his berth was reserved; his bag was packed.

Miss Bell leaned over Henry's desk and picked up the five elegantly typed letters that Henry had just signed. Something in that simple and familiar gesture caught Henry's attention. He realized that he might never see it again. He and Miss Bell had done their last day's work together.

"Miss Bell," said Henry.

Miss Bell paused. Henry hesitated. They had never met outside the offices of Blade & Blade by accident. It was inconceivable that one of Blade & Blade's executives would meet his secretary outside the office on purpose. But Henry felt himself to be no longer an executive of Blade & Blade's. He hadn't officially resigned, but he had virtually resigned. Didn't that justify his crossing the barrier that had hitherto prevented him from knowing Miss Bell—er—socially?

"Have you ever been to a cabaret?" he asked.

"No," said Miss Bell, "I never have."

"Neither have I," said Henry.

They both smiled. Neither mentioned the sentence in Theodore Camp's letter that urged Henry to give up cabarets. But both were aware of it. And each knew that the other was aware of it.



Henry cried to wriggle his toes

"Will you go to a cabaret with me to-night?" Henry thought there was a slight, a very slight, access of color in Miss Bell's cheeks.

"Yes," said Miss Bell. "I—I should like to."

"Where do you live?" Henry asked.

"I live in West Ninth Street—63 West Ninth."

"I'll call for you at—say, seven o'clock?"

"I'll be ready," said Miss Bell, "at seven."

HENRY approached 63 West Ninth Street at five minutes of seven in a state of excited curiosity. He had known Miss Bell the incomparable secretary for more than three years. He was about to meet Mary Bell the pretty girl for the first time. Henry was not used to meeting pretty girls. He had put pretty girls definitely out of his life on the day he had left Midvale, Ind., with the resolve to make good in New York no matter what it cost. Henry had sat in his room studying display type and layouts and slogans when softer young men were studying the foxtrot.

It was Miss Bell who opened the door for him and led the way down the old-fashioned long hall to the living room of her little flat. It was Miss Bell—but Miss Bell in a frock of soft dark silk, with something white about the neck. Henry sat in the easy-chair beside the reading lamp while Miss Bell went to put on her hat. The place spoke to Henry of the pleasant life that was lived in it. There were tea things on a low table beside the fireplace; there were books and a piano; and at his feet was a workbasket full of soft colorful stuffs. It spoke also of good taste, sturdy good taste, with a quaintly Victorian flavor.

Mary Bell appeared. She had put on her hat, a simple hat of soft greenish-yellow straw, a hat with a broad velvet ribbon that matched her frock. It was a most becoming hat. It was sauce piquante—that hat. It definitely abolished Miss Bell and presented you with Mary Bell.

They walked east in Ninth Street. It had not occurred to Henry to get a taxi. He knew he could pick one up round the corner in the avenue, at the stand of the Brevoort Hotel. But as they turned into the avenue, Henry saw an open carriage, a horse carriage with a cabby dozing on the box. It had the air of an easy-chair, that victoria. It captured Henry.

"Let's take that," said Henry.

"Let's," cried Mary Bell.

The cabman awoke with a flourish; Henry and Mary ensconced themselves; the horse jogged lazily up the avenue. It was that magic hour between daylight and dark when the avenue softens into friendliness and seems old and kind and gracious.

Henry found it deeply pleasing to jog up the avenue, with his hands resting on the crook of his Malacca stick, with Mary Bell beside him, with the consciousness that at thirty-four his services were valued at \$10,000 a year. He felt less bitter about his boyhood struggle. He could almost talk about it. But he did not talk. It was not necessary to talk. He only looked at Mary Bell and smiled, and she smiled back.

They reached Forty-second Street.

"It's a little early yet—don't you think?" said Henry.

"This is most awfully nice," said Mary Bell.

The cabman took it for granted they were going on. At Fifty-ninth Street he turned—or the horse turned—into the park. He followed the winding way across the park, across Broadway, up the Drive. It was like being rocked to sleep. Henry rested; he did not want to walk—not yet; he did not want to think—especially he did not want to think about a cabaret. They approached the Claremont.

"Look," said Mary Bell. The lights were on. People were taking their places at the tables on the terrace, overlooking the river.

Henry looked. Instantly he wanted to abandon the cabaret. He wanted to dine quietly and elegantly at a table overlooking the river with Mary Bell. He wanted to look into the soft half-lights over the river.

"Let's stop here," said Mary Bell. "Let's not go to a cabaret."

Henry smiled. Mary Bell showed her dimple. Could anything be more perfect?

Henry tipped the cabman largely. The cabman



It was a tough shaft, but it broke off well above the head

tipped his hat. "I'm always at the Brevoort stand," he said huskily. "Give you two a ride like that any time. You two just come to me."

The cabman in his wisdom took it for granted they were lovers.

THEY dined almost in silence, looking at the river. When the coffee came, Henry talked. He talked about Midvale and his Uncle Andrew and his first year in New York—about all the things he had never talked about before to anybody. Mary Bell listened.

"Heavens," Henry said, after an hour and a half, "I didn't realize I had so much to say. I'm sorry I've talked so long."

"I'm glad," said Mary Bell. "I understand too, I think. I was born in the Middle West."

"Where?"

"In Bingham, Ohio."

"What kind of a place is Bingham?"

"It must have been awfully like Midvale," said Mary Bell. She gave him little glimpses of her girlhood—bits about her music teacher, and singing in the choir, and going to high-school dances. "You see," she she concluded, "it was a regular

old-fashioned American town, where you went to the Methodist church every Sunday evening."

"And every Sunday morning."

"Oh, no," said Mary Bell, "we were Congregationalists. But after you were in the high school you went to the Methodist church Sunday night. It was Sunday night that the boys came and took you home."

"And kissed you good night at the front gate."

"Sometimes," Mary Bell blushed. Henry thought she was prettier than ever when she blushed.

"And don't you ever want to go back there?"

"Of course I dream of it—when I'm blue. But I don't really want to go back. I only want to live in the country and have a garden and flowers and a veranda and just a few awfully good friends."

"You do!" said Henry. It was so exactly what he wanted. "I thought you were a dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker."

"I am. Didn't I just tell you I wanted to live in the country?"

"Would you commute?"

"I'd even commute," said Mary Bell.

"But friends," said Henry. "How is one ever to find friends? In New York?"

"Friends! Why, I've got lots of friends. New York is the friendliest place in the world."

"I haven't found it so," said Henry.

"Then," said Mary Bell, "I think it's your own fault."

"I suppose it is," Henry admitted. "I suppose I've cared too much about succeeding." He paused. "I had to care too much at first. I had to give up everything. And now I've lost the way of the things I gave up."

"You're still a young man," said Mary Bell, and her eyes laughed at him.

"I feel old," said Henry.

"One does—when one is very young," said Mary Bell.

Henry laughed; he laughed at himself.

Mary Bell looked at her wrist. "I think now it's time for your train."

It was like Mary Bell to remember his train when he had forgotten all about it. Miss Bell always saw that Henry caught his trains.

"You see how it is with me," Henry said on the way downtown. "I want all sorts of things I've never had. But most of all, I think I want to go back and put it over on the old home town."

Henry was astonished at himself the moment he had spoken. It was so boyishly intimate a confession to make.

(Continued on page 17)



Holding their battle formation steadily and flying at a remarkably low altitude, a squadron of the Royal Air Force starts out to engage the enemy



Canadian Official © Underwood & Underwood

German prisoners, carrying the stretcher on their shoulders and wearing gas masks, bring in the wounded. Behind them our tanks continue to crash forward through the woods



Canadian Official © Underwood & Underwood

Dodging around this Canadian ammunition wagon, which has been hit by enemy shell fire, or making way for groups of German prisoners headed for the temporary detention cages at the back of the line—either is a small matter to these tanks as they roll along to the front

Letters from the Air

No. 4: Hun Hunting

BY LIEUT. J. ALEXANDER BAYNE

DEAR DAD: Yesterday I went on my first patrol over the lines—had a nice time. We hit them at about 3,600 meters and climbed finally to 4,800. There was quite a bit of cloud flying, so that it was rather difficult to see well, but it was also difficult for the anti-aircraft, and we were not bothered.

When we started the lieutenant told me to follow a certain machine and not to lose it. In case I did, I was to go home "pronto"—it isn't safe for little Spads to play around alone these days. He also told another pilot to follow above and behind me. As the front chap, an ace, was below and to one side of me in front and this other chap above and behind, I was well protected. It's hard for a green pilot to watch his direction, his place in patrol, his motor gauges, and also look for boches, hence he is protected in this way. The chap above wheeled from side to side and kept me covered, and I stuck like a leech to the leader. The lines were far different in appearance from what I had imagined—more of them, for one thing. Look like a kid scribbling—all directions and shapes.

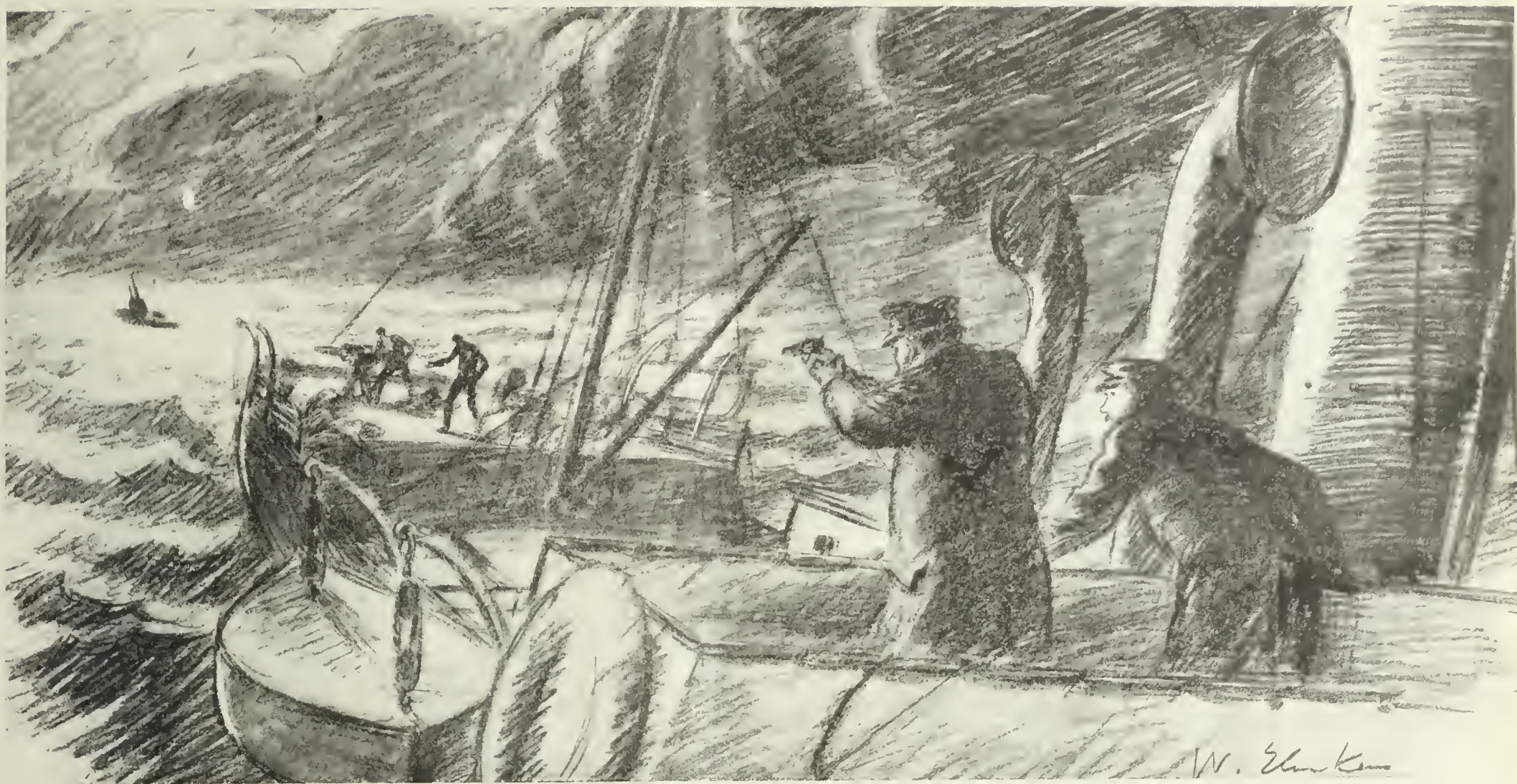
We could see the shell holes, like pockmarks, and two great craters of exploded mines. My eyes fairly popped out, I looked for boches so hard, and I turned and twisted the old bus in every position except on her back in order to see all around. Twice I felt her lift suddenly and then quiver and, remembering what I had been told, looked down for a white puff of smoke. There was none, though—not a shot was fired at us by the Archies. They told me after the patrol that I was near the path of a heavy shell.

We were cruising along in big curves to left and right when I suddenly saw a streak of smoke like a skyrocket shoot past one of the machines near me, then another and another. The others didn't seem to mind, so I kept plugging along. Another came shooting past a few hundred meters below me, and as I watched it "popped" and a red balloon came out, opened, and floated there. I thought it was a range finder, and eased up a bit, but one of the others dived and shot at it. We all started turning circles, wheeling like a flock of sea gulls. I didn't know why, but followed my leader. Finally he straightened out and I after him. Then he rocked his machine violently from side to side, again and again. I made no answering signal (didn't know what he meant nor what answer I should make), but gave her the "soup" and ran up near him. He motioned for me to go in the direction of home. I pulled around and started off. I thought he wanted to go on, and that as I, with a 200-horsepower motor, couldn't stay up as long as his 180, he was sending me home. I wasn't sure of the exact direction, so looked back and saw a couple of planes about 1,000 meters behind me. Just as I decided to go back and pick them up I saw my faithful policeman above. He came diving down in front of me, rocking his machine for me to follow, which I did. When I got down, with a nasty headache from the change in pressure, I found all the others, except my leader and the chap who took me home, already landed. The first one who had signaled me did so to warn me that six boches were in back of us and for me to beat it, as we were nearly out of essence. And I was on the point of joining them as friends! Sure need a good deal more experience.

To-day General Pétain reviewed us and gave two of the officers of our escadrille the Cross of the Legion of Honor; one was the chap I followed in patrol. We had the Gothas overhead this evening about an hour ago—searchlights, motors droning overhead, bombs crashing a few kilometers away and the Archies banging away all around us. The hunks of shell fell all around and drove us indoors. I was quite alarmed—my first experience in having the enemy overhead.

Love to all the folks. Don't fret about me, I'm O. K. ALEX.

The fifth of Lieutenant Bayne's letters will be published in next week's COLLIER'S.—THE EDITOR.



A Taste of the Old Boy

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. GLACKENS

HOW the fellow ever came to be signed on in the first place is a mystery. After all, though, I imagine we were taking almost anyone just then; anyone, that is, with four limbs to his corners, a head on top of his neck, and a fairly decent pronunciation between his teeth.

Short-handed? God knows we were short-handed enough, like everybody else just then, ready and more than ready for sea, the hatches down on a desperate pile of grain, pig iron, and stores, to say nothing of gun ammunition enough to send us all to our last reward—and perhaps it was a little more than half dark, and perhaps we were all of us in a bit of a bother, and a man's a man.

And when all is said and done, what was wrong with the beggar? Nothing. Precisely nothing—except that he was queer.

It was the crew. A ship's company at sea is a strange animal, as strange and second-sighted as a woman. After a couple of days they begin to talk; by the fourth day it has gotten as far as the bridge, perhaps; by the evening of the fifth it becomes important that it be discussed.

DEMING'S way of going about it was hugely characteristic of the man.

"It's this weather," he said.

That was Deming. Seafarer and son of a seafarer, his instinct in the face of any human problem was to get right away back to the weather as a point of departure. A fine navigator, he was a deal more comfortable with a ship than he could ever be with the "infernal sixes and sevens" of the immortal souls that manned her.

"It's this damned, rotten weather," he assured me dourly. "I tell you, Emerson, it's beginning to get at me, even me. I've forgot what the sun looks like, and we need a 'sight,' we need it bad enough, Emerson, if we're to fetch up with that convoy Wednesday night. Convoys—as you may know, Emerson—don't wait!"

Returning the cigar to his teeth, he scratched his chin moodily through the mat of his short black beard. For a while, in silence, leaning in the shelter of the weather cloth on a wing of the bridge, we remained staring out into that weather which had

pursued us, shutting us off from the sky and the farther reaches of the sea like hangings on the walls of a dirty room. It had the effect of making the ship seem large, remote, and lonely; looking aft, one saw the wake run back only a little way across the welter, very white and sharply defined, and suddenly break off and vanish, as though on top of not knowing very well where we were going; we had also quite forgotten whence we came. And all the while, day in and day out, the same sour, wet wind out of the east raked us slowly fore and aft.

It had grown quite dark since his last words, but he went on as if conscious of no interruption: "And the 'subs' of course. There's always that."

"They don't seem to talk of them much, sir."

"That's it: they don't talk of them. But a good share of them have been through the zone; Elder and his crowd and a couple of the coal passers have been torpedoed, and they think about it. As a whole, they're fairly average brave men—and yet you can't get around it. And they don't talk about it. And that's the secret of the whole thing, I'd stake my head—this trouble."

"You mean, about this chap, sir—Twenty?"

"If his name is Twenty."

"How's that, sir?"

"It's a confounded queer name, that's all."

Then he laughed and gave me a rather sheepish glance.

"You see, Emerson. That's what I mean. A man does it himself if he's not careful."

"But that's the way these things start, all the same. Even before the pilot's gone over the side they begin to watch each other; keep track of how the other fellow acts, how he eats, sleeps, like so many doctors. Especially, as I say, in this kind of weather. And then, of course, the minute anything the faintest bit astray crops up, why, they're on it in a pack. Imagine the fact of a chap's not sleeping ordinarily well putting thirty-odd able-bodied men in a purple funk."

"That's one of the counts, sir."

"One, yes. I had the bo's'n on the carpet before dinner, and that seems to be the drift. It seems the men in his watch don't like to wake up and find the fellow staring at them. No matter what hour

of the day or night, they say—it's something about his eyes, I judge, there in his bunk, 'like coals of fire,' the bo's'n puts it—keeping eternal tabs on them. And they don't like it."

"I shouldn't think they would, sir."

He cast his cigar butt into the sea with a gesture of ferocity.

"If it were so! But they're all so confoundedly contradictory about it. Elder, for instance—"

"You had Elder up?"

"Elder, for instance, is willing to swear he isn't there at all—that when he ought to be asleep and snoring like a Christian he's always off prowling the ship somewhere—that he makes no noise about it and nobody ever sees him—and that, in effect, he's not the sort of flesh that bothers with the laws of gravity, time, space, or anything else. That's a pretty notion to get loose in a ship."

"And then there's the gun crew aft, with a complaint of their own. Naturally, of their own. It's a pretty tight corporation. They never forget they're of the service, and from gunner's mate down they keep pretty much to themselves, you've noticed. Well, the men on watch don't like to turn around in the night and find a head poked over the shell locker, still as a dead one, taking them in from head to foot. With those eyes, you understand! In the middle of the night, and the weather thick as the pit, and the ship running dark! They've got themselves to the point of swearing now that the beggar's got a bomb about him—"

"Whew! Does he talk?"

"Something too deep for them—something, so far as I can make out, about 'giving them a taste of the Old Boy!' Giving them—whoever *them* is—a taste of an elaborate and mysterious 'Old Boy.' And yet in the same breath they'll swear he hasn't opened his mouth on the voyage; not a bite of food or a wink of sleep or—"

The form of the boatswain came between us, darkly abashed. I looked for Deming to bite his head off, but he only glowered.

"Beg pardon, sir, but the wind comes down from you, and I didn't know if you—that is, sir—the man's just there, sir, standing the wheel this trick."

Till this time I had never had really a good look

at the fellow. His watch, ordinarily, was below when I had the deck. And in point of fact the glimpse given me now was not a fair one. Everything, as they say in the theatrical business, went to "play him up." We were running dark, you must remember, so dark that the little glow cast on him from the binnacle was as bad as a spotlight.

The man was tall, slightly stooped, and thin, his thinness further accentuated by the mangling shadows of the spokes falling across his torso. The fingers claspings the wheel were bloodless, and, with the face hanging above them, so emaciated as almost to cast a doubt on the living eyes and on the nut-brown hair which had remained too long unbarbered. Irresistibly one had a sense of their having somehow played a trick on the rest of him; in them centered the whole color and animation of the man; the rest of him remained (to put it in the words of the gun crew), "as still as a dead one."

"That," said Deming in my ear, "is the party."

"Yes, I can see, sir, how they might—well—but if they would understand it is simply that the man is ill—"

"Ill?"

"Why, yes. You can see for yourself, sir. 'T. B.' He's a shell, sir—a shell."

Deming thrust his hands in his pockets and glowered at the deck.

"I'd an idea, you know—" He shook his shoulders uncomfortably. "A sea captain is supposed to be a doctor of sorts, and I'd an idea, with that kind of thing, a man would be apt to cough—"

It was my turn to put hands in my pockets.

"Oh—he doesn't cough?"

"He does nothing, Emerson. Nothing!" He let his voice out in an abrupt, sharp hail across the bridge: "Mr. Pennypacker, will you have the man at the wheel relieved? I'll speak with him."

When the second officer, mystification written on his long, conscientious, auburn face, had gotten another helmsman up, John Twenty was sent. He came slowly, a tall, wasted silhouette, his legs, bent slightly at the knees, seeming to take stock step by step of the deck careening under them. And when he had come to a halt, his cap in one hand and his other hand touching the weather cloth, as if for support, we felt his eyes resting on us. He said nothing. To the demand: "You are John Twenty, are you not?" he gave Deming the slow, dark assent of a nod. Though I could not see Deming's face at that, I knew how he must be looking.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, managing to keep his voice under. "What do you mean by it? Say? As sick a man as you are!"

THE fellow's eyes moved from one to the other of us and he began deliberately to shake his head. But Deming had had enough. He did something not common with him—he "blew up."

"Look here, my man! By the time you've been at sea a bit you'll begin to find a tongue when an officer speaks!"

Twenty opened his mouth. "Aye, sir. Only I'm not sick, sir."

"I asked you—what are you doing here, aboard this ship?"

"I am serving my country, sir."

Deming ran a hand over his beard.

"Go below!" he said.

The fellow was not quick. Or else perhaps he had not heard.

"They wouldn't believe me," he went on, to nobody in particular, in the same far-off voice.

It was not like Deming. I had never before seen him

strike a seaman, nor have I since. And after the blow the whole thing was distinctly appalling—the abrupt, and as it were miraculous, evaporation of the man's frame out of the atmosphere, the dark, problematical mass of him on the dark deck, like a puddle, the utter want of a groan, outcry, complaint of any kind.

I was rather more than relieved when he got to his feet after a moment and went off, still without a sound, his wasted legs bent slightly at the knees, his arms hanging down, his extraordinary brown head lopped forward in a kind of unconquerable humility.

I was careful not to look at Deming. When Twenty had disappeared down the ladder I kept my eyes to myself and, wishing devoutly I was somewhere else, felt quite sure that Deming wished the same.

He carried it off in an odd, and rather shocking, way. He began to laugh out loud. I couldn't help looking around at him, and his face was dark with color.



We stood there looking down at him, where he lay with his emaciated arms outspread

"Yes, yes," he assured me. "Shameful, I know. But the whole thing—whole plagued, damned thing—well, I feel better. Shameful, yes. But I can't explain. After all, there's something about a good, healthy crack of the knuckles. Oh, dear! But Elder was wrong, Emerson, quite wrong. The beggar's no ghost!"

Then he laughed again, till the rail at the backs of both of us shook with his unwonted mirth. When I went below, to make the most of what sleep remained to me before my watch came on, I felt better about the whole thing, the weather, the dark, the crew, and the ship. Deming was right. After all, hocus-pocus of any sort has short shrift with a pair of bare and honest knuckles.

But even then I failed to get much rest. Knuckles on the door aroused me before a great while and, switching on the light, I found the captain in the passage.

"I turned in," he said briefly.

I could have told him that. His jacket was off, his shirt open, and his braces hanging down to his rumpled knees. And I could have told him that he "couldn't seem to sleep." It was extraordinary and disconcerting. The master of a ship doesn't go poking around to a subordinate's cabin in the dead of night. As they say in society: it isn't done. Especially in *déshabille*.

"You don't mind?" he had the taste to mutter. I told him no, and offered him the stool. He sat there blinking at me from between his red lids. By and by he mopped his brow with a handkerchief and mumbled something about its being "uncommonly close."

It was close, with the port sealed. It was not only close, but it was bright; too bright, it occurred to me, for charity. His face, where it showed between whiskers and hair, looked a little blotchy.

"There's something about that chap's eyes," he broke out, or rather he blurted out, for that was the sense one got of it. I repeat, it was all most extraordinary and disconcerting.

"I got to wondering," he went on. "I couldn't help—"

"I thought," I put in, "I thought, sir, we'd done for all that."

"Yes, yes, I know. And yet, Emerson—hang take it all, do you remember how the beggar looked at us?"

And then he gave me no time to reply, but went blundering on.

"The trouble with this man Twenty is that he's the sort of person who'll do anything in the world—anything, Emerson—without a quiver. *Anything!* And it's by the eyes you can tell it. That sort!

Anything, mind you, with or without a reason. *There's* the rub. It's like a murder without a motive. Of course you'll say there's no murder here, but—hang take it—"

His face was on fire. He waved his hands. He was thoroughly but ineffectually ashamed of himself. One could see.

"Damn it!" he cried.

"I can't explain. Well, once in Calcutta I saw a besilked and bejeweled prince who had gone to work and walked a thousand and one miles with iron burrs between his naked toes—simply because he'd taken a notion he ought to. *He* had those eyes. And so did the old man out home in Pennsylvania who undertook to burn the town over our heads because politics were rotten. Fanatics? Yes. I tell you, man, you can deal with a criminal; he's got a reason. Or with a spy. But—what is this man doing aboard this ship?"

"There's a chance, isn't there, sir, that he's doing what he said—serving his country?"

"Yes, yes." Deming looked at me for a long while. "But then you

come to the point—*what* country, precisely, is *that*?"

It was my turn to look hard at him. But one cannot say "Bah!" to one's superior in command.

"I thought you said, sir, that a spy could be dealt with."

"Oh, he wouldn't be a *spy*—not in that sense—not under orders from anywhere. They don't pick that sort. No, if he undertook to do anything funny it would be on his own hook—thoroughly. And the trouble is, he'd go about it in such a damned, crazy-headed, unreasonable, queer way. A beggar with those eyes! Whew! I say, it *is* close here!"

He helped himself baldly to that excuse. Having dumped his fidgets on my defenseless shoulders, he was ready to get out.

"I wish to God this weather would clean up!" he threw back with a bitterness which betrayed the meat of the thing. "Just one good shot at the sun, Emerson! This business of dead reckoning to a pin point in the middle of the North Atlantic Ocean—"

HE went off then, leaving me to dress and go on deck. And there, in the darkness of the waist, I was nearly in collision with a bluejacket, blundering about at the wrong end of his patience. Wanting the grace so much as to answer my "Heads up, man!" he sheered off in the shadow along the rail.

"I'll kill that guy, though," I heard him muttering. "I'll fix the snooping bastard—him and his 'Old Boy' together—"

If he was looking for an effect, he got one. I had him back out of the gloom very quickly, with his heels together. (Continued on page 22)

Uncle Sam's Fake Factory

BY CLARENCE B. KELLAND

IF you wish to see what marvels can be wrought with a bale of burlap and a roll of chicken wire, you should visit the Camouflage Factory of the Amex forces in France. Here the ancient pastime of making a thing look like what it isn't has been brought to the height of a science and placed on the basis of a systematic business. You walk inside the stockade, prepared to be amused; you come out amazed. After you have walked a hundred feet you are in a state of mind where you ask your guide if the thing that looms up ahead of you as a mess shanty is really a mess shanty or a machine-gun emplacement, or if there is actually anything there at all.

Fritz has sharp eyes in his head and in his camera, and it is the business of the major who is at the head of this factory to turn out a job which will bamboozle both eyes and camera. He doesn't do it for fun or just to bewilder Fritz, but to save the lives of American boys. Also he works in quantities and on a scale that takes you off your feet. It is not a question of fooling Fritz with one fake tree, but with scores and hundreds; not of hiding a mile of road, but hundreds of miles of road; not of concealing from the airplanes a square yard of the soil of France upon which any sort of activity may be taking place, but of hiding literally square miles. The thing that hits you between the eyes about this war is the bigness of it. The smallest item to be considered is gigantic.

Rubbish Heaps?

AS you walk through the gate you pass the inevitable Y. M. C. A. hut. Alongside it you see a pile of rubbish. "Aha!" you say. "Here is one messy American camp. They've got the dump right in the front yard." Sure enough, there are tin cans, old boots, wrecked hats, bricks, rubbish of all sorts. It looks like a little chunk of Long Island marsh which is being filled in with refuse from New York.

Prompted by your guide, you stoop and scrutinize an old boot lying carelessly where it has been chucked in the clean-up. Its sole faces outward, and there is a worn spot in the sole. On closer inspection the wear and tear is not wear and tear. A piece of leather has been removed and a carefully colored screen set in its place—a screen that can be readily seen through from the inside. That rubbish heap is not a rubbish heap at all. It is the roof of an ob-

servation station. The boot is one point of observation. A tin can whose bottom has been replaced by a painted screen is another. Not far from it is a rooted piece of wood—made of



British Official, from Feature Photo Service

tin or some other material. It looks like wood, but there is a screen in it through which the boche can be observed.



Traffic progresses safely on this Italian road, obscured from aerial observation

Your rubbish pile is a fake. It is not messy, but exceedingly neat and precise and scientific. Your observers could inhabit it for days in moderate comfort, and not the sharpest-eyed Hun in the world would suspect their presence unless he approached closer than half a dozen feet. And then he would be fooled unless he happened to be on the outlook for just such a thing. Incidentally, he would be a poor life-insurance risk.

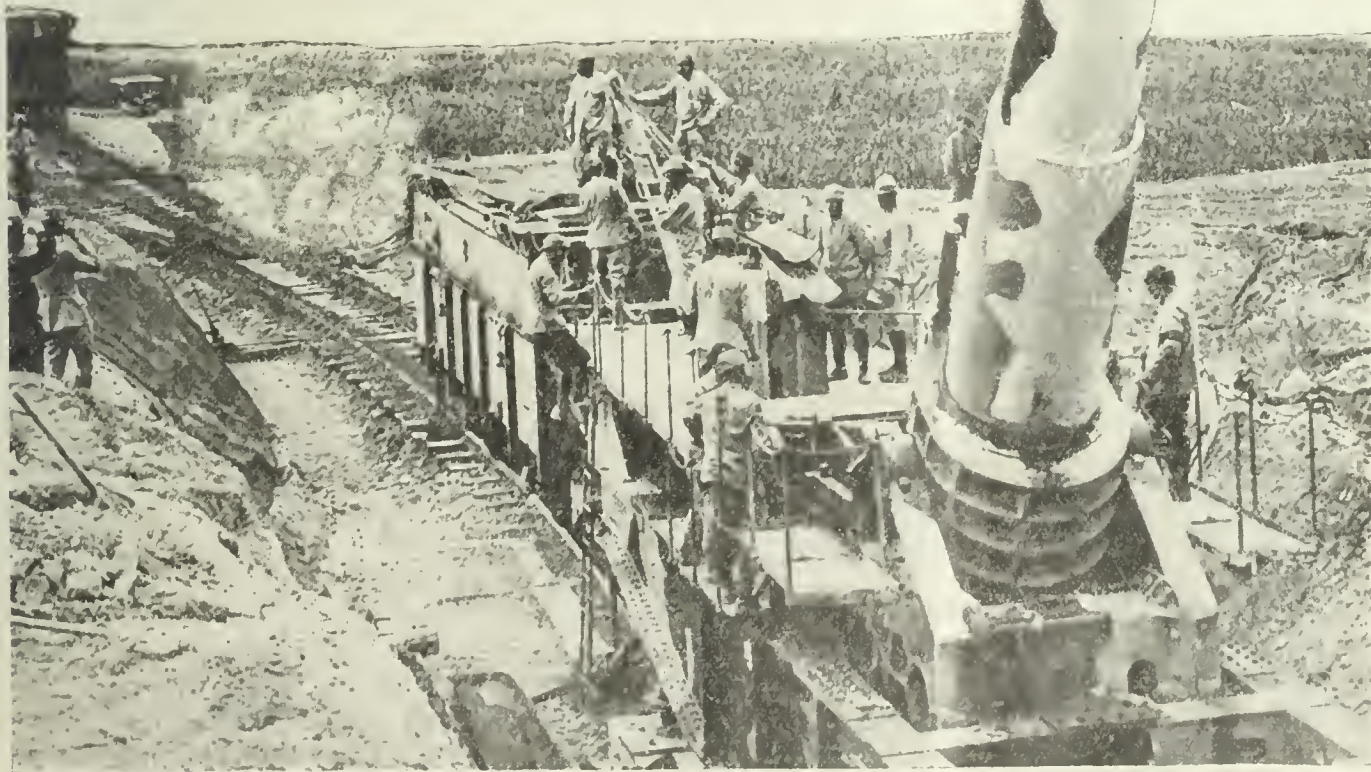
In front of this rubbish heap is a model trench, with firing steps and concealed firing apertures. It enables a man to stand and see and fire without poking his head into atmosphere that may be densely infested with machine-gun bullets.

Just beyond is another exhibit. It looks like a piece of French village after Fritz has finished playing antics with it. It is a mound of earth with a tumbling, ruined wall poking through. By this time you are suspicious, and ask no foolish questions. You know a ruined village has no business to be there. It hasn't. Upon observation you find this to be another skillful fake. The stone wall is not a stone wall. It is hollow, and in spots it is transparent. Even the earth and the grass are fakes. Yes, indeed—burlap and chicken wire and sea grasses. But from a distance of a dozen feet you could not tell it from the real thing. Set that piece down in a ruined village at the front, and your observers could spend quiet lives there without being suspected or detected.

Tangles for the Boche

A LITTLE way beyond is a tree trunk, evidently smashed up by artillery fire, but struggling to do its duty by sending up a dozen sprouts. You walk over to it and lean against it in a lazy way, as is the American custom—and then you lean away again quickly. It doesn't feel like a tree. It feels like metal, and it is metal—steel. An artist has been on the job here. The tree is a hollow cylinder, and up under those struggling shoots are slits for the alert eye of the observer. The guide, with a bit of wire, lifts up a piece of the earth, and you descend into a subterranean passage. The New Arabian Nights! For twenty feet you crawl along a passageway that rubs your shoulders on both sides. Then you crack your head against something hard, and upon looking up see light far above you and an iron ladder almost four inches wide to crawl upon. You crawl, hoping that if you get stuck there is some magic process for removing you. At the top is a cozy observation post with padded elbow rests. You are high above the ground, with unobstructed view, safe from ordinary shell fire. Set that tree down on the edge of a wood and Fritz would never suspect it didn't grow there.

These are merely exhibits, the show spot of the Camouflage Factory. They are placed there to show visiting military men what can be done by the A. E. F. when it really sets its wits to work to tangle up the boche. Nobody knows (Continued on page 18)



This big French gun bangs away unconcernedly. Her camouflage protects her position



Price: 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Canadian and Foreign, 10 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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"Deferred"

THE petulance of Congress over the employment of men of the draft age in Government offices does not seem to be entirely warranted. There are a good many, there are too many, but the number is not as large as one might be led to expect from seeing the fresh-faced, bright-eyed youth who throng the streets of Washington. A civilian in uniform looks like a battalion to the jealous eye. When we see a captain whose only service has been in an office nodding haughtily to a lieutenant who has come home wounded from the front, we are apt to grow needlessly indignant. In discussing a bill increasing the pay roll of the Agricultural Department, Congressman MADDEN (Illinois) said Secretary HUSTON had asked for exemption for one out of every ten men in his department. He added:

The purpose of this legislation is to take men away from military service and give them nice hiding places away from the thunder of the guns. They do not want to hear the noise or be disturbed by anything but bird notes. They do not want to hear the pelting of shots from the guns on the French front. I have all of my blood kindred who are able to fight on the west front in France, and I am proud to say so, and so are they. I do not want any money taken out of the Treasury of the United States for the purpose of protecting slackers.

The severity of this criticism is due to a genuine desire to uphold the principle of "universal service." Perfect equality in the administration of the draft is its chief defense. And it must be said that if there has been nothing Spartan in the claiming of deferred classification for the men in office work, the authorities have been quick to see the danger of letting the impression remain that favoritism exists in the assignment of men to duty. In June the House passed a resolution calling upon the departments to report the number of men between twenty-one and thirty-one years who "have been assigned to clerical work" and "have received deferred classification." A surprisingly small number was found in most of the departments and bureaus. For example, in the Food Administration there were a score or more, but in each case a definite reason was given for the deferment. The men were "essential." The Navy Department reported a total of 7,700 men. This, as Secretary DANIELS points out, is "1.8 per cent of the entire enlisted strength of the navy." Also, it is about equal to the crews of seven battleships. But the Secretary at once proceeded to "comb out" this clerical force and detail the men to active service. This good example was followed by the army quartermaster general.

General CROWDER, who acknowledges no such thing as discrimination between able-bodied men, is reported to have instantly certified the men on the deferred lists back to their local draft boards. Following up the determination to prevent any possible abuse of the privilege of deferment, congressmen are preparing a bill making it a penal offense to ask for deferred classification for men who are not essential to their employment. Although there has been nothing amounting to a scandal in these requests—in many cases where the men were not necessary at the time of their appointment they have become so since, through experience—there is a strong feeling at Washington that the bars should not be let down at all, and that not the slightest opportunity should be given for the men who are actually doing the fighting to complain that the law means one thing for the friendless and another thing for the man with a pull.

The difficulty of the authorities in gaining clerical and expert help accounts in a great degree for the number of deferments. But it does not excuse the commissioning of officers of all ages for clerical work. The number is not appalling. If all these dashing heroes were sent over to General PERSHING, they would not greatly increase the American man power. It is the example that hurts. In one quartermaster's depot alone there were, on July 30, 210 commissioned officers, including 1 colonel, 1 lieutenant colonel, 7 majors, 47 captains, and 154 lieutenants, certainly a fair apportionment of military glory to a comparatively harmless branch of the service.

The uniform ought to mean something more than that its wearer is at his desk from nine to five.

Now that the draft age has been raised, it will be a difficult task to comb out these appointees. Many of them are over thirty-one. The feeling in Congress is that they should be detailed for "active or field duty." If they fail to meet the requirements of the army, they can be dropped, in which case they will have to go back to their draft boards and take their chances with the rest of us. It is expected that enough men can be obtained for clerical work from the number excluded from active service by reason of minor physical defects or age. In any case, it is encouraging to see that Congress is determined on a rigid enforcement, not merely of the letter, but of the spirit of the Draft Act. It was meant for every man within the prescribed ages, and its impartial enforcement is a national necessity.

General Crowder

ONE thing for which the country cannot be too thankful is that at the outbreak of the war there was a man in the army whom the position of provost marshal general fitted exactly. At first glance this does not seem much of a compliment to General CROWDER. A provost marshal is about as apt to win popularity as a tax collector or a process server. No matter how good-natured he may be, the duties of his office compel him to waive personal feeling and to disturb the ease and comfort of all who come under his control. But the American public like a man who does his work thoroughly, especially if it is disagreeable work, and they rightly trace the success of the draft to the clear mind and fearless rulings of General CROWDER. It is not going too far to say that nothing would disturb their confidence more than to think that there is even a possibility that the feeling against him among politicians whose schemes have encountered his resistance will prevent his reappointment when his term expires.

The Accomplished Fact

ALL and sundry will please take note that there is a League of Nations even now. The uproar so noticeable in Europe lately is part of the process of qualifying Germany for membership.

"Dismembering Austria"

AUSTRIA is not a country and never was one. It is a tyranny. Most of the races now unhappily composing it had their own countries and their own civilizations centuries before any Hapsburg came along to gull and browbeat and deny justice. Their dearest dream is to get their own countries back again. The flush and zeal of patriotism long ground down gives their dreams a scope and fire that may lead to clashes later on unless wisely guided. But what is that peril compared to the brutal medievalism of Hapsburg's minority rule? If granting freedom to those who deserve it be called dismembering Austria, then the sooner the better. Those who care for facts will note that the Czecho-Slovak nation has already been recognized by France, Great Britain, and the United States. If that means tearing the essential feathers off the evil old black eagle at Vienna, it is now only a question of time. Maps have no divine rights as against human freedom.

Going to School with Foch

IN the absence of any request from the Committee on Public Information not to speculate on the subject, one may venture a speculation or two concerning the location and curriculum of the Foch University for the Training of American Armies, also known as the Foch Finishing School; this on the basis of such meager facts as have crept out in the public press. Our boys have been studying both with HAIG and with the French, but of the former we know nothing in detail. The line from Nancy to the southern tip of Alsace is the great American freshman class. There our troops have had their initiation of the trenches ever since our first contingent went into the firing line near Baccarat. From there

promotion has apparently been to the earliest exclusive American sector, on the southern face of the Saint-Mihiel salient, where American troops had their first taste of the real thing when they lost and retook Seicheprey. From the "quiet" Lorraine-Alsace front must have come likewise the small detachments we heard of in Champagne and on the Chemin des Dames—whence they were withdrawn in time to escape the German blow of last May—and the larger contingent which helped Mr. JAMES HOPPER of COLLIER'S take Cantigny last spring.

Owing to the exigencies of war time, the junior and senior classes and postgraduate courses for the American army seem to have been consolidated into one. Thus it would appear that from their sophomore occupations on the Saint-Mihiel salient our troops were brought up for full man's-size duty along the Marne in the critical days when LUDENDORFF was rapidly moving south preparatory to moving north. There, between the Marne and the Aisne, education and life have blended closely in the bitter struggles from Château-Thierry to the Forest of Saint-Gobain under MANGIN as chief faculty adviser. Into MANGIN'S hands our soldiers from the Lorraine front pass for practical use, and from him, we may assume, some of them go back to take their full-fledged stand on the Lorraine front once more, a nucleus and a cement for the American Field Army that is soon to walk alone—in the general direction of Berlin.

Where the American contingents come from that bob up casually on the British front, now in front of Albert, now around Ypres, we cannot speak with assurance. They may be some of PÉTAIN'S graduates, they may have had their schooling entirely under a British schoolmaster. But whether on the French front or the British front, the pedagogic method pursued, after the first few months, seems to be the one popularized by the late Mr. SQUEERS. FOCH has been teaching the Americans how to defeat the Germans by sending them to defeat the Germans. It is an admirably simple method peculiarly adapted to such willing learners as we have sent over. Very little ink has been spilt by the Americans in filling up their copy books, very little laboratory apparatus has been smashed in the course of their first steps in the chemistry of victory.

It was the good fortune of the Yankee undergraduates to be invited to participate in the Foch experiment of July 18, which changed the aspect of the war. Americans have taken part with MANGIN in the grim research directed against Laon and the key of the entire German position. When the British in the middle of August were held up before Morlancourt on the Somme, the Americans appeared. When Voormezele in Belgium was to be taken as the first step toward the reconquest of the Wytschaete Ridge, the Americans were there in September. Where else they will appear it is unsafe to predict at the moment of writing. Of them a French general has happily quoted from an old friend of college days, CORNEILLE'S "Cid": "*Et pour son coup d'essai il fait un coup de maître.*" ("His apprentice stroke was a master stroke.")

The Common Loaf

THIS next winter the great American housewife will not have to bother about buying assorted cereals and then combining them to get material proper for war bread. The mixing will be done at the mills, only standard flour will be on sale, and the inmates of Mrs. SMITHERS'S refined boarding house on Main Street will be eating the same bread (structurally at least) as their brothers of the war in Paris, Lisbon, London, Rome, and Havre. Every meal will be a sort of world-wide communion for those holding the faith of freedom. Historians may some day find in that the first firm foundation of the peaceful world state which dreamers have been planning these two thousand years. One recalls the old Roman proverb: "Where bread is there is the fatherland" (*ubi panis ibi patria*), which is thus given a wider and deeper meaning. If this union persists afterward, will the inclusion of so many mean the exclusion of some? The Italian poet and aviator, GABRIELE

D'ANNUNZIO, ended his Fourth of July poem to the United States with the line: "No more shall we divide with the brute the earth's bread." As between BISMARCK and HOOVER, it is our Quaker who is victorious.

Speaking of Sugar

IF we really want to save the saccharine, why not make it a legal (as it is a gastronomic) crime to use sugar to spoil corn bread? More people would then get to know the taste of corn. It is worth knowing.

Homer Nods

PERHAPS it is quite as well to point out that that more or less popular song, which is entitled "Just Like Washington Crossed the Delaware, Pershing Will Cross the Rhine," was not written by any of these military experts. In the first place, WASHINGTON went over the Delaware to remedy a dispiriting situation in Pennsylvania. He fought down the British forces at Trenton and at Princeton, reached a strong position at Morristown, and so saved the American Revolution. When PERSHING crosses the Rhine, it will be to finish up the conquest of Germany, and the war will not last any five years thereafter. The Hessians at Trenton surrendered on December 26, 1776, and CORNWALLIS was not captured at Yorktown until well into the autumn of 1781. But why should one waste time refuting the errors of a ballad from Tin Pan Alley? Because too many of our history books are made in Tin Pan Alley by ballad writers, and we read brag and bluster where we should find fact and warning.

Muscular Algebra

UP-TO-DATE novelists nowadays frequently present their middle-aged characters in the act of straightening painfully up from a minor spell of hoeing. It used to be golf. Of course these lesser aches are not of national significance, but it might make the back-door food supply routine somewhat more popular if they were lessened. Some lumbermen hold that splitting or chopping wood is an absolute corrective for the strain of too much sawing. We have heard farmers argue that any lameness from mowing hay can be cured by up-and-down exertion such as digging post holes, so that it is just as well to have an assorted supply of odd jobs on hand at all times. Both these sources of wisdom rely upon OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES'S notion: the muscles are ropes which run over pulleys. If hauled too much one way, the remedy is to change the line of strain and haul 'em back. (All of which never weeded very many rows of potatoes!) In this day of governmentalism official sanction must be had. Let the appropriate department send out antibackache cards with the offsetting forms of farm-and-garden exercise all neatly listed against each other. Perhaps the Committee on Public Information might add this nook to their field—but it might be easier to get oneself in good training!

The Spirit We Had

IN the little hillside church a small congregation gathered from force of habit, listened because of habit to preaching of the habitual commonplace sort. Brief because of underlying indifference, the short service was soon over, leaving the meetinghouse to emptiness for another week. It made one think of the time, some eighty years back, when that church was built. No doubt it is well to be free of the bigotry, narrowness, intolerance of those days, but, after all, they were alive then in their belief. However economic historians may whittle it down, that zeal was part of the life energy which cleared forests, piled endless stone walls, multiplied inventions, drove fur traders to Alaska, merchants to India, missionaries and whalers to the ends of the Seven Seas, and settlers building New England towns from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore. Sectarianism is impossible for most of us to-day, but the devotees of other times got a hold on life for which the diffused individual pursuit of individual advantage is no substitute whatever. This war, so runs our hope, will give us something better.

September 28, 1918

A LETTER FROM FRANCE

(From one of those marines)

DEAR FATHER AND ALL: I don't know whether you will ever be able to read this or not. Things have changed quite a bit with me since you last heard from me.

I have been up and over the top, and, believe me, I was handled pretty roughly by those damn Huns. I woke up and found my right leg gone at the knee and my left one badly cut up; but, dad, I am coming through; just watch me. We have the best of care and the most experienced doctors and nurses. Am still in the field hospital, but expect to be moved to a base hospital to-day; it will be much better there. I was wounded on June 13. Chaplain Parks wrote you the day I was taken to the hospital.

Write me as often as you can and have the others write. I will not be able to write to any but you until I get stronger. Look after my insurance.

Love to all.

BERN.

Business in War Time

No. 13: The Time for Sacrifice Has Come

ON Saturday of this week the Government starts its campaign to sell bonds for its largest war loan, and we, at home, if we want this war of ours to be won—won speedily and thoroughly—must lend the Government every spare dollar that we have, and especially every dollar that we can save.

The time for sacrifice has come!

In the former Liberty Loan campaigns, during the past eventful year-and-a-half, there has been some talk of sacrifice. Sacrifice! How preposterous! Compared with the men who are battling for us in France to-day—at this very hour and minute!—who among us at home can mention the word sacrifice without feeling deep within himself the guilty twinge of inadequacy?

It is not that we are not thinking of the little people, the people with pinched in-

comes, who have loyally bought their Liberty Bonds of past issues.

That bootblack on the next corner, for instance. He is an Italian by birth, quick and merry and agile. In a tenement down in River Street, crowded within three rooms, are his Maria and the three bambini. It is because of them, he tells us, that he is not fighting. But he has bought his Liberty Bond. Perhaps because of it, Maria and the three children have had to go a bit sparingly with the spaghetti and the ravioli and the strange Italian vegetables which one finds down in River Street, but it is not so bad, he says with a shrug of his expressive shoulders, because "shines" now bring ten cents instead of five. And yet you can't call it sacrifice in his case. Not when you see how proudly he speaks, how he even boasts about his Liberty Bond. For the first time in his life he feels that he really belongs to America. He has loaned his money to America—his America! Because of that Liberty Bond the consciousness of his Americanism floods and suffuses him.

Then there is the girl who has taken the place of her brother behind the counter in the grocery store in Main Street. The brother was among the first to go, and the sister has bought a \$50 Liberty Bond of each issue. "With Tom over there I felt I ought to do something," she says. Of course, it has meant scrimping. She has sat home nights making her own cotton waists—and very neat and spick-and-span waists they are, too. And staying home that way has meant saving eleven cents on the movies or ten cents for an ice-cream soda. But has it really meant sacrifice? If you asked her that, she'd shake her head gravely. She bought those bonds because she wanted to buy them, because it made her happy to buy them, because somehow she could think of Tom over there with more comfort simply because she had bought them.

Also there is that gay young whippersnapper in the tobacco shop who with his impudent smile exchanges cigars and cigarettes for dimes and nickels. Uncle Sam didn't have any use for him because there was something the matter with his heart—but from his smile you'd never guess that reason. He bought—Heaven alone

knows how!—several hundred dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds. Every week he takes a certain percentage of his salary—a fairly large percentage, too—to the bank across the street and puts it into the safest investment in the world. He is, you understand, paying for his bonds on the installment plan. And for the first time in his careless young existence he is saving money, placing some security against the uncertain state of his health. Can you, by any stretch of the imagination, call that sacrifice?

But now, with this new loan, the time for sacrifice has come!

Like the bootblack, and the girl in the grocery store, and the boy who sells cigars, many of us have bought all the Liberty Bonds we can comfortably buy. But not all we can buy. We must buy more. We must buy more than we have ever bought. The time for comfortable buying has passed and the need for sacrificial buying has come.

The new loan is for six billion dollars—three billions more than the last issue; four billions more than the first issue. Can you grasp what this sum means? The estimated national yearly savings are just about six billion dollars. But this year we must save more—and we must lend these savings to our country.

Possibly this may give you an idea of the size of the figure: Every week one million people buy a copy of COLLIER'S. Well, if all of these people, each bought one \$100 bond, only one-sixtieth of the total would be taken.

This will show you what each of us must do. We must go without the things to which we are accustomed. We know this is not an easy thing to ask. We know that prices are high; we know that the cost of living is extraordinary. But, over there, on the other side of the ocean, our boys are fighting for us, are depending upon us, are looking to us to keep them equipped and fed and lusty so that their battles may be won with the least sacrifice, with the least loss of their brave young blood. God forbid that we should fail them!

At last, the time for our sacrifice has come. Are you ready to do your share?



He is looking to us to keep him well equipped and fed and lusty; it must be, wherever possible, our sacrifice, not his, that brings the victory

Putting It Over on the Old Home Town

Continued from page 9

"Of course you do," said Mary Bell warmly. "Everybody does. Why, every once in a while I dream of going back to Bingham, Ohio, and building a big house—far and away the finest house in town—and giving a most wonderful party just so I can invite the little daughter of the town's rich man and put it all over her just because she snubbed me once when I was twelve!"

They both laughed, the sympathetic laugh of two people who have just shared an intimate weakness and like each other ever so much better for sharing it. Then the taxi drew up at 63 West Ninth Street and Henry had only a minute in which to say good-by to Mary Bell, lest he miss his train.

Mary Bell gave him her hand. "It's been one of the nicest evenings I ever spent," she said.

Henry held her hand and wished that they were both back in the days of front gates when there were no taxi drivers watching and one could kiss a girl good night. "It's been the nicest evening I ever spent," he said.

Mary Bell gave his hand a final little shake. "Good luck," she said.

"I feel awfully lucky now," said Henry, still holding her hand.

"You'll miss your train," cried Mary Bell, and was gone.

THERE was a bit of swank in Henry's walk as he followed the porter, staggering under the weight of Henry's kit bag and suit case, down the steel steps of the Pennsylvania train shed to his compartment in the St. Louis express. He was comparing the circumstances of this journey from New York to Midvale with the circumstances of that other journey—the journey from Midvale to New York. He was proud to imagine himself, in the imported

tweeds of a famous tailor, trained, expert, successful, beside the boy of nineteen in his shiny outgrown blue serge suit, raw, frightened, heartsick—the boy who had sat up all night in the smoker of a slow train in order to save the price of a mere upper berth.

And this last evening in New York! He had been free to choose from all the delights that the metropolis offered, and he had chosen well: he had spent the last four hours in the company of a charming woman, spent them as a man of the world would spend them. How perfect a contrast to his last evening in Midvale, when he could hardly keep back the tears because his Uncle Andrew had refused to advance him as much as \$50!

In the morning, after he had bathed and shaved and breakfasted, Henry sat looking out of the window and indulging himself in the luxury of imagining what had happened in these fifteen years to the boys he had known in the high school. It was difficult to believe that any of them had been as successful as he had been. It was probable that some of the boys he had envied, sons of the wealthy people who lived on the Hill, had fallen from the pinnacle to which they had been born to mere clerkships. Henry was not the man to be unkind to those who had proved less able than himself, but—well, there was no reason why he should avoid meeting his former associates. There was Con Rivers, whose father had been president of the First National. Could Con ever have amounted to anything? And his Uncle Andrew. Was he still running the feed store or had he achieved his dream of an apple orchard in Idaho? And Jud Killit, who had gone to

work in Cronin's drug store. Had Jud ever succeeded in becoming a registered pharmacist?

At the Midvale station an eager taxi driver grasped Henry's bag and suit case. "Wabash Hotel, sir?"

"Yes," said Henry. When he had lived in Midvale the National House had been the leading hotel and the railway station had been of wood instead of limestone and you rode up in a yellow bus. He recognized Main Street fast enough, in spite of the brick pavement and the twelve-story office building that stood where Cronin's drug store had been, and the traffic policeman.

He had written his name on the hotel register and been assigned the sitting room, bedroom, and bath he had asked for, when Theodore Camp came

Camp Specialties were made. They pointed out to Henry how modern the machinery was, how well everything was routed—the raw material going in at one end and the finished product coming out at the other—how busy the place was, every wheel turning, how thoroughly everything was tested. And Henry gloried in the glories of the Camp factories because all of these glories were to be part of his glories. He was to be one of the leaders of the Camp organization. He was to be the man who made the great buying public truly aware of all these products, the man who insured an ever-increasing demand for them, the advertising manager.

When they had seen the plant they stopped in the conference room just off the president's office to look

over the advertising the Camp Motor Accessories Corporation had been putting out—its catalogues and booklets and folders; above all, its full pages in the magazines. On one wall of the room were framed in series twelve of these pages—the gist of a national campaign.

"It sold the stuff," said Theodore Camp. "But—I dunno—it hasn't the class."

"Of course it sold the stuff," said Henry. "The space would do that. And the copy isn't bad. But it could be better. It should have distinction. It should be more interesting too. Above all, it needs atmosphere—the atmosphere a fine product deserves."

"Exactly," said Theodore Camp. "You've hit the nail on the head. Atmosphere is what we want. That's what we want you for."

HENRY smiled. Everybody nodded his head in vigorous assent. This was what Henry had come to Midvale for—to speak as a man who knows

and does. Henry could give the Camp products the atmosphere they lacked, and the Camp people knew that he could. They recognized in him the expert—the New York expert. Henry was content.

"Now," said Theodore Camp, "we'll go out to the Country Club and we won't say another word of business until Monday morning. I want you to see what the Middle West is like, Mills."

He turned to the little group. "Boys," he said, "this man is a New Yorker. You know how he hates to leave Broadway and the cabarets and all that. It's up to us to show him what we know about living."

Everybody laughed jovially.

Henry enjoyed the six-mile drive out the River Road to the club. He had never ridden in so big and powerful a car before; it rolled so much more smoothly than a New York taxi over New York streets; he would have such a car himself. He caught enchanting glimpses of the river. It was a much smaller stream than he had remembered. But there was the old mill dam where he had gone swimming and the bluff where they had found the cave. Henry wondered if the cave was still there and how big it would seem now. But he said nothing about these memories. He was not quite ready to spring the fact that this was his home town. He wanted just the right moment—the dramatic moment.

A hundred big cars were parked near the clubhouse; a gallery of thirty or forty people was grouped around the eighteenth hole; from within came a roar of laughter—the nineteenth hole, perhaps.

Just as they stepped out on the veranda a tall girl in a smashing sports costume of green and white drove off from the first tee. (Continued on page 26)



"Gee!" said Anita Camp. "I do love to step on twelve cylinders"

rushing in. "I'm awfully sorry," said Mr. Camp. "I don't know how we missed you at the train. Shan't we go right up to the Midvale Club for lunch? I'll have your things sent out to our house at once. You must spend the week-end with us."

Henry was pleasantly conscious of the clerk's awe. Theodore Camp was the most important man in Midvale. It was not often he greeted strangers in this fashion. Henry graciously accepted the apologies.

He was really startled at the magnificence of the club to which Camp drove him. Henry had never belonged to a club—a real club.

"The town couldn't have had it," Theodore Camp admitted. "But three or four of us got together and put up the money."

HENRY enjoyed the luncheon. Four of Camp's executives were there—men of proved ability, all of them, and all older than Henry. But they treated Henry with a gratifying deference. None of them were New Yorkers. They asked him large questions about the trend of business enterprise and listened eagerly to his replies, now expressing their astonishment at some piece of news, now nodding their heads in sober agreement with an opinion.

And this, Henry thought, is the board of the largest and most successful business in Midvale. These men are the best the old town has to offer. And they all defer to me!

They took Henry through the shops where the Camp Motor Horn, the Camp Bumper, the Camp Spotlight, the Camp Gas Tank Plug, the Camp Windshield, the Camp Speedometer, and all the other

Uncle Sam's Fake Factory

Continued from page 13

how many "gold bricks" and "wooden nutmegs" the camouflage boys have sold, but the size of the orders and the requests to hustle are some indication.

Another bit of the exhibit is a hiding place for machine guns or artillery. Fritz has a way of flying about the shop in his avion—if our own air service happens to let him by—and it would make him most happy to desecrate a battery of machine guns exposed to the weather. He would gleefully send back the intelligence to friends and kinsfolk who with equal glee would drop a few high-explosive shells on it, whereupon the battery would cease to exist. You will see patches of territory at the front that look as if somebody had started to raise ginseng there on a large scale. Huge squares of linen net, covered with a first-class imitation of vegetation, are stretched over the guns. They lie close to the ground, and are so arranged that a little device will throw them off in fifteen seconds and allow the guns to begin firing.

There is a big bowlder such as you would expect to see sticking up through Vermont pasture. It is plenty big enough for a soldier to crawl under, which is precisely what he does—and there are openings, scarcely visible to the eye at a distance of a few feet. This bowlder is portable. It can be moved about in the night and set down again in such a manner that nobody would suspect it had not been occupying its location for a century.

Then there are fence posts and shrubs and small trees—all of which are occupied by periscopes. Your observer lies snug and safe beneath the surface of the ground with his eye glued to the glass of a periscope which reaches into the air a dozen or twenty feet above his head. Also you see stretches of road camouflage and make-believe fences, and such a variety of things that aren't in the least what they seem to be that the Arabian Nights sensation sinks deeper. You are in the Palace of Illusion.

Yet all this is merely the show window of the Camouflage Factory. It is when you see the real business of the place that your astonishment becomes boundless. Of all the camps and depots in France that I have visited, this one seems the least military. It has all the air of a civilian factory—except for the army discipline and clock-work system—and this is heightened by the presence of hundreds of women in working clothes.

Inside Stuff

THE first building I entered is called the Toy Shop. I stood in the door and refused to believe my eyes. At first glance it looked like the toy department of a New York department store, or at any rate the repair room of such a department. It was full of things which had, to my civilian mind, no connection whatever with the job of moving Fritz back of the Rhine. On my right were heads and shoulders—busts—in numbers and of a singularly lifelike appearance. They stood along on

shelves in rows. "All real likenesses," said my guide. A little farther along an artist, not altogether unknown in America, was putting the flesh tints on the faces; another fellow was fitting on imitation tin hats. This front-line trench stuff has lots



"Front-line trench stuff"—the trench itself is such a maze of netting and foliage as to be invisible. At left: Tree or man? The enemy above can't tell

of uses—one of them to draw the sniper's fire.

On the other side of the shop were piles of soldiers painted on flat surfaces, like the toy soldiers you buy for your nursery, only life size. These soldiers were variously occupied. Some gripped rifles, with bayonets fixed, and were in the act of charging the enemy furiously. Others seemed to be standing placidly thinking of Laura or Keokuk or composing a poem to Ninette in the little town back of the lines. A small boy would have dived into that place with a yell of joy. A little farther on other artists were painting wooden stakes and steel posts to look like freshly cut saplings. When you examined them you found

them to be hollow, with an aperture at the top to give vision to a periscope.

Just beyond was the paint shop. In this building the Camouflage Factory used seventy-five barrels of paint daily, mostly in dyeing burlap for various purposes, or in painting burlap with fantastic designs calculated to mislead Fritz.

It is a very messy place in-

rows. Chicken wire, rows and rows and rows of it for more than a hundred feet, reached up higher than the head. At it worked hundreds of women, fastening on strips of variously colored burlap and seaweed in patterns as ordered.

Yankee Ingenuity

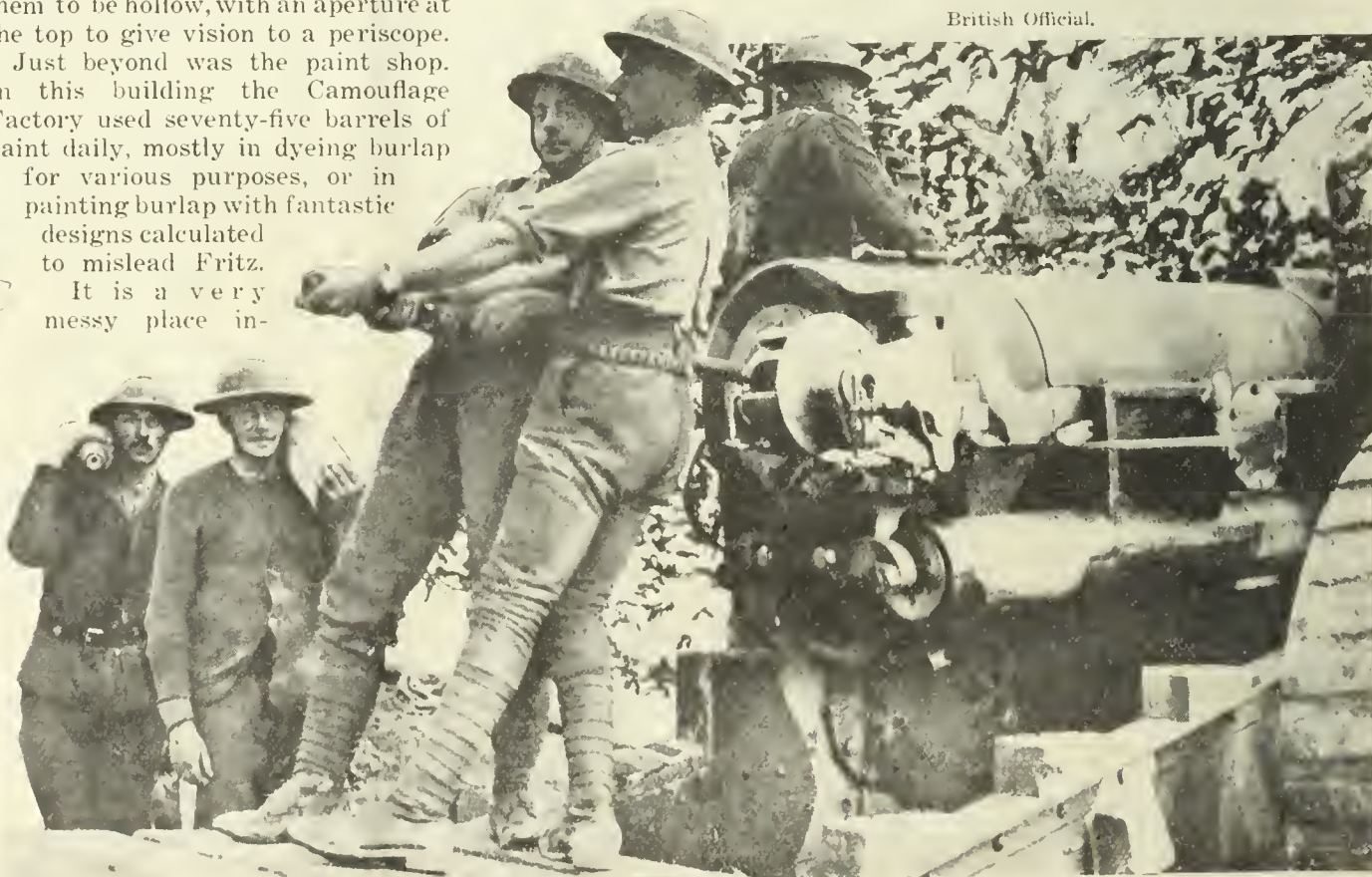
A HORN blew. "Morning rest period," said my guide. "Step over here and see how the Y. M. C. A. is looking after these women—give 'em their meals cheaper than they could buy them, and keep them contented in general. It's a big help."

We watched the women crowd in, young, old; handsome, plain; neat, untidy, but all eager for a moment's rest and a hot drink and a little chat.

"Good share of 'em is refugees," said my guide.

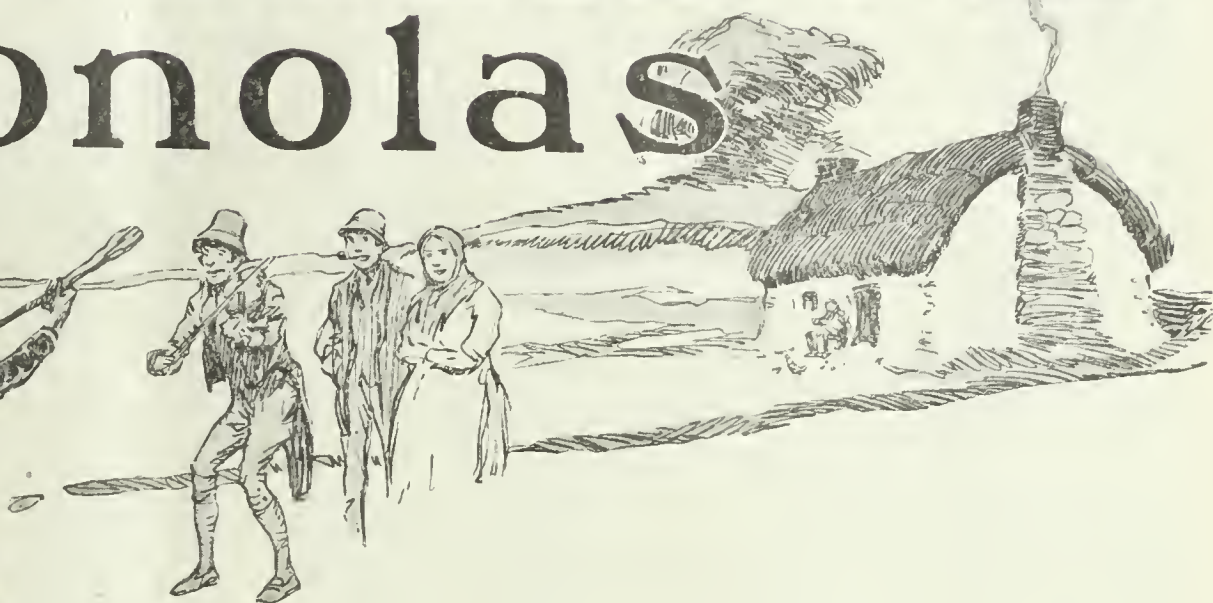
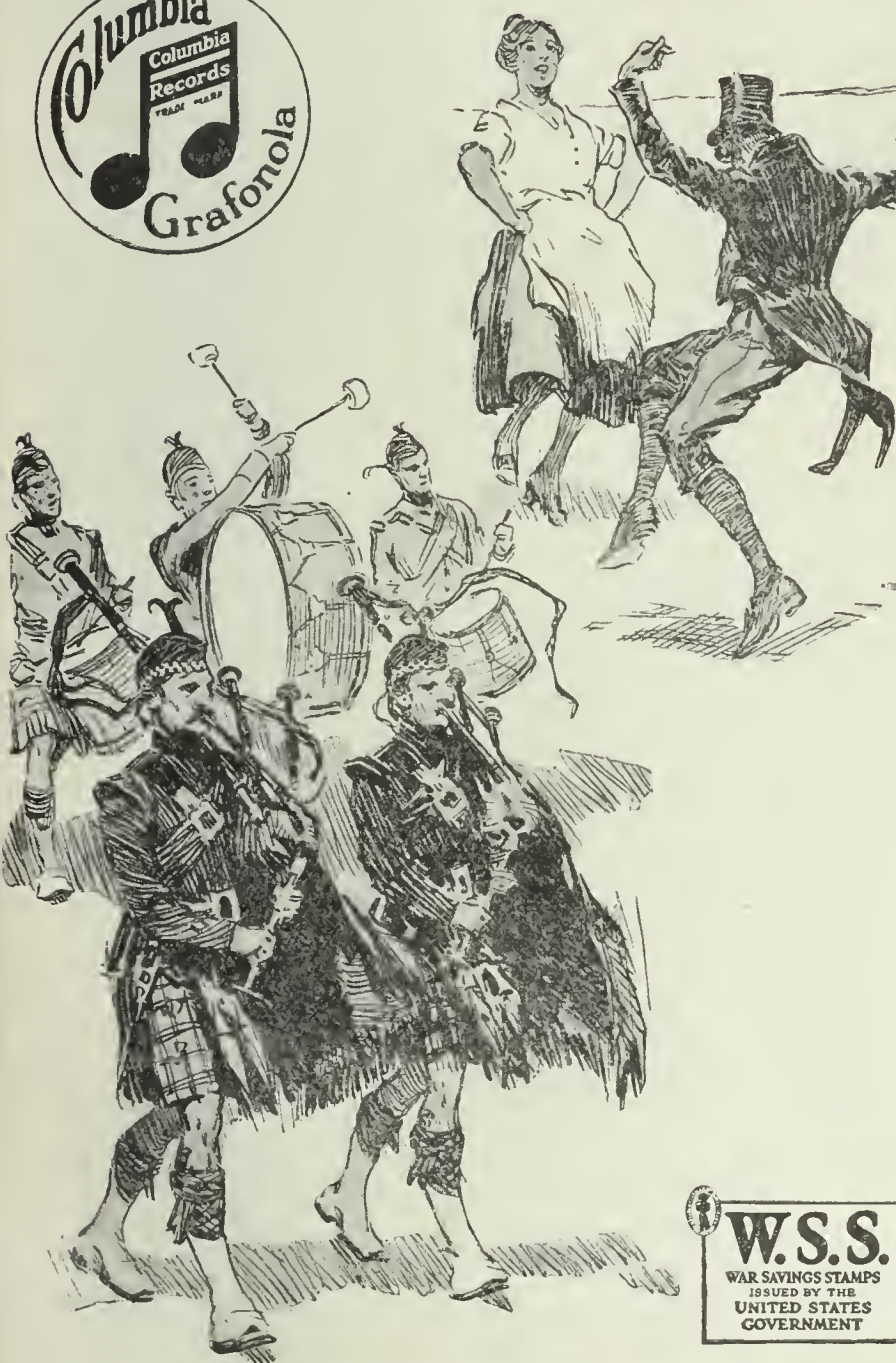
The rest period over, we walked to a big tent where a number of women (Continued on page 28)

British Official.



Ramming the shell into a big British gun completely hidden beneath a curtain of trees and foliage

Columbia Grafonolas



All the Music of all the World

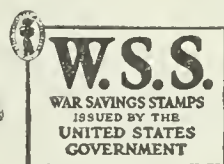
JOLLY, rollicking Irish jigs, the hurrying skirl of Highland pipes, plaintive songs of plantation days—all the music of all the world is yours on the Columbia Grafonola.

There's an irresistible fascination in these picturesque melodies of other lands that you find on Columbia Records. The glad, gay songs of gallant France, Italy's moonlit music, fandangos of sunny Spain, the ballads of old England that generations have loved and sung.

All these and more this versatile, melodious Grafonola brings to your home. Just a big jolly friend who knows all the songs you like the best. His mellow voice brings out new beauty in any music—he wants to bring the beauty of new music to *your* home.

To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola.

Columbia Grafonolas, Standard models up to \$300
Period models up to \$2100



COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, NEW YORK





Side by side in this photograph are shown the two major types of motor truck tires: The Goodyear S-V Solid type and the Goodyear Pneumatic Cord type. Both are shown in actual service.

Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOODYEAR
AKRON

What Tire to Use and Where

AS between pneumatic tires and solids as equipment for motor trucks, each type affords well-defined advantages in certain kinds of service.

For short hauls, through congested traffic, where slow speeds are necessary and pavements are good, solid tires serve economically and well.

But in long distance transport, where speed, cushioning power and traction are essential, pneumatic tires are far more efficient and saving.

In interurban and passenger service, in all safe-conduct rapid-transit such as the delivery of foodstuffs or of fragile wares, the pneumatic tire's qualities are well-nigh indispensable.

Our interest in proper tire equipment dates from the beginning of the truck industry, and is faithfully expressed in our product.

We make all kinds of truck tires, both pneumatic and solid, under the most advanced standards of design and construction.

Our S-V solid truck tires represent the

highest development of this type, as shown by their remarkable service returns to users.

They combine in extreme measure the three essentials of satisfactory solid tire service; long tread wear, freedom from chipping and cutting, and resistance to separation from the base.

Behind our Pneumatic Cord Tires for Motor Trucks are fifteen years of experiment, including two years of practical testing before they went on the market.

Their advantages in increased speed, greater range, larger returns from gasoline and oil, and the reduction of depreciation, have been demonstrated beyond any question.

In more than 250 cities, as well as in our own Akron-to-Boston highway transport experience, they have verified every virtue we had hoped for.

Whatever field your own trucks occupy, whether they need pneumatics or solids, there is a Goodyear tire to help them serve at their highest capacity.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

TRUCK TIRES

A Taste of the Old Boy

Continued from page 12

"Well, I seen it," he protested in a nervous sulk. "Me and my mate both see it, sir, with our own eyes, sir. It's a bomb as big as your head, sir, and it's the gun he's after. The gun!"

"Pshaw!" I took care to look him in the eye. "Now quit it!"

"Very well, sir. Pshaw, let it be, sir. Pshaw's the word, sir."

"A thick night!" was all Pennypacker had to offer when I came on the bridge to take her over. And I said: "Rather!"

THAT was a Monday. And it was in the night of the Wednesday following that we were scheduled, along with God knows how many other eastbound ships, to pick up our convoy at a certain imaginary pin prick, mysteriously ordained on the face of the North Atlantic. Imagine! That game is all right when you're getting your position now and then, but when it comes to a cold week of dead reckoning—imagine!

Nor is it the sort of a thing which can be confined to the bridge, where it belongs. The fore-castle knows. You may be sure the fore-castle knows everything to be known; that is to say, nothing. By the afternoon of that Wednesday the ship was rotten with it. One could see.

To the mind of a seaman a ship will remain a living and impressionable thing. Perhaps it *was* in my mind, but as evening came on it seemed to me she looked sick. Standing on the bridge that watch, looking aft along the tapering body of the ship, I got a sudden, quite definite sense of her being out of health, like a shock, the kind of shock one has at finding an old, strong friend going to pieces under a strain. "That weather" was beginning at last to come to a head; since noon there was an added weight in the wind, and the sea picked up hour by hour under the mists. It was rough: she was being mauled a bit, it is true, but nothing at all serious. And yet she looked of a sudden very dark and heavy and tired under the vibrant whiteness of the seas along her weather rail, as if something had gone out of her, or as if, for once, she had become not sure of the night she saw creeping upon her out of the smoking east, the night of a tryst she would find it hard to keep; or as if—well, as if something were very wrong indeed with my own head.

What was wrong was that fellow, Twenty. I had come as low as the rest of them. My eyes found him not far away, leaning on the lee rail, his head thrust out at the end of his skinny neck, his curious, still attention fixed upon the weather beyond our bows.

He had no business there. Especially he had no business there, watching and waiting, with that particular night coming on to fold him moment by moment in a deeper mystery. He had no business to make one think of him as a shadowy skin sloughed off there by something in the twilight, left propped there before our eyes in a gesture of abominable vigilance.

I gave him a hail and blew him away. That was the effect of it. At sound of my voice, sharp, unexpected, he crumpled and made a pile of himself in the scuppers.

I went at a deliberate pace. Letting myself down the ladder and coming around two corners of the house below, I found myself in his presence. There he stood by the rail, looking at me with his large, luminous eyes, as erect (and as hollow, I believe) as any tower. It became incredible that anything had happened—and as abruptly I became absurd. I could think of nothing to say. As Twenty had nothing to say, there we remained for a time, scrutinizing each other solemnly through the dusk—like conspirators.

His eyes abandoned me. He began to move forward, walking, as always, with the painstaking rectitude of a man going up to the gibbet. I supposed he was bound forward, but at the corner of the house he turned and vanished into the mysteries of the weather side.

I followed. When I reached the other deck he was

to be seen, like a creeping slug of shadow, making for the stern of the ship. I became self-conscious. Eyes were watching me from the bridge; other eyes, peculiarly omniscient, looked down from the crow's nest. And under the hollow iron thunder of the seas, beneath the wild dark sky and the darker cloud of the funnel, I felt myself creeping too, mute and ridiculous, in the wake of that other creeper.

When I gained the deck at the stern Twenty had vanished. No one was there but the bluejacket by the gun, his head thrust at me over a shell locker with a darkly inquisitorial tilt. I put my hands in my pockets, feeling more than ever the fool.

"Anything—wrong?" I inquired.

"No, sir." He regarded me dubiously. "Not that I know of, sir."

THERE were other stores under the deck there, and a small companionway. I let myself down. An electric light burned at the farther end of the passage running forward from the foot of the ladder, and John Twenty, standing a few feet away from me, remained so dark in silhouette that I was not sure which way he faced till I called to him.

"Twenty, what are you doing here?"

He turned carefully, shivering a little, I thought, and lifted his hand in a gesture like a salute, a queer salute, obscurely wrong. He was shaken; I'm sure he didn't know what he was doing. And by the level



"I was looking to locate the powder room, sir"

rays of the light I saw that his long hair was turning gray. I had forgotten my question.

"You've served in the navy, Twenty? In—a navy?"

His large eyes grew larger, more luminous. He began to nod.

"Say! Open your mouth, man!"

"Aye, sir. I have." His voice seemed to come from a very long way off, small and spent. I had an awful feeling that I would find myself bellowing in a moment. And I remembered Deming's face, and his question.

"What navy, Twenty?"

"My country's navy, sir."

"Your country's navy, eh? So!" I could get

nowhere. The chap remained impregnable behind that fantastic dignity. "See here," I demanded, "you don't happen to have your discharge about you?"

He took time to think, brooding at me solemnly the while.

"No, sir. Not about me, sir."

"So? See here, Twenty, what are you up to, down here? Say!"

"Anything might happen to-night, sir."

"Yes, yes!"

"I was looking to locate the powder room, sir."

"Powder room?" By and by I said to him, quite calmly: "Why, there's no powder room here."

"I didn't know, sir."

"If you had found the powder room," I inquired in a small voice, "just what would you have done?"

"I'd know what to do, sir, when the time came."

The corridor was suffocating. The huge churning of the propeller underfoot dulled the senses. One simply had to go on with the incredible burlesque, careless of logic.

"You speak good English," I said.

"Yes, sir."

"And you are quite willing to die if your death will help—your country?"

"Quite willing, sir. I'm not worth much any other way, sir."

We were talking like a pair of fourth-class actors.

"This ship," I said, dropping my eyes to the iron deck of the passage—"this ship is laden with grain, stores, and ammunition for the enemies of the German Empire."

"I know, sir. That is why I am here."

"You—and the—the—'Old Boy'?"

"Aye, sir. The Old Boy."

Shifting his left arm a bit, he touched a lump under it with the fingers of his right hand, as it were reverently. He had been standing there all that while with the confounded thing under his jacket.

I don't know why I let him go; or especially why I tell of it. I stood there and watched the man move off slowly along the passage, his grizzling head bowed slightly and his legs bent at the knees, till he came to a corner and vanished. I was simply not an officer. Discipline simply went down to nothing before the strange authority of that strange man.

I WENT back to the bridge. Of course it was criminal. Of course, in that state, I had no business in law or in right to remain in virtual command of a ship full of lives and stores. I ought to have told some one, but I had a horror of opening my mouth—something deeper than horror—a kind of hideous embarrassment. And all the while I stood there, carrying forward by word and gesture the illusion of command, I felt that weird and single-minded man winding through the deep internals of the ship: the painful, slow tread of his feet came up shivering through that iron fabric to my own, and I waited.

Captain Deming came up. "You've seen the glass, man?" He leaned beside me, his cigar aglow and waving. "We'll have a change soon. Very soon now."

I nodded. The cigar tip pirouetted and bore down on me.

"What's up, Emerson? Man, you look done in. What's wrong?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Well, if it's the weather, we'll have a change. The wind's hauling now, pretty sharp. And now if we only knew where we were—if only we'd come out of it with a bit of luck, eh? They're there, all right. 'Sparks' had a line from them a minute back—the convoy folks—waiting at the church. By Hickory, now, if you could only get your bearing by wireless—eh?"

He went on, disjointed, enthusiastically restless. I listened, not to him, but to the sound of a hidden wandering I could not hear.

"Look there, Emerson, already! She's breaking away to the south'rd, no mistake, and there's a streak of the moon. Man, I feel better. A damn

U. S. Pat. No. 1, 135, 727, April 13, 1915
U. S. Pat. No. 1, 216, 139, Feb. 13, 1917
Other patents pending.

The Standard Spark

Plug of America



Weigh These Facts In The Balance

The spark plug plays too-important a role in the successful functioning of your car to be selected heedlessly. Make no mistake in your choice. Be guided by experts and you will buy only AC's.

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sight better. Little more of this and I'd begin to see the funny side of that chap, Twenty!"

"How's that?"

"Nothing, sir. Nothing at all."

A wide, gray, ghostly illumination came and went over the waters from that rent in the cloud bank to the south. In the queer light, for a moment, the ship seemed to be passing with a preternatural, scared swiftness over the sea, trailing a stream of whiteness. And when the dark came again, abruptly, John Twenty went on searching and searching down there below. Sweat stood on my face.

"God, sir!" I cried out of a sudden in Deming's face.

He studied me, chewing his cigar.

"There's your eight bells," he said; "you'd best turn in. Pennypacker's up."

PENNYPACKER'S face was like the long, red, solemn face of a rescuing angel, flickering in the binnacle's glow. Then it was "Sparks" coming toward us, blotting Pennypacker out. The captain took the white slip from his hand and, moving nearer, held it to the light.

"Emerson," I heard him saying after a moment. "Will you come here?"

I read it over his shoulder, very brief, leaving much to the imagination. Taken out of its simple code, it read:

John Zwanzig on board your vessel signed John Twenty take care of him.
LIEUTENANT COMMANDER DODDS.

Deming sighed. I am quite sure it was a sigh of relief.

"I always said it was a queer name—damned queer, unreasonable name. Well I feel better now, with something to go on."

He was more like himself already; one knew it in the tone in which he asked Pennypacker to have the fellow up "straightaway."

"We'll rout him out properly, damn his hide! Properly!"

He went on venting his relief in something not far removed from glee, while I stood beside him, dumb as a fool, and watched the shadowy business of Pennypacker's command being carried out, the forms of boatswain and men prowling out from under the bridge, along the lee rail, vanishing within the companion. That queer embarrassment of mine grew deeper.

"By gracious!" Deming ran on. "I don't mind a snake—after I've got my eye on it! Whew! Look there, it's breaking away to the east now. Say! This is better. But, man, we have been in a funk. I'll say it. Oh, yes; we'll 'take care of him'—yes, indeed!" He bent a little to peer down in the direction of the fore-castle. "Wonder what in the devil's keeping them."

I wanted to tell him, to bawl out: "Why, the man's not there!"

And all I could do was listen, turning a secret ear to the footfalls of a German "Zwanzig" padding through the bowels of the ship below, soundless and very careful, on account of the "Old Boy." The thing was unreal, incredibly theatrical. The long weather went to pieces with the completeness of an explosion; a vast, pale clarity poured down over the ocean, and the light of a round moon.

"What is the matter?" I heard Deming mutter with a growing impatience. "Why don't they fetch the animal out? Eh?"

I moved my lips, and found them stiff.

"You'll see—in a minute."

I had that feeling, that it was to be in a minute, an assurance unshakable and appalling. And I stood on my toes, waiting.

It came in less than a minute. It was curious, and I was dull. At first I couldn't understand. There was no jar, no roar; nothing but a fine thread of sound winding the upper air, followed after an instant by a faint, far-away thud. Men were running. Deming, with a gesture to Pennypacker, had taken the ship. The helmsman, a tall Norwegian, was looking over his shoulder; I saw the whites of his eyes in the moon. The lookout in the crow's nest shouted. Lifting my eyes up the mast,

I beheld the crow's nest vanishing in a flower of flame. My ears split with the concussion of the bursting shell. Then our own gun aft was talking.

And then I was all right; I saw. Others besides ourselves, it seemed, had been waiting for the moon. I had been through the zone more or less, but till now I had never had a sight of an enemy submarine on the surface, and for an instant I could examine her with an intense and quite impersonal interest. It was really a sight; the long, lean streak of her hull, glimpsed now and then, feather-white with the seas; her superstructure gleaming blue like a blade; the crackling star of her gun; the fountains playing around her where our own gun searched her out in answer.

But she was a tiny thing to hit at that distance, and we were larger. She found us again: one of the boats, swung out on the starboard side, crumpled and vanished like dust. A moment later another shell, ricocheting on the deck amidships, passed through the bulkhead forward and burst with a huge outpouring of smoke.

It began to be a bit bloody. Men went down quietly and without apparent logic. Under the wreckage of the mast on the forward hatches I saw a pair of legs protruding, very flat and quiet in the pale light. And there were others.

Pennypacker was chewing his thin lip. "It's no good—no good," I heard him saying under his breath. It reached Deming's ears too.

"No good, eh?" He stood there, for answer, his heavy legs spraddled to the heave of the deck, his beard thrust out like a spade, and he swore. Oaths tumbled from his mouth, incredible oaths; anger racked him, like the hot anger of the gun holding the enemy off our stern back there.

For the enemy had the heels of us had he cared to close. We did our best. God knows they must have been sweating down there below, under the insistent gong; the smoke came black and monstrous out of the funnel, casting its shadow on the gun crew aft. We saw then the naked torsos and the naked weapon, carrying on vividly in silhouette against the dazzling whiteness of our wake.

"Good boys!" I heard myself whispering with a curious exhilaration. "Good boys! Good boys!"

And the "good boys" were gone. He found us again. A great balloon of smoke rolled up blue-white in the moon, and when it had blown away the gun was quiet, and the gunners quiet too.

A strange hush ran over the ship, a silence of the living and the dead. There was no help for us. I hated to look at Deming. He stood in the starboard wing, his beard down in his neck and his dry eyes fixed over the stern, where that blue-skinned slug came crawling after us through the seas, inscrutable, inexorable.

"We'll see you in hell before we stop," he growled. "Go on blow us there—blow us there!"

But then, in a minute, he was on his toes, slapping his thighs.

"No, by God! Not yet! Look! The gunner's mate's up again!"

By the look of him he had been hit, but the man was on his feet again, struggling darkly with the gun. It must have been ready for firing, for he had a shot out of it presently, a crack and a spit of flame to give them something to think about back yonder.

THE next thing happened so quickly that I hardly knew what was up before it was finished. I couldn't see from where I stood. Deming had begun to bellow something; I saw him leaning far over the rail, gesticulating, commanding. And as suddenly he was quiet, collected. He had his revolver out, nursing the blue thing in his two hands over the rail, firing aft with a kind of wild deliberation. When I had gotten to his side I saw.

We had all of us forgotten Twenty—Zwanzig. Deming told me afterward that he first caught sight of him emerging from the wreck of the little companionway on the afterdeck with the

"Old Boy" resting in the palm of his left hand. When I saw him he had gotten almost to the gun, a dim, blue ghost of a tottering figure, unmindful of the bullets singing in his ears, deaf to the yells and tumult of pursuit behind him, heedless of all else save his own tenuous and inexorable purpose.

I don't know what happened; whether it was then he was hit or not. A shell burst over the break of the afterdeck, making a mess of things. Three of the men were down, lying in the waist, when the smoke had blown away, and Zwanzig himself was gone.

Our gun was at it again. The gunner's mate was getting help. We saw him, like a shadow cast on a bright screen, bending and unbending over the breech. One of the men must have come to, for a shell was handed up from beyond the locker, and another and another, and the brave, vivid business got itself going forward again.

"Good boys!" I heard myself crying, and it was like a pean in my heart. "Oh, good boys! Give it to them!"

And they did, miraculously, "give it to them." Lucky? Yes, incredibly lucky. At that distance, with that sea running, to register a square hit on that tiny target. Lucky! And I think, by the flame and the completeness of it all, our shell must have gotten in among the torpedo heads.

THERE was no cheering. We began to move about in that extraordinary moonlit hush. Deming went down the ladder and clambered aft; I followed him, picking a way through the debris with an odd sense of having a new pair of legs. Living men were carrying dead men. In that blank interval of peace it seemed incredible. The gunner's mate, blood dribbling down from a wound in his cheek, came toward us with a body in his arms. Deming halted before him.

"Thank you," he said, lifting a hand to his cap gravely.

"Thank him, sir," the other answered. And he let down on the planks the body of the strange man, Zwanzig.

We didn't know what to say. We stood there looking down at him, where he lay with his emaciated arms outspread and his large blind eyes staring at the moon. It was the gunner's mate who went on.

"I can't say where he came from, sir. But there he was, sir, handing up the shells."

"Dead?" Deming asked.

"Can't say, sir. I think he's hit in the chest, sir."

Deming got down on his knees. They seemed stiff. There was a queer look on his face as he ripped at the buttons of the jacket. There was a queerer one when he got to his feet again.

"Emerson," he said. "He is—was—was not a young man."

Bending down, he lifted a lock of that unkempt hair.

"Queer," he mused. "Queer!"

"I saw this evening," I said. "It's been turning gray, sir."

"Gray? White! It's been dyed, that's all. White as snow, man!"

His hand went back to the breast of Zwanzig's jacket. For a moment it fumbled there, gently, as if embarrassed by contact with that sear dead old flesh. When it came out again I saw the "Old Boy" sagging in its palm, round and polished like a shot, an old round shot of the days when ships were ships.

It was the gunner's mate who broke the silence.

"There, sir! That's the thing, sir!" We saw his hurt face twisted with excitement. "What do you make of it, sir? It's beyond me. I can't say what he was about, sir, but he seemed to want I should take it—back there, serving the gun. 'Give 'em a taste o' that,' says he, and he tried to give her to me along with the shell. 'Ram her home on top the other,' says he to me, 'and give 'em a taste of the coming of the glory of the Lord!' I imagine, sir, he was just a mite—well, a mite crazy, in the head."

"Yes," said Deming in a far-off voice.

All this while he had been staring

at the thing in his hand with an expression of singular dullness. "Yes," he repeated in the same tone. He removed his cap slowly and stood uncovered, with the big moonlight pouring down on him and the sea blowing white all around. "A mite, yes," he said, still staring at the thing in his hand. "God strike us all—just a mite—crazy in the head!"

He lifted his eyes heavily to mine. "However could he have done it?" he wondered. "However could he fool us—put it over on us—even as much as he did? At his age?"

"At his age?" Looking down at the wasted form, the calm, wasted face, a sense of the wild truth came over me. "Yes," I said. "He's an old man—an old man."

"Seventy," said Deming. "Never a day less. The early seventies. He wouldn't have been under sixteen, you know—hardly."

He seemed to become aware for the first time of the men gathering in a ring about us. He shook himself, winced a little, and as if with an instinctive gesture of protection, covered the "Old Boy" from their curious eyes with his other hand. He wanted room.

"Take care of him!" he said of a sudden. And then he looked as if he could have eaten his words—words we both remembered. Quite without ceremony he fled.

I followed him. I brought him to bay (for somehow or other it seemed just that), standing all alone in a wing of the bridge, his face a sickly white, and something queer, like an obscure self-horror, in his eyes. It was he who spoke first.

"How could I have known, Emerson. But how could I?"

"Known what, sir?"

He let my question go, still immersed in his own, his eyes fixed in pain on the back of his right hand, which lay on the rail. And it came over me what he was thinking: I remembered—the sudden blow, the appalling disintegration of the figure before us, the dark heap of him, like a puddle, on the dark deck, and Deming's laughter.

"How could I have known, though?" His sick eyes came to mine.

"That this wasn't the first time he had handed powder?"

"Yes," I put in. "From something this evening I guessed he had served in the navy. I asked him what navy, but he—"

"What navy!" Deming's vehemence almost carried me off my feet. "You asked him what navy?" His face was as red as a beet now. "Good God alive, man, have a look at that! What navy!"

I looked down rather blankly at the heavy thing in my hand. In the suave brilliance of the moon I saw that it bore a legend, crude characters bitten into the metal with a cold chisel, or a file. I made them out slowly. I read under my breath:

U. S. S. Hartford
Aug. 5, 1864

"Remember?" Deming asked me with a queer lift.

"The Hartford? Hartford?"

"At the Battle of Mobile Bay? Think, man! When you went to school? Remember? Old Dave Farragut up there under the mizzen top—and the mines under the bows?"

I seemed to have hard work to take it in at all. I said: "Yes, yes—that's right," and read on:

Powder Boy Zwanzig
This Shot
From Gun Crew No. 8

"Damn the Torpedoes
Full Speed Ahead!"

"Think, man!" I heard Deming's voice in my ear. "Think!"

WE blundered in with our convoy a little after midnight, coming out of it "with a bit of luck" after all. And at dawn, standing east by north under a sky dark with the smoke of twenty ships, we buried John Zwanzig as an old man-of-war's man would have wished to go, sewed up in a bit of sailcloth, with a round shot at his heels.



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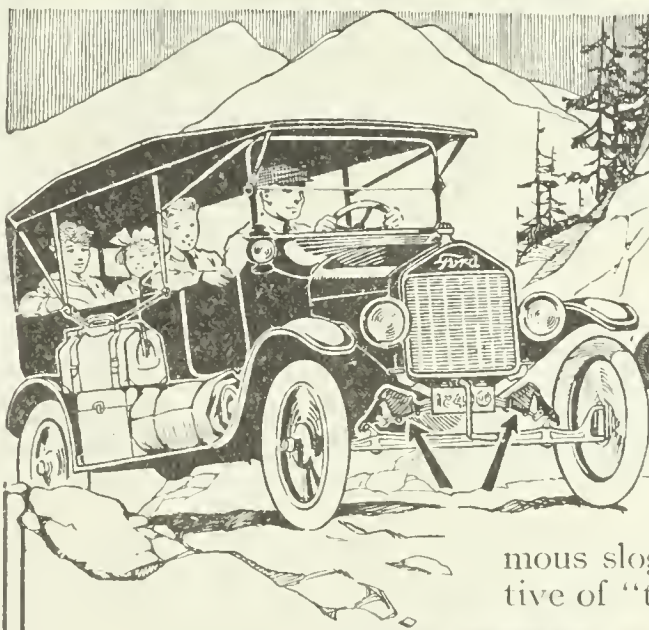
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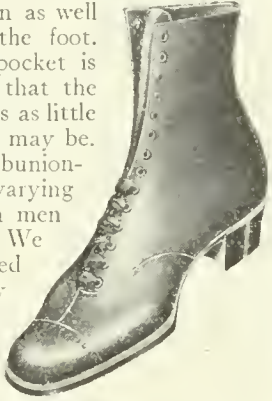


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Continued from page 17

Henry saw the beautiful free swing of the driver, caught a glimpse of the ball skimming down the fairway, saw it land a good two hundred yards away and go bounding on. "That was a good drive," he said admiringly.

Henry had given up golf after two trials of the public course at Van Cortlandt Park, but he knew a good drive when he saw it.

"That was my daughter, Anita," said Theodore Camp. "She does this course under eighty."

Henry met dozens of cordial, well-dressed, assured men and women in the next hour. Not one was a person he had ever seen before; not one had a name he remembered. There must have been a tremendous influx of new people. And of course he had never known the people who owned Midvale—the conquerors. He had lived with an obscure family in an obscure street. He had carried papers night and morning until he was old enough to drive the feed-store wagon. He couldn't go to parties and picnics and high-school dances. He had been an outsider, one of the beaten ones. Now he was one of the conquerors. Now he would be one of the people who owned Midvale.

ANITA CAMP came bounding up the steps, crossing the floor with long strides.

"Anita—" her father began. Anita had already seized Henry's hand. "I know who you are," she cried; "you're Mills of New York." She wrung Henry's hand in an iron grip. "Gee, but I'm glad to see you. We certainly need new men!"

Henry wanted to say something clever and couldn't. She was too overpowering. She was a gorgeous creature with her yellow hair and her sunburnt neck and arms and her green sleeveless jacket. But she frightened Henry with her air of carrying everything before her. He didn't feel equal to her. Fortunately, he didn't have to talk. Anita Camp did all the talking.

"You're a true philanthropist, Mr. Mills," she cried. "Any young man who gives up New York to come out here is a philanthropist. And when he's an eligible bachelor!"

Anita Camp threw her hand in the air to express the inexpressible.

"Seriously," she said to Henry, in a voice that could not be heard more than twenty or thirty feet, "I can't imagine your keeping your freedom more than six months. But I'll do the best I can to protect you. We'll play golf all day to-morrow and go somewhere else in the evening to dance. I'll make up a foursome right now."

"But—" Henry began. "Jack," roared Anita Camp. "Oh, Jack!"

A bronzed giant in white flannels bore down on them. He looked like the stroke oar of a Yale crew or an all-America full back to Henry.

"Jack," said Anita, "I want you to meet Mr. Mills of New York. Mr. Mills, this is Jack Hardin—he does this course under bogey."

Jack gripped Henry's hand. "How's this year's Follies?" he asked. "I haven't seen 'em myself yet, but I'm going down next week."

"U-u-u-u-h," said Henry. He hadn't seen this year's Follies either; or any other year's.

"Gertrude! Oh, Gertrude!" Anita Camp yelled. "Wh-o-o-o-o! Wh-o-o-o-o!"

A slender girl in a sleeveless jacket of hunter's pink responded. She was tanned to the color of a red Indian.

"Gertrude was runner-up in the State championship for women last year," Anita explained. "This year she's going to win."

"Unless you do, Anita," said Gertrude.

"Oh, I'm just a rough-neck player," said Anita. "I can drive, but I never will learn to be careful with a mid-iron. Shall we start at ten to-morrow? I'd like to get in eighteen holes before lunch."

"But—" Henry interposed. "We can do eighteen more after lunch." Anita went on, "and then we'll drive to Montmorenci's for dinner."

"But I don't play golf." "You don't play golf!" cried Anita. "No," said Henry.

"Really?" "I'm an absolute duffer," said Henry. "Oh, you New York duffers," said Gertrude.

"I bet he can make the first hole in three, don't you, Jack?" said Anita.

Jack grinned. "And the ninth in two!" he said.

"But I really can't play," said Henry.

"Well," said Anita Camp, "I don't really believe you. But if it's so to-morrow isn't too soon to begin. You can't live in Midvale unless you play golf."

An orchestra suddenly burst into ragtime far down the veranda.

"Come," said Anita Camp, "let's have one one-step before dinner."

"I don't dance," said Henry.

"What?" "I don't dance," said Henry.

"Then I'll teach you," she said firmly, and, seizing Henry, she started off with him. He skipped after her, in a determined effort to keep his feet, whatever happened. He couldn't fall down in front of all Midvale—all Midvale that mattered. He had about as much chance to fall down as a fat man in the rush for the subway at Brooklyn Bridge.

The music suddenly stopped. Henry took a deep breath.

"Why, you'll learn in an evening or two," said Anita Camp. "I'll teach you the foxtrot after dinner."

She very nearly kept her word. They worked on the foxtrot for two hours. And when Henry got so he could more or less keep going and endeavored to beg off for the evening she started in on the one-step. That lasted two hours more.

"A few more evenings like that," she said, "and you'll be another Vernon Castle."

Henry bathed his feet in alcohol before he went to bed. It had been a warm evening, and he had been wearing new shoes.

SATURDAY proved a blazing August day—the kind of day to lie in a hammock under the breeze of an electric fan and pretend to read and actually to doze and have one long cool drink brought to you on a tray.

The foursome collected promptly at ten o'clock. They provided Henry with more clubs than he knew the names of. Henry set his teeth. He was one of the conquerors now. He would learn the conqueror's rôle.

Henry's first drive was an astounding success. Without in the least knowing how, he got 190 yards straight down the course.

"Oh, you New York kidder," said Gertrude. "Telling us you were a duffer."

They all laughed. They thought Henry had tried to steal a march on them.

Henry swung his brassy as he had never swung before. It was a tough shaft, but it broke off well above the head. Jack Hardin loaned him a spare club. Henry sliced so far out into the rough that he never did find his ball.

He made the first hole in thirteen and the second in fifteen. Henry offered to quit. But Anita Camp wouldn't hear of it, and the others had nothing to say.

Throughout that grilling, grueling day Henry sliced and missed, and missed and sliced. The longest drive he got after the first was 60 yards—at absolute right angles to the course. The shortness of his drives was only equaled by the length of his putts.

Henry found he could overrun the cup 40 yards on a 20-foot putt.

It took them until nearly two o'clock to get round the first time—what with waiting for Henry. Anita insisted they had time only for iced tea and a sandwich before starting in again. Henry's feet felt as if they were blisters. He



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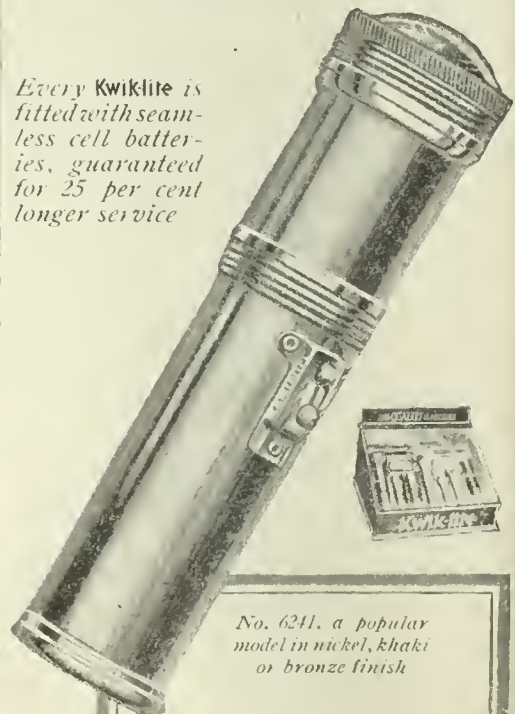
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could hardly rest his weight on them when they drove off the second time. But after the first hundred yards he found it a little easier. Probably some of the blisters had broken.

"I suppose," he said wearily to Anita Camp at the eighth hole, "that this is the worst golf that was ever played on this course."

Anita did not deny it. "Never mind," she said, "you'll learn." Henry thought he might learn—if he survived the process.

IT was after six when they reached the clubhouse.

"Now," said Anita, "let's hurry up and dress. We'll drive to Montmorenci's."

"It's thirty miles," said Hardin.

"We can make it in an hour in my car," said Anita.

"There's a dance here to-night," said Gertrude.

Henry heard the word "dance." He reacted to it violently. He spoke up before anybody else could speak.

"Let's go to Montmorenci's," he said. A shower and a cool drive and food might bring him through.

"All right—Montmorenci's it is," Gertrude said.

Henry had a blazing headache which the shower did nothing to cure. The back of his neck burned like fire. He tried cold cream on it, but the pain was too great. He couldn't bear to touch it again. His feet were positively raw. He could have done something for them with surgeon's tape, but he didn't have any surgeon's tape. It was torture to get into his shoes again.

Hardin drove the car. Henry sat in the back seat with Anita Camp. He put his feet up on the folding chair in front of him. That eased them a lot. And the wind created by the car's swift passage cooled him. But Anita Camp kept up a constant stream of remarks which he had to listen to. It didn't occur to her, apparently, that a man must rest some time.

They dined on the veranda of the road house overlooking the river. The food stimulated Henry. His headache lessened. He began to sit up. Life was again approaching the endurable when he heard the sound of instruments. He turned to Anita Camp. "Do they dance here?" he asked.

"Do they! They've got the best jazz band in the State."

Henry tried to wriggle his toes. He couldn't. They were too sore.

The band struck up a roaring one-step. Jack and Gertrude arose.

"Come," said Anita to Henry. And Henry went.

"Isn't it fiendishly hot?" he asked when they sat down again. He hoped, without making a direct request, to turn the conversation toward a cessation of activities. "It feels to me as if there were a thunderstorm coming up."

"I think it's going to rain," Hardin said.

They all went out on the lawn and looked at the clouds. They were rolling up rather darkly.

"It certainly is going to rain," said Henry. "It's going to rain hard."

The band started again.

"Come on and dance," cried Anita.

"It won't rain for a long time yet. We can get home in forty minutes. We can beat that storm."

They danced. They danced until Henry told himself he could never dance again. They danced until Henry's feet were no longer feet, but merely two excruciating pains at the end of his legs. It was eleven o'clock before Anita was willing to quit. Then the thunder came and they all rushed for the car.

"You drive," said Anita to Henry, "and whoop it up too."

"I can't drive a car," said Henry.

"What!" said Anita.

"Fact," said Henry. Everybody in Midvale drove a car; he couldn't very well explain that everybody didn't in New York—only multimillionaires.

"Never mind," said Anita Camp; "get in, I'll drive."

Henry sat down beside Anita Camp. The big car lunged down into the road. They were off. Behind them rolled the thunder.

They hit thirty miles an hour in the first hundred yards. They hit forty. They hit fifty. And still the speedometer climbed. It seemed to Henry that they were just skimming the road; they had no hold on the road at all; they were hurtling through the air without touching the road. A rut or a thank-you-ma'am would send them all crashing down the bluff, rolling over and over, into the river. Henry shrank into the cushions. He wondered if there would be any sensation at all, any pain; or if he would suddenly be swallowed up in the blackness, never to emerge. He shut his eyes. It wouldn't be so bad if he didn't see it.

"Gee!" said Anita Camp. "I do love to step on twelve cylinders."

Henry opened his eyes. The speedometer showed seventy miles. Henry shut his eyes again.

Anita turned casually to Henry. "Isn't this great?" she asked. "Oh, I call this living."

She shoved some lever on the wheel two inches. Henry wondered if she were trying to go faster.

"Gee!" Anita Camp began again. Henry shut his eyes. He might as well if she were going to talk to him instead of watching the road.

Nothing happened. Anita chatted on. There was a rushing in Henry's ears. He opened his eyes. Ahead loomed a pair of brilliant headlights. They were going to meet head on. There wasn't room to pass. He watched the approach of the other car with fascinated eyes. This was the end. And then they were past. Somehow they were past—by an inch.

On, on, on they rushed while Anita Camp chatted to Henry. They pulled up in Wabash Avenue at twenty minutes of twelve. The big car moved swiftly up the Camps' drive.

"I'm hungry," said Anita Camp. "Let's raid the ice box."

"I'm with you," said Jack Hardin.

Henry considered. He wanted to be alone. He wanted to get down out of that car on his feet and walk and be alone. He had never expected to want to walk again. But he did.

WHEN the rest started for the butcher's pantry Henry slipped upstairs to his room. The storm was just beginning. But Henry got into his raincoat. He ran down the stairs. The rest were out of sight. Henry opened the front door and went out. He walked toward town, toward the railway station. It was raining pitchforks now, but Henry walked doggedly on. He walked to the telegraph office in the railway station. He wrote:

MARY BELL,
63 West Ninth Street, New York:
Will you marry me next week?

HENRY MILLS.

He gave his address as the Wabash Hotel. Then he went back to the Camps' to bed.

The next morning Henry was up and out early. He walked down to the Wabash Hotel. He walked into the dining room.

"I want a glass of chilled orange juice, black coffee, and toast—thin toast," he said to the waiter.

"Very nice chops this morning," the waiter said.

"I'll have orange juice, coffee, and toast," said Henry firmly.

He had finished his leisurely breakfast when a bell boy came in bellowing his name. Henry stopped him.

"Telegram for you, sir," the boy said.

"Exactly," said Henry.

Henry gave the boy fifty cents and tore open the envelope. He read:

Yes. But why the haste? Please send details special delivery.

MARY BELL.

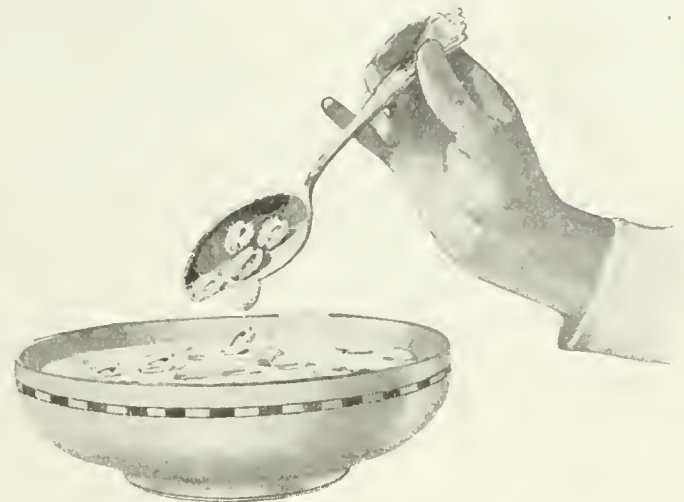
Henry smiled, the smile of a conqueror. Then he paid his check and walked over to the clerk's desk.

"When is your next train to New York?" he asked. And as he spoke his face wore the ineffable expression of the New Yorker, the New Yorker who is going home to the peace and the quiet and the ease which is New York.

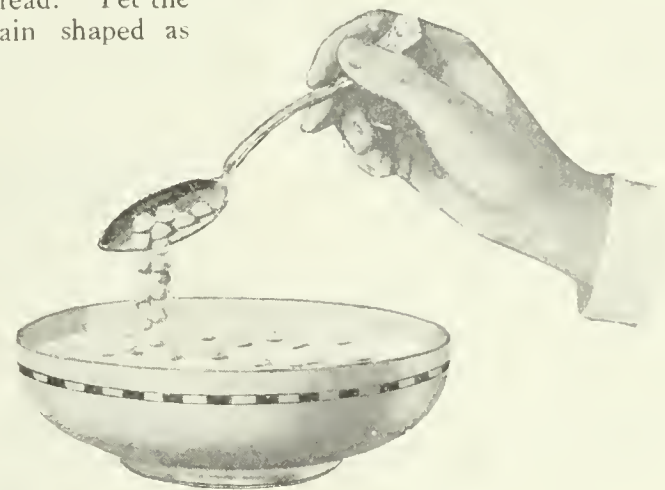
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Uncle Sam's Fake Factory

Continued from page 18

were drying big fish nets. They hauled them up en masse and lowered them into a vat of dye. Then they were lifted out and put under a wringer arrangement, for Uncle Sam saves every drop of paint or dye or anything else that can possibly be saved. Then they were hung out to dry. A little farther along women were splicing nets, putting together strips to make nets of different sizes. Behind them was a battery of little French machines going like mad. "We've got American machines with motors on the way," my guide told me. "When they come you'll see things hum around here."

The equipment of this sprawling factory is amazing in its completeness and variety. There is a machine shop, complete in every detail where steel plates are fashioned into shelters that are machine-gun and shrapnel-proof. These are to be covered with earth, leaving only a slit with a sliding cover for observation and for firing. There is a carpenter's shop, a cabinetmaker's shop, and a sawmill. Such a sawmill! Talk of Yankee ingenuity! The boys rigged it up out of an old circular saw, a couple of timbers, and some junk-pile iron for the carriage, and you should see it saw! It ought to be taken to America after the war and exhibited at a sawmill owners' convention.

After inspecting the "Y" hut, with its skillful interior decorations, its auditorium, stage, writing room, and can-

teen, we went to see the nursery, managed by the Red Cross. The walls were covered with pictures most skillfully done; child scenes, nursery-rime illustrations, fairy stuff. It made you wish you were a French baby yourself so you could loaf around there while mamma worked at the job of deceiving Fritz.

Clownish Guns

THE bunk house is of the crackajack variety. The bunks are double-deckers, but they are made in rustic design, of limbs of trees, and as you stand in the door and look down the long rows it seems like some expensive and very pleasant summer camp. Artistry costs no more—that is what it is to belong to an outfit of artists and designers.

Outside the bunk house were a number of painters decorating 75's with weird patterns. Perhaps by this time these guns with the vicious snap and snarl, that have been such a factor in the war, are used to having their noses powdered and their cheeks enameled with strange signs and symbols. A cannon, by itself, is a stern-looking affair. Camouflaged, it somehow takes on a clownishness and jauntiness. But authority informs us they shoot just as well, and are shot less for their decorations. Camouflage is no joke—not over here. Ask any boy who has been up to the front line. In America it is a slang expression; in France it is the difference between life and death.

War Prisoners

Continued from page 6

culminating in harmless idiocy or violent madness, according to the temperament of the victim. The cure is complete change of environment and contact with something that will stir up the "will-to-do" in the sufferer. German asylums were once full of such cases. Now all her neurasthenics are exchanged across her frontiers to neutral countries.

Contrast These Facts

THE commandant told me about his preparations to take charge of newly interned enemy alien women. "It is not yet definitely known," he said, "how many of these women will be brought here. Only the 'dangerous' ones will be interned. This will be the only women's internment camp in the country. They will be under women guards, in those new huts away over there." He pointed to a remote clearing. "Why, even our women criminals have women wardens. The officer over them will be a woman, responsible directly to me. The details of discipline and regulation will keep in view their continued safe custody, but their officer will have a free hand in other matters. They will get the same general treatment as the men, except that they will be allowed more personal privacy."

I told Colonel Penrose how I had seen several thousand women, Belgian and Polish, interned at Lichtenhorst, Hanover, in May, 1916. They were herded together like cattle. Their guards were men, who vouchsafed them no hour of privacy. They had committed the unpardonable crime of being born between Germany and her ambition, and, presto! they must pay for it!

Speaking of the kind of hut accommodation given to German prisoners in this country, Colonel Penrose explained: "We give them the same kind of barracks as our own men live in. Each is given a regulation army spring bed, mattress, sheets, blankets, and pillow. Look around you." I looked, and saw great lines of double-story huts, new and scrupulously clean. "You see, these big barracks have all conveniences inside them. When such places are outside men will go out at night with insufficient clothing on, and catch cold. That makes sickness, which we aim to eliminate."

As the American commandant spoke I thought of my entry into Germany

as a prisoner. I had been kept in Belgium for five weeks under the care of Belgian sisters of charity. My boots, puttees, underclothing, overcoat, buttons, and badges were all stolen by souvenir-hunting Germans. When I arrived at my first camp, Giessen, I was ill, weak, hungry, and half naked. The kindly Belgian sisters had patched and buttoned our rags as best they could, but we were all in bad shape. After some months I was discharged from the hospital to the prison camp proper. It was already cold, and the Red Cross was sending our men clothing. But I was listed as "missing," and they had not got my name. For the greater part of that winter my entire "underclothing" was an old piece of flannel round my waist. My lower legs were bare, and my only pair of socks had one "entrance" and two "exits" each. But our own Red Cross ultimately got my name and sent me all I needed.

The German beds, in contrast to the American, consisted of a filthy, lousy pailasse and two flannelette blankets that had no warmth. Again we were indebted to the Red Cross for blankets. The German barracks were overcrowded and without ventilation. They were hotbeds of tuberculosis and asthma for men whose lungs, like mine, had been injured by German gas. If we went outside for relief, the dogs were set on us. If we stayed inside, we were in danger of suffocation. We did go out, though, risking shots and dogs. It was preferable to breathing in that pigsty.

Death and Discipline

DURING my imprisonment sickness and death were our daily visitors. There were always 20 per cent of us down sick. The official indifference in some camps was appalling. Poor nourishment and bad living conditions combined to cause a high mortality. Funeral services were conducted every day—if you can call throwing the dead into unhalloved holes and covering them up "funeral services."

German discipline is incredibly harsh as compared to the American. In June, 1916, a Canadian had committed the misdemeanor of smoking in barracks. We all did it, but he happened to be caught. He was sentenced to seven days' solitary confinement, which, in Germany, means total darkness and solitude for seven long days with one

hour's sunlight and a bowl of hot soup every third day. The daily rations were seventeen ounces of bread and a liter of water.

Work or Starve

THERE recurs to me a picture of the notorious camp at Sennelager in January, 1915. A bitter wind is blowing. Snow, rain, sleet, and fog mingle with the cold and penetrate to our very marrow. I see an old horse tent floorless, dilapidated, rotten, flapping despairingly in the wind and leaking like a sieve. Some pitiful objects that were once British soldiers are huddled, sick, half naked, and starving in the one dry corner. Two of these are feebly playing mouth organs. The others are trying to sing. As I listen to their thin, cracked voices, I hear the cough and feverish flush that stamp some of them already for death. A forced and infinitely pathetic gayety grinds out the words:

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary . . . to the sweetest girl I know . . . but my heart's right there!"

One of the singers leaves the group and motions me into a corner. He stirs the straw, and I gaze in horror on the dead face of a British soldier, so pinched and gray and blue from exposure and suffering as to seem

scarcely human. The eyes are deep-sunk, the mouth agape, the features frozen in agony. My pilot stirs another heap and shows another face.

"Bof died last night," he explains in dull, passionless tones that tell of the hell that has burned out his emotions.

"How can those men sing in the presence of this?"

"Gawd bless yer, chummy," my friend in this antechamber to hell replies, "we 'ave ter bleedin' well sing ter keep ourselves 'appy a bit. We shud all croak like these 'ere pore blighters ef we lorst 'art. Ef yer wunce loses 'art 'ere yer goes west. Some goes every night. We'll bury these as soon as it stops snowin'."

The worst trouble with the German prison-camp system is that it is administered on the wrong basis—that of systematic competition in economies. The commandants of the various camps vie with one another to show the lowest per capita operating expenses with the highest per capita average of working hours. No consideration is given to the well-being of the captives.

For instance, let us suppose there are 15,000 prisoners at Giessen. The commandant reports that for a certain month he has secured an average of

four hours' work daily from each prisoner. The commandant at Göttingen with the same number of prisoners has an average of five hours. Giessen is baldly advised of Göttingen's better showing from the competing camp, and the next month several thousand invalids are pressed into work. Rations are similarly squeezed.

No able-bodied man in Germany, civilian or military, may be idle. Prisoners try to refuse to do direct war work, but only men of heroic frame can be resolute in face of German coercion. On one occasion seventy-five British soldiers had been taken from Giessen to a "farm" which turned out to be a munition factory. They refused to work, even when threatened with a machine gun, were shut up for three days without food and almost without water, and were then taken to Giessen and put into a punishment company.

Germany's favorite scheme of coercion is merely to stop men's food until they consent to work. That tames the most stubborn for a few days. Then the process usually has to be repeated.

No prisoner of war may be employed without pay, as that would be slavery, even in Germany. So she gives her prisoners 6 to 8 cents a day. America pays hers 25 cents,

and Great Britain pays 24. Canada gives prisoners 25 cents a day to clear land which they will probably be allowed to homestead when the war is over.

America's Ideals

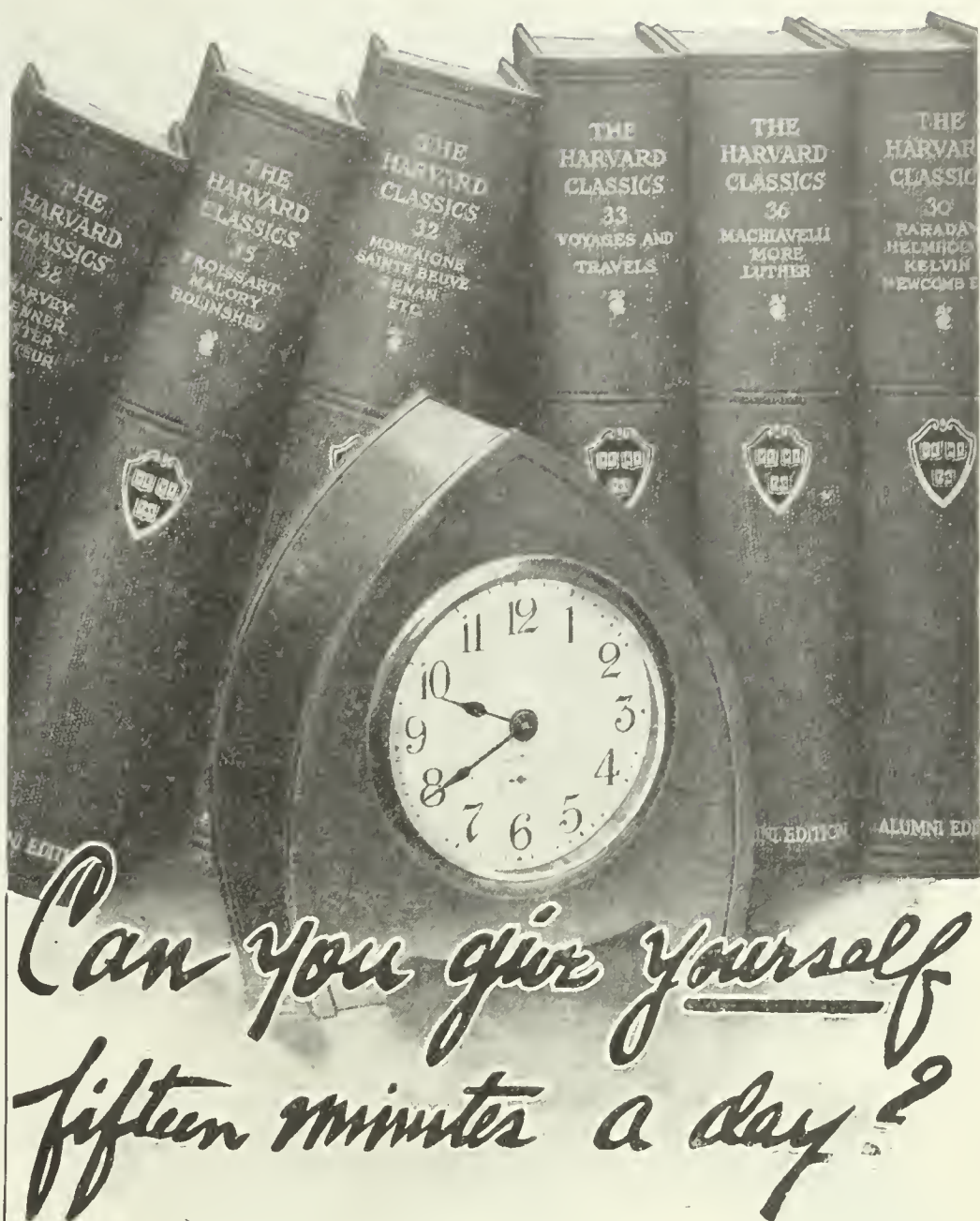
THIS country, rich in food and money and war energy, is yet young in the conflict. Its ideals are still unobscured. Those of us who have fought longer have had many disillusionments. It is our brothers, our husbands, our sons, our daughters who have bled in the treacherous wake of Hun gas, aerial bombardment, liquid fire, and torpedoes.

My observations have convinced me that working prisoners in Germany are the worst housed, the poorest fed, the most brutally treated, the most prone to sickness in the world. On the other hand, German prisoners in America are the best housed, the best fed, the most humanely treated, the least prone to sickness of any among the warring nations.

America is avowedly in the war to vindicate her ideals of liberty and justice. Nowhere is she more consistent in demonstrating those ideals than in her treatment of enemy prisoners, even while her own sons are suffering hardship and humiliation in Germany.

Next Week

"The Yanks Go Through," in which William Slavens McNutt, COLLIER'S special correspondent at the front, tells how he stood on Hill 212 and saw our boys charge the German machine guns and drive the boches across the Ourcq



You owe it to yourself to make of yourself the broadest-minded, the most efficient and progressive person possible. Are you doing it?

Think of your average day—eight hours on the job, an hour going to and fro, ten hours for meals and sleep—leaving five hours of leisure. Now take *one-twentieth* of this leisure period, *fifteen minutes a day*. Doesn't that seem an absurdly small time to devote to mental stimulus and improvement?

Yet when the man who has been Harvard's president for 40 years says that by earnestly devoting but fifteen minutes a day to a set of books he has selected, one can acquire the liberal outlook and the accumulation of necessary facts which a university aims to give, his words demand most serious consideration, do they not? This set of books is

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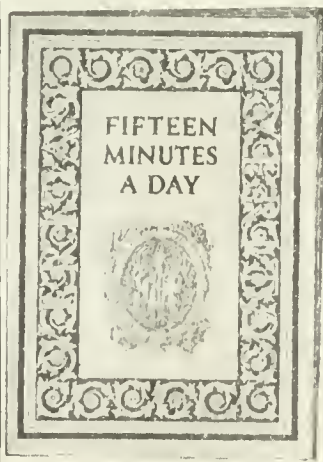
College Professor, many of these more valuable than whole books of criticism. The set is provided with an unique Reader's Guide and Index so that every moment devoted to these volumes counts. One of America's most successful men recently gave as his chief maxim of success: "Read good books and think, and then read some more." "The Harvard Classics" are the books you can read and re-read and are those that make you think. May we tell YOU more about them?

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More Liberty Bonds, or More Income?

Continued from page 7

and women who have abandoned business or professional occupations to enter the army or navy or Red Cross, or other branches of the service, thus forfeiting a great part of their income and risking their business or professional good will. Often these men and women have dependent children.

Added Sacrifice

LET us take as an illustration a successful young lawyer who has built up a practice which has been paying him \$10,000 a year; by economy he has accumulated, say, \$10,000; he has a wife and children. In surrendering his practice to enter the Government's service his income may be reduced to a salary of \$2,000 a year or less. His income from his securities may bring this up to \$2,700 a year. In winding up his practice he collects outstanding bills from his clients totaling \$10,000 and must decide whether to spend this money in maintaining his former stand-

ard of living or invest it in some security paying a high return or buy Liberty Bonds.

A man of strong character, with a family loyal to the purpose for which he has sacrificed his practice, may be able to readjust his plan of living to an income of \$2,700 a year, plus the \$425 additional income from the Liberty Bonds that he buys, and still be happy and comfortable and feel that he is doing his duty both to his family and to his Government. On the other hand, he may be tempted to believe that in order to educate his children who are at school and college, and to maintain his own health and efficiency, it is necessary to obtain a larger income than is possible by the investment in Government bonds. There is certainly no reason why that man should be condemned for declining to make the additional sacrifice of income involved in the purchase of a 4½ per cent Government bond. He has already made a



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great sacrifice, and while the nation can well afford to insure his efficiency by permitting him to obtain the largest income possible from an investment in some security issued by a corporation which is engaged in war work, the chances are that one who makes such sacrifices as this can be relied upon to make the small additional sacrifice of income involved in purchasing the war bonds of his Government.

Exchanging Securities

A THIRD type is the man of large income who spends but a fraction of it and has large amounts to invest every year. He will have little difficulty in his decision if engaged in some business directly promoting the prosecution of the war. He should not, of course, hamper the efficiency of his business by withholding from it the capital which possibly he alone can furnish. This applies to the manufacturer of war materials particularly. On the other hand, if he is a retired capitalist, with an income beyond his needs, it is unquestionably his duty to the nation to invest every dollar of the accumulated surplus in bonds of the Government, beyond, possibly, a moderate amount in new security issues bearing the stamp of approval of the Capital Issues Committee.

When one buys a security in the security market, it may be that the seller, in turn, will invest the proceeds in Government bonds. On the other hand, it may be that the person selling the securities desires funds for some purpose not at all related to the war.

But when the Government places a Liberty Loan, all those who have money to invest are brought under the influence of a great campaign of education, which is, in fact, a great selling campaign. Those who have accumulated the bank balances by selling their investments are just as subject to the influence of the campaign as those who in the first instance accumulated bank balances by thrift or otherwise and later transferred them to other persons in exchange for securities. It can hardly be claimed, therefore, that the available investment fund of the nation is reduced as the result of such transfers of securities. The important thing is to reach all owners of idle bank balances, however those balances may have arisen, with the Liberty Loan propaganda and induce them to buy Government bonds. Those who cannot afford to invest in low-rate securities make it possible for others to do so by buying from them the securities they are willing to sell. To illustrate this point, if we assume that the total value of all investment securities in this country aggregates \$50,000,000,000 at the time of a Liberty Loan offering, that at the same time the total of idle bank balances in the country aggregates \$6,000,000,000, and that the Government is inviting subscriptions to \$6,000,000,000 of Liberty Bonds, it makes no difference in the result whether the \$6,000,000,000 is turned over to the Treasury in exchange for Liberty Bonds by those who originally accumulated the \$6,000,000,000 or by others who have acquired those bank balances by selling the portion of the \$50,000,000,000 of securities they formerly owned.

Productive Economy

BUT no patriotic citizen, whatever his means, who can afford to purchase his Government's war bonds can take the risk that the hard-won results of his economies will be wasted by some other individual to whom he delegates this decision. That is what he does when he turns his money over to some one else in exchange for some other kind of an investment.

Our success in financing the war from now on will absolutely depend upon the extent to which the American people are willing to economize. There is no doubt as to the results which can be achieved by such economies, whether they be voluntary or enforced. They can be made to produce, in this country of wealth, extravagance, and waste, a sufficient fund of savings to absorb all the war bonds which the Government must issue in order to win the war.

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Collier's

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William S. McNutt

"The Yanks Go Through," a thrilling eyewitness description of the Battle of the Ourcq, in which our boys met and put to rout the famous Prussian Guard, Germany's best fighting unit

Samuel H. Adams

"The Dodger Trail," a story in which a clever German agent meets the American secret service

Arthur Ruhl

"The Fourth in Alsace," in which our correspondent spent Independence Day with American troops on "German" soil

William Maxwell

"How Do They Do It?" another in the series of business articles

John Amid

"Kale in Season," a story of the movies

Also

Photograph pages, "Letters from the Air," by Lieut. J. A. Bayne, Editorials, etc.



EDWARD
PENFIELD

Stand Back of Them with Liberty Bonds

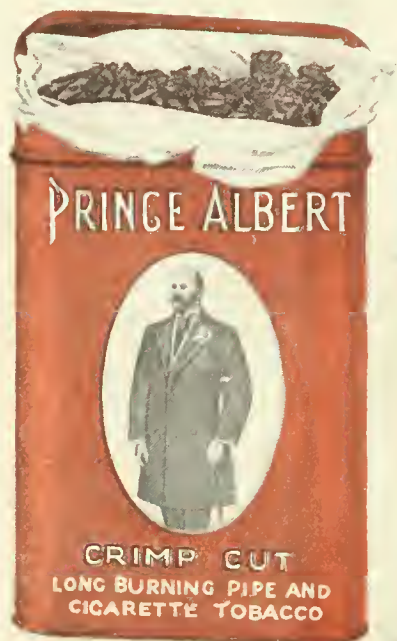
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You buy Prince Albert in toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and in that clever, practical pound crystal-glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.



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For, Prince Albert puts over a turn new to any man fond of a pipe or a home made cigarette—and, it's a revelation to men who've figured at close-up they be-hanged if they can smoke a pipe! Yes, sir, P. A. wins your glad hand completely. *That's because it has the quality!*

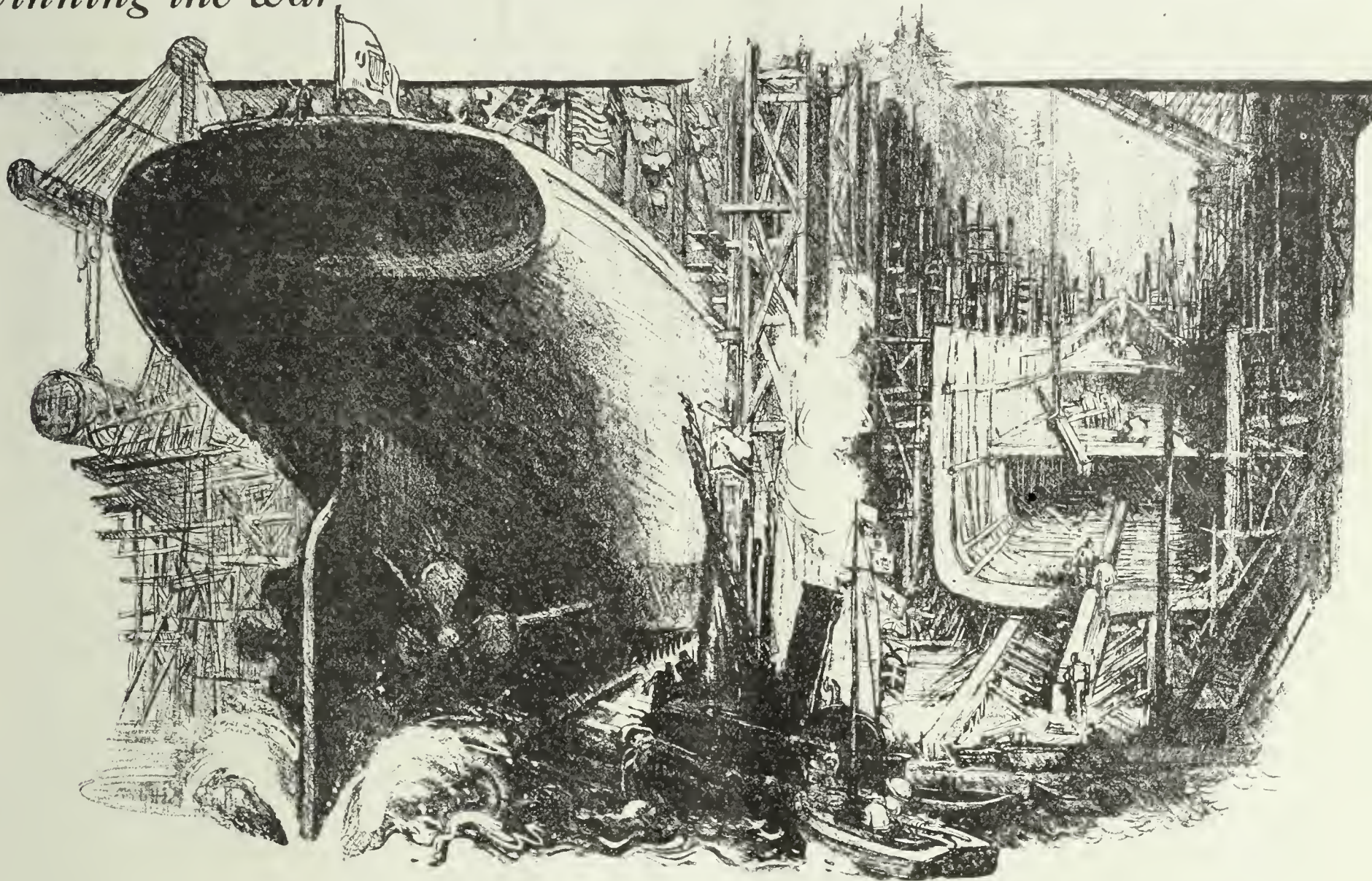
And, right behind this quality *flavor* and quality *fragrance* is Prince Albert's freedom from bite and parch, which is cut out by our exclusive patented process. We tell you to smoke your fill at any clip without a comeback! Does that sound like the goods to you?

Today's the day! Sweep the table and cut loose a new smokedeck like your nickname was Hurryharry—and get shifting in P. A. flavor! My, My! And, get to the southside of P. A. fragrance! Leave it to you to fret as to *just why* you haven't enlisted before in the biggest smoke-fraternity that ever was!

Lay your smoketaste flush up against a listening post—and you'll get the Prince Albert call, *all right!* For, you only need a whiff at the open tidy red tin to make you dig for a jimmy or "the papers" and a match! *And, in an awful hurry!*

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Big electric motors and controllers are despatched to the lumber mills to operate band and head saws, slashers, trimmers, edgers and planers, making new records in lumber production.

Lumber for ships is not the whole story. The call for more cantonments and barracks, spruce for aeroplanes, workmen's houses and additional ship-

ways comes at the same time. Powerful cranes and hoists, necessary in both steel and wooden ship construction must also have electric power equipment.

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It is for America's manufacturing and industrial efficiency that such an organization as the General Electric Company is maintained. It is to the interest of the country as a whole that industry avail itself of the opportunity to consult with the industrial engineers of the General Electric Company; for many a perplexing production problem can be solved by the correct application of electric power—sometimes without adding to the present electrical equipment.



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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 5, 1918

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The Yanks Go Through

BY WILLIAM SLAVENS MCNUTT

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

I HAVE seen the game of war played in the open fields under a clear sky as a writer or painter might order it for his own purpose; seen it played in a sunlit gold and green valley of France by men of my own land as a moving-picture director might have arranged it for the eye of his camera. I have sat on an open hillside under a screaming roof of loaded steel and watched our farthest thin brown line of fighting infantry smash irresistibly into the worst the German has to offer, flank and rush frantically chattering machine guns, dodge far-flung blows of barrage-fire as a boxer dodges a fist: dodge and rush and strike—and win!

I have seen all that as one might sit in the bleachers and watch a football game played out on the field below; seen it as the occupant of a choice seat in a huge, natural amphitheatre, watching what will be important history carved out in action before my eyes.

It was during the German retreat from the Marne, out of the Soissons-Rheims salient, and it had been in progress for a number of days. The Germans were getting back as best they might, leaving behind them quantities of munitions and equipment, fighting chiefly rear-guard actions with machine guns. And always at their heels, twenty-four hours of each victorious day, were the French and Americans, slugging them back with whining tons of high explosive, showering them with the death that the buzzing shrapnel bears, stinging them to greater speed by the high-whistling little metal words with which a machine gun argues, stabbing and smashing them out of town and wood with bayonet and gun butt.

So swift was the advance that as dignified and complex an institution as a division headquarters might move several times in one day, and the front line was as hard to locate as an address in Brooklyn! And behind that ever-moving thin brown line of fighting infantry to a depth of thirty miles there was spread

out a magnitude of movement that stunned the imagination; a bewildering military panorama that attacked the eye with vast picture after vast picture until at last one watched unseeing, wrung dry of the capacity for further impression.

I first came upon this grumbling sea of mighty movement while riding toward the front in a correspondent's car. It was near Belleau Wood, the scene of the first signal American success on the Marne. The machine sped up to the crest

of a hill, and there, just ahead of us, blotting out the white of the French road with a moving stain of brown, was a long column of American artillery stretching ahead as far as the eye could reach. Shortly we overtook and rode beside it. They had been on the way for days. Grimy, dust-powdered men were sprawled out fast asleep on the jolting caissons. Weary officers were nodding in their saddles as they rode. The heads of the horses were all adroop as they plodded on. The soldiers afoot were walking bent forward, slowly, wearily, mechanically slogging on through the dust like automatons driven by a mechanism that had almost run down but would never, never quite stop and so moved them irresistibly onward, slow, thumping step after slow, thumping step, wearily on and on over the flinty road through the choking, gritty haze of dust.

For the space of half an hour we whirled by this monotonous, slow-moving but ever forward-slogging line of weary, dust-smothered life, and groaning, creaking mechanism of wheel and spring, of gun and wagon body.

Beyond the column of artillery we passed a long line of machine gunners, men riding humped up on funny little dwarf one-horse carts no bigger than a baby carriage (they reminded me at first of circus clowns in a parade and then of burlesque charioteers); beyond the machine gunners motor lorries, huge brown vehicles, swaying, groaning, growling sullenly along on their way to the distant front, some packed with weary, lolling soldiers, some piled high

After being told that he could not go to Hill 212 and come back alive, Mr. McNutt set off for Château-Forêt, and by mistaking his way ended up on that very Hill 212, where he found the whole Battle of the Ourcq spread out before him. Then the German artillery located and honored COLLIER'S correspondent with a special bombardment of about twenty shells. How he lived to tell the tale we don't know, but here it is.—THE EDITOR.

with supplies. Then big guns jouncing slowly along in tow of clanking, grinding tractors. Then more troops and artillery and more and more. Seemingly there was no end to this slow-moving, brown line of energy crawling up toward the battle field. And it was all American. In one day I rode probably seventy-five miles, every yard of the way past this grumbling, dust-befogged procession. For other days I rode through this staggering immensity of action, going from correspondents' headquarters to the front and back again. And then my hour of luck arrived!

Betting Against Hill 212

THE Germans were making a desperate stand on the Ourcq on the line running to the right from Fère-en-Tardenois. I arrived near noon in the shell-wrecked town where was located the headquarters of the American division that was then thunderously, savagely slugging the boche with its every power of man and gun to stun him loose from his desperate grip on the far slope of the Ourcq. Together with two friends I visited the division intelligence officer and for the twentieth time inquired as to a point of vantage from which we might really see some of the infantry action. The town was semi-circled with American heavy artillery, and it was necessary to talk in quick bursts of speech between the obliterating attacks of sound that roared forth at rapid intervals from the hot mouths of the fighting metal monsters.

"Our infantry's going over this afternoon about here," he said, indicating on the map a spot on the far side of the Ourcq to the right of Fère-en-Tardenois. "If you could get up to the Château-Forêt, you might see a little of the work."

"How about Hill 212?" I asked. I had heard about that hill from an officer friend, and I wanted to get there. The intelligence officer smiled and shook his head.

"Not a chance. Great observation if you could get there—which you couldn't—and if you did the betting's all against your getting back. Better try Château-Forêt. The view's not as good from there, but you'll probably live longer to tell about what little you do see."

Speaking in the short intervals between gunfire, he gave us our directions, and our car crawled slowly through a village to the fork in the road at the foot of a hill; then we took the road up the hill to the right. I had thought there was a certain degree of noise in the valley below where the heavy guns were located and where quivering nerves were beaten to numbness! I was mistaken! Until I reached the plateau at the top of that hill I had no conception of noise. For that plateau, stretching out before us for some two thousand yards to a wood ahead, was sown thick with rapid-firing seventy-fives. From copse and gun pit and open field all about us they were spitting flame and steel.

And it was a different world up there on that flame-spouting plateau. The traffic was less, and it moved faster. The men were more alert. The plateau was clean! We had come through thirty miles of a world that was dirty, dust-choked, greasy, slow-moving; a world that was stupid with monotony and fatigue, a sluggish, low grumbling world of hard, mean service. And on this plateau was the beginning of the clean, swift, deadly world of action for which that hard, slow-grinding service was rendered. There was a soul tonic in the spiritual atmosphere of that clean world.

"It's Not Healthy, but the View's Fine"

WE whirled across the plateau and into the wood beyond. None of the soldiers we met knew anything about Château-Forêt, so we kept on going. We arrived at last at a crossroad where a sweating M. P. halted us. "Château-Forêt?" he bawled in my ear. "Don't know nothin' about it. Mebbe find out down at brigade headquarters. Take this road to the left through the woods an' leave your car at the first-aid dressin' station. They'll tell you how to reach brigade."

Three hundred yards down the road to the left and we reached the first-aid dressing station, a mere

hut in the woods. The newly wounded were there, lying on stretchers on the ground awaiting transportation to the rear. And immediately about that rude dressing station, in the midst of all that cannon fire, among those newly wounded there was a curious illusion of peace. On the faces of all the wounded there was a common expression of ecstatic tranquillity, of exalted content. They had done the ultimate thing well; for them at that moment nothing mattered; and from them radiated an aura of peace, so that one had the feeling of being remote from the war; of being safe in a spiritual shelter.

"Brigade headquarters is right ahead along that path through the woods there," an orderly directed us. "Château-Forêt? Never heard of it."

We went on along the little path through the thick wood, a path walled by a dense



The stretcher bearer rose slowly

growth of underbrush, past quantities of German ammunition and equipment, past infantrymen curled up in the scanty shelter of individual pits, past men sleeping sprawled out in the underbrush, men in whom fatigue had conquered caution. We came then upon a lieutenant who discouraged us.

"Château-Forêt?" he exclaimed. "Why, that's away over to your left, and you couldn't get into the observation post there anyway. The general's up there now and a lot of others. It's full up. No, I don't know of a place from where you could see the infantry go over. You can go on up to the edge of the woods, but you couldn't see much of anything from there. I'd advise you to go back."

"Well, we'll go up to the edge of the woods anyway."

"You can do that. I'll tell you what: I'll take you up to brigade, and we'll see what they can do for you."

A hundred yards farther along the path we stopped. There was a narrow trench there perhaps ten feet long and partly roofed with sheet iron.

"This," said the lieutenant, pointing at the partly roofed trench at our feet, "is brigade headquarters. Wait for me a minute."

He squirmed in at one end of the trench, and almost immediately a major popped out at the other. "Hello!" said the major. "Do you know Floyd Gibbons? Where is he now?"

I told him. He asked after other correspondents I knew. A colonel crawled up out of the trench and joined us, and for five minutes we left the battle flat on its back and stood there gossiping eagerly about mutual acquaintances. (I know of nothing more strange than the usual conversations in which one indulges at the front in the heat of battle. Recently I was racing down a road to get out from under heavy shell fire, falling on my face every five or ten yards as a whistling scream announced a fresh arrival. A panting lieutenant caught step with me. "Do you know So-and-So?" he gasped. "Yes," I replied as a shell whirled down out of the sky and we both fell flat on our faces. "Where is he now?" he continued as the sound of the explosion died away and we rose, running together. "I think he's in Paris," I answered, and even as I spoke rolled flat with him in a muddy ditch as another shell screamed down and broke near by. And thus we continued our way for several hundred yards, discussing our friend and his characteristics between dives into the mud.) After a little our lieutenant guide appeared, followed by Captain X., an artillery officer. Captain X. was heavy of chest and slightly bowed as to underpinning. "I can take you where you can see something," he assured us. "I won't guarantee to bring you back. It's not healthy out where I'm going, but the view's fine. All right? Come ahead."

We said good-by to the major and the colonel and trailed on after the captain through the woods. After a walk of perhaps a hundred and fifty yards we came to the edge of the forest and stepped suddenly out into the open field. There was no gradual thinning of the trees to warn us that we were about to reach the clear. The edge of that forest was as definite as though it had been carved with a blade. One step took us from the thick wood into the open. I took that one step and stopped, gasping, my heart pounding against my ribs.

War's Panorama

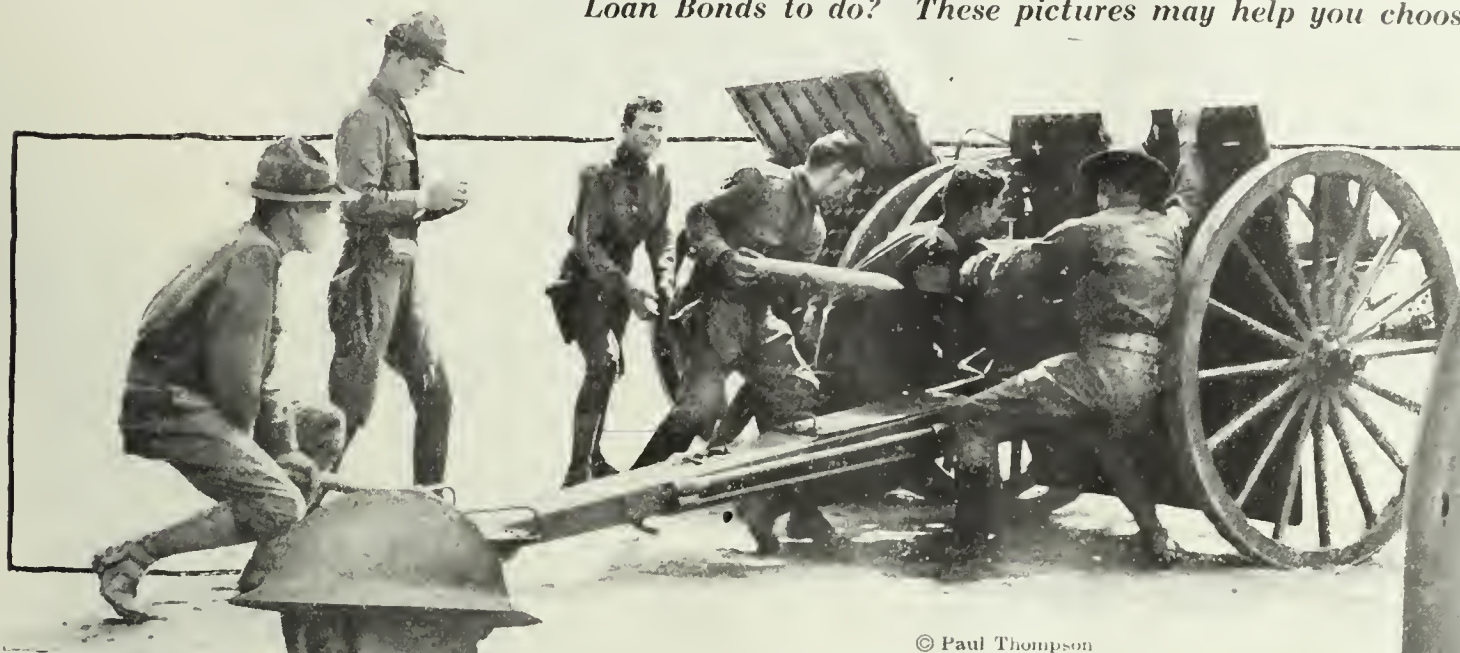
FOR there, spread out before me, was War, War as I had not hoped to be able to see it, War in the open over a sunlit visible line of seven or eight miles, War spread out in a great semicircle at my very feet. Around the foot of the bare hill upon which we had so suddenly emerged curved the River Ourcq. At the left end of the visible semicircle spread out below was the city of Fère-en-Tardenois, but newly captured by the French. It was that day under heavy bombardment by the Germans. As I looked it seemed to me that the city in the valley below me was seething, boiling; that underlying it there must be volcanic action, a fire and pressure that was melting the town and breaking through the gradually liquefying crust of the place in huge up-squirting geysers of smoke and flying houses. To the immediate right of Fère-en-Tardenois, across open grain fields on the far side of the Ourcq, was the village of Seringes, then doubtfully held by our troops. Still farther to the right, across yet other open fields, was Sergy, destined for a place in American history. On the previous day American troops from a farming State of the Middle West had there met the Prussian Guard. Four times the Americans took that town with bayonet and gun butt, and four times they were driven out by the best that the Prussian army boasts. So they took it again, those American farm boys, took it and held it, and the proud Prussian Guard retired, licked to a frazzle in its first humiliating encounter with the "Idiotic Yankees." Farther yet to the right lay Cierges, still partially held by the boche.

From Fère-en-Tardenois along the opposite bank of the Ourcq, as far to the right as I could see, the German shells were breaking. That long line of shell explosions was

(Continued on page 19)

How Your Bond Beats the Boche

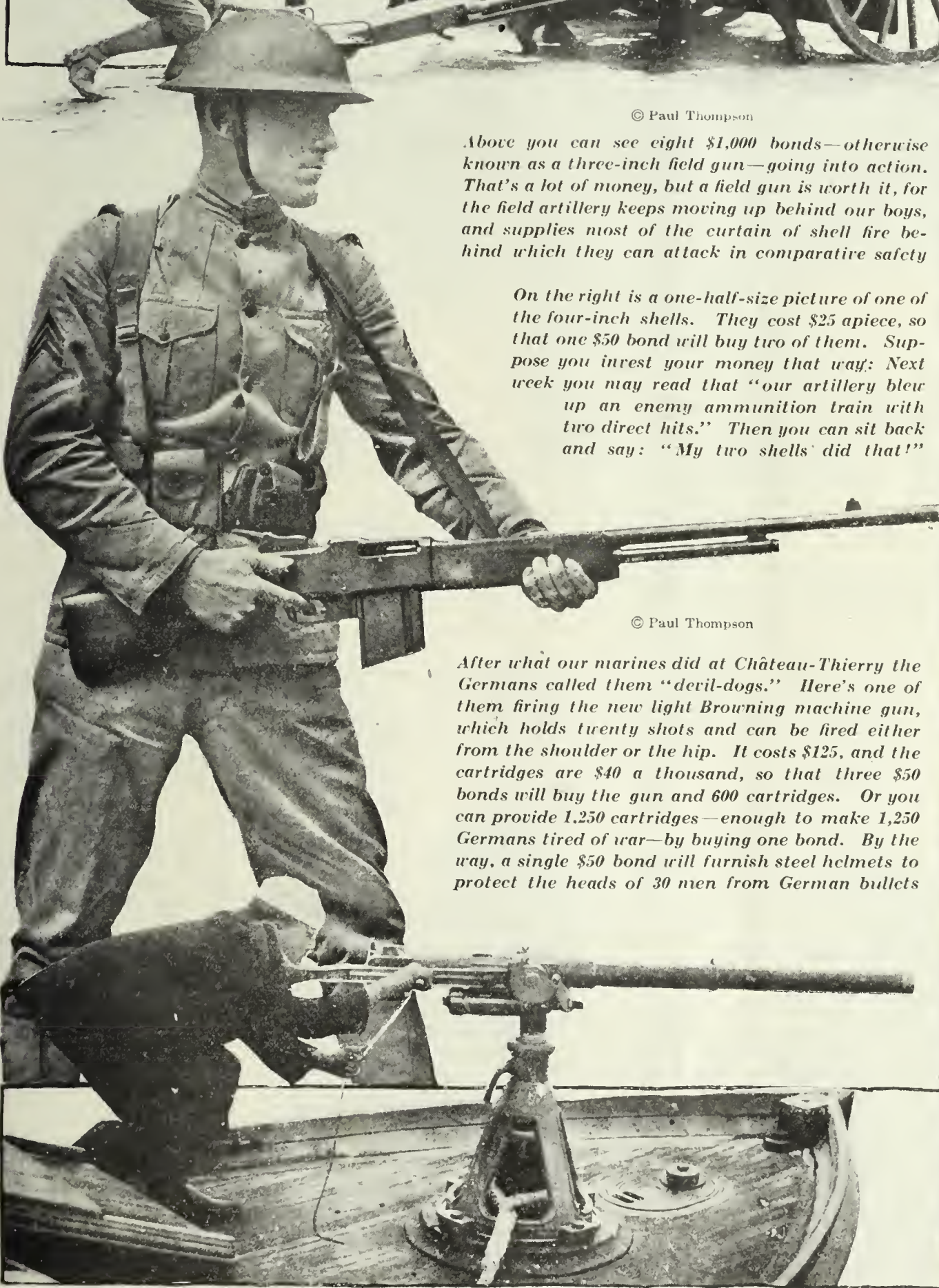
What kind of fighting do you want your Fourth Liberty Loan Bonds to do? These pictures may help you choose



© Paul Thompson

Above you can see eight \$1,000 bonds—otherwise known as a three-inch field gun—going into action. That's a lot of money, but a field gun is worth it, for the field artillery keeps moving up behind our boys, and supplies most of the curtain of shell fire behind which they can attack in comparative safety

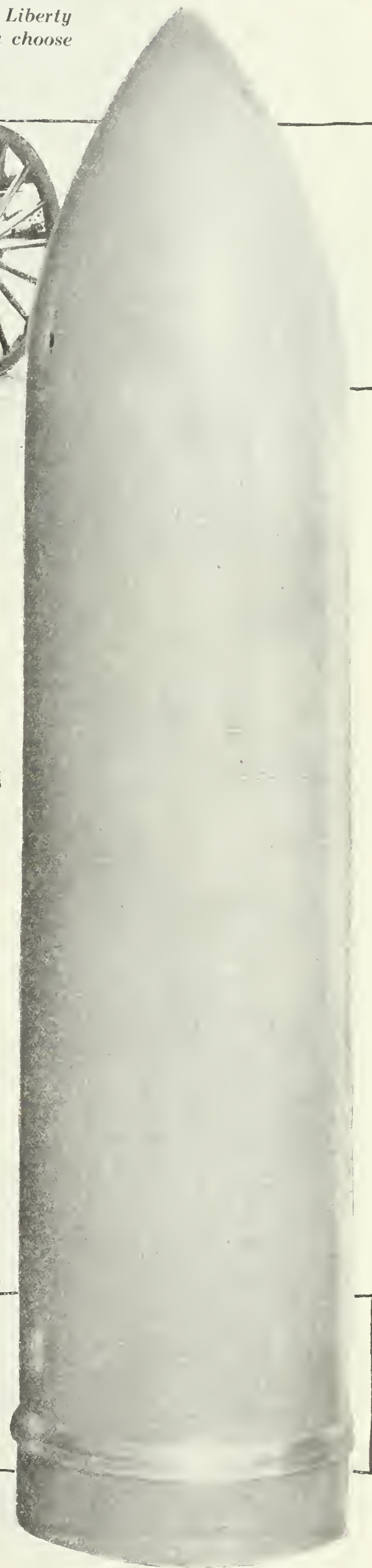
On the right is a one-half-size picture of one of the four-inch shells. They cost \$25 apiece, so that one \$50 bond will buy two of them. Suppose you invest your money that way: Next week you may read that "our artillery blew up an enemy ammunition train with two direct hits." Then you can sit back and say: "My two shells did that!"



© Paul Thompson

After what our marines did at Château-Thierry the Germans called them "devil-dogs." Here's one of them firing the new light Browning machine gun, which holds twenty shots and can be fired either from the shoulder or the hip. It costs \$125, and the cartridges are \$40 a thousand, so that three \$50 bonds will buy the gun and 600 cartridges. Or you can provide 1,250 cartridges—enough to make 1,250 Germans tired of war—by buying one bond. By the way, a single \$50 bond will furnish steel helmets to protect the heads of 30 men from German bullets

Here's one of the little one-pounder guns that our U-boat chasers find so useful. Each represents three \$500 bonds. If you want to provide ammunition, a \$50 bond buys 70 shells—and it takes only a single one-pounder shell, in the right place, to sink a submarine





The Dodger Trail

A Story of German Intrigue, in Two Parts, of Which This Is the First

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. JOHN

WITH a breath of relief over the irksome routine accomplished, I sealed my daily report for Washington, reflecting wearily that it might have been comprised in the single word "Nothing." As I reached for a cigarette I saw him in the doorway. Anywhere else than in Illington, one-thirty in the morning would be an abnormal hour for callers. But, since the war, Illington slumbered not, neither had it slept; and I had learned to accept its unrelenting habit during my first week on duty there. Consequently I was more annoyed than surprised at the visit.

"Saw your light," he explained in a placid and diffident voice. "Thought I'd drop in and get acquainted."

It was a mildly prepossessing personality which thus presented itself; a medium-sized, rather dumpy figure clad in a white, stiff-bosomed shirt of unimpeachable cleanliness, a pair of sober-hued trousers, and a loose alpaca coat; a very round head surmounted by an imitation Panama hat; a clean-shaven face with an expression of reflective benevolence centering in prominent brown eyes of almost bovine impassivity. The man looked rustic, as rustic as the narrow black string tie neatly knotted below the straight collar. I judged him to be one whom the swiftly developing city had left behind, obsolete and bewildered, in its outgrown past.

"Captain Raines, isn't it?" he inquired.

"Mr. Raines," I corrected sharply. My business in Illington, and particularly my connection with the War Intelligence, I had wished to conceal.

"What's your secret and my secret is everybody's secret, as the Good Book says," he observed genially. "Everybody knows everything that happens in Illington nowadays, and a heap that don't. Makes competition for the struggling newspaper man," he added, letting his eyes rest on a copy of the one daily which Illington boasted lying on the table.

"You're the local reporter, are you?" I asked, amused and enlightened.

"Occasionally. Also pretty much everything else, owner and editor included, of the 'Truth-teller,' officially known as the Illington 'Independent.'"

"Clement Holloway, Owner and Publisher," read the legend over the editorial columns to which he directed my notice.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Holloway?"

"Wouldn't wish to be interviewed, I guess?"

"Most certainly not."

"So I judged. That's why the 'Truth-teller' has kept quiet about you. Still, as the Good Book says, you never lose anything by asking." He strolled around inconsequentially, examining the examples of local taste in art which I had rented with the office. "Things don't look so good to-day," he observed presently. "Weren't down at the 6.10 Eastbound, were you?"

"No."

"A hundred and eleven more went out on that."

"Workmen?" I said, startled.

"Yes. All foreigners. Fifteen of the lot from the mine. The rest from the Arms Works. Worst day we've had yet."

"Have you been keeping track of the figures?"

"What you want to know for yourself, find out for yourself, the Good Book tells us. Sixty-seven left town yesterday; forty the day before; forty-nine the day before that. And so on."

He had dropped into a chair opposite me, bringing his face within the direct glow of the lamp. It was transparently honest, a face to trust, without being particularly transparent in any other suggestion. Its immobility, I began to suspect, did not necessarily indicate that degree of artless simplicity which I had at first ascribed to it.

"Do you know my errand in Illington?" I asked.

"Might make a guess. Phil Van Deusen didn't just exactly tell me in his letter; but—might make a guess."

Colonel Philip Van Deusen, chief of my depart-

ment of the War Intelligence, is not in the habit of confiding in stupid or untrustworthy persons; nor, indeed, in any persons whatsoever, without sound reasons. "Did he ask you to see me?" I inquired.

"Suggested I might. Phil's a connection of mine. Sometimes it's an advantage to know the local folks and their ways."

IT would have been advantageous to me, I reflected, to have known about those departing workmen earlier. "The factory people said nothing about losing their men to that extent," I said.

"No-o-o," he reflected. "They wouldn't. Tom Landreth's a good superintendent, but he don't take much stock in rumors. 'Just talk,' he says, and lets it go at that. He don't see, yet, that talk can do as much damage as dynamite."

"You're speaking of the rumors that there's a plan worked out to blow up the Illington Arms Works. Is that what you get?"

"Not more than twenty times a day—on the average."

"Any idea where the talk originates?"

"Gossip's a child that never owns its father, as the Good Book says," returned my new acquaintance, who obviously maintained a private Bible of his own. "German propaganda, of course. Direct from headquarters too."

"How do you figure that?" I asked, interested.

"Look at the raw material of panic supplied to our little local rumor factory. What have we been hearing for the last week? That there would be a big dynamiting somewhere in New England. That came from German headquarters, where they knew. And here you are!" He tapped a scare-head article in his paper telling of the destruction of the high-explosives plant at Solfield Centre, Mass., with a loss of eighty-odd lives. "Now we're hearing that Illington is next on the list!"

"Mr. Landreth is satisfied that they can't do anything to the Arms Works."

"I don't know as they need to do much."

"What's your theory, then?" I asked, getting more and more interested in this qucer informant.

"Oh, theory!" he disclaimed modestly. "Facts are hard enough nuts for me to crack. But if I was running this little panic propaganda of theirs, I'd figure it about this way: We've prophesied Solfield—I'd figure—and we've made good. The scare is working in Illington. There's eight thousand strange workmen here, many of 'em foreigners, ignorant and superstitious. Rich soil for a crop of terror. All we have to do—I'd figure—is to back up the scare with some sort of manifestation locally—most any sort would do—and we'll clean out the plant."

HE wandered to the door and stood listening. The giant trip hammer of the Illington Arms Works, the very heartbeat of that mighty war industry, sent its rhythm pulsing through the night. From farther afield in the darkness sounded a brief succession of dull, heavy reports. "Blasting in the North Hill Mine," interpreted my visitor. A fierce rattle of small arms replied to the more formidable gunnery, "Testing the rifles," he added. "I can remember when you could sleep in Illington. Now we make war, night and day. And to think that their panic propaganda can fight all that and maybe beat it and stop it, with words! 'Just talk,' as Landreth says."

He stretched his arm out toward the humming and industrious night, and, following the direction of his gesture, was gone. "See you again," floated back.

"Again," proved to be the following morning at the same hour. Soon he had formed a habit of dropping in on his homeward way and I had come to look forward to the quiet materialization out of darkness of the alpaca coat, the black string tie, the impeccable freshness of the shirt, the tranquil face and the deliberate voice. From the first half dozen of our talks I amassed, bit by bit, a working history of the community.

War, I learned, had come as a boon to the moribund industries of Illington. By certain alterations in the machinery its failing agricultural-implement factory contrived profitably to turn its plowshares, if not into swords, into more practical modern weapons, since when the plant had doubled and redoubled in size and the town had become a city. A cramped little city it was, hemmed in on north, east, and west by precipitous hills, and flanked to the south by a treacherous and unpeopled swamp. From the northern heights, not half a mile from the center of the city, had come the second gift of fortune. A visiting mineralogist named Waldron had appeared a few months before and done some private rock tapping on North Hill, where a steep cliff of sandstone faced the city. Soon the mysterious term "carnotite" began to be bandied about locally, to be succeeded by the magic word of incalculable promise, "radium." But before Illington had collected its wits sufficiently to act on the prospect, the mining had begun, and Professor Waldron and the close corporation back of him either owned or had an option on the entire area of the hill. Shortly the Government extended a semiprotection over the mine. Thereafter Illington was invited urgently to keep away. Its share in the proceedings consisted solely in hearing the blasting always conducted at night by Professor Waldron himself and his corps of expert assistants because of the sleazy and dangerous character of the sandstone. Arms and radium together, Illington was one of the most important war-industry centers in the United States at the time when I was ordered there to chase rumors.

SATURDAY night in Illington is a trifle less noisy than other nights. The giant trip hammer lays off for a few hours' rest then. My second Saturday night in the place was dull because I did not receive my accustomed call from the country editor. His "Truthteller" refrains from telling the truth or anything else on Sun-

days; therefore the previous evening is sacred to his personal pursuits. Earlier on that Saturday I had received visits from Professor Waldron of the North Hill Mine, and Superintendent Landreth of the arms factory. Though the defection of labor was growing less, the radium expert was pessimistic; looked for some further manifestation; complained that his workmen were secret and timorous, and insisted that the Government ought to take "positive action." The factory superintendent, on the other hand, thought that the worst was over.

In the morning the country editor woke me up. "She's bust," he announced.

He placed on the table a coarsely typed "dodger":

WAR WORKERS OF ILLINGTON

Take Warning

YOUR LIVES ARE IN DANGER
YOUR FAMILYS LIVES ARE IN DANGER
ALL WORK MUST BE STOPPED

OR

THE PLANTS WILL BE DESTROYED
ALL IS IN READINESS TO DO IT
THERE ARE PLENTY OF GOOD JOBS

WHERE YOU CAN WORK IN
SAFETY

YOU STAY HERE AT YOUR PERIL
Remember Solfield Centre

NO FIRTHER NOTICE GIVEN

BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE

So ran its message. It was two feet long, by about a foot broad, poorly printed on the cheapest of paper.



"Well, it sounded up there," answered the man, pointing to the black abyss opening out into the night

"The terror by night, as Solomon says," Clem Holloway observed.

"Where did you get this?"

"One of the night shift from the works brought it to my house."

"See any others?"

"Yes. Three in Italian and two in Polish."

"Picked up in the street?"

"Streets, yards, and stoops. Mostly in the downtown section."

"Then they were distributed last night."

"Between two and sunrise. None lying around when I walked up from the two-o'clock train."

"Are you going to publish anything about it?"

"Well, you can't tell a man there's no fire when the smoke is up his nose, as Moses said to Aaron," reflected my visitor. "There'll be a lot of 'em found, so it's no use trying to suppress it. Just make it look worse. I thought I'd maybe write a little piece guying the whole thing, and calling on this Committee on Bum Print," said the editor with a professional contempt for the inexpert job, "to make good."

"First rate! Then, when they don't make good—"

"Exactly. But, suppose they should make good."

"I'm trusting Landreth for that. Do you want to go around with me to see him?"

The factory superintendent, when we found him, was frankly contemptuous.

"Bluff!" he declared. "Outside and inside we're guarded beyond the limit of Government specifications."

"Maybe they thought that at Solfield," suggested the country editor.

"Bosh! Solfield wasn't guarded at all on the ocean side. No; I'll guarantee the men's safety while they're in the plant. But I can't protect 'em from threats from outside. What's to be done about these circulars?"

"Trace them locally as far as possible," I said. "I should like to know how many have been picked up, and where?"

"All right. I'll have the foremen pass the word when the night shift comes back."

SMALL as was the working force of the North Hill Mine, comparatively, it seemed worth while to institute a similar inquiry there, and I sent a request to that effect. My message was answered, that evening, by Professor Waldron in person. His thoughtful, middle-aged, horn-spectacled, pedantic face showed evidence of nervous tension as he burst into speech:

"This is outrageous! How are we to assure our workmen of safety in the face of this terrorization?"

"But this is not directed at the mine," I pointed out. "The threat is against the Arms Works."

"All war work must be stopped," he quoted. "You will concede that ours is war work."

"Mr. Landreth dismisses the idea of any effective attack," I said confidently.

"Landreth? Landreth lives in a fool's paradise of cocksureness. Or, it may be," he added with a peculiar change of tone, "that he has reassuring information regarding his own plant."

"That is a rather unpleasant suggestion, Professor Waldron."

"It is not so intended. Every man to his own interests. I am concerned with ours, and we have lost ten more men off the day shift since this damnable threat was circulated."

This was discouraging, though not unexpected. Still worse was the later news from Landreth that two hundred and fifty men, mostly Poles and Italians, had already quit, and more would surely follow. Together with this information came a puzzling report on the circulars. It seemed that, in all, only eighty-seven of the documents were accounted for. From this I estimated a total of from one hundred to one hundred and twenty, a curiously small edition. The location of all those found I carefully plotted. Two of them had been picked up in a brilliantly lighted block before the main factory, where four

(Continued on page 24)

Letters from the Air

No. 5: Dodging Archies

BY LIEUT. J. ALEXANDER BAYNE

DEAR SIS: Three of us cruised around for two hours and a quarter on patrol yesterday. When I landed I didn't have enough essence left to taxi in to the hangar. Had my reserve tank, though, that holds fifteen minutes' supply. We were at about 4,000 meters, and they put the shells all around us. The sound they make when they burst is a sort of growling cough. That particular battery is better than the average. It is in a small town, the name of which is pronounced like my own, so we call it Bayne's Battery. The boché Archies are generally black—that is, the ball of smoke that hangs there after the shell explodes is black. The French is white. The boches use high explosive and we use shrapnel. So by the color one can usually tell whether it's French or enemy guns, and act accordingly. Sometimes, though, they use other kinds of shells, and then you dodge both black and white.

Yesterday we saw French shells clustering around a point about 1,200 meters above us, and a bit ahead. We soon started after the boche they were shooting at. He had the advantage of height, though, and got away into Germany. A big biplane, taking photos, I expect. When we came back we were shelled again. The day was very clear, and we could be seen very plainly. We were so high, though, that a hit would have been pure luck.

The first shot is the most dangerous. You may be flying straight, and then they can judge your speed, height, etc., and come uncomfortably close. After the first one, of course, the pilot begins to swerve every which way, so they have to bet on where you will be next. And at 3,000 meters it takes nineteen seconds for the shell to reach your level. You can move a bit in that time with a Spad.

Yesterday, after patrol, the lieutenant came to our barracks and asked me if it was all right to take off one of my machine guns and put on another special gun for "sausages" (observation balloons). I have the best 200-horsepower machine, and the 180's have but one machine gun, so they picked my machine. The gun shoots a ball as big as your thumb, an inflammatory one—lights the balloon. The lieutenant says I can either go after the sausage myself or let some one else take my machine. Naturally I'll tackle it myself if possible, as it's a fine chance to get ahead. The squadron circles overhead for protection, and then the guy with the special gun piques down on top of the balloon and tries to pop it. We fly at 3,500, 4,000, sometimes 5,000 meters, and as the balloons are from 900 to 1,500 meters from the ground, one must take quite a drop to fetch one. This gun shoots at a greater distance than the regular machine guns. They are putting it on to-day, so I can't fly.

We had another Gotha performance last night. They didn't bomb us. They were after a town near here—dropped twenty "eggs" on it. The officers say we'll probably be bombed as soon as the moon gets brighter. It's hard to find us now. Zigzag shelter trenches have been dug to protect us if they do. It's quite pretty to watch the searchlights, rockets, and shells bursting in the air and to listen to the explosions and the hum of the boche planes, but when they get overhead and the shell fragments begin to drop it's not safe to play around. Looks and sounds like Fourth of July, though.

Do you know I'm not as brave as I thought I was. Yesterday those Archies gave me the jimjams. I went back once to see if I would be bothered as much the second time, and I was, believe me. It's a funny sensation. I was scared and mad and enjoyed it all at the same time. When we got out of range I thought: "Gee, that was exciting; wish they had kept it up longer"; but when they did start again I began to go some place else—in a hurry too. Maybe I'll get used to it. They say I will.

Having a great time and am fine and healthy. Don't waste any worries on me. ALEX.

The sixth of Lieutenant Bayne's letters will be published in next week's COLLIER'S.—THE EDITOR.



© French Pictorial Service

Franco-American activities during the recent fighting along the Marne. French heavy artillery, skillfully camouflaged and manned by American soldiers, is being moved up to the front



© Theo Moussault

In their retreat the Germans mounted their field guns on trucks to prevent capture. This remarkable picture was smuggled out of Germany and reached America via Holland



British Official, from Gilliams Service

A whole train full of shells to pound the boche. British soldiers loading a light railway during the Flanders fighting when the Germans were driven from the Lys salient



The Fourth in Alsace

BY ARTHUR RUHL

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE Paris express hurried eastward all day through the sun and dust, past Troyes and Chaumont and the hayfields of the upper Saône—where our own boys were helping the women get in the crop—and in the cool of the afternoon rolled in at last to Belfort. There was the citadel which held out so long in '70, and in the sheer rock wall beneath it Bartholdi's big lion carved there in honor of its defenders—the lion which, according to the station post cards, climbed out of his niche in the nervous moments after Agadir and, shaking his head over the rampart toward Germany, growled: "Hey! Not so much noise over there!"

The Swiss border was only ten or twelve miles away, the German frontier as it existed before the present war was still nearer; within easy motoring distance, farther eastward, were Mülhausen and the Rhine, and, stretching north-eastward through Colmar up to Strassburg, the pine-covered hills and sleepy little villages of Alsace. American troops were now in this interesting corner of old Europe in considerable numbers and holding part of the line, and we—a party, that is to say, sent down by the Press Bureau of the French Foreign Office—had come to help them celebrate the first Fourth of July in the "terre reconquise."

There were several American university professors as well as an erudite Frenchman, himself an Alsatian and an authority on Alsace, in addition to a Red Cross major, a New York lawyer, a lady from the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and the charming French officers who accompanied us—and the conversation had been held, for eight or nine hours of travel, on a

very high plane indeed. "Groups," "tendencies," and phrases like "social readjustments during the period of demobilization" had been bandied about with terrifying fluency, and it was not without a sense of escaping from an intellectual front-line trench that one staggered forth at last into a long gray military motor car, and whirled out through the great walls and across the moat which Vauban planned, and into the cool sweet mountains.

At that dizzy pace peculiar to French soldier-chauffeurs, we spun across the old frontier and down

Mr. Ruhl writes: "I have just got back from a week at the front, where I saw a lot of interesting things which I am putting into two more articles." The first of these new stories will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITOR.

presently into a village which the German maps call "Masmünster" and the French maps "Massevaux." Imagine, if you please, in our own Tennessee or Carolina mountains, a little town like those in the drawings by the redoubtable Alsatian, "Uncle Hansi"—a central square with a little fountain, and around it houses with high tiled roofs, little win-

dows blinking out of the tiles like half-closed eyes, a church with bells, narrow cobbled streets, and casement windows through which, as you lie on a high feather bed, soft as a cloud, you hear, from the mill race near by, the sound of falling water.

Where Nothing Ever Happens

MASSEVAUX was not quite like Uncle Hansi—not so much so, I presume, as villages buried farther in the mountains, but it suggested him, nevertheless. All through these hills you will find similar villages, so still, so self-contained, so remote from the millions of words written and shouted about them, that they seem to give the smoky roaring of politicians a more than usual irony.

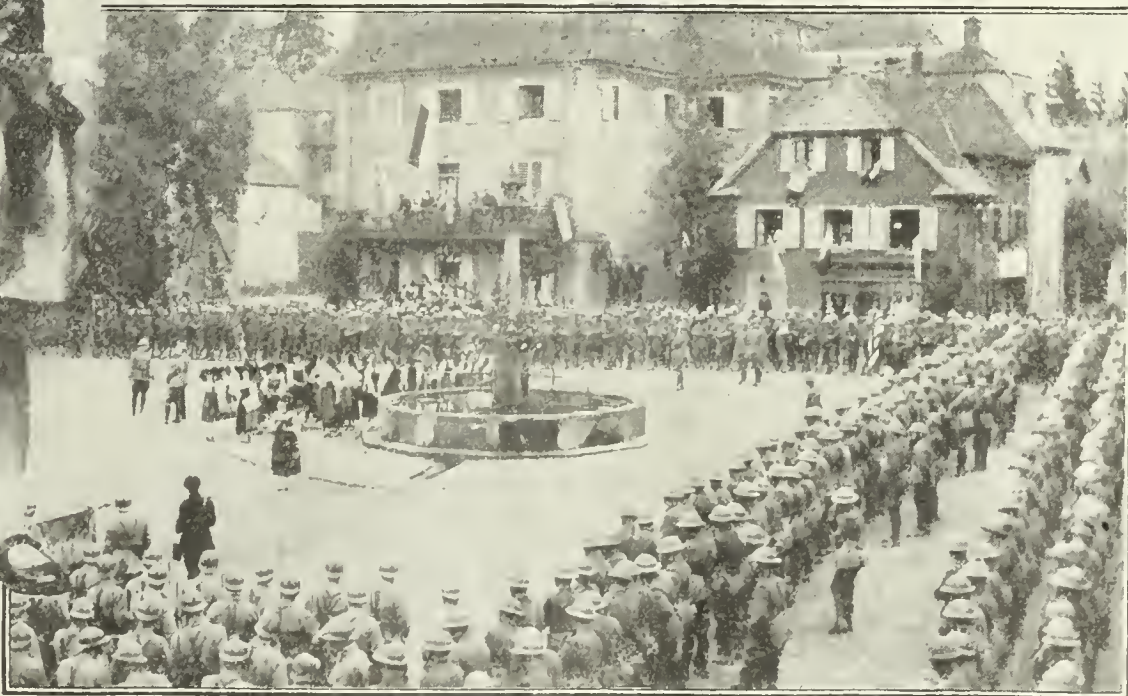
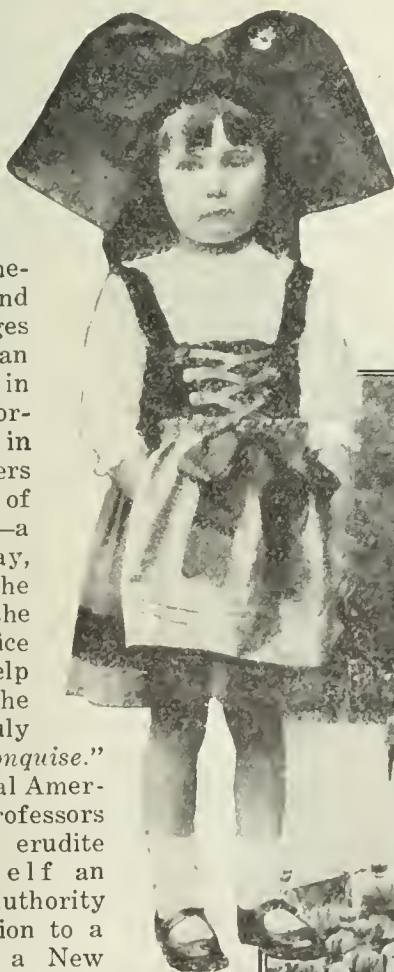
We were presented to the military governor of the reconquered territory, and waited for a time in the little square under the interested gaze of the populace, and were then escorted to our various lodgings. My own was on the square itself and owned by a little smooth-shaved, wrinkled, mild-voiced old gentleman, who reminded one somehow of a sort of reduced version of the elder Rockefeller. He had fought in '70 against the Germans, and was the owner of considerable property in the neighborhood from the income of which he lived.

He introduced me to his wife and daughter in the big front room downstairs and then led the way up to the spacious chamber where I was to spend the night. It had two high beds, surmounted by balloon-

like, down coverlets, and smelt vaguely of antiquity and distrust of *courants d'air*. He showed me how the windows might be closed quite tight for the night, for it was damp after dark, he said, but on hearing that the foreigner was a devil for fresh air, smiled a little despairingly and let him have his way.

We saw the village fire department, composed largely of beefeaters with enormous medieval broadaxes, march round the square late that afternoon, and several companies of our own boys, looking very businesslike in their tin hats and heavy marching equipment, swing in from the trenches to take part in the celebration next day. Then there was just time to be taken off to dine at a little hotel called the "Aigle d'Or," or something of the sort, before turning in.

The old gentleman and his wife—the latter suffering from



About the fountain in the center of the square were grouped the young ladies and little girls of Massevaux in their national costume



The French and American generals went over to smile on the young ladies

the Spanish grippe which everybody was having—had retired. The village, too, was sound asleep, but the daughter, a bright-eyed little woman of thirty or thirty-five, not very strong, and with the look at once patient and penetrating of those who have suffered pain and lived more or less alone because of it, was still awake and not averse to examining a little more closely the stranger from the land of Indians and *rudes épreuves*. She was waiting in the hall when the servant had unbolted the big door, and after we had chatted a little there she invited me into the parlor.

The house was not unlike houses in old Maryland or Virginia towns, or in which the president of the First National Bank might live in some county seat in southern Indiana. There were portraits and some old paintings, frequent reminders of the Church, and above the seat in the hall an old brown panel in the Watteau style with shepherds and shepherdesses, and at one end a lady dangling in a stream not only her toes but the greater portion of the pair of plump legs. The daughter smiled, remarked it was a droll subject and, though the artist's name was all but illegible, had been done in the seventeenth century some time—and asked if we had old pretty things in America.

I said that, while there were some pretty colonial things, inasmuch as we were but a collection of frontier forts when panels like that were being painted in France, such things, of course, had to be imported. "*Tiens!*" she exclaimed.

"But still," she went on, "you must have all sorts of splendid new things. Everything is not old as it is with us. Look at the Germans, for instance. They were poor and had nothing at all before '70, and now they have everything—their trains are so new and strong, their stations so clean and convenient, and all their guards are dressed up like generals. You must have everything like that, too, in America. Our France is such an old, behind-the-times country." I said that I did not find it such, and, as for trains, the little light trains which started without a sound and stopped easily were often pleasanter to ride in than our heavier ones. I asked how far we were from the front. "About ten kilometers," she said.

"And nothing ever happens?"

"No," she smiled, "you see, it is rather droll. Neither side wants to offend the villages on the other side—so nothing ever happens." This was quite true, of course. On most parts of the front a village as close up as this would be shelled by day and bombed every night.

Then we touched a little on the great question—that "*question cruelle*" which has been like an open wound in France for the past forty-seven years. I asked about the language spoken in the neighborhood. The "population," she said, spoke Alsatian, that is to say, a sort of low German; the "families," people like themselves, spoke French. But whatever their speech, they all, she said, em-

phatically, except a very few, wanted to belong to France. There was no question at all about her own feelings for the Germans; she disliked them cordially. The South Germans were better than the Prussians—"but when you start with the children and teach them

enlisted man who had the air of being at home in Massevaux.

"It's a hell of a language," he said, "some of the young ones speak French, and I can make something out of that, but most of the old ones go quacking around like a bunch of ducks!"

Fortified with this appreciation, I strolled along a little farther, where a blond-haired young man was standing in the door. I asked him in French whether they had any tobacco or not. "*Hier nicht!*" he said, and went on to explain that the tobacco shop was down the street, first turn to the left and across the bridge, *Ziemlich weit!*" An example, perhaps, of the truth of Napoleon's epigram, "They speak in German, but they think in French," or, possibly merely the son of a colonist, he was characteristic of the variegated color of a border region which, in centuries past, has known various dominations. As he spoke he was joined by his elder brother, both husky boys, of military age, and I asked if they hadn't done military service. No, he said, they hadn't "*gedient*" as yet; they were too young when the war began and neither side had seen fit to call them up since. But, he went on with good humor, some of their family were fighting, and, of their cousins, one was on one side and one on the other. "*So sie muss' gegen einander kämpfen!*" he concluded, smiling broadly.

The Eternal Question

FOLLOWING his directions, I went to the little tobacco shop across the bridge. Within was a sort of general store and a proprietress, cutting up meat for several other women waiting with market baskets. They were all, as the soldier would have said, "quacking away like a bunch of ducks," but at the sight of a stranger the proprietress at once greeted me with a "*Bonjour, monsieur!*" Yes, indeed, they had something to smoke—there are few places that have in Paris—and she gave me some very tolerable cigars at the rate of fifteen centimes, or three cents apiece. Evidently it was not alone in the matter of bombardments and air raids that the

Alsations were favored.

I asked the shoplady what *she* spoke. Well, she said, they—that is to say, she and her friends—generally spoke Alsatian. She, however, spoke French too, and German, and she understood Italian, if it were spoken slowly, and since the Americans came she had learned a little English, but found it very difficult. And how did they like it now under French rule? Very well, she said, though, of course, some of the functionaries under the former régime—and she smiled round at the other women—"missed the Prussians." "But which would you rather belong to?" I asked, "to France or Germany?" The shopkeeper's reply to this, unexpected, and not, so I was later assured, at all typical of what one would generally hear, was: "Neither! If the French take us, the Germans will only be waiting for a chance to take us back again. They will always be fighting over us if we belong to either. We ought to be made independent altogether."

I might say that this concluded, much to my regret, my investigation of public opinion in Alsace. The rest of that crowded day—already the formal ceremonies were beginning in the square—consisted of banquets and toast

(Continued on page 28)

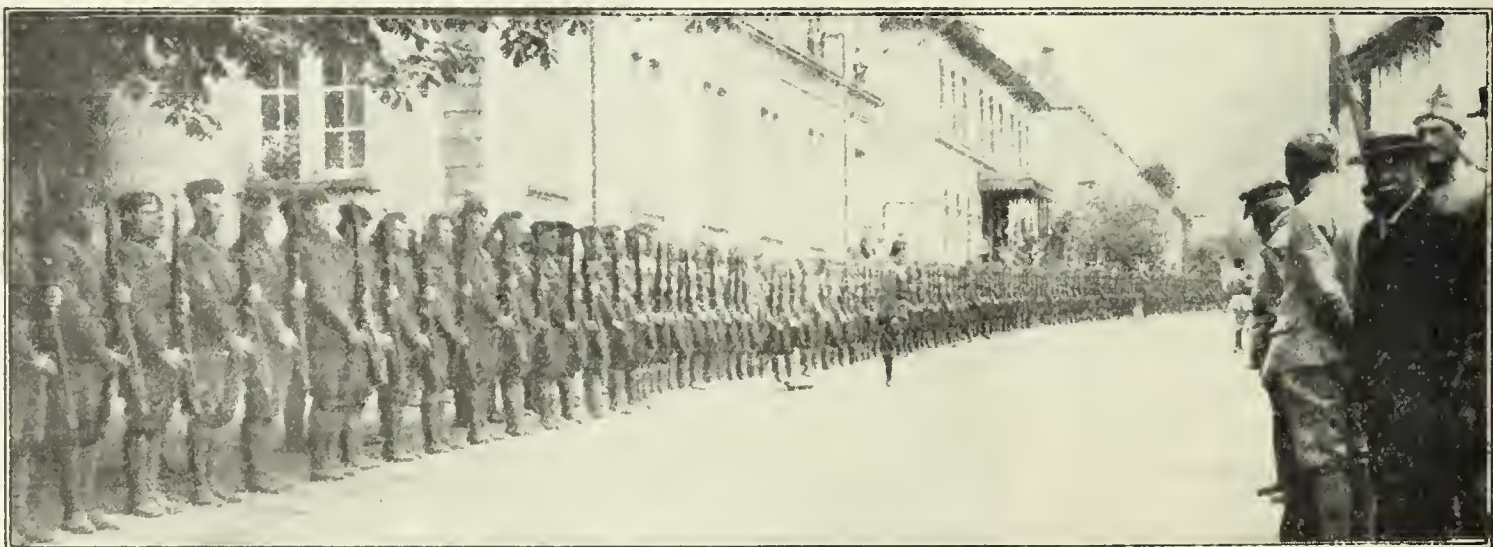


that war is a fine thing and they must learn how to make it and look forward to making it when they grow up, what can you expect?"

"Hier Nicht!"

NEXT morning, after climbing down from my summer cloud and breakfasting on coffee with real sugar, and no end of fresh milk and butter and honey, I ventured out, before the day's program should begin, to see a little of the village. They were carrying armchairs to the platform at the side of the square, the houses were decorated with the French tricolor and American flags, and the square beginning to be sprinkled with girls in Alsatian costume—the black, laced bodice and white waist, red skirt and big black-butterfly headdress, associated with the lost provinces. The older young ladies—my hostess had become an Alsatian overnight—reminded one a little of fancy-dress parties at home, but the little girls, toddling along in their low slippers under their big black bows, might have walked straight out of "Uncle Hansi."

They were quieter than our children would have been under similar circumstances, neither ran nor screamed, but talked demurely as became little Uncle Hansi children, and so low and with their heads so close together that though it was evident they were talking the Alsatian patois, I could not quite hear what they said nor how it sounded. However, this difficulty was immediately met by a young American



The American soldiers, looking grim as fate itself, were presenting arms down two sides of the square

Kale in Season

BY JOHN AMID

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR G. DOVE

THE long line of shiny automobiles parked, nose in, along the curb in front of the Farwell Studios, contrasted sharply with the shabby raiment of the group gathered about the door of the property room, where most of the company's booking was done.

"Look at 'em!"

The remark came from Artley Selden. The thin character man nodded his head to indicate the row of glittering machines, the mass of iron-gray hair that showed beneath his worn black hat, with its dingy-bright ribbon, bobbing at the motion. He drew the "makings" from his pocket, and rolled a tenuous cigarette, combining skill with painstaking effort to lose no smallest shred of tobacco in the process. He flicked a match to flame with his thumbnail, and held it cautiously in front of his "pill" until the tip glowed red. Then he smoked, inhaling deeply, with slow, luxurious puffs. And as he smoked he sighed, a great sigh born of conflicting emotions: contentment at the pleasure derived from the tobacco and sorrow over the gulf that separated him and his companions from the ease of the owners of "Automobile Row."

"They're on Easy Street," he said—"the boys that own those cars; and we're on Poverty Flat. They're up; we're down." He gazed contemplatively at the bright colors of the sport automobiles—green and gray and brown and royal blue—with their big, prosperously new tires, their little gold monograms, and extra wheels. "Easy come, easy go. Last year I was driving a Clover-Leaf, underslung, myself, with half the installments paid; next year more than one of those boys will be at the door with us here, waiting for Billeck to throw 'em a job." Billeck was the casting director. "There's the picture game for you!"

A GREAT pearl-gray limousine purred down the avenue and stopped before the studio. From behind its plate glass there stepped an alert, rather smallish figure, with a quick, nervous walk. He disappeared into the office of the general manager, while the negro chauffeur backed the big beauty to a place against the opposite curb to await the owner's reappearance.

"Picture game nothing!" The rejoinder came from one of Selden's companions, a dapper little man in a large-check suit that was only slightly the worse for wear. "There's the lad that gives you the lie—Dick Fastniss!" With a turned thumb he indicated the gray machine. "Started at the bottom and went straight to the top: extra man, stock, leading man, director, production manager, and now studio manager and part owner! Directs a picture when he wants to, and when he gets tired goes home and sits in a gold chair with diamond casters and cuts coupons for his wife to play with! None of that 'Now you see 'em, and now you don't' stuff for Dick Fastniss! Sixes every time he throws! Picture game nothing!"

"Don't you fool yourself!" Selden tenderly knocked the light ash from his cigarette and moved to a more comfortable location, taking the intervening steps with the stiff, somewhat affected gait that has marked him in so many pictures. "Don't you fool yourself! 'Easy come, easy go,' I said, and that's all there is to it—that and having friends."

He held up a protesting hand as his companion started to reply.

"Don't you try to tell me anything about it! I knew Dickie Fastniss from the time they first took him on at the old K-C-B

Studio until he got big money directing! Listen!" And, having disposed himself comfortably, Selden proceeded:

WE were putting on the Mary Cheeseboro comedies when Dickie Fastniss came in. We used to call 'em the "Merry Cheeses" at the K-C-B. They featured Mary, of course. Her real name was Minnie Blin, but no matter. She changed it since—twice. Funny? You should have seen her—in bloomers! In those pictures Ray Wheelock played opposite Mary. Two hundred a week. Fat boy. Dead now and forgotten. I played next to him; Margaret Ely, a fresh little kid, pretty as a picture, played next to Mary. I cashed a check for a hundred every Monday morning, and paid it all into a good time before Sunday night. Margaret Ely may have been getting more; I never knew. But she drove to the studio each morning in a Kingsley race-about, which gives you a good guess about how much of her coin she salted away each week in a vault under the bank! "Easy come, easy go." I tell you we didn't know what money meant.

Then here comes Dickie Fastniss as a one-day extra. Only he wasn't Dickie Fastniss—not then. His name was "Here, you! And be quick about it!"

Dickie had only the one suit he was wearing or he'd have worn the other. Looked as if he'd come into town on the slow freight and walked to the studio on the chance there might be food there. That's why they took him on: he looked so much like the last whisper of a lost cause.

And me with a hundred every Monday morning!

He was looking at the stage, and stepped over in front of me. "Get off your foot, you poor mutt!" I told him. "Do you think you're the Empress of India, climbing all over the stage? G'wan back under the bed!" And he dodged as if I'd kicked at him. Harry Klaus was directing us. He had Mary and Margaret sitting on a park bench, with a trick sidewalk in front of them. When you stepped on a piece of the sidewalk it tipped up and threw you through a hole. The conspirators' den was underneath. It was all slapstick stuff.

Fastniss was told to pretend he was a masher and walk up and take off his hat to the girls. Klaus didn't tell him anything about the sidewalk. That would have spoiled the whole business. You see, he'd have been expecting trouble, and wouldn't have been able to walk naturally. But not knowing, he walked as naturally as life. Then, too, Klaus said he always got a better expression if the fall guy didn't know what was coming.

Dickie was proud as a prince at being told to walk right up in front of the camera and take off his hat to the girls. Even in half a day he'd learned that extra men don't often get a chance like that, and it made him think he was a born actor, to be picked for such an important part. The very first morning at the studio!

So along came Mister Dickie, with a foolish smile on his face, all puffed up at being a movie hero. Two steps behind him was a hod carrier that Klaus had just rung in from the other side of the lot, where they were putting up the new administration building. He had about four shovelfuls of white mush on his shoulder—a hodful of sloppy mortar.

Dickie got his hat just about halfway off, with the two girls smiling at him, when he stepped on the trick sidewalk. Say! He registered about as complete a surprise as I ever saw in my life when he went through the hole. He didn't go clear through, though, for that was part of the stunt. The sidewalk flipped back again and caught him, leaving him stuck with just his head and



"Have a heart! The boy spent enough on you"

shoulders showing. Under the sidewalk the conspirators grabbed hold of his legs, and Dickie probably thought the devil had him at last. Then the hod carrier stopped short and dumped the load of mortar on his head, as he'd been told to do, and went back to work.

Well, sir, it was a howl! Mary and the rest of us laughed until the tears came. Only Margaret was worried for fear some of the mortar might get into his eyes—a little thing that Klaus hadn't stopped to think about. So she got down on her knees and tried to wipe the stuff off his forehead with her handkerchief, which made it all the funnier. Hedder, the camera man, was grinding away all the while, without even cracking a smile. It was all in a day's work to him. Klaus used to say he couldn't make Hedder smile without being arrested for murder.

THE whole scene went through with a bang. Then we got busy on the next one, and I forgot all about it until I saw this new extra man, Dick Fastniss, footing it toward the entrance. He'd washed the mortar out of his hair and ears, and got most of it off his clothes, which were pretty well soaked about the shoulders. You see, he hadn't even used the company props. Now he was making a bee line for Somewhere Else, mad as a whole flock of wet hens. Wasn't even going to the office for his pay slip.

Klaus wasn't in sight at the moment; he'd gone over to look at another set, or something, with Mary. So I stopped the chap, for I thought we might be wanting to use him again later. Margaret Ely was near me, and she stepped over closer to see the fireworks. "Where you going?" I asked.

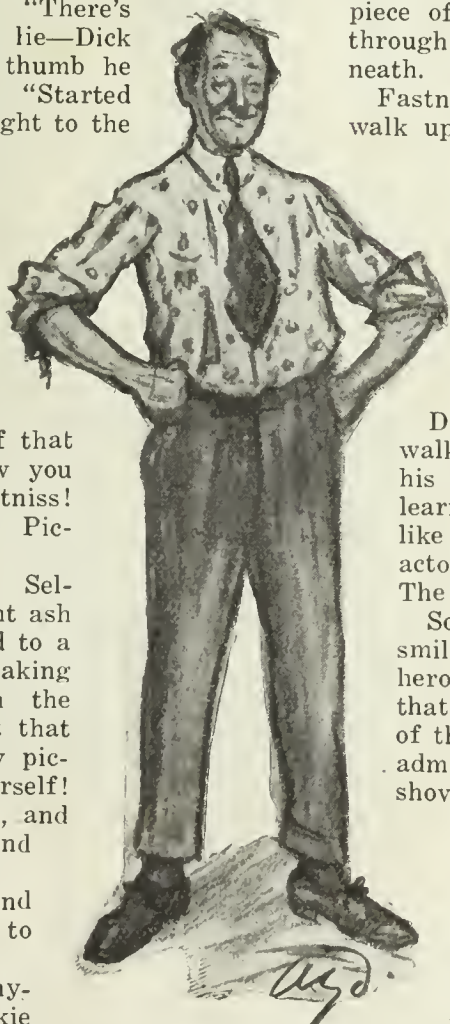
He stopped and looked me in the eye. "Let's see," he said. "You're the Emperor of India, aren't you? Well, King, I can't see that it's any of *your* business, but I don't mind telling you that I'm going downtown to find a lawyer. You better not believe that any bunch of motion-picture bums can put stuff like that over on Dick Fastniss and get away with it! Not on your royal life, O-King-Live-Forever!"

"Forget it!" I told him. "You signed away all that legal-rights business when you wrote your name on the employment blank!"

"What's more," put in Margaret, "real actors do more than you did, every morning, before breakfast! Why cry?"

"Yes, they do—not!" said Dick. "I may have freed the company from liability for accident, but I never wrote 'em permission to throw mortar in my eyes when they knew what they were doing! Not for one little minnit! That might go in Germany, but not in these old United States. Not much! Why, I might have been blinded!"

"But you weren't!" put in Margaret again. "That makes quite a difference. If you had been, your Mister Lawyer-man might have got quite a lot of money, and maybe would have given some of it to



"It's your own prescription, little one"

you. But you didn't get hurt—you just got mad. Why holler?"

"Look here, bo," said I, "you're starting off on the wrong foot." You know, I'd taken quite a fancy to the boy, in spite of the fact that he evidently hadn't seen a dollar since Labor Day. "Suppose they have slipped you a little rough stuff at the start: what of it? That's a thing that works both ways. It gives you a shaking up and gets your goat. But, on the other hand, it gives you an opening that forty nine and a half extra men out of every fifty never see in a year. You've taken a good fall right in front of the camera; it'll register great! Likely Klaus will want to use you again. If you make good, you'll have all kinds of chances. Do you get it?"

But he shook his head. He still had too much mortar in his hair to be argued around. Just shrugged his shoulders and started off again toward the gate.

"That's all right for you!" Margaret called after him. "We've got your number, Mister Man! One tumble and you quit! If you were the right sort, you'd turn right around before you ever get to that gate and come back for more."

We watched him walk away. He didn't show that he'd as much as heard a word. But just before he reached the gate he stopped for a moment, as though he were thinking it over; then he turned around and came back to us, with a sort of twisted grin on his face. "I guess you called the turn on me, folks!" he said; "I'm not killed yet, as you say, so I guess I'm game to stick around and see how the cards fall on the next deal."

"That's more like it!" said Margaret Ely; "I thought all the time that you were really grown up!"

That was Dick Fastniss's first experience at the K-C-B. Klaus used him again in the same film, and he photographed well. He was back, looking for more, in the next picture, and inside of a month they took him on as a regular—thirty dollars a week for pictures and fifteen when he wasn't working.

He made good with a rush. He was really clever, and had luck besides. As we'd pointed out to him that first day, not one man in a hundred ever gets such an opening. In one little hour, at the very start, he'd been the main actor in a side-splitting scene, and had got personally acquainted with Klaus, with Margaret Ely, and with me—to say nothing of the hod carrier. That meant a lot. Margaret was on the right side of Mary, and a good word from her was like money in the bank.

FINE weather. The "Merry Cheeses" were all getting over, and money fizzed up like beer from a bottle. Klaus asked for another hundred a week and got it; Mary signed a new contract, for twelve pictures, at twelve hundred dollars apiece; I was raised to a hundred and a quarter without even asking—the only time it ever happened to me in my life. Bought myself a set of diamond shirt studs and a stick pin that could be used as a club, and had money left for a good time after the installments were paid.

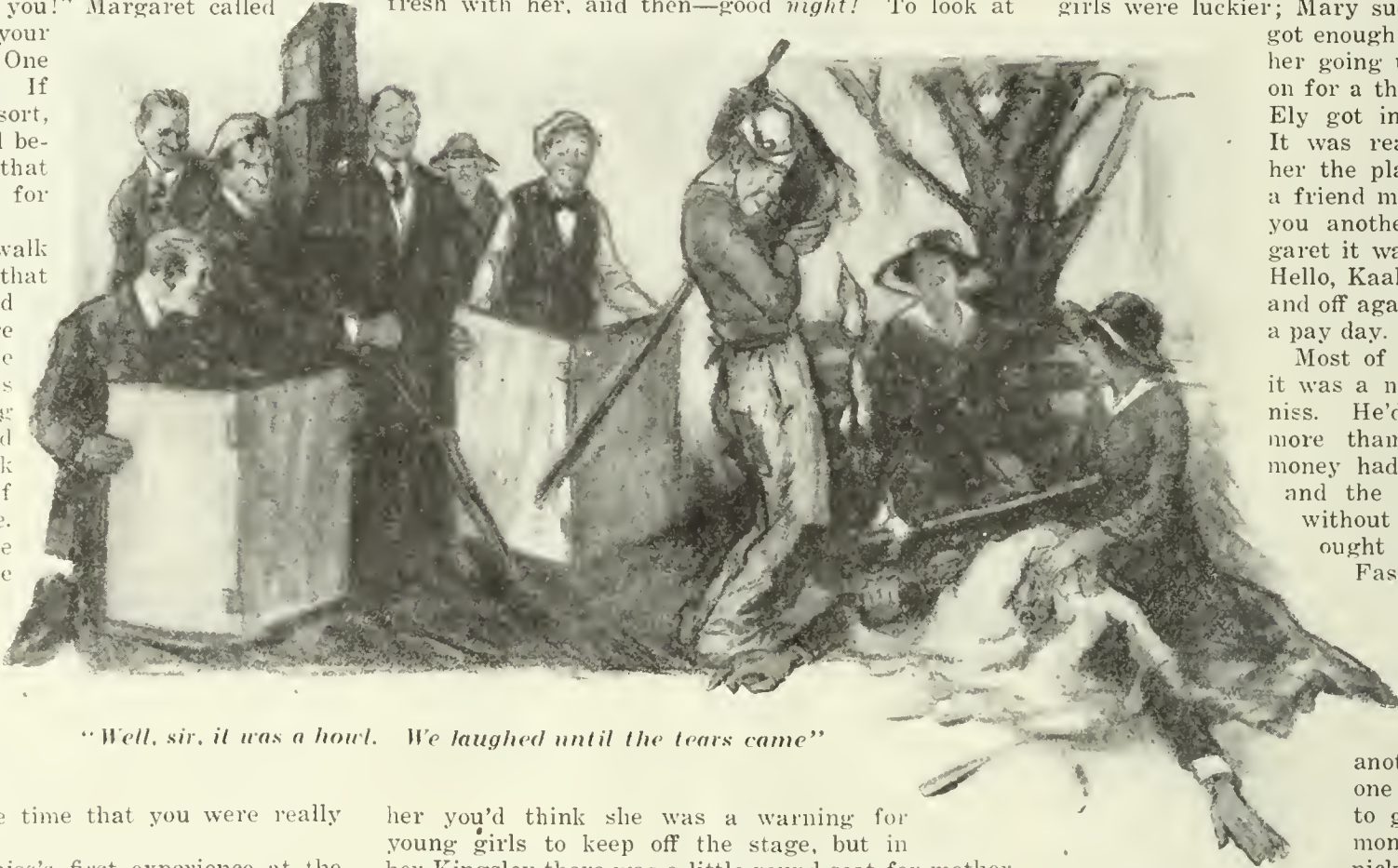
Then Wheelock got a big offer from the Kaaheimer people, and what did Klaus do but try out Fastniss in his place! Wowie, that hurt! I'd supposed, of course, I'd get it—but you know how it goes. The man who's next in line never looks as good as somebody else. Klaus figured that I was too old, and picked Fastniss for a winner. Guessed right, at that.

Fine, and more of it. It was easy for me to get over my peevishness, for I was still getting my little old one-so-many-a-week—hundred and thirty-five it was now. They paid Dickie one-fifty, then two, and then two-fifty—just like that! Two hundred and fifty real dollars, gold coin of the realm, every time the clock struck nine on Monday morning, whether the sun rose or not! And one-thirty-five for me.

"Easy come, easy go." There were men crowding around the booking offices in those days, just as we

are now, who had seen better times, but we learned nothing from them. Money came and money went, with no more effort than making love in the spring of the year. I ought to have known better than spend all I got, for I'd been down before, just as I am now. But it's easy to forget. "To-morrow" is a hard word to learn. When you're up it seems as though you'd never be down again, which is apt to be far from the truth. When you're down you remember—but then it's too late. Then, if you get up again—which sometimes you do and sometimes you don't—you forget, just as you forgot before.

DICKIE FASTNISS spent most of his money on just one girl—Margaret Ely. Say, but that little lady was a stepper! She had 'em all guessing. But don't you think for one minute that she didn't know her way around. Anybody could get just about so fresh with her, and then—good night! To look at



"Well, sir, it was a howl. We laughed until the tears came"

her you'd think she was a warning for young girls to keep off the stage, but in her Kingsley there was a little round seat for mother whenever she went to the beach.

Money? The girl lived on it! Every man at the studio was a spender, but after they'd checked out to show Margaret a good time they had to draw their breath. Couldn't draw anything else until pay day came around again.

Dick Fastniss was the worst. He couldn't see anyone else. Orchids and earrings and champagne dinners and wrist watches enough to cripple an octopus. The wonder was what she did with 'em all. But anybody with half an eye could see that Margaret was some little spender herself. That was one reason everybody liked her so well. She was apt to come back with a gift that would have made the Sultan of Turkey sit up and take notice, even in the days of the harem. For instance, after Klaus had been spending all kinds of money on her, for weeks together, until maybe he figured at last he had her under obligations that a diver couldn't touch bottom in, his birthday came round, and she remembered him with a seventeen-jewel repeater that never cost a cent less than eight hundred dollars. Just put your hand under your pillow and squeeze, and it would ring you the time to a minute, with chimes like a cathedral in the next town. Dougherty—he was Klaus's assistant—tried to figure the thing out, and as near as he could get it Margaret had cashed every last thing Klaus had given her, at market rates, and bought the toy clock with the proceeds, no more and no less.

That was Margaret Ely for you. But it was different with people she liked. Take Dick: she let him buy her anything he could get, for cash or credit, and just gathered it in with a giggle. Once she gave him a silk shirt, with his initials on it, that she had embroidered. And once she gave him a grass wishing ring that she made in a field. Neat, but inexpensive, as the advertising men say.

Oi-yoi, the life! All silk and a yard wide! And then—Did you ever run into a half-open door that you were feeling for in the dark? It came like that.

We'd known that the last Merry Cheese releases hadn't gone over quite so well; the public seemed to be a little tired of slapstick, and the exhibitors were beginning to feel skeptical. But what we

didn't know was that old Grosstein, the owner, had been losing money on the output of his Eastern studio faster than we'd been making it for him with the Cheeses; so when the demand for the Comedies began to slack up it was all over but the S. O. S. Monday morning we got our green pay checks as usual, and Wednesday night a rumor went around that there'd never be any more Monday mornings. Thursday the sheriff's notice was tacked up on the door. That was the end of the old K-C-B. "Spurlos versenkt!" Sent down in mid-ocean with all on board! That's the movie game!

*One day you're a great big winner,
Next day ain't got no dinner*

—every time.

Within a month Dickie and I and Hedder, the camera man, and Klaus were down to bedrock. The girls were luckier; Mary sued on her contract, and got enough from the wreck to keep her going until Excelsior took her on for a third-rate star. Margaret Ely got in with the Kaaheimers. It was really Wheelock who got her the place; that's what having a friend may do, in pictures—give you another chance. With Margaret it was just "Good-by, Mary! Hello, Kaaheimer!"—change parts, and off again, without even missing a pay day.

Most of us were used to it, but it was a new one on Dickie Fastniss. He'd not looked ahead any more than the rest. His good money had gone along with ours, and the rainy day caught him without even an overcoat. You ought to have seen Dickie

Fastniss then—you fellows who think he's always had everything his own way! He was strictly up against it! For a month or so he kept expecting to get another job as good as the one he'd lost; then he tried to get on anywhere. Five months, and Dickie began to pick out the first gray hairs.

Good camera men are scarce. Hedder made sure he'd get on again somewhere inside of a month. But he didn't. Hung on for a few weeks, without rent money, and then lost his grip. It was one of those old Main Street rooming houses, with gas. Next day there was a telegram, offering him seventy-five and expenses East, but he couldn't answer the knock. Klaus tried one studio after another until he got tired, and then, when he was down to his last dollar, went back into the life-insurance business, that he'd learned before he got the movie fever. Probably getting fifty or sixty a week now; married; two children; wouldn't go to the pictures if you paid him.

Dickie Fastniss learned pretty fast those days. Found he couldn't even get credit at the lunch wagons where he'd grabbed a quick bite on rush days. Nobody trusts a movie man; they've been there before! If the fellow gets on his feet again, it's all right, but too often he doesn't.

What bothered Dickie most was the girl business. He figured he'd been getting pretty popular with little Margaret Ely. It certainly looked that way. But the smash came too soon. He was outside the hall, with an empty pocket, while the dance was still going on. If Margaret had been out of a job too, even, things would have seemed different, but she was still driving around in her Kingsley, with a Big Spender beside her, and mamma in the little hind seat, while he was pawning his last spare suit and turning his collars inside out to wear again.

Then I got on at the Kaaheimer studio myself. Foolish little job, but it looked like a whole house and lot to me. I'd seen quite a lot of Dickie while we were down and out, and managed to slip him a little stake to keep him going, while I tried to see if there wasn't a niche for him somewhere at the Great K.

I WENT to Margaret Ely and asked her if she couldn't do something. Told her how hard Fastniss was taking it.

"You two used to be as thick as thieves," I told her, "and now a word from you might get him in here when he's strictly up against it." I knew she stood well with every—
(Continued on page 22)

Salesmanship and Success

Third Article: How Do They Do It?

BY WILLIAM MAXWELL

"GETTING the money" appears to be regarded as irrefutable evidence of ability. But it should be remembered that the crooked business man is usually a poor player who can't win without breaking the rules.

The head of a large wholesale dry-goods house in Chicago once expressed to me the opinion that an employee's ability to make money for himself in legitimate ways, without neglecting the interests of his employer, constitutes one of the most reliable indications of his executive ability. The Chicago man said: "If an employee hasn't made money for himself, we like to know why. If he has neglected obvious opportunities to make money legitimately, we feel that he is not the type of man who should be placed in a responsible position in our organization."

How are we to find out how to make money? The most obvious way is to question men who have gained riches through their own efforts. That seems very simple, but really isn't. I have asked numerous rich men how they achieved financial success, and they were ready enough with their answers, but, for the most part, the answers they gave left me practically no wiser than I was before.

In a certain Mid-Western city there is a millionaire manufacturer whose long and honorable career, if related in the proper way, would be an invaluable guide to you and me, but I can't get him to tell us what we need to know if we are intelligently to emulate his example. He was willing to furnish information; in fact, did give me some five thousand words of it—such, for example, as the assertion that his success is based "on fidelity, fairness, and industry," and the statement that "he is a total abstainer from drinking and smoking," but when I tried to obtain a few details that you and I could use in making millionaires of ourselves, he grew restive and said he preferred to have me write

Mr. Maxwell's next article in the "Salesmanship and Success" series is entitled "How to Open a Clam." It will be published in an early issue.—THE EDITOR.

nothing at all about his career.

However, there are some successful men who are human enough and practical enough and sufficiently free from self-conscious-

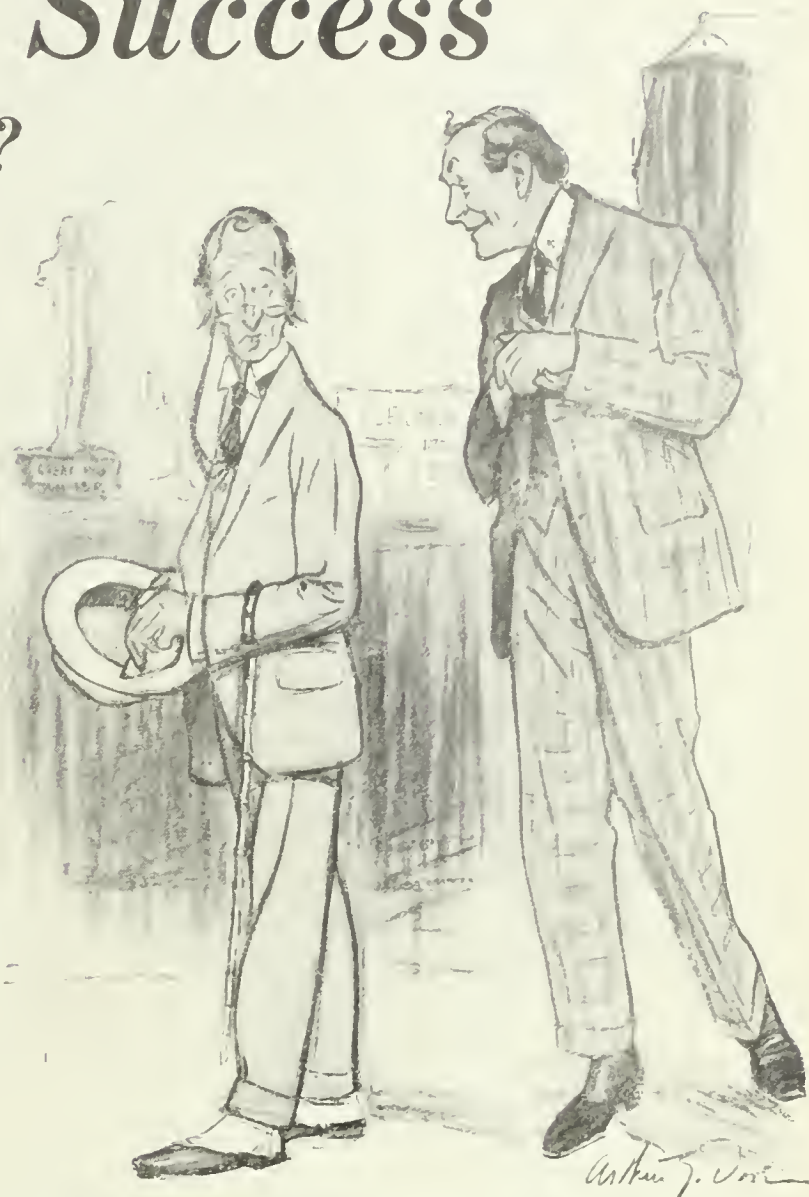
ness to be willing to give out a little genuine "inside information." One of these is a man who used to drive a horse car in St. Louis. His name is Festus J. Wade. The Festus was fastened upon him in Limerick, Ireland.

Wade was brought to America and St. Louis during his infancy. He got an indifferent sort of common-school education—the same sort that many a modern street-car motorman now has—and he got a job finally as a street-car driver and patiently piloted the raw-boned, shuffle-gaited horses which, forty years ago, were the dynamos of the St. Louis traction system.

He aspired to be something else. Finally he got the coveted chance. Back in '79, when Mr. Wade was twenty years old, the St. Louis Fair was an institution of international renown. The St. Louis Fair Association needed clerks, and Wade obtained a clerical position for which he candidly admits he was utterly unfit. He recognized that lack of education was his principal handicap, and he enrolled in a night school. The Fair Association made him its secretary. Its various departments covered almost every conceivable line of human activity, and young Wade found that he needed to be a walking encyclopedia.

Night after night he pored over reference works and consulted the authorities which they indicated. Gradually his untrained mind became a nicely adjusted and accurate-thinking machine. Wade acquired the habit of thinking into the future. Accordingly he obtained a position as secretary of a bank-note and lithographing company. In seven years he progressed from the front platform of a St. Louis horse car to a leather-upholstered swivel chair in the executive offices of a nationally known corporation. Most of us would have been satisfied. But not Wade. He wanted to have a business of his own. What business should it be? It must not require much capital, and it must be something that he understood. He knew more about St. Louis than he did about any other subject, and the real-estate business required less operating capital than almost any other business. He decided to make the venture, but he was conscious of his own limitations. Wade wanted a couple of live-wire associates, each of whom could contribute a needed element to the success of the real-estate firm which he proposed to organize.

There were two men in St. Louis, Hammett and Anderson, who were leading a more or less precarious existence as real-estate agents and promoters. Each had a separate office, but between them they possessed certain qualifications that Wade believed were needed in his proposed real-estate agency. He persuaded them to close their offices, liquidate their respective businesses, and join forces with him. Liquidation was not a very com-



"How are you fixed for underwear?"

plicated procedure, as their combined net worth proved to be only \$2.30, which was their contribution to the working capital of the real-estate firm of Hammett, Anderson & Wade, that in less than ten years became the largest and most successful firm of its kind in St. Louis.

Trust companies have a habit of going into things that look profitable. The trust companies of St. Louis began to stir uneasily and cast envious glances at Wade's real-estate business. Finally one of them decided to swallow Mr. Wade by making him a vice president. Wade had irrevocably decided that he was always going to be his own boss. "I can't take the job," he said, "for some day I'm going to have a big trust company of my own." Here again he had been thinking into the future. He had seen that sooner or later he would have to organize a bank, and he had already made a list of the men he wanted as stockholders and directors. He wanted this man for one reason and that man for another. He got them all, and in 1899, when he was forty years of age, he organized the Mercantile Trust Company, a banking institution which to-day has 95,000 accounts on its books, employs 237 people, and occupies the largest building in the United States devoted exclusively to banking.

How did he do it? If you don't already know, there isn't much use in trying to tell you. This seems obvious:

1. He studied his work.
2. He learned to think.
3. He acquired the habit of continually thinking into the future—and acting accordingly.
4. He determined to be his own boss and stuck to that determination.

5. He surrounded himself with men who supplied qualities in which he believed himself to be deficient.

Do I need to say that he was honest, industrious, and temperate? That much may be safely assumed, I think. Few men succeed without those qualities.

"Can I Be of Service?"

I HAVE a pleasant letter from a department-store official, in which he avers that "the department-store game is composed of 60 per cent psychology and 40 per cent everything else."

The "Store News" accompanied this letter, and I think the following extracts from its leading editorial deserve to be reprinted:

"Very often the customer (Continued on page 32)



"It looks strange to you because you have been wearing a soft hat"



Price: 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Canadian and Foreign, 10 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



OCTOBER 5, 1918
VOLUME 62 NUMBER 4

The Peace Retreat

THE German military mind and the German political mind are cast in the same mold. The theory that "war is a continuation of a political policy," which is contrary to the civilized notion that it is an unhappy substitute for negotiation, has sent the politicians and the soldiers to the same teachers. The regularity of the civil method is as unbending as the logic of the military scheme. First, there is the peace offensive, which always follows a more or less successful military offensive. We can imagine the Political Board of Strategy of the Great General Staff sitting around a table with maps of the national emotions and racial ambitions: "On the 30th 'Vorwärts' will begin a light skirmish to distract the French and English socialists. The 'Frankfurter Zeitung' will lay down a heavy barrage on the pacifist press of the United States. The Parliamentary Liberals will create a diversion for universal suffrage, but on the 31st will join the main body under the Chancellor, who will hurl an immense mass of shock lies, promises, and threats against the Center. After this the army of misinformation will dig in and await results."

And just as the military arm has its "retreat experts," who have recently been working overtime, so the political branch, as soon as the news comes of a reverse in the field, begins a strategic withdrawal from some salient "which it was deemed inadvisable to hold." Like the generals, the statesmen invariably announce that they had long planned this retreat, and although they may have dropped Alsace-Lorraine and Belgium in their flight, and are still out of breath from running, they are prepared to prove that the enemy has gained nothing and that they are now on a line prepared beforehand and impregnable to attack. We may be sure that when the Allied troops are across the Rhine and the German Chancellor is announcing that for the sake of peace he will surrender, not only Alsace-Lorraine and Belgium, but the German colonies, tear up the Brest-Litovsk treaty as his predecessors have torn up all other treaties, conventions, and promises, pay an indemnity to France and give back to Italy the Austrian provinces, we shall hear that "the retreat was conducted with good order and according to plans long considered by the Highest Command, the Austro-Hungarian forces assisting energetically."

Locking Them Up

THESE peace retreats will continue, and the people of this country, soon or late, will have to begin to think of the terms that can possibly be imposed upon Germany. They know as little about European politics and geography as SHAKESPEARE knew. The man on the street would not be surprised if you told him that the Jugoslavs are a Macedonian race and the Czecho-Slovaks come from Assyria. But this he does know: that the German rulers have raised their criminal hands against human civilization, and if they are not beaten and shorn of their political power for evil, neither he nor his children will ever live in safety again. Look into his mind and you will find that he regards Germany as the "bad man" of the world. He wants our Government to treat it as the police would treat a "gunman"—arrest it and lock it up. "Take Germany dead or alive" is his simple but conclusive counsel to his Government. He leaves the details to those who know.

The process of arresting the desperado is progressing favorably in spite of his alternate resistance and tears of contrition. But how is Germany to be locked up? How are we to create an internment camp for bad Germans? Senator LODGE, who, besides having a quick ear for national impulses, enjoys the advantage over the rest of us of thoroughly understanding European politics, made a rough plan of the wall to be built against this egregious race. The specifications have been published before, but we print them again as a guide to our readers when the discussion of this work of public improvement shall become general. They are:

1. Restoration of Belgium.
2. Unconditional return of Alsace-Lorraine to France.

3. Restoration to Italy of all areas in Austria where the Italian race is predominant.

4. Independence for Serbia and Rumania.

5. Security for Greece.

6. Establishment of the Slav populations in Austria as independent states.

7. Restoration to Russia of the provinces bartered to Germany by the Lenine-Trotsky conspiracy.

8. Control of Constantinople as a free port by the Allied nations.

9. Diversion of German colonies.

Finally, there must be ample compensation for the injuries inflicted by the German invasion. We might add that this compensation should cover not only what the law calls "actual damages." It should be both punitive and exemplary. In short, the civilized world demands that the gunman be sentenced to fine and imprisonment for life in Germany.

It may seem a little early to talk of such terms, but it is not too early to make clear to the Central Powers, and especially to Austria-Hungary, that the United States did not go to war merely to avenge its injuries, but to secure itself against attack for as long a time as such security is humanly possible. To leave these powers as they were before the war, nursing their vengeance and replenishing their arms while the world goes about its business of earning a peaceful living, would be like driving a band of highwaymen back to their den and then dissolving the pursuing posse. The Allied nations must stand together until a capture has been effected, and then they must proceed to build a political wall around these incorrigible offenders from which they cannot escape during this generation. To listen sympathetically to appeals in behalf of "the people" who are now thrust forward by the military leaders on the same generous theory that has made them place French captives ahead of their attacking battalions would be to take a risk which no American political leader would dare to advise.

Foch's Theories of War

WHEN Lord READING was in France two or three years ago General FOCH took him to the battle line where he could see the apparently impenetrable area of barbed wire, trenches, and muddy fields that lay between the Allied forces and the enemy. "How can you ever get through?" the Englishman asked. "I don't know," was the reply. "But what would Napoleon have done?" "Ah!" said the Frenchman. "Napoleon would have found the way."

The reader of General FOCH's lectures before the war, translated by J. DE MORINNI, will see at once how ardent a disciple the Napoleonic military tradition has found in FERDINAND FOCH. His quotations, not only from NAPOLEON, but from the German authorities, show the unalterable direction of his mind. He insists that everything done in war must be for the purpose of giving battle:

War, positive in its nature, permits only of positive answers; there is no result without cause; if you seek the result, develop the cause; employ force. If you wish your opponent to withdraw, beat him. Otherwise nothing is accomplished and there is only one means to that end: the battle.

He emphasizes three essentials to the successful conduct of war: "Preparation, mass, impulsion"—careful planning for battle, the assembly of a main body concentrated and ready to carry out that plan, the ability to hurl that mass, augmented as much as possible, at the objective. He speaks scornfully of the "theory of partial means and partial results" of "the conquest of geographical objectives," and recalls approvingly CARNOT's idea of war as "the pursuit of the enemy to his complete destruction." He is as strong for discipline and obedience to orders as NAPOLEON was, but, like NAPOLEON, he permits and even insists upon the individual commander using his own technique in carrying out the directions of the central command. "A leader must be a man capable of understanding and planning for the purpose of obeying. Active obedience is a necessary consequence of the appeal made to initiative and of the tactical use of small independent masses." He emphasizes freedom of action as a part of active discipline because it

assures the movement of the whole scheme through the actions of all the participants. "Of all mistakes," he says, "one only is disgraceful: inaction."

Finally, like NAPOLEON, he lays the greatest stress on morale:

The old theory was that to be victorious one must have numbers, better armament, base of supplies, the advantage of terrain. The armies of the Revolution, Napoleon in particular, later answered: We are not more numerous, we are not better armed, but we shall beat you because by planning we shall have greater numbers at the decisive point; by our energy, our knowledge, our use of weapons we shall succeed in raising our morale and in breaking down yours.

It must be a delight to a soldier like JOHN PERSHING to serve under FERDINAND FOCH. And FOCH must have felt the same rapture at Saint-Mihiel that a composer would enjoy in hearing the interpretation of one of his pieces by a great virtuoso. "Pinching off" the Saint-Mihiel salient was probably intended as a maneuver for position on a large scale. It was looked upon in this light by the German strategists. But it was executed with such swiftness, precision, and vigor that in the number of prisoners taken and in the effects on the spirits of the contending armies it amounted to a great victory.

"I desire nothing so much as a big battle," NAPOLEON wrote to SOULT. FOCH, like his great model, is for fighting as against fencing. In this policy we can at least flatter ourselves that the fresh and eager American troops give him a weapon as good as he could wish to employ.

Welcome Sunshine!

IN view of the good-natured way in which the American public has borne the burdens of war, the cheerfulness with which it accepts the draft, speeds its sons to the battle field, pays its taxes, turns over its property to the Government, buys Government securities, denies itself the small comforts of life, cuts down its use of coal and food, leaves its "flivver" at home on Sundays, contributes to every conceivable form of benevolence, and swamps every official and semiofficial war activity with offers of unpaid help—with all this unexpected amiability on the part of the public, is it too much to ask the authorities to repay friendliness with friendliness and return smile for smile? Admitting that life at Washington is sad, and that officials are bent under the burdens of the war, wouldn't it be good policy for them once in a while to present less of a fretful or sullen front to the public? When we hear of the laughing courage of the troops in France, and see around us the patience with which the people at home meet every conceivable exaction, it is hard to understand why congressmen should discuss a revenue bill as if they were taxing a conquered province, why so much that can be had for the mere asking should be ordered in a grim Government mandate, why occurrences like the recent "slacker raid" in New York City should have taken place, and why mild criticism should be resented with furious and abusive language by officers of the Government.

There is danger that official and semiofficial Washington will forget that the uncomplaining people they are ordering about are the people who pay their salaries. After all, it is not Washington alone that is at war with Germany, but every one of our humble multitude, and the sense of responsibility may be as strong in a taxpayer with a son at the front as it is in the chief of a department or a bureau. If one is not vexed about it, why should the other be? It would be a good thing if some of the suavity that more and more characterizes President WILSON's manner as the war proceeds successfully should seep down through the official class and finally, perhaps, reach the Committee on Ways and Means. Couldn't something be done to prove to our officials that the rest of us are really good fellows and patriotic citizens and willing, if modest, workers? Perhaps an exhibition of moving pictures could be given nightly in Washington to soften their hearts and allay their suspicions by showing the American public fighting, farming, making out its income declaration, buying bonds, obeying orders, sitting at home on Sunday, eating wheatless bread, darkening its house, and banking the furnace fires—and always smiling!

The Cohesion of Fear

DISCIPLINE in the ranks of piracy is maintained in two ways: through the hope of loot in flush times, through the fear of avenging justice in hard times. The masters of the German people, up to July 18, 1918, held their followers true with the promise of a world to pillage. Now, when not engaged in evolving strategic retreats, they are seeking to hold them in leash by vivid pictures of what will happen when the Allied armies enter Germany.

It was not entirely an insane hypocrisy when the Kaiser last spring looked down upon the burning fields of France and thanked his Gott that his own country had been spared the trial. There was method in the madness. It was an intimation to the German people of what they might expect if ever they lost their faith in LUDENDORFF and the other major prophets.

It is not altogether correct, therefore, to explain dire confessions of defeat as a sign of broken morale among Germany's rulers. Serious enough though the situation may be which the General Staff confronts, it makes the best of a bad bargain when trying to capitalize German fears. Men who will no longer fight in the hope of victory will fight out of despair, will fight to avert from their homes and women and children the fate they visited upon the homes and women and children of Belgium and France. And the energy of despair is something to be reckoned with.

In this light we must think of the suggestion that the Allies address a solemn warning to the German people threatening reprisal in kind for the destruction wrought upon the French countryside by the German armies in retreat. It can only be an empty threat because the Allied armies will never in cold blood sink to the Sadistic practices of German frightfulness. And it will play into the hands of the German rulers by enabling them to say to their people: "Now you see what is awaiting you if you refuse to go on."

Hard enough as it is to think of the German people wrenching themselves from their servile obedience, there is no use in making the thing altogether impossible by forcing the German people to cling in panic to their leaders. The wisest policy still is to bear in upon the German popular consciousness our firm determination to defeat their armies, coupled with our firm determination to exact vengeance only from the misleaders of Germany, and certainly not from the churches, villages, women, and children of Germany.

Are Profits Wrong?

WE are seeing now a rebirth of that thinking of over fifteen hundred years ago which found expression in the canon-law proverb that "it is impossible for a merchant" (i. e., one who trades) "to please God." (*Deo placere non potest mercator.*) Are profits wrong? Is the man who makes profit an enemy of those with whom he deals? Many wise and learned men have thought so. They tried to put the doctrine into effect when this country was first settled and at intervals ever since in many Bethels, Auroras, Shakertowns, and other utopias. Somehow that idea does everything except get work done. Nevertheless it emerges again as the underlying cause of Mr. KITCHIN's differences of opinion with the Treasury Department regarding taxation. To Mr. KITCHIN's economic theory there is something suspicious, presumptive of evil, about sudden increases of income. The values obtained, the care spent to meet the demands giving rise to such values, the situation itself on which these values are based, do not enter into his philosophy. The issue between Mr. KITCHIN, standing for the ancient theology, and Mr. MCADOO, standing for the methods which have made the United States possible, is a real one. It must be settled, and the first step is to see that it exists.

The Message of the Lists

MOST of us now turn first of all to the daily roll of sorrow and of honor which every paper in our land is proud to carry. You can see elderly men hanging around the front yard an hour ahead of breakfast time waiting for the newsboy. They will not budge from the gate until those fateful names have all been scanned. Every list is a brief review of our United States from Montesano, Wash., to Adairsville, Ga., and of all names from Adams to Zimmerle. The dullest can feel that what was only a newspaper has now become a herald of eternal things. A casualty list is not news, but the final proof of the heroism of our country's sons. Nor, in spite of grief, does it relate only to the past. Those who have fallen fell fighting for a better future, and, thus departing, leave it to us to make or mar that coming world for which they cared so much. An English poet, JOHN MASEFIELD, has put it in better words than ours:

Now the young men are bringing us the water of peace. This will, I believe, be the peace that passeth understanding, when we shall have our lives again, our loves again, and can do our work. It will be like the drinking of the blood of these young men. Love and courage are the main things in this life. With them you can face the world. We will need them when we try to remake the world. May your country and mine stand together in the remaking of this world a little nearer to the heart's desire.

To keep the daily roll of our dead from becoming a record of failure, our nation must be true to that inspiration and that trust.

October 5, 1918



320,000,000 ACRES OF FOOD—*Corn*, 3,000,000,000 bushels; *Wheat*, 1,000,000,000 bushels; *Oats*, 1,500,000,000 bushels; *Rye*, 50,000,000 bushels; *Garden Produce*, Millions of Tons—This is the crop estimate of Uncle Sam for the current year!

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CROPS, crops for the Allies, crops to feed our millions! *They* must be fed—we must be fed!

CROPS must be harvested on time. Crops must be moved on time. Railroads are carrying their maximum load.

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DEPENDABLE TIRES for trucks are a vital necessity. Fisk Tires *are* dependable—security against interrupted service.

WHEN you need Solid Tires—buy Fisk.

FISK SOLID TIRES

The Yanks Go Through

Continued from page 6

approximately the line of our infantry. As I saw it first it was a grotesque, billowing river of smoke and flame and uptossing earth winding through the open fields along the gentle slope on the opposite bank of the Ourcq. And all along above this crooked river of smoke and flame and dancing earth there floated slowly in the still air what first impressed me as being questing vultures. They were the compact, feathery puffs of jet-black smoke that marked the bursting shrapnel.

"A Scraped New Skeleton"

BEYOND that first river of smoke, farther up the slope, for the most part skirting the edge of the woods on the heights, was its counterpart, a twin stream of flame and rolling smoke with the black, searching shrapnel puffs floating above. It marked the boche line upon which the American artillery was playing. Twin rivers of death they were, flowing tumultuously along the opposite bank of the Ourcq below us there, roughly parallel. At some places they were from five to six hundred yards apart; at others not more than two hundred.

At that time I could not distinguish the individual fighting men down there in the line. I was to see them later. At first the lines were clearly marked for my eyes, only by those two winding rivers of smoke and flame and flying earth.

I cannot express how naked I felt as I followed Captain X. out into that open field in plain view of the boche lines. I felt like a scraped new skeleton hung high in the sunlit sky for the assembled world to gaze at! We were out beyond our foremost artillery, between our last guns and the line below us where the shells were breaking. In comparison to the churning sea of sound through which we had passed it seemed weirdly quiet out there in that open field.

There was the dull, hollow-sounding gro-o-o-mp of the breaking shells on the line ahead—the muffled groan and boom of the flow of those two parallel rivers of death. Behind us there was the consolidated but now somewhat distant roar of our own gun reports, and above the constant, brassy swish of flying steel with which the field was roofed. But it seemed quiet there, and in comparison it was. Conversation in an ordinary tone was possible.

"Just what position is this, Captain X.?" I inquired.

"This," he said casually, "is Hill 212!"

Hill 212! The place I couldn't reach! Misunderstanding of directions, and dumb, blind luck had brought me to the spot of spots that I wanted to reach at that particular time. The day was clear, the sun was at our backs, and the attack up that bare slope below us was due!

They Were Off

THE top of that bare hill upon which we stood was speckled with small shell holes until it looked like a huge slab of Swiss cheese. They were dug by shells with instantaneous fuses which explode immediately on contact and do their biting in whatever unfortunate substance happens to be above ground rather than gouging large craters in the earth.

We walked across the top of the hill and down the slope toward the Ourcq for perhaps three or four hundred yards. There, squatted comfortably on the edge of what then seemed to me to be a fairly large shell hole, we came upon two American observers. One held a field telephone between his knees; about the neck of the other dangled a pair of observation glasses. One was industriously chewing tobacco while the other was smoking a cigarette. Both seemed bored. Squatting there on the edge of that shell hole, on that open battle field, leaning forward, elbows on knees, they reminded me of nothing so much as two life-weary small-town loafers hopelessly fishing away an afternoon from the bank of a small creek. They greeted us without surprise or enthusiasm. One allowed guardedly that it was tolerably hot down below there; the other wearily gave his opinion that everything seemed to be about the same! The captain and I knelt on the grass at the foot of a small tree some thirty feet from the shell hole and adjusted our glasses.



"There goes another bunch off to the left there"

"See what looks like a kind of a white line down there in that open field on the other side of the river?" the captain asked, pointing. "Well, that's our infantry. They're dug in there in individual positions waiting the order to go over."

I looked and saw. There they lay, down there in that open field, beneath the flow of the river of death that the boche artillery had loosed upon them, each man curled up in a small, hastily scooped-out hollow in the earth—waiting!

As I looked I saw a man rise from one of these small pits and, bolt upright, walk slowly along the line for perhaps twenty yards through the tossing current of that dread river, kneel down by another soldier—evidently speaking to him—and then rise and stroll back to his own scant shelter. As he walked back toward his own small pit a new sound was added to the swish of flying steel, the boom of the guns and the hollow, disgruntled gro-o-o-mp of the shells breaking on the lines.

It was the angry, simianlike staccato chattering of a machine gun: Ruppity-pup-pup! Ruppity-pup-pup-pup-pup!

"They're after him with the machine guns," the captain shouted. "Watch!"

I found watching difficult. I was so shaken with excitement that I could not hold my glasses steady at my eyes.

Why didn't that lone man walking upright down there drop flat? Why didn't he run? I suddenly found myself yelling at him to run, to hurry; foolishly shouting aloud across that stretch of battle field that they were after him, motioning for him to lie down! Seen through the powerful glasses, he seemed so near that it did not occur to me that he could not hear my voice nor see my frantic signaling.

It was only the space of a few seconds before he reached his place in the line and lay down, but it seemed to me that for hours that lone American figure was walking there in the open through that swirling dread flow under the lead hail from that savagely chattering machine gun. When he finally lay down in his place my muscles were as sore from tension as though some one had beaten me with a club!

"There they go," the captain bawled. "Off to the right there. Look!"

I looked. A little to the right there was a break in the line of recumbent figures and just in advance of that break the sunlit yellow of the open,

sloping wheat field was dotted with moving brown stains. They were off!

I found myself on my feet, shaking in every limb. I remember that I was crying as I think I have never cried before, crying with excitement and an ecstatic, reverent admiration for the example of high courage that I was witnessing.

There they went, toiling along in the open up that bare slope toward a small clump of trees some three or four hundred yards ahead. And from that clump of trees there came to our ears a frantic, rattling chorus of machine-gun fire that I think more perfectly expressed fear than anything I have ever heard. The boche was in that little clump of trees with his machine guns, fighting madly to force back that menacing, upward seepage of brown that was moving over the clear yellow of the open wheat field.

On they went! I don't see how a man lived out there, and yet while I watched I did not see a man fall! We could see the glint of their bayonets in the sun. There was one man four or five yards in advance of the rest—a lieutenant, I think—and we could see him turn every few steps and wave his men on with a gesture of his right arm.

Outguessing the Boche Gunners

AS they approached the wood they spread out into a thin line. I saw one whole half of the line drop, and thought they had been mowed down by the fire. The other half of the line moved forward faster and suddenly dropped flat. Even as they disappeared in the wheat I saw the men on the other end of the line rise and rush. Then they dropped and those to their left rose and rushed. And so it went. They were closing in gradually on the machine guns in those woods. They were advancing now by twos, by threes, by squads in short rushes. They were outguessing the gunners. When the fire swept to the left the men on the right rushed forward, and when the fire swept back to the right the men on the left rose and rushed.

They were in the woods! The trees hid them. We waited. It may be only imagination—probably is—but it seemed to me that at that moment I heard faintly a wild, wild exultant yell.

And then in the wheat field on the opposite side of the wood from which the Americans had entered it I saw movement again. I saw it first with the naked eye and thought it was made by our men advancing yet farther to the big wood beyond. But when I used my glasses I saw that the moving stain on the wheat field there was not brown but greenish-gray. Those moving dots were boches, and they were running. They were the ones who had been serving the guns in that little bit of wood as our men moved up the hillside and rushed the position. And they were indeed going some across that wheat field for the big wood beyond! I saw some of them go down. I saw others stop in their flight and turn, with hands high lifted in the air, turn and walk slowly back and vanish from my sight in the wood from which they had been driven—prisoners! When I looked at the field again where the others had been running I saw no movement. And I understood the fear I had sensed in the frantic savage chattering of those machine guns in the wood as they battled to stop that upward rush of the Americans across that open field!

Three Hundred Yards to Go

BY this time scores of machine guns in the big wood on the crest of the slope that was held by the boches were rattling away. All that bare slope was being swept and reswept by boche machine guns in the big wood. And then I saw the most painfully dramatic thing I have witnessed in all this war.

Out from the little strip of wood that the Americans had just captured, walking slowly out into that open, bullet-swept field over which the charge had passed, I saw two men with the brassard of the Red Cross on their arms, bearing a wounded man on a litter. They had perhaps three hundred yards to go back across that open field before the curve of the hill would shelter them from the machine-gun fire from the hill above. And they could not run, they could not duck, they could not take cover. They must walk upright on their work of mercy, walk upright in that storm of lead, and walk slowly for the burden they bore!

"There goes two dead men," the captain said solemnly. "They haven't got a chance in that field. The machine guns'll get 'em sure! Watch!"



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I watched. I have never watched anything so intently in my life. And with all the fervency of reverence and belief that there was in me I prayed for those two men of mercy over there who could not fight back; those men who had made the charge up the hill with their comrades of the gun and bayonet and must now march back bearing a wounded fighting man to safety, back through that storm of lead that was sweeping the field from the big wood—march back standing straight and walking slow. So slow!

They had made perhaps a hundred yards when one of them slipped to his knees and rolled over.

"I told you," the captain exclaimed. "They've got 'em!"

"Only one," I said. "The other fellow's not hit."

"They'll get him," the captain prophesied gloomily.

I saw the unwounded man kneel by his stricken comrade. For the space of a minute he knelt there, I suppose applying first aid. Then he stood erect. And then the man who had been hit, the stretcher bearer on the ground, rose slowly—oh, so very slowly—till he was propped up on one elbow. Then to his knees. Slow! Then very, very slowly he got to his feet. Once up, he leaned over—and, from where I was, through my glasses I could see by the movement the pain it cost—leaned over, grasped the handles of the litter, and straightened up again. He had been hit, but he was going on! On they went. I have no power to describe how slowly they seemed to be moving across that deadly open field. A hundred yards! Another hundred would mean comparative safety under the slope of the hill. Fifty of that accomplished! Twenty-five more! And then, slowly yet, they vanished from sight under the protecting slope. They had made it!

"Oh, Boys! Go on! Get 'Em"

I THINK I shouted. I know I tried to. I and I know that my knees were suddenly too weak to hold me up and that I abruptly knelt and grasped the slim bole of the little lone tree near by to steady myself.

"There goes another bunch," the captain cried. "Off to the left there."

I saw them. They were marching up the slope to the left of the little clump of trees that had just been captured, a thin brown skirmish line, and even as I looked the boche barrage descended on them, a great thundering fist of smoke and steel and flame driving down out of the sky.

"They're caught!" the captain groaned.

But even as that great fist crashed down, that thin line of men developed an action more swift than any I had yet seen. With one accord they turned to the left, running. I could see them leaping along through the explosions, and within the space of a minute they were out of the area upon which the barrage was descending, out of it and marching along again up the hill toward the big wood. Behind them the huge artillery fist was pounding, pounding, pounding away at an empty field.

"There goes another bunch over," the captain shouted again. "Look at 'em go! Oh, boys! Go on! Get 'em!"

They were going over everywhere all along the line. From this moment on I was in the position of a one-eyed boy trying to see everything in a three-ring circus. Wherever I looked, along that line on the far side of the Ourcq, I saw men on their way forward. The attack was on in force!

I had just steadied myself to make a systematic attempt to analyze the movement, so that I might later describe it intelligently, when I heard a wild yell from the captain.

"Beat it," he shouted. "Beat it! Beat it!"

I did! I beat it both in the slang and literal sense. Otherwise I would not be writing this. I knew what the disturbance was without asking the captain for particulars. Even my comparatively untrained ears had caught the threat of a new note in the chorus of flying steel that was passing above.

It was the note made by a shell that was not flying over our heads but at them.

I think it was about thirty feet from where I was kneeling to the shell hole which was in use as an observation post. I have no recollection of getting there—but I got there! The shell and I lit at the same time. I lit in the bottom of the old shell hole, and the new shell lit precisely where the captain and I had been kneeling. It was right where we had been, but about thirty feet short of where we were.

"Here She Comes!"

I HAVE a very confused recollection of the next few minutes. There were six of us tangled up in that shell hole—and what a tiny hole it was! It was one of the puniest excuses for a shell hole that I have seen on any battle field! Really, it seemed to me that it was not a hole at all, but an eminence. The bottom of that hole felt to me like Pikes Peak on a clear day! I lay there among arms and legs, rolled into as small a lump as possible and trying to stuff all my anatomy under my tin hat. After two minutes came another shell that lit perhaps thirty feet beyond us. The first one had been short of the shell hole; the second was long!

"Boys," the captain said seriously, "we're in for it! They've got us bracketed, and we're going to get hell. Keep down as low as you can, and if any of you know any little prayers you think'll do any good, go right ahead and say 'em! Look out! Here she comes!"

She came, all right! The third was nearer than either of the first two! The fourth was nearer yet. It showered us with dirt.

"They're gettin' better all the time, aren't they?" the captain observed dryly.

They were! They just naturally sewed a ring around that shell hole. I had been shelled before, but it was the first time I had had the experience of realizing that I was a known and visible mark for a gunner to snipe at with a cannon!

We were a reasonably serious lot in that shell hole. We joked a little to show that we weren't scared—which, of course, we were—and did a little weak laughing. But it was no joke and nothing legitimate to laugh about except in retrospect. I think it was the ninth or tenth shell that for the fraction of an instant fully convinced me that I was through. The explosion turned me quite over where I lay flat there, all huddled up, and stung us all plentifully with clods. The captain told me it had exploded about ten feet away. That was close enough!

They gave us twenty shells in all at intervals of about two minutes. At the end of about forty-five or fifty minutes the captain decided that the direct salvo was over and that we might duck, one at a time. One by one we rolled out over the edge of that shell hole and went scuttling away on all fours for the nearest protection that offered, an old wall a hundred yards away. I don't know what the all-fours record for a hundred yards is, but I think I hold it. Streaking it across the field a few minutes later on the way to the road, I stopped long enough to look back and search the opposite slope where I had last seen the action. There were no moving figures to be seen in the open field, but I noted that the rivers of smoke and flame were flowing along the edge of the big wood on the crest of the slope, where before they had wound through the open fields below.

Toward Berlin

TWO days later I rode over that battle field on the far side of the Ourcq in a limousine, rode over it and for miles beyond up toward the Vesle. Those moving brown figures in the open, yellow grain fields had done their work! They had ripped the boche loose from his desperate grip on the heights beyond the Ourcq, and his next stopping place was miles away—in the general direction of Berlin.

Mr. McNutt's next article from the front will appear in an early issue.

"Why I Chose a Brunswick"

By BURTON WYNNE

Adventures in Seeking the Super-Phonograph

FOR years my family has wanted a phonograph. Yet we hesitated. We were on the verge of buying often, but delayed.

We love music. And we value the phonograph for the wealth of world-wide talent it brings to the home.



But frankly, we waited during the last few years, hearing the different phonographs and weighing their different advantages—never quite satisfied.

We felt that sooner or later a better phonograph would come, overcoming all the current handicaps and setting new standards.

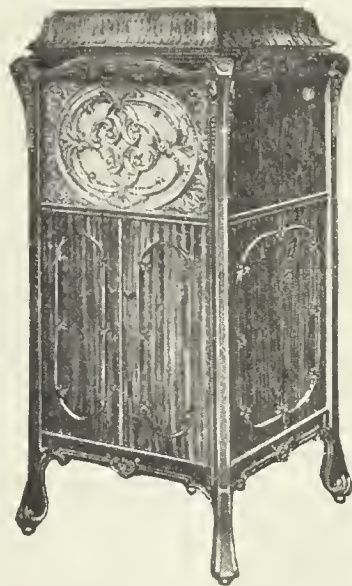
We never liked the idea of a phonograph which would play only its own make of records. No one catalog contained all our favorites. Each line of records offered its attractions.

Another thing we quarrelled with was tone. We were repelled at the strident tones of some. And others seemed to be nearly perfect, but not quite.

I realize that all this sounds like we were too critical and that we set ourselves above the thousands who were content with the phonographs we hesitated to buy.

But we wanted to be sure before we bought, so as to avoid regrets.

In our determination to find the super-phonograph, we came upon the new Brunswick. It was announced as something different, something advanced.



We read and heard of the Brunswick Method of Reproduction, which included the Ultona and an improved amplifier.

And so we investigated. We were somewhat skeptical—but we came away as proud owners.

For here, at last, was our ideal instrument—one which played all records at their best, one with incomparable tone.

This remarkable instrument ended our search. We found in the Brunswick Method of Reproduction all we had looked for and more.

The Ultona is a simple, convenient all-record player, adjustable to any type of record at a turn of a hand. And now we buy our records according to artists rather than make.

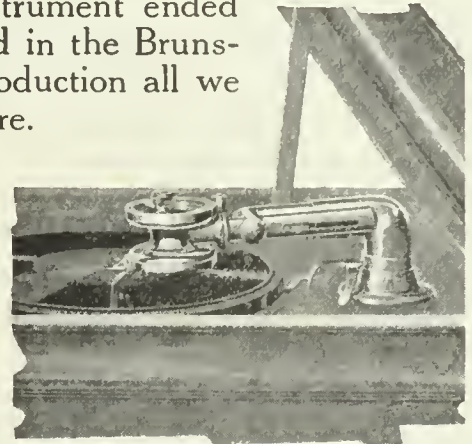
Thus we overcome the old-time limitations.

I am convinced that the tone of The Brunswick is far superior, and due chiefly to the strict observance of acoustic laws.

The tone amplifier is built entirely of wood, molded so as to give the sound waves full opportunity to develop. No metal is used in this amplifier, so there are no stunted, metallic sounds.

My advice to every music lover is to hear The Brunswick before deciding. One's ear immediately appreciates the difference. And old conceptions of the phonograph are changed.

Brunswick dealers everywhere are delighted to play The New Brunswick for you and to explain its betterments.



THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

General Offices: CHICAGO and NEW YORK

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of United States, Mexico and Canada

Canadian Distributors, Musical Merchandise Sales Co., Excelsior Life Building, Toronto

The **Brunswick**
ALL PHONOGRAPHS IN ONE



Sit! Stoop! Jump! Walk! Run!

*Every action is wonderfully
free and easy in Superior!*

THERE'S no gripping, no binding, no wrinkling, no bunching! It's the Active Man's Underwear—built for *action*, built to give free play and sway to active muscles and minds. And truly, men, Superior is your best bet in these war times—it's the Perfect Union Suit, rip, wear and tub-proof, made to stand the strains. That is why it is just as easy on your pocket-book as it is on your person.

Go today to a Superior Service Store and be fitted the Superior Comfort Way—by *tape measure*, not by "guess measure." Whether you are stout, slim, tall or short, whether your calling keeps you indoors or out, from bank doors to waxed floors, you'll find just the garment that gives you that snug, warm, fit-as-a-fiddle feeling you want—for there's a Superior for every purse, purpose and person.

Your Superior dealer's name and Superior Union Suit Guide for this season, containing samples of light, medium and heavy weight cotton, lisle and worsted fabrics sent free on request. The Superior Underwear Company, Piqua, Ohio.

Superior
THE PERFECT UNION SUIT

Here's seat satisfaction for you!

Superior's buttonless, gapless seat banishes all underwear discomforts and the "button-button-who's-got-the-button" game after the return from a rub in the tub. It's the seat that opens when you want it open and stays closed when you want it closed.



Kale in Season

Continued from page 14

body on the lot—manager and all. She always did wherever she worked. "Have a heart! The boy spent enough on you to keep him on Easy Street for a year."

"Oh, I don't know," she said slowly. "If I hadn't been the one, some one else would have been. The money burned his pocket. Besides, he was too pleased with himself. He needed a lesson—don't you think?"

"If it's a lesson," said I, "he's certainly learned it! You could afford to gamble as much as two bits on that!" I was beginning to get angry; the girl had never seemed small to me before, but she certainly wasn't showing up very well on this Dickie business.

"Do you think so?" she asked with that fresh laugh of hers. "Honest to goodness? Well, I'll let you know if I hear of anything."

She didn't do any hearing for another fortnight, though I spoke to her again about it, to jog her memory. Then she asked me a funny one.

"They've got more actors on this lot than they can use in a mob scene! Do you suppose Dickie Fastniss has ever thought of trying to get on as a director? He might put up a good bluff and get away with it."

I told Dickie what she said, and he acted on the suggestion that same day. Saw old Kaaheimer himself, and told him how good he was. The old boy was short of good director material. That gave Dickie Fastniss his second chance. I was there when he tried to thank Margaret Ely.

"Forget it!" she said. "It's just giving you another chance to show whether or not you're really as big a fool as the rest of them." He got as red as though she'd slapped his face.

Easy Street again, and new clothes all around! Clean collars. Clean cuffs. I hunted up what pawn tickets I hadn't been able to sell, and began to get my things back, even on my dinky little salary—fifty per. Fifty per! It looks like a thousand to-day!

Dick turned in and worked like a horse. Dropped the high life and read books, studying up on "dramatic values" and highbrow idiocy. Made good at directing, just the way he had at acting, only more so. Began to get a reputation for turning out sure-fire films. Earned it too. Used to spend evening after evening up in the cutting room while the other directors were down skylarking at the beach. Worked all the time. Didn't even pay attention to his clothes any more: wore around that soft-silk shirt with the "R. F." monogram that Margaret Ely had worked on it until it was worn out and then some, and torn in forty-seven different varieties of ways.

"You must think a lot of my loving handiwork!" she told him one day in front of a crowd of us. "Wearing around that old shirt until you're a fright! It's a wonder you wouldn't at least buy enough clothes to cover yourself with."

But he just grinned.

"It's your own prescription, little one," he answered. "I'm only showing you!"

"Well," she said, "all I've got to say is you'd better look out or you'll be getting yourself arrested."

THEN, just when things had settled down into a rut that seemed good for Always, up went Dickie's job. Movie jobs always do. We were out on location, taking a night scene at a little rustic bridge, a quarter of a mile from the Pacific, in the heart of New England. There was a big battle on—four big vans full of extras. They were the British and Hessians, fighting for position on the south bank of a stream. Revolutionary War. Gordon Kellogg—he'd just begun working for the Great K then—had the big part. He was a Colonial minuteman, wounded, but fighting 'em all off. Horatius-at-the-bridge stuff.

It was going to be a tremendous scene, and Mavey, the production man-

ager, and old Kaaheimer himself, out from the East for a couple of months, came down to see it shot.

Fastniss had two cameras on the job, to avoid retakes, for the scene was running into big money. He placed his troops where he wanted them, and after a little rehearsing told them to hold their positions—that he'd direct them during the action. Then he had Gordon rehearse his part, doping out where he was to fall, and measuring the distance to the camera—all that stuff.

Gordon was good; it made your scalp prickly just to watch him. But Dickie wasn't satisfied. "It's not real enough!" he said. "Anybody can see you're as healthy as a rabbit. I'll tell you! We'll shoot you in the mouth—not painful, but spectacular! Hey? Get me a bucket of blood, somebody!"

They brought him some nice stage blood: glycerine and catchup, or such a matter. He smeared a good lot of it on Gordon's face and made him take a mouthful of it. "That's more like it!" he said. "Now you look like something! Maybe your musket went off backward and kicked you in the face! All right? Now, when you make the fall, you pour out that blood, a little at a time. I'll tell you when. That'll make it real!"

GORDON nodded. Couldn't say anything without losing the blood he'd just stored up like a chipmunk.

"Right!" yelled Dickie. "All right back there? Action!" The cameras began clicking as the troops in the background started up. "Come, Gordon! Come on, you Hessians! Come on! More! More! Now then!"

He was hollering at the extras that were just beginning to show through the brush in the background, under the smoky bluish radiance of the lights. But Gordon, who was doing his fall on the bridge right in front of the camera, misunderstood. He thought Dickie was telling him to let out that mouthful of blood—so he did, with all the thrills. Dickie was watching the troops, and didn't notice for several moments. Then, when he was ready to direct Gordon's main stunt, he saw what had happened.

Most directors would have gone wild. It meant the whole scene would have to be started again, after all the troops had been juggled back into the right positions, with the flares and all the rest. Besides, with a big bunch like that, it would be hard to get as good an effect again. But Dickie never even turned a hair.

He just held up his hand, to stop the cameras.

"Hold on! Hold on!" he called. "Gordon, you bled too soon. You've gone and spoiled the whole war!"

Everybody who heard him laughed, and that would have been the end of it if it hadn't been for old Kaaheimer and the manager. The Big Boss didn't catch the drift of it at first; then, when he realized the whole scene had gone wrong and would have to be started again, he began to blame Mavey. Always looking for a chance to find fault, Kaaheimer was.

"There's the way you spend my money!" he said. Mean, he was, mean. "It's breaks like that that makes the cost of your footage run up!"

"It's that Fastniss again!" said Mavey, quick to pass the buck. "That's not the first time he's made a break and tried to pass it off as a joke! If he'd been one of my selections, I'd have fired him weeks ago!"

That was passing it with a vengeance! Fastniss was one of the best directors on the lot, and Mavey knew it, but the Big Boss was responsible for taking him on.

Kaaheimer grunted. "He's not my baby!" he said. "Fire him if he can't deliver the goods."

So Mavey, taking that for an order and still wanting to keep himself clear, hurried on to the lot next morning just as Dickie was getting ready to shoot, and handed him his walking papers.

...and with Navy Officers,
it's a little over 80%

A fact:

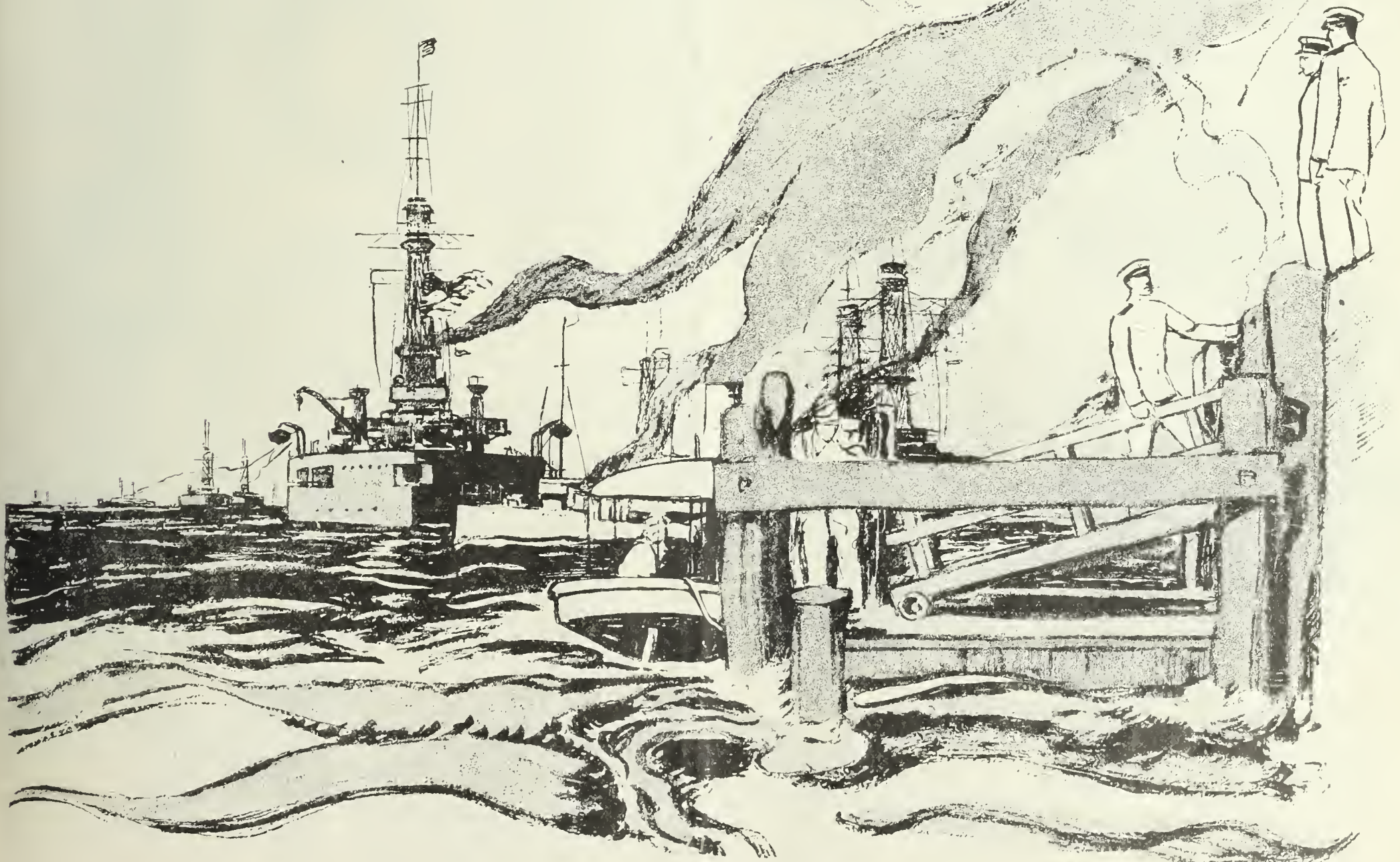
Sales reports show that throughout the U. S. Navy—on battleships, cruisers, destroyers and all other types of naval vessels—over 80% of all the cigarettes sold in Officers' Mess are Fatimas. Among the men too, of course, Fatimas are a big favorite.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

This preference for Fatima in the Navy is due not alone to the pleasing taste, but also to the fact that Fatimas never "talk back," even if a man should smoke more than usual.





Good Roads Will Triple Truck Value to Nation!

Trucks—more trucks—hundreds of thousands of motor trucks are working day and night to help the nation in this great struggle.

Every train that moves—every ship that sails—every factory that works depends on trucks for hurry-up haulage. 585,000 trucks will be in service this year—capacity to handle 5,585,000 tons daily.

An invaluable service—almost incomputable—yet seemingly impossible when you consider the horrible roads over which these trucks are many times compelled to travel.

No one can help but realize the terrible economic waste! The inefficiency! The awful handicap of this weak link in America's haulage system. The value of motor trucks to the nation—to American Industry—could easily be doubled, probably tripled, if good highways were provided.

Federal made a test. A truck, heavily loaded, going over various types of roads. The results are startling! Here are the mileages recorded.

Dirt Roads	-	4.6 miles per hour
Gravel Roads	-	9.5 miles per hour
Concrete Roads	-	16.4 miles per hour

The answer must be better highways! And they should be built immediately! You and I must be interested; therefore, every citizen should lend his voice to the cause, now!

Federal Motor
Truck Company
Detroit, U. S. A.

One to Seven Ton Capacities Return Loads Will Cut Your Costs



"THE STORY OF THE GREAT WAR"

—A History—

IT SHOWS what led up to the war—how it began—through it all. It gives you historic perspective, digging out the roots of the war for the past fifty years; vivid description, covering in detail the thrilling events of the war; expert analysis, a resume of the net results. A whole army of noted authors and corre-

spondents assisted in its compilation, taking advantage to the full of the world-wide news-gathering facilities of the Collier Organization. The result is a real history written to keep pace with the conflict—a work that every man should read now for his own sake and that of his country.

Send for booklet describing this wonderful War History

P. F. COLLIER & SON,

416 WEST 13TH STREET,

NEW YORK

That's where we got the surprise of our lives.

It took Dickie nearly a minute to realize he was fired. But then, instead of crumpling up the way some men might do at being kicked off Easy Street, or trying to carry it off with a "What-do-I-care?" attitude, Dickie Fastniss slapped his leg and began to laugh.

"By golly," he said, "what do you know about that! Timed it to the very day!" Then he turned around to those of us that were on the set gaping at him. Margaret Ely stepped up beside him. "Only yesterday the lady and I made the last payments in a deal that means halfway to Coupon-Town! Married this morning, and wondering if it wouldn't be possible to get off for a honeymoon! We should worry about a one-ring studio!"

Do you get it? That's why Dick Fastniss's car is out there in front of the manager's office, while we're hanging around on the chance of landing a job! He learned it all in one lesson and turned straight around, just the way he did that time at the gate. Salted away every last dollar he didn't need to eat with after he got his second chance! And let me tell you, five or six hundred a week adds up pretty fast when you're putting it all into bonds. Besides, the little Ely girl—Mrs. Fast-

niss—helped him out a lot. She poured back into the general fund every dollar she'd been able to cash on the stuff he gave her during the gay life. She had it all ready and waiting for him in a pinch, when the K-C-B blew up, but didn't want to let him know until he'd had a chance to reason it out for himself.

So then! "Easy come, easy go." That's why we're here—most of us. Dickie Fastniss crossed that river in two jumps, with Margaret pointing out the ford. But the rest of us can't seem to learn. We may never get another chance, and we may get ninety—but we'll be back here in the end, hunting for another job. . . .

THE owner of the big pearl-gray machine came from the manager's office and reentered his car. But as the auto began to gather headway, passing the door of the property room, he signaled to the chauffeur to stop, and leaned out toward the sidewalk. "Art Selden!" he called peremptorily. "Great hat, man! Where have you been keeping yourself? I've got the very part for you in a picture I'm going to direct myself! Get in here and I'll tell you about it."

The shiny car purred away. At the door of the property room the threadbare group, without comment, closed slowly in over the place Selden had occupied.

The Dodger Trail

Continued from page 9

guards and two sentries were on duty. Though there had been a heavy fog in the night, it was difficult to see how any distributor could have carried on his work in that territory without detection. To be sure, the wind might have carried these specimens in from a side street. Most of the other traceable sheets had been come upon in the streets or in front yards. Tracing a rough map, I set out at three o'clock the next morning to follow the dodger trail. I had no luck—but was challenged by two policemen, four sentries, seven householders, and about three dozen dogs. Near the end of my route I met Clem Holloway. Together we completed the round of the places where the circulars had been found, and picked up two more, one meshed in a lilac bush, the second in the open street.

"I've written one of my piffing little pieces, poking fun at the whole business," said the editor. "But it'll come too late to have much effect. Anyway, it won't reach the foreigners, and it's there that the damage will be done."

Perhaps he underestimated his own influence. In any case, the total loss of labor from the two war industries in the three days following did not exceed four hundred. Our mysterious panic maker had not achieved a very brilliant success.

"If there's nothing worse than this, I can hold 'em," said Holloway. He was sitting in my easy-chair on the fourth night after the dodger distribution, looking, with great distress of countenance, at a smudge which had in some manner or other contrived to sully the purity of his stiff white cuff. "I'd like to know how that got there," he murmured. "Oh, and, by the way, I'd kind of like to know how this got where it did." The object referred to, produced from his pocket, was one of the warnings in Polish. "It was at the bottom of a forty-foot-deep blind shaft, downtown. A kid, roof-running after a lost baseball, saw it, and we fished it out. As the Prophet says, 'Truth lies at the bottom of a well, but the diving is hard.' What was that literary gem doing down there?"

"Don't ask me. I'm no further along than when I started."

"Well, the scare has died out, though I guess it's left live embers," observed the country editor. "And as Bildad told the Hittites, it's never safe to count your bets till the last man is out in the ninth." With which bit of wisdom he left me to my slumbers. . . .

An intolerable roaring in my dreams aroused me. But as I came to my senses and staggered toward the win-

dow, it was no violence of sound, but an unwonted and terrifying silence that oppressed me. What was it that my straining ear sought? The answer came to me in a pang of fear. The giant hammer which had lulled me to sleep with its rhythm had stopped beating!

THE night was black, with a hissing downpour of rain. Through it I could hear shouts, hoarse and dim, and, from the heights, the solemn, choked boom of the blasting on North Hill. My wrist watch pointed to nine minutes after three. Dragging on clothing and boots, I ran out. As I turned the first corner into the street leading to the factories, a tidal wave of terror-stricken humanity, pouring down from the silenced works, overwhelmed me. Fighting my way along the wall where the human current was thinner, I reached the factory front. A sentry, ghastly white but staunch to his post, challenged me. I flung him the countersign.

"Where?" I cried.

"Number Three, I think, sir."

The alleyway into which I plunged led to the flagged courtyard flanked by Factories Three, Four, Five, and Six. Almost in the center of the yard gaped a chasm. Every window on the four sides of the square was shattered. A small tool house in a corner had partly collapsed and was leaning drunkenly against the angle of the brick walls. No major damage seemed to have been done to the large buildings. A ludicrous figure in pajamas, overcoat, one shoe, and one bed slipper ran to me with insane gestures.

"They've done it! They've done it!" he bawled. It was Landreth. "Oh, where'll the next one be!"

The tool house in the corner wavered, opened out, and delivered up a disheveled specter.

"Who are you?" challenged Landreth.

"Jenks, night w-w-watchman," stuttered the specter. "I w-w-went in there to get another lamp. The g-g-ground blew all to pieces."

I looked into the pit for any traces of an old excavation. None was visible.

"Was there a sewer or any sort of passage under here?" I asked the dazed Landreth.

"Not that I know of."

"N-n-nobody could get in w-w-without my seeing 'em," chattered the watchman.

"They had it planted," groaned Landreth.

"Then they chose a poor place," I retorted. "They couldn't have picked out a spot where it would do less real damage."

"What difference does that make?"

Costly Parts

War times demand that you protect them from undue wear. Three suggestions.

There is a serious shortage of automobile repair men. You are going to find more and more difficulty in getting repairs made. And you are going to pay more for repair service. Labor charges are up; prices of parts are higher and still on the rise.

Meanwhile many motorists are as unconcerned as ever about their cars. The needless wearing out of engine parts goes on.

Why? Incorrect oil—incorrect use of oil—or both.

Here are three points which should be observed by every motorist:

- (1) **Get the correct oil.** You should use an oil of high quality and of the correct body to suit the lubricating requirements of your car. The use of such an oil is the first and most important step in the protection of your engine parts.
- (2) **Maintain at all times an adequate supply of oil in the oil reservoir.** Lack of attention to this may result in insufficient lubrication, premature wear, and in extreme cases—burned-out bearings.
- (3) **Drain old oil and replenish at proper intervals.** If your instruction book advises fresh oil every 1,000 miles, do not run 1,500 or 2,000 miles before replacing. Oil gathers impurities and thins down in use through condensation of the fuel mixture. Running on such "oil" means premature wear to parts.

It will pay you to send for the booklet, "Correct Lubrication" and read the article beginning on page 3. This book treats this and other subjects with authority and clearness in articles prepared by our Board of Engineers. Address our nearest branch.



Mobil oils

A grade for each type of motor.

In buying Gargoyle Mobil oils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. If the dealer has not the grade specified for your car, he can easily secure it for you.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, New York, U.S.A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world

Domestic Branches: Boston Kansas City, Kan. Philadelphia Minneapolis Pittsburgh
Detroit New York Chicago Indianapolis Des Moines

Correct Automobile Lubrication How to read the Chart

The four grades of Gargoyle Mobil oils, for engine lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobil oil "A"
Gargoyle Mobil oil "B"
Gargoyle Mobil oil "E"
Gargoyle Mobil oil Arctic

In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobil oils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobil oil "A," "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobil oil Arctic, etc. The recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers and represents our professional advice on Correct Automobile Lubrication

AUTOMOBILES	1916 Models		1917 Models		1918 Models		1919 Models		1920 Models	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Abbott-Detroit	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Allen	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Apperson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Auburn	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Autocar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Briscoe	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bunk	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Case	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chevrolet	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cummins	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dart	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Detroit	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dort	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Empire	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Federal	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Fiat	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Ford	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hal-Twelve	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Haynes	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hupmobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kelley-Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
King	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lexington	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lippard-Stewart	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Loamobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
McFarlan	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Madison	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmion	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mercedes	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moore-Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Page	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pontiac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Putnam	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Riker	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Saxon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Schlenker	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Simplex	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns-Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Valley	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Westcott	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
White	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Willys-Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Winton	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

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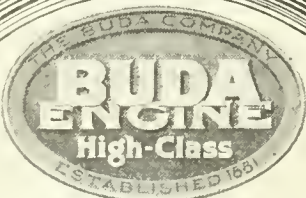
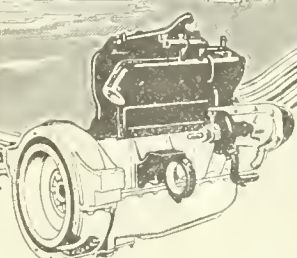
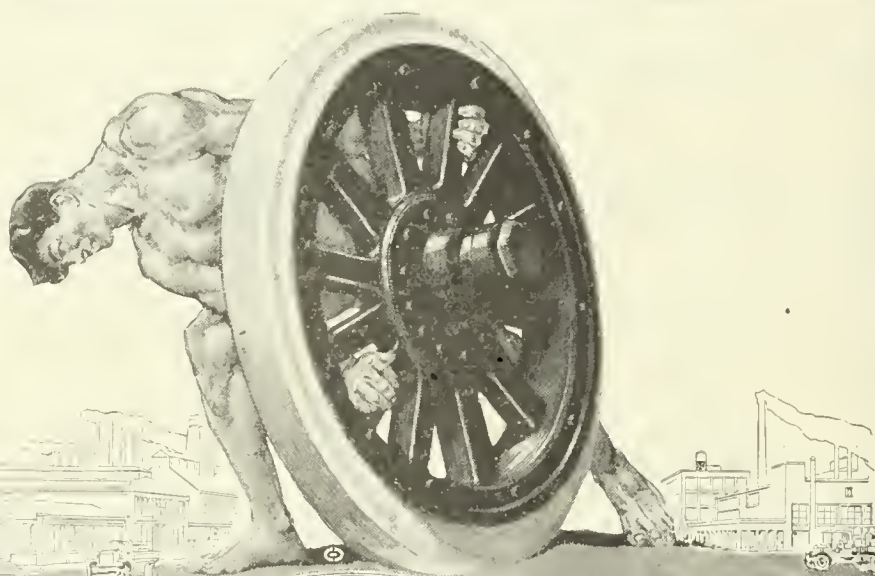
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THE BUDA ENGINE

"HIGH CLASS"

They've made good on their threat. They've sprung their panic."

That seemed sound reasoning, as far as it went. While I was debating the matter, Clem Holloway appeared, neat as ever, placid as ever with his string tie accurately knotted above a shirt whose right cuff showed no trace of the previous evening's smudge.

"Tell me about it," he said. We did. "I see," said the country editor presently. "A workman, as yet unidentified, in carrying a can of explosive to the special testing room, tripped and fell in the courtyard. The shock set off the explosive, and the man was blown to fragments."

"Where do you get that stuff?" demanded Landreth brutally.

"Our business right now," Holloway pointed out, "is to spoil the panic as well as we can. If I've got to perjure the immortal soul of the 'Truth-teller' to do it, why—blessed is a good lie in a worthy cause, as the Psalmist saith."

His special edition actually did the job! The American workmen rallied, made a patriotic issue of standing by the job, and did such effective missionary duty that by the end of the following day a census showed less than eight hundred men absent.

For me that was one of the most unpleasant days of my life. I had several trying interviews with Landreth and the other mill officials, and one with Professor Waldron in which he was specially offensive, always in a pedantic and professorial way. All my visitors were of one opinion—that another edition of the terrorist literature would drive all the hesitant workmen away, and that a second explosion would probably close both the works and the mine. As to the rest, they either said or plainly implied, it was up to me. For the circularization I was compelled to accept responsibility, in so far as there was any. But I flatly told the Arms Works officials that unless they chose to close down the plant and make an exhaustive search of the entire structure, covering every nook, corner, and crevice, there would still remain an inevitable element of risk. This they would not undertake to do. So we parted mutually dissatisfied. Meantime I had dropped my now worthless incognito.

FOR three nights thereafter I got little enough rest. On the fourth I got less. For at 3 a. m. of a misty morning a corporal arrived at my quarters with a specimen of a new issue of the menace, picked up in a side street. This one was in Italian, a rough translation of which is as follows:

WAR WORKERS OF ILLINGTON Second Warning

THE FIRST PUNISHMENT WAS LIGHT

THE SECOND WILL BE DREADFUL
["TERRIBLE"]

YOU HAVE YET OPPORTUNITY TO SAVE
YOURSELVES

TAKE IT WHILE THERE IS TIME
BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE

There was just one obvious and immediate thing to be done: collect and suppress that edition of frightfulness before the early morning shift of laborers should find it. A squad of picked National Guardsmen, as quietly as might be, but with much accompaniment of barking dogs and inquiring window lifters, scoured that part of the city where the corporal had picked up his specimen. The total result was eighty-four circulars, about evenly divided between Polish and Italian.

Despite my precautions, the news of the second edition spread through the town. A dozen of the documents were found, in broad daylight, in the very streets which we had swept; two in an alley where I myself could have sworn to every square foot. But I was able to follow up and secure these, and as nearly all had fallen into the hands of those unable to translate them, the effect was far less disastrous than would have been the case had the entire issue attained circulation. Professor Waldron, however, fell into a desperate state of mind over the matter, and took openly to denouncing my incompetence

and prophesying the direst events, until it was forcefully pointed out to him that he was taking the most effectual course to foster the panic which was our worst enemy. As for poor Landreth, he was in despair, all his self-confidence gone. He likened the morale of his factory to a taut wire. Under the least strain it might snap. More as a formality than anything else, the force of guards was doubled. I arranged to sleep in the Arms Works office, near where Landreth had established his temporary quarters.

Between seven o'clock and midnight the superintendent and I made the entire tour of the buildings, restationing some of the men, so that no spot accessible from any unguarded point was left uncovered. The night had turned warm. Many of the windows had been thrown open. In the distance a rising thunderstorm rumbled. It was after twelve when, dead spent, I threw myself on the sofa in my improvised sleeping room, and was instantly lost to the world of troubled realities.

IN my dreams I went into action on the Flanders front. I heard the distant boom of heavy artillery, the savage detonation of the nearer fieldpieces, the rattle of small arms, and then a crash which brought me out of my dream trench into the middle of the floor where I stood frozen until, with a deliberate, silent bulge, the ceiling opened out and a great square of plaster shattered on the floor. I went down under it. Still I could hear the cannon of my dreams; that was the regular night blasting on North Hill. The heavens opened in a jagged flash, and the field artillery of the skies burst on my ears again, mingled with the clatter of shots from the testing room. Both died away simultaneously, and in their stead there rose and swelled the terrible roar of men in senseless, brute terror, as, from door, window, and passageway, there streamed out into the storm the panic-stricken thousands.

Struggling to my feet, I found myself confronted by Landreth.

"This is the end!" he shouted.

The misleading terror of the fleeing workmen put us on two false trails, before we encountered a mechanic with a great gash in his cheek, who called out as he staggered past us: "Small Adjustments Room, in Number Four."

At the far end of the two-story edifice we found the place. The bomb had opened up a great rift through ceiling and roof and the flooring below. The room was a shambles. A ghastly figure came crawling toward us on all fours from a distant corner. "Get me out o' this. Get me out!" he pleaded. I lifted him to his feet. He seemed to be uninjured. The rain pouring through the open roof upon his face revived him. "I was just coming away from the water tap," he said, "when it caught me."

"Had any man left the room recently?" I asked.

"No. All here. Seventeen of us. And I'm the only one left!"

"Did you notice anything particular before the explosion?"

He thought carefully. "No. I heard a yell and then the whole place just opened up."

While the rescue work was being organized Clem Holloway, imperturbable as ever, made his appearance.

"Any eyewitnesses?" he asked, and immediately addressed himself to the surviving occupant of the place. Presently I heard him saying: "Yell? A yell? Where from? This room?"

"Well, it sounded up there," answered the man, pointing to the black abyss opening out into the night.

"You're sure you heard it before the explosion?"

"Certain. It gave me such a start that I turned around from the water tap. Then she blew."

"Anyone stationed on the roof?" Holloway asked the superintendent.

"A sentry."

"It might be worth while to find him." We did. But it was not worth while. He lay on the flags of the inner court with his neck broken by the fall.

(To be concluded next week)



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The 4th in Alsace

Continued from page 12

drinking, glimpses of pretty scenery, of American troops, and of bits of half a dozen Fourth of July entertainments through which we whizzed in the military cars of our amiable French hosts.

The brief stroll in Massevaux suggested, however, the perhaps not strikingly original idea that Alsatian villagers are human beings, like villagers elsewhere, and more preoccupied often with the facts of their simple daily life than with the theories with which, in the words of journalists and orators of distant cities, they are invariably associated. These preoccupations do not in any way change the historical fact that the taking of Alsace from France in '71 was an act of brutal aggression and that one of the objects of this war is to right the wrong done then and do away once for all with this threat to Europe's peace.

One Fête After Another

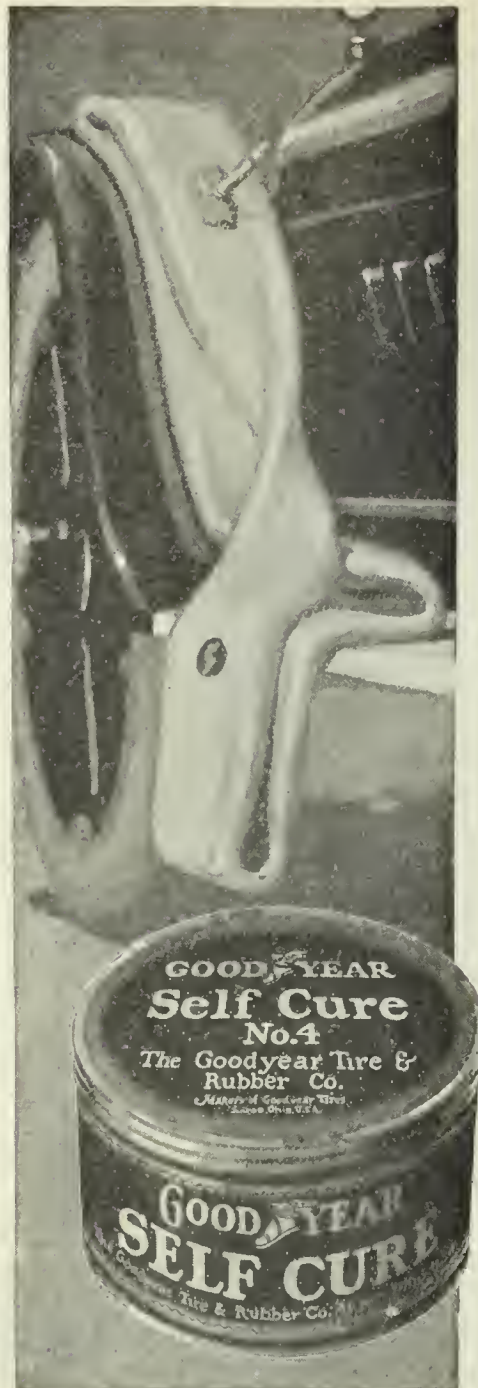
IN approaching the solution of this problem, however, it is important to look at things as they are, after half a century of the accomplished fact, and not to feel obliged to fall into the strain of somewhat overworked romanticism with which Alsace is often prettified, nor to assume that all the actual human and political facts of a complex border problem can be entirely summed up in the person of the spirited and beautiful young lady in butterfly headdress—...

In the square were the village dignitaries, in dress suits after the French fashion, the commandant of the reconquered province, and the French and American generals commanding in the neighborhood. Also, further to add to the quaint internationalism of the occasion, were three Oriental officers who, one would have said, were particularly smart-looking Japanese, and indeed everybody did say so, but who were, as a matter of fact, from the French sphere of influence in Siam. Siam is also at war with Germany. The senior of the trio, who had the rank of general and a chest covered with orders, explained that Siam, being a hot country, could not very well send soldiers for the cold, northern fighting, but that they were shipping over an aviation unit trained in Siam on French machines, and would soon, he said, be at the front.

About the fountain in the center of the square were grouped the young ladies and little girls of Massevaux in their national costume—a picture in the making of which they were not without practice, as one could see by the post cards in the Massevaux shopwindows which recorded another and exactly similar scene on the day the King of Italy had visited them. On Bastille Day, July 14, to-day's fête was to be repeated, and there would be similar celebrations in August of the anniversary of the day the French nobles gave up their privileges and also of the day the Germans were driven eastward—in short, life in Massevaux for a young lady suited to Alsatian costume is not so dull an affair as you might think.

"Generals and Near-Generals"

THE French and American generals, pursued by a battery of photographers, went over to smile on the young ladies, and then, when all was ready and the American soldiers, looking grim as fate itself, were presenting arms down two sides of the square, and the French soldiers in their horizon blue presenting arms down the other, the two generals started round the square together. The Frenchman was a man of fifty perhaps, slender, severe, and elegant, with a way of swinging his gaze now this way, now that, head high, eyes sharp and commanding, which fitted him and was precisely what he should have done, but which in an American would have seemed theatrical. The American general, a sturdy, bullet-headed man with gray hair and spectacles, a typical old-school, regular-army "C. O." who looked as if he might have chased Indians in his day, trudged straight ahead, looking neither to right nor left, and stiff as a ship.



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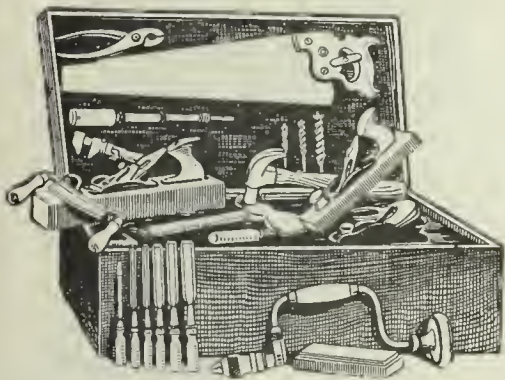
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They marched over to the American flag and its guardians in the left-hand corner of the square, and then over to the right-hand corner to the battle-worn French flag; then the band struck up, the troops fell in, swung round the square and out again. The rest of the day was to be a sort of kermess with an open-air theatre and other amusements, and at the moment a banquet in the town hall. A classmate of mine, a reserve-officer captain now, suddenly turned up, as people do these days in France, standing there big as life, whacking his boot with his riding stick. No, he was not going to the banquet, but back to his work—it was only "for generals and near-generals," he said, with great disdain.

The Program

AN orchestra was playing in the banquet room, and they had prepared an elaborate souvenir in French and American colors with an Alsacienne on the cover.

I quoted to an Alsatian linen manufacturer the remark of the woman in the tobacco shop. He said that he thought I would find very few of that opinion. Complete independence for Alsace was impracticable, the notion of annexation by Switzerland had been started by some Swiss or other, but had fallen through for lack of support. There were two pretty good measures of feeling, he thought—one the comparatively large number of Alsations who had voluntarily gone into the French army and the other the comparatively small number of Alsatian women who, during the German occupation, had married German men.

Speeches came, with the champagne. The governor, who made the first, quoted in French some of President Wilson's proclamation of war. The French general, the commander in chief of the Allied forces in this neighborhood, spoke next, and said that the American troops were good troops and that he had never asked them to do anything that they had not done twice as much as that. The American general spoke next, in English, very simply, and said that he could remember back in his own town, when he was a boy, how they had always thought of the French as something heroic and romantic—there was, he believed, a real natural liking between the two peoples. Our lawyer member—it was Mr. Coudert of New York—spoke in French and recalled the fact that the British we fought in '76 were largely made up of hired Hessians. The national anthems were then played, and everybody adjourned to the square, where the soldiers and villagers were waiting impatiently for the show to begin.

As the dignitaries emerged I noticed two small and surprisingly vehement American soldiers rattling away at each other in some unfamiliar tongue and gesticulating at a great rate: "What do you speak?" I asked. "American!" said one of them, scowling in a bewildered way, "and Italian!" And, turning to his companion: "What's de matt' wit' youse? Sure, it's the general—don' you know a general when you see him?"

Most of our men were very different, however—big, husky, dyed-in-the-wool Yankees, farmer boys or lumbermen, one would say, from Michigan or Wisconsin. They were rather shy and silent, and had the air of not quite knowing what to do with themselves. One wanted to know if these people never danced; two others started off with some enthusiasm on the rumor that down at the other end of the village some one had "opened a keg of beer." One boy, joshing another, who started to embrace him, growled: "There's too much handshakin' around here. This don't-you-shoot-and-I-won't-shoot stuff won't never win the war!"

There was to be boxing that afternoon and one would have liked to stay, but joy rides of this sort are very serious affairs, and after the restless motors had waited for our Red Cross member—Major Barbour—to tell the crowd that if the Germans had known in '71 how valuable some of the French

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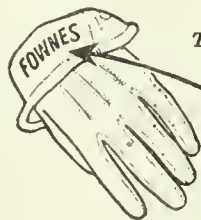
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mining lands would turn out to be, they would, so they had admitted since, have grabbed more of them, they whirled us away again.

"Brothers-in-Law"

THE ride, even skidding round hair-pin curves on two wheels, was beautiful. Up over the crests from one valley to another we drummed, through cool green isles of fir, into and out of several villages, and finally into the village of Krüth, where the main street was lined with two stiff rows of American soldiers. Again they presented arms and again the French general, with the American a pace or two behind him, inspected them.

Then we packed into a "hut" to watch an entertainment given "in honor of the American troops camped in Alsace by the division of Thur and the military administration for Alsace."

The school children sang our anthem in French, a little shakily, and the "Marseillaise" with great spirit, while some of their mothers looked in at the windows and kept time by nodding their heads. The Americans, who seemed even a little more at sea than their comrades in the square at Massevaux, were, it must be confessed, not at their best, and it was a relief, when the show was over, to walk out past a line of them presenting arms—there was no doubt about their being soldiers!—that would have given a thrill of satisfaction to Frederick the Great himself.

The notion that these Alsatian forests, so far from the cheerful hulla-balloo of the base towns or the excitement of more active fronts, might be a trifle lonesome, in spite of their beauty, especially to Americans on the Fourth of July, was again suggested after we had motored back to Wesserling, a little place in the hills with a railroad station and hotel, where motor tourists must have often stopped in peace times.

I don't suppose that Americans who know this pleasant, mellow land of France—still less Frenchmen—realize often the helplessness of thousands of these American boys, shut up in the water-tight compartments of army discipline and dropped down, not speaking the language and with little background to start with, in some such isolated neighborhood. Those stationed at big base towns in the back country, where papers in English of some sort come down from Paris every morning, where they make friends with the children, as our men invariably do, and can practice French with a wide circle of more or less admiring young ladies, soon have the air of owning the place. As one Frenchman put it: "We said to the Americans: 'Let us be brothers.' 'We'll be even more than that,' they reply. 'We'll be your brothers-in-law!'"

Then there are the occasional young officers with a pleasant job as adjutant, for instance, in some big provincial city, where they are made much of by local society and introduced to a life which combines that of a young legation secretary at his first post with the pleasure of being saluted. They are enchanted with France—it is the only country in the world, they assure you gayly as they sagely give advice on the local vintages. After the war they never want to go home.

Ginger and Gloom

THE impression made by that afternoon's entertainment was repeated even more forcibly that evening. The Americans were even more somber. A regimental band, splendid sunburnt giants, with tall blond pompadours, sat in a semicircle on the stage throughout the evening with the gravity of Indian chieftains at a war council. Only toward the end of the show, when a French clown began tumbling about and making faces, did they venture a questioning look at each other and a few pale grins.

I noticed this the more, perhaps, coming up, as I had just done, from the supply line, where the typical American soldier was a sort of sunburnt Phaëthon, whizzing by on a motor truck or side car, with a cap over one ear, a cigarette in one side of his mouth,



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ALL men fear me! I declare that Uncle Sam shall not go to his knees to beg you to buy his bonds. That is no position for a fighting man. But if you have the money to buy and do not buy, I will make this No Man's Land for you!

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I will judge you not by the warmth of the tears you shed over the lists of the dead and the injured that come to us from time to time.

I will judge you not by your uncovered head and solemn mien as our maimed in battle return to our shores for loving care.

But, as wise as I am just, I will judge you by the material aid you give to the fighting men who are facing death that you may live and move and have your being in a world made safe.

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The
Reliance—



and a "Hey, Bill!" in the other. The characteristic thing about the American soldier in France, indeed, is his cheerfulness and "ginger." But when he begins to express himself in more lyrical style he is inclined, without a leader, to relapse into a most un-American sounding gloom. You will hear a knot of enlisted men amusing themselves of an evening by singing "There's a long, long trail," and doubtless entirely happy, and they suggest a band of red men mourning the victories of the palefaces.

"Vive l'Amérique!"

THIS trait must puzzle the French, the most clear-headed of peoples, and almost always gay on the outside, however they may feel at heart, and one couldn't but wonder what the audience was thinking that night when a square-jawed young soldier, who very likely could have done a hundred yards in ten flat, stood up and wailed, to the sentimental oom-popping of the band:

Just-a-baby's-song-at-twi . . . light—
To . . . her-father-over-there!

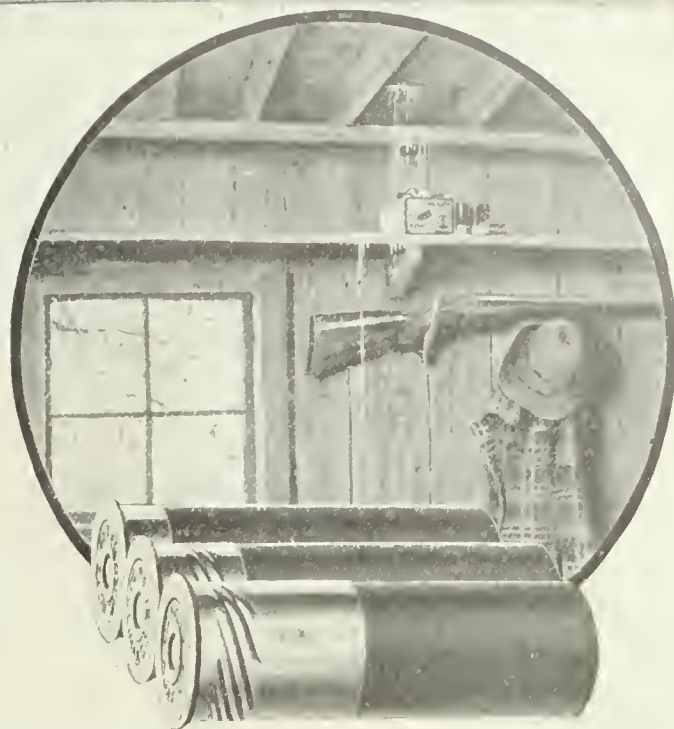
They had no notion, of course, how this youth and the band might appear, with him pitching, three men on bases, and they on the bleachers! However, it was not as vaudeville artists they had come to Alsace, and there was something in those straight backs, clean-cut faces, and calm, gray eyes which the French had more need of than of music-hall wit, and which they needed no interpreter to understand and appreciate.

It was well toward midnight when the motors drummed up through the black hills and back to Massevaux again. The village was sound asleep, of course, but my hostess let me in. They had had a great and rather bewildering afternoon. The Americans had had some of their terrifying boxing—a "battle royal," I heard later—but why was it they wrapped up the white man so carefully and paid no attention to the black one? He was hot and tired too; she was sure he must have taken cold. I suggested that it was an oversight and that his seconds ought to have looked after him, but she feared there was something "express"—she felt very sorry for the "noir."

She was troubled too because the Americans didn't understand French. When the soldiers started back for the front they had all cried "Vive la France!" and the poilus had smiled back at them, but when they cried "Vive l'Amérique!" our soldiers went marching by solemn as owls. It was "triste," she said, that they had no way to show how they liked these boys, because surely, so far from home, they must be lonesome.

More Than Mere Communiqués

POSSIBLY these particular men had not understood, but it might be explained that it is not considered good discipline in our army to notice comments from passers-by. In Paris that day there was an embarrassing little quarter of an hour as the result of this. As the big parade started out the Parisians ran into the street, as it is their pleasant custom to do, and tried to give flowers to the soldiers. Our men, true to their training, marched on like wooden Indians, and it was only somebody's quick wit, sending an order hastily down the line, which prevented an international catastrophe. There is more in the management of an expedition overseas than is always realized, or can be mentioned in the communiqués! Fish of different races are bound to receive quaint impressions when they see each other out of water, but the first Fourth in Alsace was a great success, nevertheless. There was one thing sure—no finer-looking men, nor better soldiers, ever stood in the little square of Massevaux, nor marched away to their posts in its silent and much-disputed mountains. They might not know the language of flowers, but they were boys who could be depended on to do what they had come across 5,000 miles of ocean to do. The good people of Massevaux could be quite sure of that.



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Continued from page 15

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"For example, I go into a 'gents' furnishing store, and ask to see, and I buy, some neckwear. But it seems that here a salesman can sell anything purchasable, and while the ties are being done up he starts something like this:

How are you fixed for underwear? (I am all set.)

Well, you want to consider that the Government is going to be responsible for your getting garments with much difficulty next year. (Yes, I am aware of that.)

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We are running a nice line of shirts. The silk ones are the last ones we expect to be able to get for some time. I would like to show them to you. (No, I have a full supply of madras shirts, which give me satisfaction.)

"And so he goes down the line, enumerating all the articles in the store, finally winding up with the biggest thing they carry, 'a suit of clothes'—which would be the last thing I would buy in a store of that kind. I am one of those people who go into a store to purchase only what I have made up my mind to get, and after coming through this "third degree," I come out very much peeved. The salesman has not only failed in his attempts to make a sale, but in my case has been the cause of his firm losing a customer. Now, perhaps in this case I am an exception to the general rule, but if I were a salesman I would give a customer exactly what he asked for, provided I had it, and would not solicit his patronage for a lot of articles he never intended buying. In saying this I realize that my

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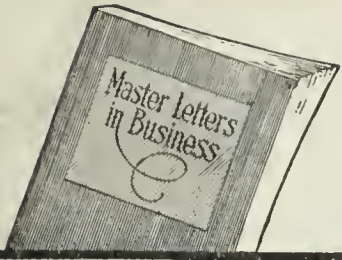
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The experts of LaSalle Extension University will train you to write letters that bring sales at lowest cost—letters that collect money from stubborn debtors—letters that open new accounts—letters that pave the way for salesmen—fitting you to hold a responsible, paying position. You will be trained by actual practice—the "Case Method" being followed, similar to the system used for teaching law in leading universities.

Train By Mail

You receive all this instruction by mail—learn in your spare time at home without giving up your present position. All is explained in the book, which also tells about our easy payment plan by which you can pay a little each month for the course.

Simply ask for the book and it will be promptly sent. No obligation on your part. Just send a post card.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
"The World's Greatest Extension University"
Dept. 1040-BLW Chicago, Illinois

Christian Science At Work

A man is known by the work he does. A good tree brings forth good fruit.

In The Christian Science Monitor you see Christian Science at work. You realize what Truth and Principle can do when applied to a daily newspaper.

The record of world happenings is given exactly, clearly, and with just balance.

Highly interesting—for its readers know that the news and comments given in the Monitor have a real bearing upon their thought and lives.

The Christian Science Monitor is \$9.00 a year by mail, or may be obtained at news stands, hotels and Christian Science reading-rooms. A monthly trial subscription by mail anywhere in the world for 75c; a single copy for 3c stamp.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY
BOSTON U. S. A.

Sole publishers of all authorized Christian Science literature

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.
Publishers

Robert J. Collier, President; A. C. G. Hammesfahr, Vice President and General Manager; G. J. Kennedy, Vice President; F. H. Rice, Vice President; George M. O'Neil, Secretary and Treasurer, 416 West Thirtieth Street, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, London, W. C.

Stir your youngsters' ambitions!

Give them books which create wholesome ideals and show the rewards of persistence and intelligence. Investigate that remarkable set of books, "THE JUNIOR CLASSICS," published by P. F. Collier & Son, 416 W. 13th Street, New York

system would not make it necessary to have genuine salesmen; but I feel that a fellow could be a success if he carried out my views. What do you think?

"One more case. Go into any hat store on the change of seasons, and get up against the old hat salesman who has been the champion hat salesman for his firm for years. (Hat salesmen seem to stick a long while.) If you have been wearing a soft, wide-brimmed hat, you want a derby, and the only line they carry is very unbecoming to start with. Mr. Salesman pulls the old one: 'Well, it looks strange to you because you have been wearing a soft hat. You have to get used to it.' It makes no difference what you have been wearing—straw, golf, felt, or soldier hat—it is the cause of your not getting acquainted with your new sky piece. I do not think this fellow is a salesman. He is a mechanical man, who can sell goods only to those to whom they are particularly adapted.

"To bring this to a close, I have been a live one going in, but the salesman has made me a dead one coming out."

Put It in His Hand

I'VE had the same thing happen to me, and so have you. It's good salesmanship badly done.

"How are you fixed for underwear?" is a somewhat intimate question, and a good deal depends on the way it is asked. I like beefsteak, and I also like eggs. There is a country hotel in Tennessee which serves deliciously tender steaks and absolutely fresh eggs, but it has a negro waiter who robs these delightful viands of their charm by his heavy and unenthusiastic question: "How yoh want yo' stek, and how'll yoh have yo' aigs cooked?"

I could have enjoyed the specialties of this house much more if the waiter had said to me: "Boss, I got a nice tender tea-bone steak for you and a couple of fresh eggs that two young hens done laid fo' you to-day. How you want me to have the cook fix 'em up for you?"

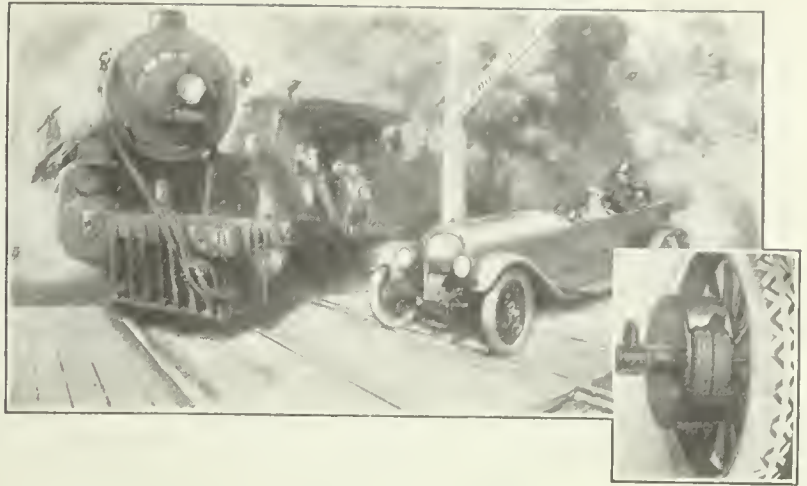
If I were a retail salesman in a clothing store, I don't think I should ask any one: "How are you fixed for underwear?" Instead I believe I should hand out a sample garment and say: "Perhaps you've stocked up on underwear, but if you haven't, here is something that is worthy of consideration."

Scarcely any man is able to avoid feeling at least a little interest in an article of merchandise that is placed in his hands. Even a crusty bachelor will take a keen, although frequently a painful, interest in a squirming baby placed in his unwilling arms.

If retail salesmen were really able to interest the Boston railroad official who wrote the letter quoted above, he wouldn't complain of their efforts. Retail salesmen should take warning that, while not every man is so difficult to interest, there are a great many who resent, or at least are unmoved, by perfunctory questions. This point was covered at some length in an article, entitled "Anything Else To-day?" which appeared in COLLIER'S for December 6, 1913.

As to hats and the time-worn assertion of hat salesmen that "You have to get used to it," I must confess that one does have to get used to a new style of hat. I believe, however, that the salesman should select a shape which he thinks is suited to his customer and, before the hat is tried on, say something like this: "Here is a shape that I think is exactly suited to your profile. When you look in the glass, please get the side and rear views as well as the front view."

The average man doesn't see much of his profile or back and usually finds them rather interesting. If you get a man to studying his profile and the back of his head, he isn't so likely to need to be assured that he will have "to get used" to the hat you are trying to sell him. He gets a more impersonal and consequently a less self-conscious view of himself when he looks at his profile and back. In my opinion, every hat store should have three-section mirrors that enable a customer to see himself as others see him.



The worst season of the year for automobile accidents

SEPTEMBER and October are the worst months of the year for automobile accidents. Here is the reason:

All summer long you have been running your car. Naturally the brakes are worn. Then there comes an emergency when you must stop quickly—but you find you can't! That is what is happening to so many motorists this month. That is what may happen to you.

Have your dealer inspect your brakes today

If they need relining have him put on Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining. Thermoid gives

greatest security for three reasons.

1st—Contains over 40% more material and 60% more labor than ordinary woven brake lining. This gives long wear.

2nd—It is Grapnalized, a special exclusive process which enables Thermoid to resist moisture, oil and gasoline.

3rd—Thermoid is Hydraulic Compressed. It wears down slowly and can be used until cardboard thin.

Support the Brake Inspection Movement and have your brakes inspected today.

Our Guarantee: Thermoid will make good—or WE WILL.

Thermoid Rubber Company

Factory and Main Offices
Trenton, N. J.



At speed of	A car should stop in
10 miles per hr.	9.2 ft.
15 " "	20.8 "
20 " "	37 "
25 " "	58 "
30 " "	83.3 "
35 " "	104 "
40 " "	148 "
50 " "	231 "

Makers of "Thermoid Crocid Compound Casings" and "Thermoid Hardy Universal Joints"

Will your car do this?

EVEREADY DAYLO

Bring the trouble to light by bringing the light to trouble. Don't motor without Daylo. All leading dealers in U.S.A. and Canada.

The light that says: "There it is!"

LEPAGE'S GLUE HANDY TUBES

WILL MEND IT

is made by the
RUSSIA CEMENT CO. GLOUCESTER, MASS.
who also make and guarantee

SIGNET INK THE PERMANENT

Music Lessons

UNDER MASTER TEACHERS

At Home

A Complete Conservatory Course By Mail Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness.

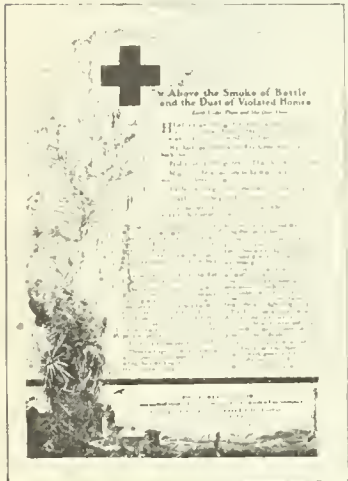
Any Instrument or Voice Write telling us course you are interested in—Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, or Reed Organ—and we will send our FREE CATALOG covering all instrumental and vocal courses. Send NOW.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY
4621 Siegel-Myers Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

Business in War Time

No. 14: The Government's Use of Advertising

ILLUSTRATED WITH SOME RECENT GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS FROM COLLIER'S



"Above the Smoke of Battle"—a stirring Red Cross appeal

THERE is a widespread impression among advertising men that official Washington does not approve or understand advertising as a business. And not only among advertising men. Just the other day a Government official wrote us: "We have constantly preached the doctrine that official Washington does not understand advertising; and that advertising does not understand official Washington; and that there must be developed a better basis of getting together."

And not long ago there was quoted in "Printers' Ink," which is the accepted organ of the advertising business, a man connected with an important group of industrial bankers, who said: "The principle underlying modern advertising has been wholly accepted, and the advertising machinery, created and reared by industry in America, has been effectively utilized to an unprecedented extent by our Government for the information and convenience of the people and the successful exploitation of the business of the Government. And yet government in the United States, as its relation to industry has become more assertive, does not express the same acceptance or even understanding of the fundamental principles of advertising, nor does it appear to view the function of advertising as legitimately necessary for employment by our merchants and manufacturers in the exploitation of their business."

Yet here at COLLIER'S we feel that this impression must be mistaken; the feeling of official Washington toward advertising cannot have been correctly gauged. How can Washington continue to misunderstand advertising when the Government itself is, by far, the largest user of advertising space? President Wilson, it would seem, understands and is appreciative of what advertising has done for the Government's business. When the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World held their convention in San Francisco in July he sent them a telegram which

said in part: "I realize how squarely and spontaneously the advertising men of the country have stood behind the war. I want in particular to bear witness to the service which advertising has rendered in directing the prosecution of the war through what it has done for the sale of Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps, and in behalf of subscription funds for the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A., not to speak of many other forms of service."

Every one among our one hundred and ten millions who can read must realize for himself what advertising has done for the causes which the President mentions. Millions of dollars' worth of advertising space has been given—given, mind you!—to im-

press upon the public the necessity of investing in Liberty Bonds and in War Savings Stamps, in contributing to the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. and innumerable other war charities. Advertising has carried their message far beyond the sphere of influence of the orator's tongue and the military band's crashing appeal.

The Government has not paid for this space, nor has it been solicited by the Government. It has been given freely. The bulk of it has been paid for by certain merchants and manufacturers who have paid the publisher of the magazine or periodical or newspaper in which the space has been used; in a great many cases the space has been donated by the publisher himself.

And in considering this, dismiss the erroneous impression that the publisher is donating something which costs him nothing. Some people are still rather aghast when they hear that the insertion of a single page advertisement in one issue of a magazine costs a thousand or three thousand or five thousand dollars. Their point of view is not focused correctly upon the subject. They look upon it in the light of a single page because that is the evidence before their eyes. But the analytical way to look upon it is that this single page is reproduced one hundred thousand times, a million times, two million times, and distributed nationally. The margin between the cost of doing this and the price asked for doing it is exceedingly small.

The Government has used advertising

for many purposes not as well known as those previously mentioned.

An advertising campaign was carried on in California and Oregon to locate small deposits of chrome ore, an invaluable alloy used in making a particularly tough steel for airplane engines and other war essentials.

Another need of the airplane—for the oil of the castor bean—was supplied by an advertising campaign to the farmers of Florida inducing them to plant castor beans—a thing which they had never done before.

The Food Administration has advertised the need of wheat saving and fat saving and sugar saving.

The Fuel Administration has advertised the conservation of coal.

The Government has recently conducted a campaign to get people to hold their Liberty Bonds as well as buy them.

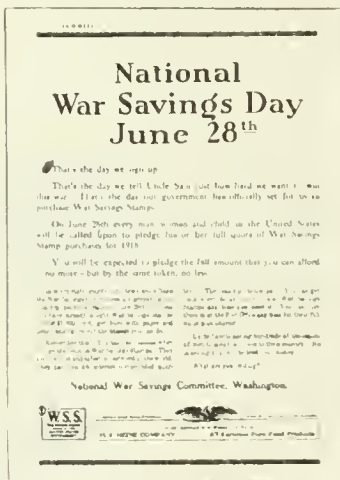
Campaigns of education were run to instruct draft registrants; other campaigns to combat German propaganda with American propaganda; certain German lies which might work harm in the fabric of the nation were exposed and rendered harmless through advertising; special classes of skilled labor—for shipyards, for munition plants—were secured through advertising.

It is safe to say that there is no public branch of the Government's activities which has not been made thoroughly familiar to the nation—through advertising.

It is the Government's use of advertising which has proved, as nothing has had the opportunity of proving before on such a vast scale, in such a vitally important cause, the value of advertising in disseminating national information, in uniting national opinion, in arousing national response. Advertising during the past critical year has come into its own—in the service it has rendered the nation.



A tale of German atrocities to awaken us to the need of buying bonds



A War Savings Stamps advertisement during a special drive



One of the New Fourth Liberty Loan advertisements



Committee on Public Information advertisement—this time of a "movie"

DL

NOTICE TO READER.—When you finish reading this magazine, place a one-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas. No wrapping—No address.
A. S. BURLERSON,
Postmaster General

5 cents a copy
10 cents in Canada

Collier's

THE INTERNATIONAL WEEKLY



OCTOBER 12, 1918 VOL. 62 NUMBER 5

Entered as second-class matter July 28, 1913, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price: 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Canadian and Foreign, 10 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year. 416 West Thirtieth Street, New York, N. Y.

James Hopper

The third part of "Our First Victory," describing what happened "After the Battle"

Edna Ferber

"Selling America," in which the author goes barnstorming for Uncle Sam

William A. Wolff

Mr. Hoover's own explanation of the Food Administration's new program

H. C. Witwer

The twelfth and last inning of "From Baseball to Boches"

Samuel H. Adams

"The Dodger Trail," in which a German agent comes to grief

Also in this issue: "Letters from the Air," by Lieut. J. Alexander Bayne, Editorials, Photograph Pages, etc.

Stand Back of Them with Your Dollars

Verboten News

The New York Tribune takes this means of reaching other than its own readers with a story that has been refused at advertising rates by—

All of the competitive New York newspapers.

Some of the New York billboards.

Several of the national weeklies.

IN the course of a campaign against seditious and disloyal publications, undertaken at the urgent request of the government, the TRIBUNE treated the disloyalism of the Hearst newspapers in a series of articles entitled, "Coiled in the Flag—Hears-s-s-t."

WHILE the TRIBUNE was engaged in this work the newsdealers of Greater New York declared war on the Hearst newspapers, for economic and patriotic reasons. All the members of the New York Publishers' Association, except the TRIBUNE, resolved to treat this action on the part of the newsdealers as an illegal boycott and agreed to support Hearst by refusing to sell their papers to any dealer who stopped buying the Hearst papers. This was to say that a newsdealer who for any reason refused to handle Hearst's *American* or *Journal*, or who reduced his daily orders for them, could buy no other morning or evening newspaper. The Publishers' Association was afraid that if the newsdealers could overthrow the influence of Hearst they would be strong enough to demand a general reduction in the price of papers.

IN view of its fight against the Hearst newspapers, which had led to their being denounced by the National Security League and barred from many communities for patriotic reasons, the TRIBUNE could not stand with Hearst commercially. The TRIBUNE, therefore, acting alone, announced that it would sell to all newsdealers alike, without discrimination, whether they handled Hearst newspapers or not.

THEREUPON, the Publishers' Association, representing (besides the Hearst newspapers) the *World*, the *Times*, the *Sun*, the *Herald*, the *Staats-Zeitung*, the *Evening Sun*, the *Evening World*, the *Evening Telegram*, the *Mail*, the *Globe* and the *Post*, decreed that the circulation of the TRIBUNE should be restrained.

IT notified the American News Company not to deliver the TRIBUNE to anti-Hearst newsdealers. The Ameri-

can News Company is a monopoly and absolutely controls the distribution of morning newspapers in New York. Acting on orders from the Publishers' Association, it refused to deliver the TRIBUNE to newsdealers who either cancelled or reduced their orders for the Hearst newspapers.

AT this point the TRIBUNE was expected to choose between sacrificing its anti-Hearst policy or losing control of its circulation. The TRIBUNE chose instead to fight it out. The first step was to meet the newsdealers' economic problem by reducing the price of papers from \$1.40 to \$1.20 per hundred. When this was announced the American News Company refused to deliver the TRIBUNE at all to any newsdealer, except at the old price of \$1.40 per hundred. Having attempted by its monopolistic power to dictate to whom the TRIBUNE should be sold, this organization proposed now to say at which price it should be sold.

THE TRIBUNE then proceeded to organize its own delivery system, a thing so difficult and costly to do that no New York morning newspaper has ever tried it under conditions now existing.

MEANWHILE Hearst has invoked the aid of the city administration, through Mayor Hylan, whom the Hearst papers pretend to have elected to office. Licenses of the anti-Hearst dealers have been removed. There have been injunction proceedings in the courts and incipient riots in the streets, all of which the New York newspapers have steadily ignored in their news columns. The newsdealers are soliciting popular contribution to a defense fund. Checks should be sent to Lemuel Ely Quigg, their counsel, at 32 Liberty Street, New York.

THE TRIBUNE has retained Lindley M. Garrison, former Secretary of War, as special counsel to seek the legal redress to which it may be entitled.

NOTE—Owing to the scarcity of print paper and the rules of conservation now being observed, it is impossible for the TRIBUNE to exceed its paid circulation—otherwise it would undertake to give this story unlimited circulation in New York from its own presses. The same condition as to paper limits the distribution of pamphlets. Therefore, those who are with us in this fight are requested to give this page further circulation. Cut it out and mail it to your friends and ask them to remail it to others.

New York Tribune

Was
\$100

Now
\$49



Easy to Get

If you will merely mail the coupon to us, an Oliver will be shipped immediately to you for FREE TRIAL.

You need not send a cent.

Keep the Oliver for five days. Use it as if it were your own. Note how easy it is to type.

Note that it is a brand new Oliver, never used. It is not second-hand, not rebuilt. It is our latest and best model, the Oliver No. 9. If any typewriter is worth \$100, it is this splendid model.

Save \$51

And you get it for half the former price. And on easy terms, if you wish.

This is the identical model used by the foremost concerns, such as The U. S. Steel Corporation, The Pennsylvania Railroad, The Diamond Match Company, The National City Bank of New York, Montgomery Ward & Co., Boston Elevated Railways, Columbia Graphophone Company, Hart Schaffner & Marx, and a score of others of equal rank.

We no longer have an expensive sales force traveling all over the country. Think what that saves in these times! You do not pay for high-priced executives, nor salaried salesmen, nor costly branches in 50 cities.

You now save the \$51 it used to cost to sell you an Oliver. \$49 is a from-the-factory-to-you price.

The \$100 Model

The machine has not been changed in the slightest. You get the exact \$100 Oliver for \$49 solely because of our new plan of selling direct.

A free-trial Oliver does not obligate you to buy. If you do not want to keep it, send it back. We even refund the transportation charges.

At all times during the trial, you are the sole judge. No one need influence you.

Keep the Oliver at this great saving and these easy terms—or return it. You decide.

Mail the coupon now. It is your great opportunity to own a typewriter.

Easy to Learn

Anyone can learn to operate the Oliver. It is simple. One picks it up easily.

One may learn the "natural" method or the "touch system."

We have published an instruction book for those who wish to learn the touch system, as taught in the better business colleges.

This we furnish free to Oliver buyers who ask for it when ordering.

It is called "The Van Sant System of Touch Typewriting." It is prepared by Prof. A. C. Van Sant, known for years as the father of improved touch typewriting.

Free Instruction

Ordinarily, it would cost you \$40 or more, plus the difficulty of attendance, to take this course at a business college.

You can learn it at home through our charts and instructions. By practice you may rival the speediest operators.

So whether you learn by yourself the "natural" way, which is fast enough for the average individual, or the "touch system" which is the fastest of all, be assured that you will find typing easy.

Thousands of people like yourself have learned. Thousands of school children are learning.

The Oliver is particularly easy to operate because of its fundamental excellencies.

Advanced Ideas

The Oliver was first to introduce "visible" writing.

And ever since the Oliver has been a leader in improvements.

The touch is light, the action largely automatic. The workmanship is of the best.

A free-trial Oliver will prove how simple it is to learn. Get it and see. Mail the coupon.

Easy to Own

At \$49 everyone can afford an Oliver.

To big concerns using many machines the saving is enormous. And to the individual, the Oliver is the only hundred-dollar typewriter for \$49.

Why Pay More?

More cannot buy a finer machine. In addition to the no-money-down, free-trial, half-price advantages, we offer the Oliver at \$3 per month.

How extravagant to buy a second-hand, rebuilt typewriter, or even to rent, when you can own a brand new Oliver so easily!

And you can use it while you are paying.

What offer could be more liberal? We feel that we have gone the limit in self-selling.

We hope to continue this offer, for it has brought satisfaction to thousands of purchasers.

Order Early

Possibly the price will have to be raised. We hope not. But to obtain an Oliver at the existing price of \$49, do not wait.

We urge you to take advantage of this offer now. Your good judgment shows you that it is remarkable. Act today.

Mail the coupon for EITHER the free-trial Oliver or further information. If you use many typewriters in your business, mention it in sending the coupon.

Canadian Price \$62.65

The Oliver Typewriter Co.

1027 Oliver Typewriter Bldg.

Chicago, Ill. (813)

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.,
1027 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay \$49 at the rate of \$3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....
This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name

Street Address

City

State

Certain-teed

Roofing

Certain-teed renders a war service

Certain-teed saves war supplies, because it is made of materials which have *no* use in war products. It serves war needs because it provides our armies, and peoples everywhere, with efficient, economical roofing.

Certain-teed saves war transportation, because it is so compact that it takes minimum car space, and so easy to handle that it requires the minimum time to load and unload.

Certain-teed saves war labor. It can be laid in less time than any other type of roof; and no skill is required—anyone who will follow the simple directions that come packed in the center of every roll can lay it correctly.

The durability and economy of *Certain-teed* are recognized the world over, as proved by its enormous sale. It is now the standard roof

for factories, office buildings, hotels, stores, warehouses, garages, farm buildings, etc.

Guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years, according to thickness. Sold by best dealers everywhere.

Certain-teed Products Corporation
Offices & Warehouses in Principal Cities of America

Manufacturers of

Certain-teed
Paints—
Varnishes—
Roofing



Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

New York: 416 West 13th Street. London:
6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 12, 1918

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Hoover Talks

A Message from the Man Who Believes in the American People

BY WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

WHEN Herbert Hoover became Food Administrator one of the first general orders he issued forbade the use of his name in connection with any of the appeals or orders or exhortations that were in prospect. There was some murmuring among those who were working with him; Hoover has the faculty of inspiring a personal loyalty and affection in those who surround him that is beyond any description. And so, hearing the murmurs, he brought all the working force of the Food Administration, heads of departments, stenographers, messengers, everyone, together, and talked to them.

"I don't matter," he said. "The Food Administration does. That must go on. In Europe no food controller has stayed in office six months. It's a job that compels its holder to antagonize all sorts of people and influences. I can't tell how long I shall last. And it won't do for the American people to associate the idea of food administration with the name of Hoover or any other name. So that is why my name mustn't be used. It isn't modesty; it's plain, practical forethought."

He told the truth. It wasn't modesty that moved him. He is, as a matter of fact, the most modest, the shyest of men. He hates personal publicity. He cannot, quite literally cannot, see why people should be interested in him. Getting him to have a photograph taken is like getting some men to go to the dentist. And his photographs aren't really good either. They look like him, in a way, and yet they don't look like him at all. He must get all dressed up, inside and out, when he faces a camera. In his photographs he looks like one of the models for men's suits or collars. And actually he doesn't look so at all. He's deadly serious in a picture, and when you see him he has a little, quizzical crease in one corner of his mouth, and amused eyes that are always smiling.

But he has stuck consistently to his rule of not giving personal interviews. He sees the Washington newspaper men regularly, and gets along with them wonderfully. He may have discovered, too, that, in some mysterious fashion, his name *has*, in spite of himself, come to be associated with food and its conservation. He has probably heard of the new verb, to hooverize, with which the American language has been enriched!

Mr. Hoover says: "Last year we asked for a great deal of substitution of one commodity for another, but this year we must have a direct decrease in the food consumed"—here is his new program.—THE EDITOR.

Ben Allen, who has been from the beginning the educational director of the Food Administration and whose duty it has been to inform the press concerning the activities of the organization, took me up to see The Chief—everyone in the building calls him The Chief. He was sitting deep down in a comfortable chair smoking a cigar.

He is still thinking about the brief tenure of food controllers in Europe. He doesn't blame the food controllers over there for not lasting longer, and he doesn't claim any great credit for himself because he has been on the job fourteen months and seems likely to stay on it so long as he is needed. That was the first thing we talked about.

"We've done the thing in the democratic way," he said. "Doesn't it seem so to you? We've depended on inspiration and good faith. We've avoided repression. They used repression in Europe; they had to. We had a chance, as they didn't, to try something else. And we believed absolutely in the American people. That's been at the bottom of everything we've done—that absolute and unshakable belief."

"In Europe there were, there had to be, cards for all sorts of things. There had to be confusing and intricate rules and laws. When you lay down hard and fast rules you tempt people to try to beat them and evade them. When you don't trust to a man's honor and his understanding of the need of what you're doing you really begin a fight with him. That was what happened to every food controller in Europe. He began—he had to begin—by fighting. There was bad feeling, inevitably. This isn't criticism, because there were conditions that forced the hands of the people who had to solve the problem."

"Here we began with the conviction and the knowledge that our problem wasn't to force or exact obedience, but to make the American people understand what had to be done and how it could be done—to appeal to their intelligence. And everything has shown that we were right. We trusted the American people implicitly and absolutely. Of course, in some instances, and with some commodities, like sugar, we've had to make rules and do rationing to manufacturers and luxury trades; but that has been for convenience and to make doing what everyone was willing to do easier. I don't believe in repres-

sion. I don't believe in any more legislation than is absolutely necessary. And I'd like nothing better than to see the return of the day of free and unlimited competition.

"Saving food has become a point of personal honor with Americans all over the country. I've heard a story just to-day that illustrates that. In the Sierras, in California, a miner, who lives all alone in a cabin, packs in his food for several months at a time because he doesn't get out very often. In the summer he laid in a big supply, and he got sugar, allowing himself three pounds a month. Presently some one came along and left a newspaper with him, and he read that we had reduced the voluntary sugar allowance from three pounds a month to two. And so he took one-third of his sugar, and set it aside, and wrote on a piece of paper that he fastened to one of the bags: 'To be returned to Uncle Sam when I go out.' A man can't be made to do a thing like that by any law or any compulsory rationing system! He does it because he is inspired by an ideal.

"For all of us here America's response to our appeal and our work is a symbol of America's part in the war. America was not driven by necessity or coerced by fear. The American people have saved food, as they have gone to war, in an unselfish and inspirational way."

Business Must Be Reformed

I ASKED if he was ready yet to do anything about food prices in a national way. He is. About all the criticism there has been of any account of Hoover's work has centered on the question of prices.

"We're finding that there are a lot of misconceptions about food prices.

"High prices of luxuries can't concern us. We have to consider only the great staples. And their prices have not gone up to any such extent as seems to be generally believed. That is, when I say that I am speaking of the country as a whole. In certain localities special conditions have brought about high prices and profiteering. And there will be temporary increases. Here in Washington we have had more trouble with retail prices than anywhere else in America. But I am thinking of averages, and long periods.

"One of the things that happen is that people make more money and—spend more. If a man's been making three dollars a day and gets four, he's likely to use up the extra dollar in extra purchases, especially on food. And he thinks

he's been forced to increase his food bills when, actually, he's chosen to do so. He wants better cuts of meat, better and more food, generally. And he's not likely to allow for the fact that, while he's spending more, he's also getting a good deal more.

There are three elements in the price of food: The first is the return to the producer; the second, the charges of the

middleman, the manufacturer, the wholesaler, and of transportation; and the third is the retailer. In some few commodities prices to the producer have been stabilized, and in these cases it is not difficult to follow each of the subsequent steps and to limit the charges therein. In every case, however, where prices to the producer have been stabilized, it is because the Government is the dominant buyer and we have thus an economic phenomenon new to the world during this war, when Government purchases are so large as to fix prices.

"Outside of these few commodities, such as wheat, sugar, and a few others, the law of supply and demand still rules in the United States. In commodities where there is no stabilization of the price we have endeavored to limit the profits of middlemen, and we have stamped vicious speculation out of the country through the regulation of boards of trade, the public market, etc.

"The next constructive step, if it can be taken, is to reduce the expenditure for labor, and otherwise, of the dealers and retailers by trying to eliminate the expensive methods of doing business. For instance, with the demand of our army for men, of our munition works for labor, we should reduce the amount of labor employed in the delivery of foodstuffs, and the number of animals and vehicles. It is not possible to eliminate delivery altogether, but there is a possibility of having the trades make a charge for each delivery and to do their deliveries only once a day. This would put the cost of delivery where it belongs and would enable the determination of a fair price for practically all food items, the same to all distributors, on the same basis. We have carried out extensive experiments in large areas with this plan and believe the time has arrived where it can be applied nationally. The publication of fair retail price lists for the benefit of the consumer would, under this arrangement, become much more simple, for at the present time we have to publish maximum and minimum price lists in order to cover the different kinds of service given the consumer. If we can give this fair-price information more clearly to the public than at present, we believe that we can trust both buyers and sellers to adhere to these prices and that public opinion will enforce them without the necessity of repressive legislation.

We've Got to Eat Less

"IF we examine the cost of foodstuffs broadly in the United States, we see that there has been an increase during the last twelve months of about 3½ per cent. We arrive at this by taking the total monthly consumption of foodstuffs for the nation and the average wholesale price during the month. We thus arrive at the whole national food bill, an increase, as I say, of about 3½ per cent. This increase is much less than the increase in rents and clothing and less than the increase in wages. At the same time there has been a larger increase than 3½ per cent to the farmer, the difference having been squeezed out of speculation and distribution of food. In the matter of conservation of food we felt we had a difficult program last year, as we had to provide for the export of about ten million tons of foodstuffs as against an average export prior to the war of about five million tons per annum. This was accomplished by the devotion of the American people. The coming year, however, we must export nearly fifteen million tons, and our resources are no greater than last year. That is, they are no greater if we consider all of our production en bloc. While our production of wheat is larger, we have a less production of the other cereals, and this will affect our animal production and many other issues.

"The program will be more difficult to handle next year than last, for many reasons; one of them

is that we must ask the American people further, to directly reduce their consumption. Last year we asked for a great deal of substitution of one commodity for another, but this year we must have a direct decrease in the food consumed. We have so great a margin in our unnecessary consumption and waste that we can accomplish the Allied food program without approaching anywhere near privation. There is what is known as the physiological requirement. We will not have to get down even to this margin. We will have what we usually refer to as the "comfort necessity" and still be able to carry through next year. It means the greater elimination of waste; and by "waste" we mean not only the detailed waste in public eating places and households, but that caused by eating between meals and eating the fourth meal in a day, and many other little habits of the American people, that in the long run amount to huge quantities.

"It's easy enough to take one lump of sugar when you've been used to having two. It's easy to do without steak or roast beef at certain meals and have something else instead.

It's not so hard to eat victory bread. It's going to be a lot harder to make an actual reduction in the amount that's eaten. Our problem is simply to explain the need for doing it and to devise ways of making it as easy as possible to do it. The American people will do whatever they have to do, when they know that doing it is necessary and when they know how to do it."

After the War?

I AM leaving out, in recording this conversation with Hoover, some of the things he said. He was always interjecting illuminating explanations of things he said that were faintly obscure. He talked to me about food and its conservation exactly as a technical expert always does talk to a layman about his specialty. He has the most profound knowledge of his subject. And finally I asked a question that had been in my mind for a long time.

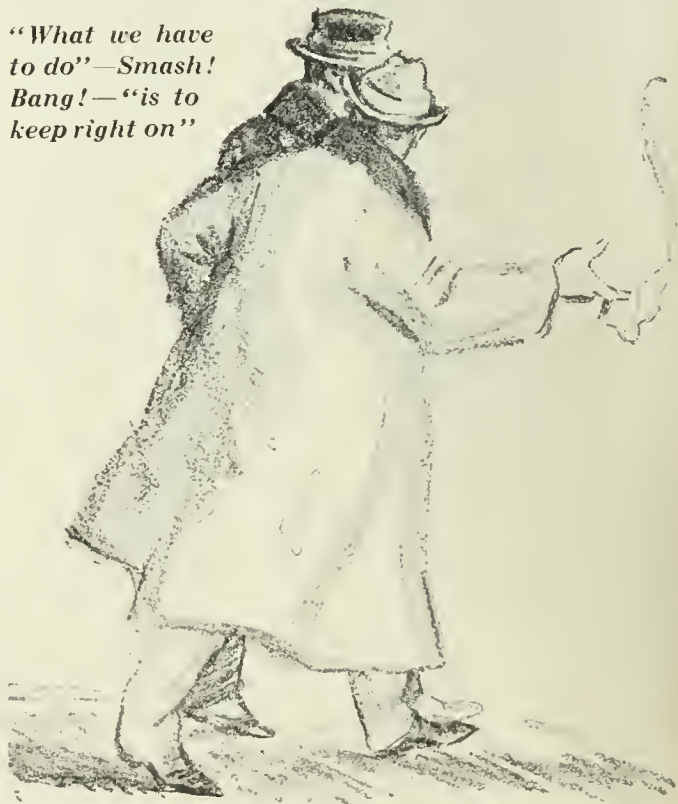
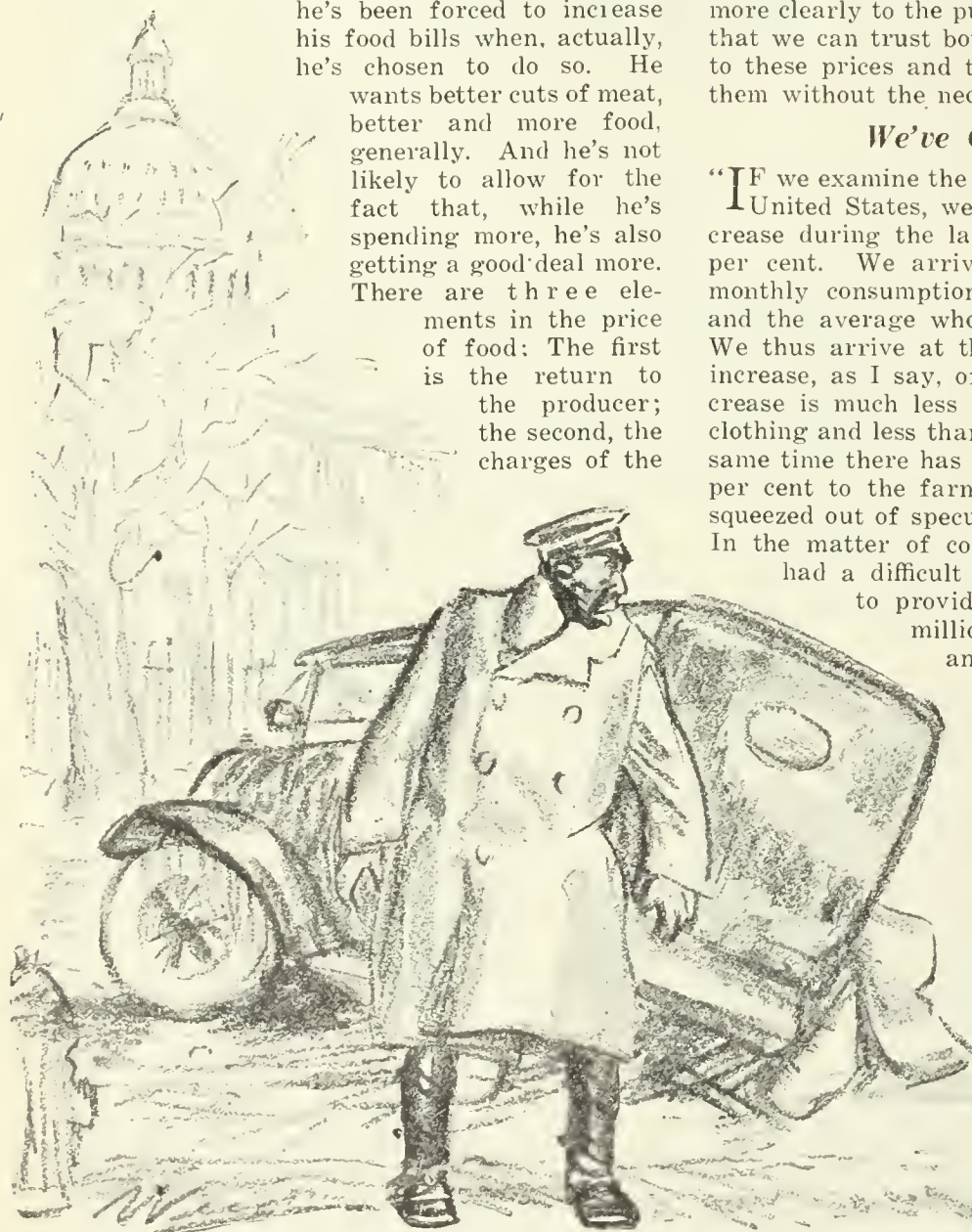
"Did you always have an interest in food and its distribution?" I said. "You couldn't have acquired such an absolute mastery of the subject since the war!"

"I didn't know anything about the subject until I had to go into Belgium," he said. And as he thought about Belgium his whole expression changed, and he was quiet for a moment. The men who know him best say that always happens when he thinks or speaks of Belgium. There is a sort of tenderness about his eyes.

"We had to do it all there in miniature," he said. "We had to learn all these things. No, I never took any interest in food matters until then. And, of course, no one did know anything about such work as we've had to do. It never had to be done before."

There was another question (Continued on page 18)

"What we have to do"—Smash! Bang!—"is to keep right on"



Selling America

Bringing Paris, France, to Paris, Illinois

BY EDNA FERBER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR G. DOVE

THE campaigner who spoke for the First Liberty Loan was the real trail blazer. His was the difficult task of selling a new line to a rather unenlightened customer who was skeptical about the wearing quality of the goods. If he bought at all, it was grudgingly and cautiously. He didn't want to load

up on the stuff. By the time the third loan swung around he was buying without even looking at the samples. He was ordering, so to speak, by wire. Perhaps Iowa, the corn Croesus, is the most brilliant example of what an intensive course in Liberty Loan campaigning will do. Iowa's record in the first campaign was something to make every corn-stalk hide its head and fan its hot face with its tassel. The Iowa farmer regarded the Liberty bond salesman as he would a combination tramp and book agent. He wanted none of him. He wanted none of his goods. If they wanted war, let 'em fight it out. It was up to the Government. He wasn't interested. And he went back to his plowing. Less than one year later, on the opening day of the Third Liberty Loan campaign, Iowa

went over the top on her allotment, the first State in the Union to do so. Of course there's no dodging the truth that a strong factor in this was the eccentric twist taken by the Iowa corn crop the preceding autumn. For the Iowa corn crop, big, bountiful, and golden, had suddenly rotted, mildewed, or gone soft. At any rate, the bulk of it was unfit for shipping. The Iowa farmer, in a panic, bought hogs—thousands and thousands and thousands of them. He fed those hogs that unsalable corn and when spring came he had a hog crop that turned his corn crop failure into a dazzling success. The hogs were sold at heretofore unheard-of prices. Nations overseas were clamoring for pork. The Iowa farmer, to a man, had a bulging bank roll. But that alone wouldn't have done it. During that year the Iowa farmer had been educated into the wisdom of the Liberty Loan. He had been told of its necessity, of its safety, of its desirability. By March he needed no more argument. He didn't want to be bothered with the orator. He had his spring planting to attend to. So he just naturally hitched up the Ford and drove into town and swapped that bank roll for a sheaf of Liberty Bonds and went back to work in peace. And incidentally made a record for his State.

But it wasn't all so smooth. County chairmen found themselves fairly limp after this last campaign, even though a large portion of the country had begun to buy bonds almost automatically. Organization, untiring energy, exhortation, and inspiration still were necessary in all parts of the country. And thus was formed the squad system.

Friends (as they say in the West) meet Squad Six. Mr. Carl Vrooman, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture; Sergeant Edwards, survivor of the

original Princess Pat regiment and author of "Englander Schwein"; Me.

Before we were out a day we called ourselves the troupe. Mr. Vrooman was the lead, Sergeant Edwards the heavy, and I the soubrette. It was a grand life. Barring tonsillitis. Two towns a day.

atmosphere created by the white-bearded, grand old figure in ministerial black who used to rise and call down the blessing of God on the meeting that was about to begin). It was that the attitude of the audience toward the speaker and his subject had in it something of sacrifice and self-dedication. These

men and women were there because they wanted to know; they wanted to help; they wanted to do. Just to sit back while one of the other speakers was holding forth, and watch their faces change, lighten, respond, was an emotional experience—those red-faced, blue-eyed farmers, sitting solidly, row on row; those farmer boys, with their strong white teeth, and their great brown hands and their mobile faces. We used to wait for one line in Sergeant Edwards's speech that always brought a great flash of amusement into those serious countenances.

Sergeant Edwards and his mate, having escaped from a German prison camp, were making for the Dutch border, suffering incredible hardships, starving, footsore, wet, almost spent, and came upon a cow in a field at night. Warm milk!

They were wild with joy. For two hours they chased that cow around the pasture only to find, when they had captured it, that it was a yearling!

Only a farmer, perhaps, could get the tragedy of that, and the humor. As Sergeant Edwards told it, in his dry, unimpassioned way, with his Scotch accent and his queer and intriguing twist of speech, the audience, to a man, would throw back its head and roar with mingled mirth and compassion. It was glorious to watch the laughter light up those weather-browned faces. But for the most part Sergeant Edwards's speech was a *Schrecklichkeit* recital. It was his duty to tell just what kind of host was mein Herr the Hun. When he finished there used to be clenched fists visible.

Stimulating Patriotism

CARL VROOMAN, himself a practical farmer, knew just what sort of material would best mold itself to the needs of those audiences made up so largely of farmers either active or retired. When he spoke of the future immensity and numerical strength of our airplane fleets he likened them to a great horde of locusts so dense as to blacken the sky and almost shut out the sun. Immediately the picture of that power struck them with force and clarity. He used everyday terms and homely phrases, but never commonplace ones. A knowledge of humans—that was the thing that prompted him to omit this line here, to add this phrase there. For the emotions of the people addressed was the goal we were trying to reach. An emotionalized audience is a generous audience, a willing audience, a responsive audience. Strangely enough, they were cold to the old sure-fire methods (Continued on page 22)



"Good-by, girls! Don't fergit me! I'll bring you all a Hun helmit with a hole in it"

Mass meeting at 2 p. m. Speeches. Handshaking. Dash for train. Mass meeting at 7.30. Speeches. Handshaking. Hotel. Call for 7 a. m. Dash for train. *Ad lib.*

You'd think, wouldn't you, that we'd have grown so sick of each other's speeches that, our own finished, we'd have closed our ears and tried to concentrate on anything—a hat in the audience; next summer's bathing suit; a story plot? But every new audience was a fresh inspiration. A line that brought a gale of laughter in the afternoon met

"Uncle Sam has launched a gigantic business proposition in this war; it can no more be run without money than can any other business enterprise. The financing of the enterprise must be accomplished through money loaned by the people and paid for at a generous rate of interest."

with dead silence in the evening. A period that raised a burst of applause in the evening fell limp and lifeless next day. What Canton considered a riot Bloomington couldn't see at all. Peoria wept over what left Monmouth quite cold. We found ourselves saying: "That was a fine meeting tonight," much as an evangelist speaks of his congregation. And that wasn't so queer either, for there never was a meeting, whether of two thousand or of two hundred, that hadn't in it something of the spirit and solemnity of a religious gathering. It wasn't that the meetings were invariably opened with prayer (though there's no overestimating the

All in the Day's Battle

© Underwood & Underwood

"Protecting the infantry during a battle is the great concern of the artillery P. C." Mr. Hopper tells how this is accomplished. This photograph of a French 13-inch naval gun, taken at the moment of firing, operated by American gunners, eight miles back of the front, illustrates one method of artillery protection. Mounted on a railway truck, the gun is run on a standard-gauge track. The exposure was so rapid that it caught the shell in mid-air



German prisoners of war—after all "just human beings who suffer and feel," according to Mr. Hopper. Yet young (there are so many of these) and old have both sought to the best of their ability to be "Terrible"



© Theo. Moussault

"Pleasing the Most Powerful," a line of German troops counterattack behind one of their own bar-rages. One of the few photographs to reach this country recently that show the Germans in action



Our First Victory

Part III—After the Battle

BY JAMES HOPPER

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

I NEVER did go back to the high plain across which the charge had rolled, nor back to Cantigny. I don't know just why I did not. I do know I entered the artillery post of commandment instead. I was perhaps a bit tired of infantry work and in a mood for a change. The artillery P. C. was deep within the hill. You entered a low tunnel. After a few steps there was a dugout to the right in which were installed the telephone exchange and the wireless receiving station, while to the left a low door opened into the infantry P. C. The artillery P. C. was ahead, still farther into the flank of the hill; without much exaggeration one could say it was underneath the battle. From here it commanded batteries stationed four or five kilometers back, and its great concern, in commanding these batteries, was the protection and care of the infantry, which fought overhead.

"Right to Berlin—"

THE men I found here were old friends, officers of an artillery regiment with which I had marched and lived for weeks. The place received no light from the outside; its light was a low golden glow from candles stuck along the damp chalk walls; it had the appearance of a chapel dedicated to some profound sanctity—and indeed the task performed there was a sacred one—the protection and shielding of the infantry, fighting up there, outside, in the sun. The colonel—my colonel—sat on a stool. A pick, which had been left by the workers who had tunneled out the P. C., was in his hands; he was jabbing it into the wall with little blows which already had hollowed out quite a niche. Incessantly, coming over the telephone, important questions were being brought to him. Still picking at the wall with an absorbed air, he decided each question—lives of thousands of men hinged on each one—with precision and good sense. Some day that man will win a great battle while digging a great tunnel—perhaps that famous English Channel tunnel which is always being talked about and never being dug. The French Lieutenant T. was also there—an encyclopedia of precise science offered with subtle modesty whenever needed—and more than an encyclopedia: a character, tense and fine as a Toledo blade. And young Shavetail H. was also there. I had known him a careless, laughing, joyous Newfoundland-pup sort of youngster, who had been wont to tease Lieutenant T. by calling the French "frogs." And here he was now, serving in liaison between the artillery and infantry P. C.'s, not only seriously, but with a wondrous, quiet, unassuming, constructive and alert efficiency—were I older, I should say it was with tenderness I watched him work, only I really don't

consider myself any older than Shavetail H. Everything I saw here, in this little chamber deep below earth, gave a satisfaction which went well with the feeling I had brought down from above, at sight of flaming open courage. The boys up above, though, were never out of our minds; had we been tempted to forget them, we would not have been able to. Tenderly watched over from the clouds by the large soaring planes, they often spoke themselves to us, through their signal rockets relayed over the telephones, in no uncertain voices. Once, I remember, they asked that the barrage be lifted. The colonel, sitting on his stool and picking away at the wall, answered in level tones that the barrage could not be lifted. The objectives had been rigorously settled upon, and nothing should go beyond. There followed a quarrel between infantry and artillery, waged by signal and telephone. The infantry continued to insist the barrage be lifted; the artillery monotonously refused. At length young H. slipped into the infantry dugout from which Colonel E. directed his forces, and in a minute Colonel E. passed his head within our cavernous domain. He was chuckling. "Don't you lift your barrage," he called

Mr. Hopper's next article from the American front is on the way. It will be published in an early issue of COLLIER'S.—THE EDITOR.

out to our artillery colonel, "don't you pay any attention to them."

"But why are they asking it to be lifted?" our colonel asked. "They have reached all of their objectives, and we are protecting them there while they dig in. Why do they want it lifted?"

"Oh, they want to go on," Colonel E. cried. "I have them over the phone. They want to go on. They say they can go a deuce of a sight farther. You see, they want to go right to Berlin, now!"

I went out again, after a while, and stood before the entrances of the P. C.'s to watch the prisoners come in. They were coming now in droves, on the run down the hill, then along the draw to our P. C.'s, brought along smartly by our laughing boys—one would have thought it was a game. Once they were halted, though, before the P. C.'s, one's thoughts changed swiftly, going in circles, and arriving to no absolute conclusion.

At first, as I have already shown, one felt only amusement—a sort of childish, thoughtless, half-savage amusement. I knew this was what I felt, and I could see that this is what all our men felt. The reason was, first, that they were so comically

bedraggled and piteous, those warriors whom it has been the great care of their masters to make appear dreadful and terrible—they looked so small, their clothes were so wrinkled, their faces so dirty—and, secondly, that their surrender and their yielding were so exaggerated, expressed with such passionate servility. At the fore of each of the groups there would be a score who held their eyes fixed upon us in attention of our slightest wish, of our slightest gesture, who jerked their hands higher if we but moved to fill our pipes, whose eyes kept traveling fearfully, searching for the most powerful of us, for the one it would pay most to please, for the little Kaiser there might be among us. But behind them were others; in each group, lurking behind, the majority of each group, I think, the foundation mass of it, were others—big heavy louts with faces incredibly brutal, brutal with a brutality which was not frank as brutality is thought to be, but with a brutality allied to the lowest cunning. They lurked behind, these, and looked at us sidewise from beneath low brows, and one thought: "These are the dangerous ones; they are the Instruments; on this mass of heavy, brutal, and cunning louts hardly emerged from the soil it is the Greatness and the Atrocity of the German Empire are based." But one's mind came back to the first ones—those so anxious to please. They were anxious to please us because for the moment we were the powerful. We could see beyond the shadow of a doubt that for the moment any one of them was ready to do anything whatsoever we might ask! If we had ordered one of each pair to kill his comrade, each would instantly have killed his comrade. If we had brought to each a little babe and told him to stick a bayonet through the soft body, each without question would have stuck a bayonet into the soft body—every word, every gesture, every posture advertised the fact. That was because for the moment it was we they regarded as most powerful. But an hour ago it was others, or Another. An hour ago it was for them, or for Him, they would have done anything—would cheerfully have killed their comrades or stuck bayonets in soft babes. Then they also were dangerous—as dangerous as the others, as the brutes not yet touched with humanity. The whole nation was dangerous, the nation, the breed; it was a dangerous breed which must be destroyed or at least tightly bound.

"By Jove, They Are Human"

BUT hardly had one come to this conclusion before, looking farther into these herds of prisoners, one saw here and there something which brought, like a consternation, a feeling which often—ah, very often—must have come to thousands in battles of the present and the past, in the midst of the fight, like a cold drench upon the exultant ferocity of the fight—a sudden deep feeling expressed by the words: "By Jove, they are human! By Jove, they are human beings just like us. By Jove, they suffer,

and they feel—just like us!" For instance, I remember a prisoner with a pale, fine-chiseled face who came along holding in his left hand his shattered right arm. He came without a whimper, without a groan, looking neither to the right nor the left, all of his being centered upon his one determination—not to cry out, not to groan. And beside him came his friend, a supporting arm around his waist, and peering constantly up into his face in anxious questioning. When they had reached the place where the prisoners were being held a moment to be disarmed, the wounded man sat on a mound of earth, and his friend knelt by him, both oblivious of us and everything, absorbed, one in his suffering, the other in his sympathy. Then there were so many young boys—they looked hardly sixteen. One was freckled and had very long eyelashes—he looked like a girl I had known long ago. Then there was a big long lout who bound us to him for a moment by a flash of sympathetic comedy. He was wounded in the foot; the prisoners were being segregated into those who could go on by themselves and those who would have to be carried on stretchers, and he had been placed among the latter. When his invalid friends started to the rear on the trot, however, a great desire possessed him to go with them, and with a familiarity and an initiative which were American, and a humorous grin which was American, he came limping to us, signaling that he could walk. To persuade us he ran up and down before us in tremendous hops, his arms dangling like wings; everyone broke out laughing and gestured he could go; and he went off after the fast-disappearing group with the same gigantic hops, leaving in all of us a warmth of fellow feeling.

The Talebearer

THEN there was the little old boche. But in him alone one went through the whole whirl of thought which every herd of German prisoners starts in one—and I have seen many. When first seen at the head of a new column, he appeared simply ridiculous—in contradistinction to the flamboyant image the German military rulers have tried to foist upon the world: he was so small, so shriveled, his clothes were so wrinkled, he was so dirty, he ran so eagerly. Then, as he neared, compassion seized one. He was wounded; he ran, encircled by the arm of a friend, and his head wobbled weakly as he ran. He had a little pointed beard which curved upward at the end; he was about forty-five years old; he was the humblest, gentlest little man. He sat down on a stone near the dugout entrance; he would not lie down, but his head rocked weakly on his small, narrow shoulders: now and then his thin little beard pointed straight to the sky; and he was so deathly pale! One of our surgeons went to him, and with long scissors cut away his blouse. The sodden thing fell to the earth, heavy with blood—and here in the shoulder was a great red hole going right down into him.

I saw him again, later, when I passed the first-aid station, lying dead on his stretcher, abandoned on the ground. He had died seemingly in a last wabble of his poor neck; his thin beard pointed to the sky in a slender spiral; his eyes, rolled back slightly, were the blue of a child's—he seemed really so harmless, this poor little old boche. One wondered at the irony of the fate which had precipitated him into the whirl of this gigantic adventure—he who had been meant so little for any adventure. One of our hospital-corps men, standing near, seemed to feel some of this. "The poor little old fellow died while I was carrying him," he said. Then my eyes by chance fell on the stiffened hands. On one finger was a ring. And the signet of that ring was a skull emphasized by crossbones! This little mild being, in his own childish way—he also, to the best of his ability, had sought to be Terrible.

While the prisoners were thus coming in, under the lee of the hill, in front of the P. C.'s, the German fire had not been such as to give us concern, so that each fresh arrival was bringing out all those who were loafers for the time being, and these would make about each group a circle of curiosity and amusement. It was while we were thus gaping and talking that some of us happened to look up



© Committee on Public Information



A dugout, excavated into the side of a little hill, used as a dressing station. Above—Recently captured German soldiers "hardly more than sixteen"

into the air idly. All day flocks of French planes had hovered over us; we had become so used to them that they had ceased to draw our attention. But this time it must have been something strange and different in the bronze buzzing that came down to us from the sky which made us look up. And there, right above us, very low, observing us, observing this scandalously visible throng of prisoners and captors, was a boche plane, the sinister black cross quite clear on its wings. It passed slowly over us, then out of the line of our sight beyond the brow of the hill. I was talking to one of the prisoners just then, a mere boy, quite intent upon telling us pleasing things. I pointed to the plane and said: "Deutsch?" "Ja, unsern," he answered. "Gegangen," I said as the plane vanished, "gegangen zu Berlin." "Ach, Berlin!" he rasped with a wide gesture of hatred thrown both at the plane and in the direction of Berlin. But we knew what to expect now.

The prisoners were sent away on the trot, and we withdrew into the dugouts. And sure enough, within three minutes, a first shell burst before our front door. Others followed—big 150's, judging from the sound. Some would hit the hill slope above our heads, others fell in front of our entrance, nicely shaving the bank; our caverns were filled with great concussions; we could feel the air within compress, then expand while an acrid smoke burned our nostrils and great flakes of chalk tumbled down from the ceiling. The squall passed, was followed by a few minutes of great stillness; then another came with its abominable unrest and noise. We knew the vulture talebearer had done his work well and that we would have little peace from now on.

It was then the fine idea came to me of getting out—of leaving the battle for the quiet of the rear. It was a strange moment to choose, certainly. But then, whenever I look back at my actions and movements in the Battle of Cantigny, it is without any great added respect for my intelligence. I think I know what instinct urged me, though. Veni, vidi, without the vici—I felt I was through. I had within me my story, a picture; I was afraid to lose it.

It was within me like a globe, an iridescent and fragile globe of crystal—I wanted to shield it. "If I see any more," I thought, "I shall lose what I have." So I decided to streak for it. This was no easy matter, at the time, but then I inquired of the way carefully. Colonel B., at first, looked at me as though I were what the French politely call "piqué"; then, evidently recalling the fact I was a journalist, and that all journalists are "piqué," he gave me the desired information. He gave it to me, in fact, beautifully and with idealism. He said that a communication trench led all the way back to Villers-Tournelle.

Squalls of Fire

NOW, to get to this communication trench, I first must cross the plain before the P. C. for about two hundred yards. That plain was frightfully bare, fully exposed to



The overflow from the dressing station—working in the open

what the tattletale boche plane had brought upon us. This, luckily, was not a continuous rain. The firing would stop altogether for long moments, then start abruptly again with squalls of concentrated fire, then would cease just as abruptly, to begin once more. What the boche was up to was clear. We could see what was in his mind. In his (Continued on page 23)



From Baseball to Boches

BY H. C. WITWER—TWELFTH INNING

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER AND ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, as long as I promised you in my last letter that I would slip you the inside dope on the big drive we are pullin' off over here, I will try and do the same in this if the censor don't gimme the worst of it. No doubt you are folleyin' the thing up over there in the newspapers, because they is more war's corespondents over here now than they is dampness in the ocean and they are all writin' like mad about the wonderful sights they seen and quite a few they didn't. They must be a lot of money sellin' papers, hey, Joe, when they can afford to send them birds over here and pay their expenses and the like for a orchestry seat at the biggest show on earth. Besides that them babies is drawin' down big money, Joe, even if you cut what they claim they get in half. I think when the war's over I will get in this writin' game myself. You know, Joe, that my cousin Larry Roth used to write for a livin', so it's in the blood. Of course he was a shippin' clerk and wrote most of his novels on the sides of crates and the like, but still he might of done better if he would of had a little more ambition and a little less thirst.

Joe, one of these typewriter fiends claims he's gettin' twenty-five cents a word, and I asked him which word he got the quarter for and he got sore. But most of them is good guys, Joe, especially the bird that's workin' for the "Associated Press" and will have my picture printed in it at least once if he ain't a liar.

This guy has left most of his wages over here by way of crap games, poker, and the like, but he's the gamest loser I ever seen, outside of Belgium. If he can't write no better than he can gamble, he must of paid his own way over and he'll have to do the Australian crawl all the way back. You can't drive this baby out of no pot, Joe, no matter if he's got nothin' but a pair of deuces, and when he gets three of a kind he goes crazy and bets like he had the Liberty Loan in back of him. Last night he asked me would I reel off some of my adventures to him, because he was short of stuff for his paper. Well, Joe, that's

like askin' Mary Pickford does she want her picture taken, because all I been doin' for weeks is pacifyin' them war's corespondents with stories and the like. So I says to let that part of it go and come over to a little game of stud which we had got up and which I figured would turn out to be nothin' less than a benefit for *me*, because I am a wolf with the pasteboards, not crooked but lucky.

Well, Joe, this guy says poker is his middle name, and I says that don't mean nothin', because I knowed

Although this is the last of the "From Baseball to Boches" stories, we have arranged with Mr. Witwer to put the popular Ed Harmon, Jeanne, and the others into a new series. The first one, "Plain Water," will be published in an early issue of COLIER'S.—THE EDITOR.

a guy once named Charlie Cash which never had a nickel, and they's many a guy named Baker which never seen a oven in his life. Joe, he says are we gonna kid or play cards, and I says I don't care which, because he gimme the same amount of laughs either way. Before he could think of a comeback, not bein' snappy like me, we are in the dugout where the gamblin' is to be had.

Joe, they is a young medico there named Goldstein, and he says let's play stutz poker because it's quicker and maybe we can get through before the Germans starts in bombardin' us with their horowitz guns. The war's corespondent develops a case of the hystericals while askin' him if he don't mean "howitzer" guns and what kind of poker is "stutz"? A box-fightin' tourney was prevented by the greatest of difficulty, Joe.

Well, Joe, we start in with draw poker, and the moon's the limit. This war's corespondent pulled out a roll that no greyhound on earth could jump over, and I was thinkin' how Jeanne would do nothin' but giggle when I handed it to her. Joe, in a

hour they is only him and me and another guy left in the thing, and all of a sudden I get dealt a full house, aces up, cold. It was the first respectable hand I had grabbed all night, and, controllin' myself with the greatest of difficulty, I opened the thing up. Joe, they all stayed. Well, from the way the bettin' went back and forth for a coupla minutes, a innocent bystander would figure we was playin' with a pinochle deck and the least anybody had was four aces. Fin'ly I think they's enough dough in the pot to keep Jeanne laughin' for a month and here's *one* I cop, and who wouldn't with three aces and two kings? I raised the war's corespondent twenty bucks, and if he flicked a eyebrow, Joe, I didn't see it. The other guy decides they ain't no use of playin' cards forever, and he eases out of it. The war's corespondent says his paper told him to stay with the soldiers while he was over here and he raises me back. I got him figured for three queens or the like, knowin' how he always played, and I kick it again. He gets yellah and calls. Well, Joe, he had the three queens all right, but they was another one with them, and if I had that hand I would of been bettin' yet. Joe, I quit the game without nothin' but my uneyform, and I guess it's my own fault for tryin' to take a boob. I am sick and tired of gamblin' and will never lay hold of another card, unless maybe a little auction pinochle or black jack or the like.

Joe, when the mail come in this mornin' the war's corespondent got a letter, and after readin' it he tells me his brother has attracted the attention of the draft board and will soon be in our midst. He says his brother went up to be examined while whistlin' "Hello, Central, Give Me No Man's Land!" and the draft guys obliged him right away.

Well, Joe, I'm writin' this letter in one of them Y. M. C. A. huts, and a guy has just gimme the information that the captain wants to see me, so I gotta lay off the ink. No doubt you are sore because I didn't tell you nothin' about the battle like I promised, but they is so many other things to attract the

attention over here that a guy keeps forgettin' about the war, on the level! Yours truly,

Second Lieutenant EDWARD HARMON.

(Hurry up over, Joe, or they won't be no square-heads left to holler "Kamerad!" at you.) ED.

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, I have just got your letter sayin' you expect to leave any day now for France. You can stop there if you want on the way back, Joe, because it's a fine country, but if you wanna see us, you'll come right straight to Berlin! The way we are travelin' now, Joe, we will all be sayin': "So this is the kaiser?" in a coupla more weeks. We shoosed them squareheads outa four more burgers yesterday, and they are still gallopin' back to Germany, wishin' to Heavens they had never heard tell of no Crown's Prince, Von Hindenburg or "Gott."

Joe, when you come over, don't do like one of them new draft guys done. This here was a little guy from Syracuse or somewheres out West, and he got sore because he claimed he ain't done nothin' but dig trenches since he been in the army, and the only thing he dreams about at night is picks and shovels. He says if he wanted to of done that he could of enlisted with the guys which is tryin' to build the subways in New York, and they would of give him more money and let him go about his business when his day was up. The top sergeant catches him stallin' and bawls him out, and this guy throws down his pick and hollers: "If you don't like the way I work, gimme my money and fire me! I'm sick of this job, anyways. I come over here to kill Germans and not to supply France with a sewer system for a buck a day. Pay me off; I'm through!"

Well, Joe, this bird is now in the guardhouse thinkin' it over, and, oh, boy, what they done to his pay envelope!

So, Joe, no matter what you are told to do or how useless and nutty it sounds to you, they is only two words that you wanna say, and them two is "Yes, sir!" They got plenty of guys in the army whose job it is to do nothin' but think, and your job is to do what they tell you. If you figure you're gettin' the worst of it, you can moan to the captain afterward, but *first* carry out whatever order you are give, no matter if some young second lieutenant tells you to walk out in No Man's Land and see if you can juggle six eggs, not that they ever will.

The worst crime in the U. S. army, Joe, is givin' a officer a argument, and they ain't got no mercy on you when you do the same. And, Joe, don't kid yourself with the idea that if the captain comes up and asks you are you feelin' O. K., and the like, you can go around the next day and say: "Hey, cap, slip me a cigarette!" Joe, if you done that, they would no doubt send to New York for the electrical chair and give you a chance to sit in it. They has got to be ample discipline or the army would get all balled up and beat themselves like Russia done. One of them war's correspondents which was with the Russian army till he got sick of runnin' tells me the reason Russia had to quit for a while. He says after they had throwed the Czar away the army went crazy. If a general would give a order to advance on the Germans, all the privates would get sore and hold a convention on the battle field to see whether they would advance or shoot the general for givin' the order. They claimed what right had he to order them around when they was all brothers now and a general was the same as a buck private.

Well, Joe, I was knockin' Russia the other day for walkin' out right at the seventh innin', and one of them trained officers from Plattsburg says I ought to lay off, because Russia was having her hands full at home tryin' to become a republic. Joe, I says what right has Russia got to go Republican when we are all fightin' to make the world Democratic—am I right? Joe, he says anything that's told to me goes right in one

ear and out of the other, because they ain't nothin' in between to stop it.

Joe, we have took thousands of them Germans prisoners, and we got to feed them big stiff regular, and they eat like pigs, as much and as noisy. They was so glad to get captured and released from the war that they cried with simple joy. Some of 'em told us that they hadn't seen no food or the like for days and they was full up to the neck with the war and the Kaiser, not to mention the Crown's Prince, which they claimed was a idiotic lowlife. So you see, Joe, their morality, as the official daily comics calls it, is all shot to pieces.

This here Slugger Weir, which I had to beat up some time ago, captured seven squareheads bare-handed, and he was marchin' 'em up and down our trenches so's everybody could see 'em and makin' 'em holler: "To hell with the Kaiser!" and "The Germans iss no goot!" when the top sergeant came along and ordered Weir to take 'em to the captain. Well, Joe, Weir takes 'em down there, and then he hangs around outside for about a hour till the captain comes out and asks him what he's waitin' for.

"I want them squareheads of mine, sir," says Weir.

"Your prisoners have been escorted to the rear," says the captain. "And I must congratulate you, Weir. You'll be well rewarded for—"

"Who took them guys away?" yells Weir, so excited he forgot who he was talkin' to.

"That will do," says the captain, frownin'. "You may return to your post."

"But look here, captain," says Weir. "Them seven guys belong to me! I got 'em all by myself, and they—"

"It's all right," says the captain. "They are safely guarded, and if—"

"That ain't the idea, sir," butts in Weir, lookin' disgusted. "I thought when a guy captured one of them bums he was allowed to keep him. I wanted to bring one of them babies home with me and show him to my girl!"

Joe, the captain fled into his tent so's Weir wouldn't see him laughin', but you could of heard him a mile away.



"I thought when a guy captured one of them bums he was allowed to keep him"

Joe, them squareheads hates to be took prisoners by the Canadians on account of what them rats done to some Canadian wounded they took. Joe, you will no doubt hear about it when you come over, but I can't tell it to you here, because every time I think about it I feel like goin' over to where we got our

prisoners and bumpin' off a dozen of 'em for luck! Joe, no gunman from the East Side would do the stuff them guys does, and it don't make no difference if the poor devil they got hold of is a man or a woman. Well, anyways we're killin' 'em off pretty fast now, but it's clean killin', Joe, done in the heat of battle and not in no hospital in Germany.

Well, Joe, the big drive started off when we was sandwiched in between the marines on one side and a colored outfit on the other. Oh, boy, but them colored babies can scrap! Joe, they can fight without no gun if they had to. A club, bricks, a razor, shovel, anything, even their bare fists is good enough for them. Just before we went to it, one big buck from down South somewheres which has been actin' kinda nervous suddenly hitches up his pants and drags out a knife as big as Chicago and says to the guy beside him:

"Well, buddy—fare thee well. Ah'm gonna git me mah German before they's all gone!"

Joe, with that he starts to climb up over the trench all by himself, and almost got over before a sergeant yanked him back. He was the most surprised guy in France, outside of the Crown's Prince, and he claims he thought once he got in the trenches it was every man for himself and they was no use hangin' around doin' nothin', especially as he was feelin' about right.

There was another colored guy, Joe, which run into a squad of squareheads when we crashed into a town. The squareheads dropped their guns and begin yellin' "Kamerad!" and the colored guy tells 'em to go to hell and begins plowin' 'em up with a automatic. A officer come along and pulled him off, askin' him what he meant by shootin' at men which wanted to surrender and had proved it by yellin' "Kamerad!" at him.

"Boss," says this guy, "Ah didn't know that's what they meant. Ah don't speak that there talk of theirs nohow, and Ah thought they was callin' me 'niggah' in German!"

Joe, if you could ever see the difference between the way our boys scrap and the way the Germans goes about it, you'd almost be able to guess when this quarrel will be over. The squareheads ain't no good at all when it comes to this hand-to-hand thing, and many's the time we seen their officers *kickin'* 'em outa the trenches. Give a squarehead a machin' gun and ten friends with him and he'll give you a battle, provided you don't get too ferocious with him. The minute the odds is even, he resigns. But, Joe, our gang goes into the thing yellin' and singin', and it don't make no difference how warm the scrap gets, it's turkey to them. Why, Joe, when they get hit you gotta almost chain 'em in the hospital, or they'll sneak out on the doctors and get in it again.

Well, Joe, the second day of the drive I get ordered to take twenty men and clean out a machine-gun nest which was givin' us trouble and was so camouflaged up that the artillery couldn't do nothin' but miss it. I called for volunteers and give the captain a last fare-thee-well note to Jeanne, because a officer's gotta lead his men, Joe, and they is a lotta jobs like bookkeepin' and the like which is healthier than this was. I could of had ninety guys if I wanted, but I picked out the twenty from this tough bunch of mine, and we went to it. We crawled along the ground flat like snakes, hopin' for the best, and if not we can't help it! These dough-boys was kiddin' with each other, and whenever a bullet would pass near they was a guy from Brooklyn which would keep callin' to the others: "Stop duckin' 'em. You guys is all yellah!"

Well, pretty soon, Joe, this machine gun got us ranged, and, oh, boy, they was more lead begin to fly around us than they used at Gettysburg. Joe, I kept crawlin' ahead and encouragin' 'em on, but they didn't need no encouragement.

Joe, from the way they was kiddin' with each other you'd think we was off to steal some apples or somethin'. One guy says: "Well, we are up against it now, and I only hope the nurse I draw is a good looker!" Another guy stops one with his arm, and while I'm givin' him first aid he grins and says he hopes it (Continued on page 25)

The Dodger Trail—Part II

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. YOUNG

OVER that week-end of the last of June the Illington Arms Works declared a shutdown, "for repairs." Any other course would have precipitated a walkout. There was already a partial walkout born of fright and mystery. The mine, too, was hard hit, but was still able to continue operations. All day the trains and trolleys had been crowded with workingmen, leaving for other and safer jobs. Without some definite assurances, those who still remained would not return to the arms plant. What assurance was possible other than the capture of the hidden circle which was inducing panic and driving it home with slaughter? And what prospect was there of discovering the authors of a plot so subtle and accurate?

"The one man who maybe had the facts," said Clem Holloway, sitting in conference of three, "is that poor devil of a sentry. And all he had time for was one yell. Not much information in a yell."

"I can tell you one fact," said Landreth gloomily. "Unless we can do something to bring the men back by next week, the arms company might as well throw up its contract."

"How much do you reckon it'd be worth to shut down the plant?"

"Worth? In cost to the company?"

"No. Worth to those interested in shutting it down. To the German Government."

"How can I tell?"

"Quite a bit of money, would you think? Two or three hundred thousand maybe?" insisted Clem Holloway.

"Dirt cheap at any such price," Landreth opined. "What have you got in that round head of yours, Clem?"

"Nothing. Nothing special," came back the sedate assurance. "Just trying to figure how I'd work it out if I had a bunch of money to spend on the job. They certainly don't waste any on their printing," he chuckled. "Speaking of printing, I'd like to do a job for you at regular rates. Just one of my little, harmless notions."

He handed over the draft of an advertisement insuring, on the official guaranty of the Illington Arms Company, the life and limb of any workman returning to his place on the following Monday.

"Just to restore confidence," he said. "And you might give me an order to publish six or seven thousand circulars of the same, thereby giving the 'Truth-teller' a little honest graft. To the victors belong the spoils, as Laban remarked after putting through his little deal in sheep."

"I'll do it," said the superintendent. "It'll help. But it won't hold the men against another threat."

"Then our next job is to shut off circulation from that Cheap-John printing press," said the country editor cheerfully. "Now I'll just go and arrange for getting out our little counterblast."

Clad in slicker and rubber boots, Holloway accosted me on the following morning. "Come and take a stroll this pleasant day," he invited, cheerfully ignoring the inclement fact of a soaking easterly storm. "I'm going to inspect a piece of property, marshy but otherwise interesting."

HAVING long since become inured to my quaint friend saying much less than he meant, I accepted. We struck off southerly and crossed the railroad into the broad, scrub-fringed area of desolate marsh which had an evil name locally as harboring reputed quicksands.

"Did I ever mention," he inquired, "that I'm interested in the weather?"

"You've made a poor choice to-day," said I.

He smiled his patient smile. "Weather records," he explained. "There's a lot to be said for weather as an influence on—on things in general. Now, the two nights when those dodgers were put out were pretty near identical in weather. Fair breeze.

Heavy mist coming up from the valley. Wind coming from the south to south-southeast quarter. Maybe you noticed it."

"I didn't."

"Well, a busy man can't notice everything," he said deprecatingly. "I've been thinking that weather over a little. Then I got thinking about that dodger the kid found in the shaft."

"You think the wind carried it there?"

"Might have helped. And I got thinking of the other circulars, found almost under the eyes of the sentries. And of the ones picked up in streets already searched for 'em. Taking it all in all, I figured that the wind had quite a bit to do with their getting there."

"Go ahead."

"I figured they were blown from roofs. So, this morning, I went to the top of a couple of flat-roofed houses, and sure enough I found two dodgers on one, and one on the other."

"How on earth did they get there?"

"Dropped."

"Oh, come, Holloway! You surely haven't been taken in by the wild rumors around town of an airship doing the job."

"Why not?"

"Have you ever heard an airplane? It makes more noise than a cyclone."

"Some do—others don't, as the Good Samaritan said when he got on the job."

"Do you seriously intend me to believe that the Germans have invented a noiseless airplane?"

"Oh, no. I reckon perhaps the Babylonians invented this one. Or, maybe the Ephesians. Some of those ancient parties, anyway. Only they called (Continued on page 27)



The blank face of the cliff spouted a fury of crimson flame



Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Price: 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Canadian and Foreign, 10 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year.

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The Roll Call

THE Fourth Liberty Loan coming at this time is a military as well as a financial enterprise. It is a part of the great offensive under which Prussia and her allies are breaking down at every point of contact. This country has sent 1,750,000 men to France and is preparing to send two, three, or, if necessary, five million more, and the daily routine of life is not perceptibly disturbed. It is spending over a billion dollars a month, and its financial machinery has not even creaked. The Germans have felt the mettle of our troops, and they will soon learn that the men who beat them at the Marne and around Saint-Mihiel are just the average American citizens. They will know by this loan that \$6,000,000,000 is but an average installment that the American people are ready to take out of an almost unfathomable reservoir of fighting dollars. The loan will be subscribed and oversubscribed. The participation should be so general that it will tell its own story to the enemy, of the unalterable determination of our people to carry on the war to a finish. In this enrollment there are no exemptions, no deferred classifications. We are all in Class 1 (A).

More Work for Crowder

IN the issue of September 14 COLLIER'S published a letter in which an intelligent and patriotic man told of his personal experiences in a Pacific Coast shipyard and painted a most convincing picture of the dishonest and unpatriotic performances that had taken place under his eye. Confirmation of his story from the same region is contained in a letter from Mr. JOHN BARKER WAITE, who writes from California:

I am of the Faculty of Law of the University of Michigan, but I have tried to make my vacation useful by working in the ——— shipyard here. My experience is precisely described in the excerpts of the letter given in your editorial. I started as a common laborer—a "bolter-up." My instant impression was that the timekeeper who doled us out was telling local foremen not what men they might have, but how many they must receive. It took me a day of pestering the foreman for something to occupy my time before I discovered that he carefully looked elsewhere whenever, from the tail of his eye, he saw any of us standing idle. The only prohibition was in respect to *obvious* idleness. My companions who desired sleep hunted a secluded place; if there was to be a pretense of work, they—who looked to a continuance of their jobs—undid bolts already in place and fastened them up again.

The cause of it all struck me as simple—it is the total absence of forceful direction.

Bolters-up can work no faster than the "drillers," whom they follow; drillers themselves have to follow the "fitters." We had four pairs of bolters-up where two pairs could normally have kept up with the drills. But the drillers, although hampered by slowness of the fitters, *could* have done more work. I have seen a team of drillers sit idle for a full hour, waiting for the fitters to complete a particular piece of work. At the same time, however, there was plenty of drilling to be done on adjacent girders. It needed only direction from the foreman to send the drillers there while the fitters completed what they were doing.

The great majority of the men, while saying "Why hurry? Uncle Sam is footing the bill," were in fact willing workers, and given a definite piece of work would keep at it faithfully and continuously, however leisurely. But they did not apparently seek work on their own initiative—even many of the pieceworkers. The riveter for whom I later worked as "holder-on," if given a certain row of holes, would keep steadily at them. He had not, however, a momentum of energy sufficient to carry him over the obstruction of having to find a new row of holes or a fresh lot of rivets. No one came around to help him over, and the result was a scandalously small accomplishment.

There lay the trouble. No foreman made the slightest attempt to keep his men busy or to direct their work in any way. No one had a helping eye on my riveter; no one pointed out work to be done to the idle drillers.

It may be, as was suggested to me, that the unions have deprived foremen of all real authority. But in the failure to use even directory authority and supervision lies the cause of much of the slackness on the workers' part.

Here we have a case where the unions are not to blame for the shirking, except perhaps indirectly. Apparently the fault in this case lies with the shop management. Wherever it lies, whether it is due to the absurd "cost plus" system with its inevitable encouragement of laxity in supervision of labor, or to the tendency of all men on Government work to loaf, the Government has ample remedy in its hands to abate the scandal. The daily papers say that General CROWDER is preparing to enforce the "work or fight"

order to the limit in the shipyards. He is not a bit afraid to make the attempt, and will only be prevented by counsel of softness and conciliation on the part of his superiors. Apparently Mr. SCHWAB'S revival meetings have not entirely melted the hearts of his hearers, and measures more in keeping with the times are demanded. The building of new ships has just now crept ahead of the destruction by U-boats, but the margin is small—a little over a thousand tons a month. It would be a national disgrace if progress should be delayed either through the loitering of highly paid workingmen or through the even more outrageous pay-roll padding by foremen and managers.

Turn the job over to CROWDER!

France—a Melting Pot

IN discussing the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France, it is interesting to go back and find out what the world thought of the seizure of the provinces at the time it occurred. Writing in September, 1870, WALTER BAGEHOT gave a quaint argument against the case for Germany. He contended that the more German the provinces were, the more they were needed by France. France's position, he said, is largely due to "her wonderful power of reconciling and mingling genius and races of the most dissimilar character in one great national whole. Voltaire was a Parisian type, Diderot a Burgundian, Rousseau a Swiss, Mirabeau a Provençal of Florentine origin, Vergniaud a north Gascon, Danton from the north of France, Barère a south Gascon, Napoleon a Corsican."

To think of France as a "melting pot" is new to us. BAGEHOT draws from the fact an acute observation which opponents of immigration might take to heart:

The wider the range of distinct temperaments and stock over which the rule of a nation extends, the better it is for that nation.

He goes on to say:

Something like what Scotland gives to England, the Eastern and quasi-German provinces of France seem to give to France as long as they remain with her. Germany would gain nothing but population by annexing provinces of German stock which have lost all their loyalty to Germany and are full of loyalty to France.

It is curious that BAGEHOT, who was a unique combination of banker, political economist, politician, journalist, and man of letters, should not have seen that the German seizure of Alsace-Lorraine was dictated less by sentimental than by economic reasons. Berlin had its greedy eye on the potash and iron deposits that now lie under the American guns. In any case, Alsace-Lorraine has remained loyal to France and France has remained loyal to Alsace-Lorraine for forty-eight years. French patriotism has been kept aflame by the great injury inflicted by BISMARCK. The hour of reparation is now at hand.

The Bagehot Test

SPEAKING of WALTER BAGEHOT, the English publicist has no more sincere admirer than President WILSON. "Occasionally a man is born into the world," Mr. WILSON wrote, "whose mission it is to clarify the thought of his generation and vivify it; give it speed when it is slow, vision when it is blind, balance when it is out of poise. Such a man was Bagehot." Ever since his boyhood, he said, he had a great enthusiasm for BAGEHOT'S writings. Indeed, there is much that a statesman can study with profit in the outpourings of the most opulent of modern journalists. One paragraph the President will recall. BAGEHOT, speaking admiringly of some of BROUGHAM'S qualities, says:

He had a strong sense of justice, an intense dislike of human misery, an overpowering impulse to expose fraud, and an utter contempt for stupid administration.

Could any of our readers think of a better test for a public officer than is found in these lines? We wonder if the President has always applied it in appointing to office and keeping in office the men upon whose conduct will largely depend the place his Administration will take in history.

Imagination and Man Power

TWO things the generalissimo of the Allies has accomplished in the course of the three historic months since July 15. He has won the war for us, and incidentally he has vindicated the prestige of the mind and spirit of man, badly tarnished by nearly four years of machine warfare. Another derelict has been added to the ash bin of perfectly neat and perfectly defunct demonstrations of how war has been made impossible by this innovation in the offensive or that improvement in the defensive by this machine gun or that trench, by this airplane or that particular lethal gas. FOCH has won the war by imagination and reason against the established technique.

The lot of the military critic may not be a happy one in the long run, but it is an easy one. Give him a topographical map and a few simple elements like rain, cloud, mud, and tempest, and he can prove that anything can happen, provided it has already happened. At Jaulgonne on the Marne the enemy is impregnable behind the river; but when you have crossed the river and chased the enemy to the next river, it turns out that the first river was really a help to the attacker because it put the other side lamely on the defensive. Mud is very useful according to the outcome, which shows whether mud has hampered our side or helped us by hampering the other crowd. This forest on the Ailette must perforce hold up our advance; but when we have mopped up the forest it appears that the thick woods were really an excellent thing for "infiltration." Hills are extremely advantageous for observation purposes, but on the other hand, if the hill is surrounded, you are cut off. Swamps are bad if you happen to be beaten; otherwise it would appear that the early morning mist on the face of the marshes is an invaluable aid. Rain interferes with the bringing up of heavy guns, but, yes, it was in a heavy thunderstorm that FOCH rounded up his Americans and smashed the line between Soissons and Château-Thierry.

Every business has its lingo. Every profession, as Mr. SHAW has pointed out, is a conspiracy against the laity. The occupation of military critic is no exception. During weary months and half years, while the war stood still and the plain citizen wanted to know why, the military critic has been driven for refuge to his topographical and climatological maps, to his salients and contours, his forests and hills and watersheds. And when he has demonstrated that the Saint-Mihiel country from the Meuse to the Moselle is impregnable by nature and the devices of man, the Yankees romp through it. Guns and gas, plane and rail, mud and mist, hill and quarry, count in the game of war, but none of them are absolutes. The only constant in war, as in the pursuits of peace, is the heart of man guided by the mind of man, or, to put it simply, man power. That is why the Germans, as they watch the huge sea serpent known as the American army swirling across the Atlantic, discover a sudden, irresistible thirst for peace.

Whose War Money Is This?

CERTAIN I. W. W. members got into trouble because, among other matters, they kept insisting that this is a "rich man's war," or words to that effect. Well, the proposed income-tax rates in the new revenue bill run from one-seventh to one-third of those now in force in Great Britain for incomes under \$9,000 per year, and do not equal the British rates until incomes of \$200,000 are reached. In view of the Fourth Liberty Loan, Secretary McADOO felt obliged to ask Congress for certain tax exemptions on incomes derived from Liberty Bonds. Railway financing is made more difficult because, for large investors, a good slice of the income disappears as taxes. Taxing a few rather than the many is a perfectly definite policy and has certain advantages, but no man ever spends the same dollar twice. It inevitably follows that those so taxed cannot any longer be depended upon for certain services of investment. The many must now buy bonds and notes heretofore taken by the few; machinery must be devised for teaching thrift, for placing and safeguarding securities, for gathering the dribblets of wages saved and of small profits laid aside into the mighty stream of national finance. If the present Government can do that without inflation, without imposing consumption taxes ("breakfast-table taxes"), and without drastic regulation of spending, then a new chapter will have been written in our economic history.

The New Ambassador

IN naming Mr. DAVIS as Ambassador to Great Britain the President made a wide departure from the tradition. Some newspapers lament it. It was pleasant to have a man at London of

agreeable personal manner, friendly, and fluent of speech after dinner. But we are not sure that the harmonious relations of the two countries were best promoted by the emphasis given to the social side of the mission or that felicity in after-dinner oratory, with the customary allusions to the common language, common blood, and a common Shakespeare, was any more serviceable in drawing a treaty than it would be in making a lease. More than once when the relations of the two Governments were strained the President felt compelled to take the matter out of the atmosphere of post-prandial compliment, as Mr. CLEVELAND did in Mr. BAYARD'S case, and deal directly with the Foreign Office. Fortunately, friendly relations with Great Britain do not require promotion nowadays. The fellowship of the battle field has made that unnecessary. But this country does need to have at the center of European politics a student of the problems that will be laid on the peace table. This is the post for which Mr. DAVIS manifestly is intended. How well he is equipped for it nobody apparently knows except the President.

"A Most Useful and Delightful Study"

WHAT do we mean when we speak of our soldiers' glorious work in helping free northern France as "making history"? Certainly it is not any matter of pens and paper, of labored chronicles or fairly printed pages. We have repudiated all that in our thought just as we have repudiated also the notion that statistics, in peaceful masses, are history. What we mean is that PERSHING'S men are making the course of human affairs run more true to the best we know of justice and of right. Wrong is trampled under. That is "making history," and it remains only for writers to tell the story as it happened. So old JAMES HOWELL saw, when, in the year 1642, he wrote in his "Instructions for Forreine Travell":

For in History, that great Treasury of Time and promptuary of Heroique actions, there are words to speake and works to imitate with rich and copious matter to raise Discourse upon. History, next to Eternity only, triumphs over Time; she only after God Almighty can do miracles, for she can bring back Age past and give life to the Dead to whom she serves as a sacred shrine to keep their names immortall.

In Justice to Mr. Hammond

IN the article "They're Building Ships Out There," by WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF, which appeared in COLLIER'S for May 25, it was said that the Government had been obliged to take over the business of the Hammond Lumber Company of San Francisco, in the spruce forests of Oregon. Mr. WOLFF was misinformed on this point, and it is fair to say so, although, of course, the statement was made in good faith both to and by Mr. WOLFF. In the course of the article certain unfavorable comments were made on the labor policy of A. B. HAMMOND, head of the Hammond Lumber Company, which Mr. HAMMOND, regrettably, has interpreted as reflecting on his patriotism. Mr. HAMMOND has very definite convictions and a very definite policy concerning labor, and convictions and policy may both be questioned without impugning Mr. HAMMOND'S loyalty or his honesty or his Americanism—all of which are, as everyone who knows him is aware, beyond dispute.

The Unreturning

IN the corner of the back porch an industrious spider once built her a prize web patterned beautifully of tiniest glistening strands, fragile to view as some dream of air, but anchored strongly against storms of wind and rain. So also the human heart spins its fabric of affection to hold fast through any stress of time and change. How frail, seemingly, are its materials—the little things of homely use and wont, half-noted ways that habit has made pleasant, old jokes and stories giving rise to endless difference, all those dimly seen riches of the soul on which the heart builds. A dry, shrewd lawyer in a Western city moved his office to get away from the endless strain of expecting to see his late partner (instantly killed by a fall from his horse) come briskly through the swinging door between their rooms. A hard-headed merchant up North would never stay at the shop until closing time on Friday night because for twenty years he had been used to hear the old head of the firm say pleasantly: "And to-morrow will be the Sabbath of the faithful." One feels sure that many a man in France wakes up these mornings hoping to hear his father pounding the fire alive downstairs. A mother can stand having her son away for a while; but never to see him hitch his chair closer to the table when the buckwheat cakes are exactly right—that hurts. Time has a cure for grief, but what of the things that are without time? The heart that endures will find its answer.

Business in War Time

No. 15: The New Spirit of American Business

DO any of you remember that novel by Frank Norris, "The Pit"? Or the play of the same name which was made from it? It was a story of the business man so absorbed in his business that he let his wife, his home, his personal happiness and honor drift almost upon the rocks of absolute destruction. "The Pit" is selected because it is typical of an entire school of plays and stories which during the past ten years has endeavored to put the philosophy of business before the American public.

And while these plays and stories have exaggerated and distorted American business to their own ends, there has been some truth in them. There has been many a man absorbed in his business to the exclusion of everything else. There has been many such a one who has placed his business interest above every other interest that the rich fabric of life offers.

When we first went into the war it was this attitude which led us to make the mistake England made; it was this attitude which led us to cry: "Business as Usual." Not realizing, at first, the vast needs of the Government for man power, for raw materials, for food, we juggled with figures and played with economics. We tried to prove that, if taxes were to be paid and Liberty Loan Bonds bought, business must be as usual in order to pay for them.

But during the last few months there has been a change. So swiftly, so completely it swept over us that it seems as if it came overnight. It is as if we went to bed one night a certain sort of man and awoke the next morning an entirely different sort of man. A new spirit has permeated American business and American business men—a spirit to cooperate instead of obstruct, a spirit to help instead of hinder, a spirit to make any sacrifice that will aid in the winning of the war.

* * * * *

The truth of this is brought home to us here at COLLIER'S in a very curious and unusual way. Every day there comes to the desk of the writer some bulletin or other issued by a Chamber of Commerce in the United States.

Now, the Chamber of Commerce of a city may be safely assumed to include in its membership the most aggressive, the most influential and representative business men of that city. The bulletin which the Chamber of Commerce publishes may be assumed to reflect a composite of the opinions and activities of these men. We do not know any better way of judging the present spirit of American business than by appraising the recent contents of these bulletins.

Let us tell you something about these contents. For the purpose and because of lack of space we have selected only three: "Current Affairs" of Boston, representing the East; "The Detrouiter," representing the great industrial region of the Middle West, and "The Seattle Spirit," representing the Far West.

The September 16th "Current Affairs" is a wool-trade number. It sounds like an arid review of wool prices and figures and possibilities. But it is far from that. It over-

the woolen gloves and mittens for the boys who are fighting in the fields of France and Flanders for the security of our institutions and for the freedom of the human race?"

The other articles are of similar tenor. The title of one is: "Citizens in Shoddy"; another discusses substitutes for wool, and so on. Courage despite obstacles, ingenuity in overcoming them, an enthusiasm to comply with the Government's requirements—this is the spirit reflected in the pages of "Current Affairs."

"The Detrouiter" is largely occupied with the transportation problem and its solution offered by the motor truck. There is an account of a conference held in Detroit, with Government cooperation, to instruct truck owners in the use of trucks so that full value is obtained from them. This conference is to be duplicated in nineteen of the largest cities. Loading and unloading methods that save time, selecting and training drivers, routing, scheduling and dispatching trucks—these are just a few of the things in which truck owners will be instructed at these conferences.

In "The Seattle Spirit" is evidence of another vital problem of an entirely different kind—the housing of the vast influx of workers drawn to Seattle by war work. To meet this problem Seattle with true Western aggressiveness has organized a campaign. Information about the best sites, building plans at actual cost, men and material arranged for, advice on building loans—this is some of the service which this campaign is organized to offer the home builder. The slogan of the campaign is: "Build a Home," and already one thousand houses are pledged to be built.

* * * * *

These summaries, brief as they are, will help to show you the spirit that is animating American business to-day.

If you could read all these bulletins as we read them—bulletins from Cincinnati, Kansas City, San Francisco, St. Louis, South Bend, Louisville—cities throughout the nation—you would see a vision: a vision of men working night and day, attacking and conquering obstacles that are constantly changing, forgetting the interest of their own business in the interest of the one supreme business of the day: the business of winning the war.

It is a new spirit which has come to American business, a spirit of wide horizons and of mutual cooperation, a spirit whose influence must last and be felt long after the war is over.



"I can't offer the same service you're offering, my boy, but I'm doing the best I can."

flows with the new spirit of American business. The leading article is "Making Wool Fight," by Louis E. Kerstein, a Boston business man who is now chairman of the Board of Award of the United States Quartermaster's Department. Mr. Kerstein explains carefully why there may be a wool shortage, because the soldier requires from ten to thirty times as much wool as the civilian. Here is his concluding paragraph:

"Our people will undoubtedly feel the shortage of wool. But who will begrudge the woolen uniforms, the warm overcoats,





Simply dip in water—



Then turn the cap—



Then apply, and the lather is ready.

A Self-Lathering Brush

The Latest and the Greatest Shaving Aid

Now comes the Warner Fountain Shaving Brush, with the soap in the brush, to complete your shaving outfit. It comes in a compact metal case—soap and brush together. The soap is in the handle, in a tightly-sealed container.

Turn a cap, and a bit of soap spouts into the heart of the brush. Just enough soap, and in just the right place. There is no waste, no mussiness. You are ready for instant lathering.

When you have shaved, enclose the brush by slipping up the telescoping handle. Then the damp brush can harm nothing, even in your grip.

It remains ever-ready, a perfect lather in a perfect brush. A turn of the thumb combines them. The lather is always identical. It is formed *inside* the brush, so it doesn't drip. The brush pays for itself in soap-saving. And it lasts a life-time.

Use it once and you will wonder how you ever got along without it. It is so quick, so convenient, so luxurious, so sanitary. You would not return to the old mussy methods for ten times what this brush costs.

A Fountain of Soap Is Inside

The Warner Fountain Shaving Brush is a five-year development. It has been perfected by the ablest of experts. Every detail is right. The brush is a Rubberset, with long, soft bristles which can't come out.

That is guaranteed. The brush part is removable for occasional sterilization.

The soap is Mennen's Creamy Antiseptic Soap—the perfect shaving soap. It comes in cartridges which are constantly self-sealing. When one runs out you simply insert another. Each cartridge has cream for 60 shaves at least.

Everything has been done to make this in all ways the greatest soap brush in the world.

To Get It At Once

Many dealers now have the Warner Fountain Shaving Brush. If yours hasn't it, don't wait. Send us \$4.00, and we will mail it to you under guarantee. Buy one for a soldier or a sailor at the same time. There is nothing that he needs more.

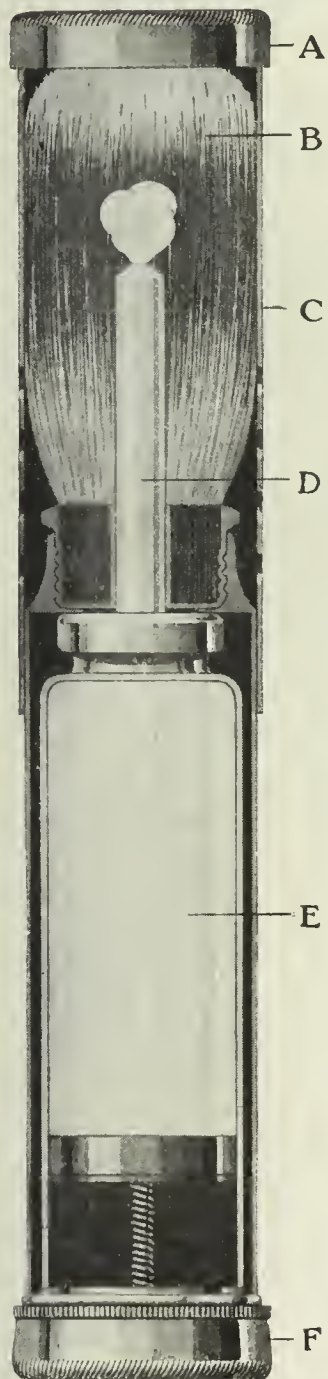
Warner-Patterson Co., 911 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

(Successors to the Warner-Lenz Co.)

WARNER
FOUNTAIN
SHAVING BRUSH
"everything but the razor"

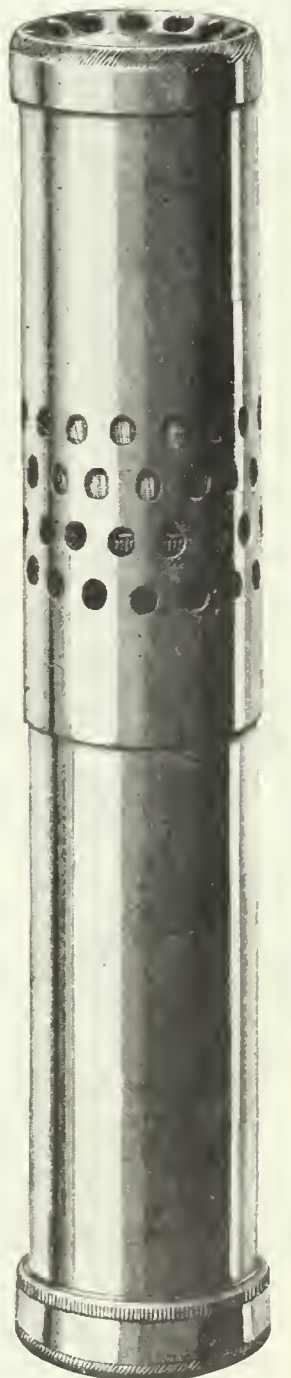
The latest A. P. Warner product—made by the inventor of the Magnetic Speedometer and the maker of Warner-Lenz.

A large RUBBERSET Brush combined with MENNEN'S Shaving Cream so it instantly lathers itself. Price \$4.00 complete. Extra Soap Cartridges 35c each.



Phantom View, Actual Size

- A—Removable Ventilated cap for guard.
 - B—Genuine Rubberset Brush.
 - C—Between shaves the Telescope Handle forms a wet-proof top.
 - D—Cream delivered to the bend of the bristles through soft flexible rubber tube.
 - E—Warner Shaving Cream Cartridge filled with Mennen's Shaving Cream.
 - F—Feed Cap. Turn for instant lather at heart of brush.
- Every part of the Warner Fountain Shaving Brush is patented—here and in foreign countries.



Ready to Put Away

ORDER COUPON

WARNER-PATTERSON CO., 911 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

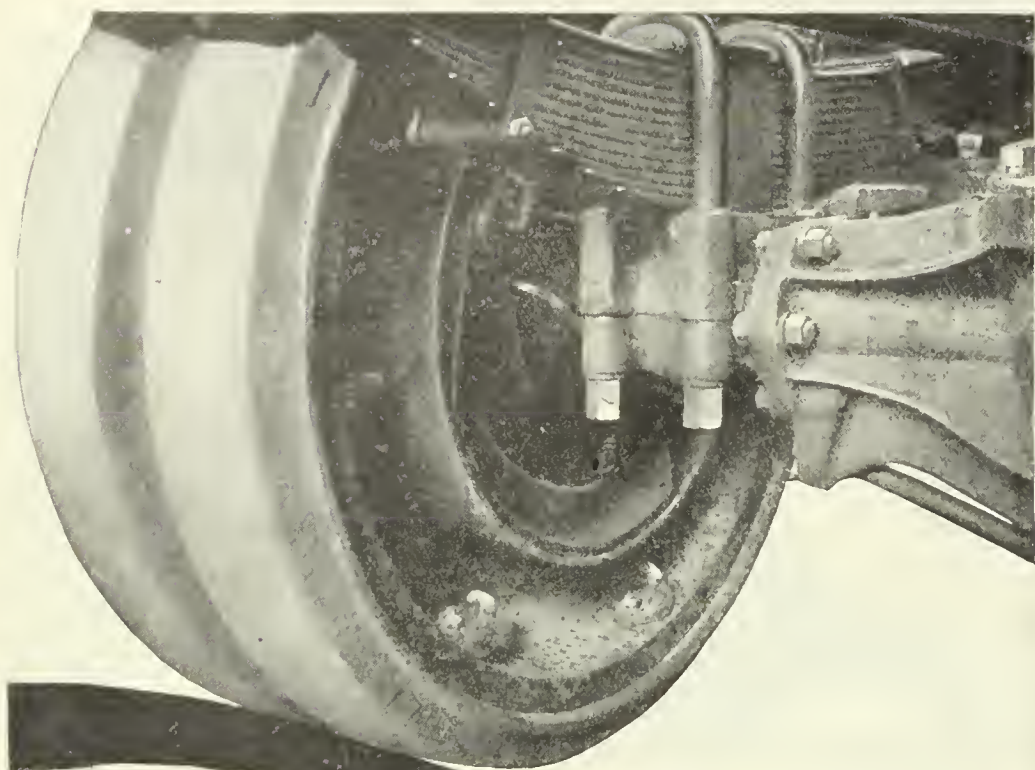
Enclosed find \$4, for which send me a Warner Fountain Shaving Brush with cartridge of cream under guarantee of satisfaction.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Dealer's Name.....



On the Business End of a Truck—

ANY brake lining soon proves the truth of the statement, "The better the Asbestos the better the Brake Lining." No service demands more of brakes, and no lining ever meets a harder task than when it is on the business end of a truck.

That's why you should choose a truck lining on the quality of its Asbestos Fabric.

You do so when you specify NON-BURN, because its fabric is woven of special, selected fibre from the Johns-Manville Mines—culled from tons upon tons of asbestos—and chosen for its Brake Lining fitness.

To the Trade: The Johns-Manville sales policy protects you. Ask about it.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 63 Large Cities

**NON-BURN
ASBESTOS
BRAKE LINING**

**JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos**



Hoover Talks

Continued from page 6

I wanted to ask. But some experience in Washington of late made me hesitate. In Washington any talk that deals with what is to happen after the war is frowned upon—for the excellent reason that it is felt such talk may tend to make people feel that the war is so nearly over that there will be a slackening of effort. But when you are studying food you are always hearing that this condition or that is bound to endure long after the coming of peace. So I asked my question anyway.

"How about after the war, Mr. Hoover?" I said. "Can the work of the Food Administration end then?"

Your Future Food Supply

HOOVER slipped still farther down into his chair and then reached for his pad and began scribbling figures.

"Well, what do you think?" he began, answering question with question. "There are fifty-three million people practically starving right now in Russia and Poland. There are more in Rumania and Serbia. We're doing nothing for them now, but we must when the chance comes. So far as the western Allies are concerned, we're sending them now what is equivalent to food enough for thirty million people. That represents their deficiency. That deficiency won't disappear with the coming of peace. And there are all the starving people we're not reaching now to be considered. I won't speak of the people in enemy countries.

"We can't stop when the war stops! For one thing, if we abandoned control of exports, if we went back to conditions as they were before the Food Administration was created, we'd have famine in this country within six months of peace. Europe would storm our markets. We must maintain regulation for that reason alone. But I think we will want to do it for the same idealistic reasons that have been responsible for our conservation program up to now."

"It has been said that food control will have to last for from six to eight years after the war," I put in.

Hoover made no comment on that. But he was still writing down figures.

"The animal herds of many parts of Europe are being wiped out—they're almost gone in some places," he said. "They've had to be slaughtered for meat and because they couldn't be fed. So here we have been working to build up a great animal reserve. We must replenish those herds for them after the war—we must be ready to do it. Those herds mean milk and butter and fat as well as meat. And the meat is going to be vitally important in rebuilding the weakened and impoverished peoples who have had to go through the strain of the war."

"We're getting the reserve. Doing that involves a good many problems. Feed is one. Then there are droughts and blights that we have to combat as they come. We have to move cattle by train at times from a section where they can't be fed or watered. Still we are succeeding, and there are no difficulties we can't overcome. We're doing splendidly with hogs. A year ago our herd of hogs numbered about sixty million. Now it has gone up to ninety million."

"There are facts that answer your question. We're looking ahead now to the time after the war. We still have plenty to do during the war, and will have, and the war is not over yet, nor can we see the end of it. But we can't ignore what we shall have to do afterward. If we do, we won't be able to make good."

Hoover, you see, depends on you absolutely. That has been the keynote for him ever since he took office. He sees his whole problem in terms of getting into touch with you and explaining to you what it's necessary for you to do. He isn't a machine; he is the most human human being you ever saw. He does things that make any Prussian accomplishment look puny, but there is nothing of the superman about him. His quality is a purely American quality in the highest degree.

You know things about Hoover, in the Food Administration building, long before you see him. I remember still, very vividly, my first visit to the new building, about a year ago. There was a row of some sort among the stenographers. An order had been issued that they should stop work at five o'clock because that section of Washington was pretty lonely. The girls said that if they went home at five they'd have to leave work undone half the time. And they said The Chief began the day with a conference at breakfast and was rather more likely than not to be in his office at 9 p. m. I don't know how the thing was settled officially, but I do know that at seven

o'clock the other night typewriters were being run by cheerful-looking girls in at least a dozen offices!

One of the reasons for the astonishing amount of work Hoover gets done is his capacity for concentration. There is a story which illustrates that. Hoover and one of his assistants were being driven to the office one icy morning last winter by James, Hoover's colored chauffeur. By the

State, War, and Navy Building James tried to stop instead of shooting ahead of a trolley car, and the sudden braking sent the auto skidding into the car. Hoover was talking:

HOOVER: "Now, what we have to do concerning this new conservation program—"

THE AUTOMOBILE: "Smash! Bang!"

HOOVER (gripping his assistant's arm, stepping out of the wrecked car and walking along without a backward glance): "Oh, hell, James—is to keep right on pounding away at the necessity of what we want to do."

And they went right along. James chased after them, wanting instructions, but Hoover didn't know there was a car. The only interest he had had in it had been that it was a means of reaching his office. As it had ceased to function to that end it had ceased to exist for him.

But never believe that he lacks emotional quality! Allen and others know—they have seen Hoover after a visit to Belgian children who were being kept barely alive by food from America. And they know the strain he was under, too, when we went into the war and there was some doubt as to what was happening to the few American relief workers who had stuck to their posts in Belgium up to the very last minute.

America Understands

THE last thing Hoover said to me impressed me more than anything that had gone before, I think. It was after the discussion of what was to come after the war. I was wondering a little how the American people would take the idea that food control couldn't end with the war. We talked back and forth, and some doubts were expressed—some fear of a possibly discouraging effect. Hoover listened, smiling quietly.

"You needn't worry," he said. "No one need worry about how the American people will feel about anything they understand that it is necessary and right to do."

Meredith Nicholson's

"Lady Larkspur" is a new five-part comedy-romance with a touch of mystery. It has been illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg. The first chapter will be published in next week's COLLIERS.—THE EDITOR.

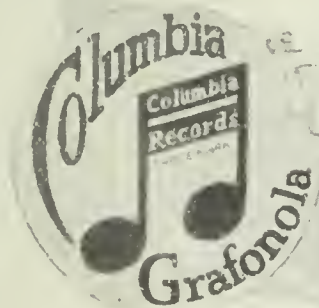
Columbia Grafonola



THE greatest operatic music was beautiful before it was great—and Columbia Records bring you the best of that magical beauty.

Haunting melodies, exquisite catches and snatches of song, music of joy and of laughter, glorious marches, the fanfare of trumpets, majestic choruses—all that and more have Columbia Records.

SUCH great artists as Lazaro, Stracciari, Barrientos and Mardones make records exclusively for Columbia. But the music they choose for recording is always the truly great music of beautiful and inspiring melody. Beautiful melody—that is the distinguishing quality of both Columbia Records and the Columbia Grafonola. Music you really like, played as you like to hear it—that's what they give you always.



To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola.

COLUMBIA Records on the Columbia Grafonola bring the best music of all lands and all ages into the friendly intimacy of your own home. They make good music what it ought to be in every family—an enduring source of pleasure and inspiration, a solace in time of trouble, an added joy in happy days.

A very human sort of an instrument is this Columbia Grafonola. A big, handsome, musical friend with a voice that is sweet and clear and strong, bringing good cheer to every home he enters. You need his cheerful voice in yours.

Buy War Savings Stamps

Columbia Graphophone Co., New York



Columbia Grafonolas—Standard Models up to \$300.
Period Models up to \$2100.



Actual photograph of 48 x 12 Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tire in freight yard service

Copyright 1918, by the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

What the Users Say

The most dependable index to the quality and serviceability of a product is the experience of those who have already put it to use.

It should be interesting then, to truck makers and operators, to hear what a few representative users have to say of Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires:

OUR two-ton truck, which makes the run daily to and from our logging camps, is equipped with your cord casings," writes H. P. Brown, President of the Humptulips Logging Company, of Tacoma, Wash. "Sixty miles of the run is over good gravel roads, but thirty miles of the trip is over roads so rough that the truck was constantly in the repair shop during the period it was equipped with solid tires. We have gotten as high as 14,000 miles on front casings and 10,000 miles on rear casings, which, considering road conditions and the heavy loads carried, is very satisfactory, but we are particularly pleased with the reduction in repair bills the change from solid tires to pneumatic casings has brought about."

A LETTER from B. J. Henner, of the B. J. Henner Carting Company, of Rochester, N. Y., which operates two trucks on these pneumatics, reads: "The tires on both trucks are still in good condition, and those which have gone 15,000 miles we are figuring on having retreaded in the fall. Besides giving such excellent service, these tires reduce to a minimum our repair bills and make it possible for us to cover considerably more territory. In fact, our experience with these tires is so satisfactory that we cannot recommend them too highly."

IN reporting a mileage of 14,400 miles from tires then still in service, W. G. Klett, President of Klett Brothers Company, Inc., of Detroit, says: "We would recommend these tires to anyone handling fragile materials, as we have had practically no broken or marred furniture since using them, furthermore, we are getting a lower cost per tire-mile, use less gasoline, and make more trips per day."

"I HAVE been using your pneumatic tires on my one and a half ton truck, and can say that they have given me complete satisfaction both in mileage and saving of wear and tear on truck," reports Edwin W. Ward, of Troy, N. Y. "Candy and syrup are easily broken in trucking, especially when your truck can travel 45 miles an hour. This is also a great strain on a tire. These tires have been put to a severe test in plowing through long, heavy drifts, and at times with one wheel down in a ditch. My truck is equipped with a 45 horsepower motor, so you see there isn't much let-up on this as far as power is concerned. I cannot speak too highly of your tires. As for service, it has always been satisfactory to me."

IN similar vein is a letter from A. H. Heil, of the Lubric Oil Company, of Cleveland: "We are certainly satisfied with the excellent results secured as against solid equipment, which we were recently compelled to take off, due to the enormous expense caused from the vibration of the solid tires. The pneumatic truck tires have given us a mileage to date of 7,000 miles, in addition to a saving of about 25% in gasoline, and the appearance at present indicates at least 3,000 miles more. We are very enthusiastic over this equipment, and will cheerfully recommend it to owners of trucks who wish to increase speed and eliminate vibration."

AFTER using our pneumatics for ten months, Mr. P. Harney, President of the Joplin Hardware Company, of Joplin, Mo., writes: "In the first place you will be interested to know that we have not been troubled with the tires during all that time—not having had even a puncture. This to us seems pretty remarkable. In the second place they have traveled at least 5,000 miles over all sorts of roads, and we fail to see that the casings are worn very much. We have no speedometer, but our truck travels as much as sixty miles a day. In the third place we are glad to say that the upkeep of our truck has been reduced 75%, which makes the proposition of the change-over from the original solid tires all the more satisfactory. We are frank to admit that we had no idea of securing such satisfaction when we purchased a set of your big pneumatics, but we like them fine and firmly believe they ought to be used on all trucks except possibly the large, slow-moving kind, because they save the mechanism of the truck."

WE hear from Smith's Dairy Farm, of Aberdeen, Wash., as follows: "Since being equipped with your pneumatic truck tires, our truck has been in service 560 days, making a total of 48,603 miles. In that time our only lay-up was due to an accident to the car. Our repairs on the car consist of two wrist pins, one universal joint, two new brake drums and valves ground three times. We ordinarily had this amount of repairs to make every month when our car was equipped with solids. Our mileage on these tires has been very satisfactory, averaging from 10,000 to 17,775 miles. You certainly have a wonderful tire, and we owe to this tire the solution of our hauling problem, for to date nothing we know of in tires compares in economy, low upkeep and certainty of delivery with the Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires."

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

CORD TIRES

Williams'

PATENTED

Holder Top Shaving Stick



A good, wide grip for the fingers. The Stick never loosens in the top or falls out

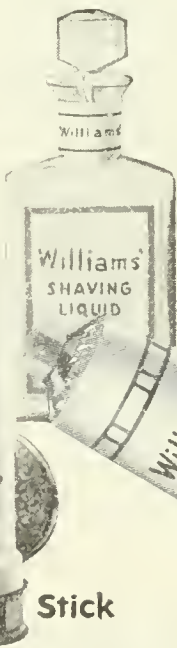
FIRST wet your face, rub on a little soap, holding the stick by its metal top, apply the brush and see the rich, creamy lather pile up! It comes with a rush, stays moist until the shave is done and leaves only a pleasant recollection in its wake.

That's the daily program of every man whose good judgment prompts him to pick a stick that has successfully and economically met every shaving demand for 77 years.

Four forms of Williams' Shaving Soaps



Powder



Liquid



Cream



Stick

Send 20c. in stamps for trial sizes of the four forms shown here. Then decide which you prefer. Or send 6c. in stamps for any one.

The J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

After the shave or the bath you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc Powder. Send 4c. for a trial size of the perfume you prefer—Violet, Carnation, English Lilac or Rose.

**Williams' Shaving Soap is the veteran of them all—
a campaigner since 1840.**

**It delivers the same shaving comfort under the handi-
caps of camp life as it does in the bath-room at home.**

Selling America

Continued from page 7

that employed the flag, the eagle, and the heart throb. A line about noble American manhood sent them tiptoeing up the aisle. America has outgrown that sort of pabulum. What they needed and what they wanted was stimulus. The city dweller need not have it brought to him. He can't walk down the street without running into it. In Chicago a stroll up Michigan Avenue means, as likely as not, having your pulses quickened to the tune of a brisk-stepping, white-uniformed jacky band. Over in Grant Park a British tank, grotesque and powerful as a steel elephant, fires your imagination, fans your war spirit. Fifth Avenue is aglitter with French aces, slimly elegant; with dashing Serbians; with Motor Corps drivers, demure in blue serge; with flags, pennants, color. On every hand there is that which keeps the flame of patriotism burning bright. There is little of this in the small town. It must manufacture its own patriotism or have the stimulus brought to it. And there's no denying that it is when our emotions are stimulated that we dig down deep and give. The small mid-Western town sees little of the stirring and romantic side of war.

Yet it was in Monmouth, Ill., one April morning, that the significance and depths of this world war were brought home to me. Squad Six pulled into Monmouth, Ill., at somewhere near midnight. But the reception committee was there. And the reception committee, on our way to the hotel, announced that seven boys from Monmouth, Ill., were leaving to go to war at seven o'clock next morning and if we wanted to get up at six o'clock (new time) to see those seven boys from Monmouth, Ill., go to war, why—

Now, I've seen regiments of men marching down Michigan Avenue, and it was a thing to stir the blood; I've heard the clup-clup-clup-clup of marching lines of khaki-clads down Fifth Avenue, and it was a thing to thrill you. Bands, reviewing stands, cheering thousands. But it took those seven boys, marching down the peaceful tree-shaded Monmouth streets at seven in the morning, in their big boots, and their plaid mackinaws, their shiny suit cases and their pasteboard boxes in their hands, to bring this thing home to me with a great pang of pride and agony and fearful joy. It was so small, so intimate, so real.

Democracy's Mothers

THE town turned out to see them off. A meeting first, at the business men's club rooms, with a speech by the leading citizen and some singing, and the boys, very serious and attentive, occupying the first row of chairs. A prayer. A little hush. It was a sacrament, the sending of these boys to war. And then off down the street, with us trailing after. The crowd on the depot platform laughing and jostling. The train. A half dozen boyish heads stuck out of every window. They had picked them up in towns all along the way. The cut-up was there—a pug-nosed boy in a green baseball cap; a boy with a wide, humorous mouth—a wag.

"Good-by, girls!" he yelled as the train pulled out, though some of the girls on the platform were sixty—"Good-by, girls! Don't forget me! I'll bring you all a Hun helmet with a hole in it." I'll bet that boy is hurling hand grenades with all the joy that he used to put into slamming a fast one over the plate.

"Good-by, boys!" Next to me stood a woman. She was laughing. I looked up at her. The tears were streaming down her cheeks, and she was smiling and laughing and waving "Good-by! Good-by!" The mother of one of the seven. That's what I call war.

Well. All my life I've had the early Pilgrim mothers, and the Revolutionary mothers and the Civil War mothers crammed down my throat. So have you. I'd always thought they had a quality that our own mothers—just regular, everyday, three-meals-a-day, generally—

there-when-you-needed-them mothers—didn't have. We were wrong. The war-for-democracy mothers have it, and it's the 1918, high-powered, silent-running model, developed to the nth degree.

The Answer Is Ready

PERHAPS the most amazing feature of the Liberty Loan campaigns has been the work of the women. They have not only injected color and picturesque atmosphere into the work; they've gone into it heart, soul, tongue, energy, and pocketbook. The argument that reached men quickest was that put in terms of their own business, profession, or interests. A simple figure of speech which sold bonds all over the country was that in which it was made clear that Uncle Sam was launching a gigantic business proposition in this war, and that it could no more be run without money than could any other business enterprise. The financing of the enterprise was to be accomplished through money loaned by the people and paid for at a generous rate of interest. The simplest sort of mind grasped that.

So with women, an appeal that could be put in terms of housekeeping, of feminine frailties, of everyday interests, reached home most quickly. If you told them that you knew about that little hoard tucked away under the handkerchief box in the left-hand bureau drawer—the little secret sum saved out of the housekeeping money, a dime or a quarter at a time—they giggled and blushed and, likely as not, pledged it for bonds.

The value of the work done by the small-town woman in the last two Liberty Loan campaigns is incalculable. That's a fine word—incalculable—but it'll have to be struck out, after all. Because it doesn't fit in. For the work of the women in this field has been calculated down to the last cent, and it rolls grandly into the billions. Invariably half the audience is made up of women. It was the women of the farm districts who did their day's work ahead of time and then covered the territory allotted to them in the drive. They reported to their chairmen as lieutenants to their captain. There was nothing haphazard or slipshod about their organization. It functioned like a well-oiled machine.

In Canton, Ill., I found they had arranged to reach the women of the town and county through the churches, through their affiliation with fraternal orders, through their social activities and circles, through a house-to-house canvass plan, each block being assigned to a certain woman, block by block, and missing no house in the block. It makes the German efficiency look slipshod.

That's why the Liberty Loan campaigner is in luck; and the farther he travels and the hoarser he grows the more he learns. It makes very little difference whether he's speaking in Galesburg or New York. If he has spoken in all three Liberty Loan drives, he has had a golden first-hand chance to see this country expanding spiritually, growing patriotically, bursting the very seams and buttons of the valor that hung so loosely on it a year ago. During the last Liberty Loan drive an impassioned speaker demanded (rhetorically): "What is it that's going to win this war?"

Before he could follow up his own question the answer came volleying: "Men!" "Money!"

They know. After a one year's course in intensive patriotism they know all the answers in the book. They don't want arguments. They don't need facts. Red fire flares too briefly. No; the seasoned and successful Liberty Loan spellbinder will take all the drama that is in him, and all the imagination that is in the audience he faces, and with these magic tools he will so mold and shape the plastic material before him that time and distance will count for nothing; four thousand miles will be covered in one Brobdingnagian step; and Paris, France, will come to Paris, Illinois.

Our First Victory

Continued from page 10

mind he stopped firing till the plain was full of our men. Then, when the plain was full of our men, he suddenly turned loose on them. When he had them all killed he stopped firing, and then others of our men, of course, enticed, refilled the plain for the next execution. But the trouble was that our men were doing just the contrary of what he thought. They were going across the plain when he was not firing, and they were giving it the wide berth when he was—another striking example of the difficulty there exists in bringing agreement between nations. Anyway, I decided to do as all those who had business across that plain were doing. I waited for a specially prolonged and furious strafing, then, as the last shot reverberated into silence, made a run for it.

"A Big Man's Coffin"

I HAVE said the plain was bare. But now it was sixteen times as bare as it had been when, looking at it from the dugout, I had thought it bare. It seemed to round out beneath my feet, so that whichever part of it I was on was, for the moment, the highest part of it, visible to the entire cosmos. I ran shamelessly. Many of my friends were watching me from the dugout doors, but I did not care. Neither did they; they were wagging me on. Now and then I heard from them a vague and retreating shout. I did not look back at them; I just *knew* they were wagging me on. I was no longer out of condition; great new springs were in my legs. When I was halfway across a shell burst somewhere about. I did not slow my progress by looking where it had burst. The detonation seemed to take effect in my calves, increasing their rebound. A great crash followed overhead. But before the third had come I was at the bottom of the trench.

I lay there a while, resting, pleased as Punch, then got up and followed the trench, confident of the colonel's description, confident that thus, under shelter, I was going clear to Villers-Tournele. And I had not taken five steps before I came nose to nose with a wall. The trench ceased to be a trench and took audaciously to the open ground. I emerged with it. But it was all right after all; a few steps beyond it sunk into the earth once more. I dropped into it. But five steps farther I came for a second time against a wall; the trench for a second time was taking to the high ground. A few minutes' progress finally brought me to an acceptance of the hideous truth. The trench, all the way, was built like that. It wasn't one trench; it was a succession of segments of trench, each just about as long as a big man's coffin, with some fifteen to twenty feet of clear high ground between it and the next. That is what they called a communication trench in that sector!

Now, there were three ways of using that miserable parody of a trench. One way was to follow it faithfully, in its sinkings and its emergings, and go across the land undulating like a snake. The second was to walk alongside of it, going slow where it was sunk, and fast where it wasn't, with ear vigilant to the shell shrieks, and all muscles ready for a leap into one of the gravelike segments whenever the shriek promised a shell breaking near. The third was to give no heed to it whatsoever, nor to the shells, and this is the course I took.

With a Wink or a Grin

ALONG the bottom of the draw there was a road, pounded hard into what had been soft earth by munition wagons going up every night. I went across to this after a while, and its length was occupied by a strange and halting parade. Along its whole length were some of our men, single, by twos, or in groups, moving all toward the rear, but doing this with a sort of strange detachment one from the other, not at all in one cohesive formation, but each

seemingly altogether absorbed in his own particular progress. Some were walking as fast as man walks, others were advancing almost imperceptibly, and between these two rates of progress there were all the others. Some went smoothly, but holding themselves very stiff, others advanced in little jerks. They were those of our wounded who could still walk, going thus to the rear after a first dressing. From a distance they were a disturbing sight. But as soon as I was among them I saw that they were all perfectly happy and cheerful. Those who were wounded above the waist walked as though they were carrying something which they were afraid to spill; and this gave them an expression of serious concentration; but whenever you looked at them they had for you a wink or a grin. Those who were wounded in foot or leg inched along desperately slow (especially when you remember that all along they were still in a zone of pretty heavy shelling), but they watched the faster ones go by them with a sort of humorous appreciation similar to that of the man who has "blown up" in a race. There was the nicest comradeship among them, with much proffer of help from those less hurt to those most hurt, but these offers were generally declined politely but firmly. Each man seemed bent upon winning the goal by his own effort, just as though he had been a competitor in a peaceful field day. Getting back wounded was a part of the battle: none was willing to give up the slightest portion of the experience—those boys belong to a nation of real sports.

The Top of the World

I CAME to the dressing station. Here those borne on stretchers joined those who arrived by their own means. There were two big dugouts, excavated into the side of a little hill, but the work had spread out upon the open ground. There were dead about—among them the little old boche of whom I had spoken. Near him was one of our boys, sleeping there on his stretcher on the ground, sleeping his last sleep with a strange expression of peaceful satisfaction upon his face—as though his last thought had been that he had done good work. There were dead about, and blood, and suffering, but somehow no terror or depression; on the contrary, the sovereign exultation I had seen during the charge still trailed here, just as clouds will remain in flames long after the sun has set. A boy standing with his back against the bank was telling of the fight with great bursts of laughter; his left hand was shattered almost to pulp, but a great healthy joy ran through all his veins. A little farther on stood a tall athlete; he was covered with spots of blood from head to foot; his helmet was tilted cockily on his head; he looked like a full back after a specially hard game, standing with feet apart, his eyes glowing between locks of curly black hair. He was what is called a multi-*blessé*—one covered with many slight wounds. "What happened to you?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "I went into a hole, but a shell beat me to it!" He was a machine-gun man; his gunner and another of his crew had been killed by the same shell. "I had just changed places with him," he said, speaking of the gunner. "He had been doing all of the firing;" I said: "Here, let me have a crack at it; you're doing all the killing; let me kill some of those boches," and he changed with me. Just then came the shell, and it killed him, and all it did to me was this!"

This, I thought, was sufficient—he was blood from head to foot—but it was evidently nothing to him. I heard another say: "They whizz-banged at us till we were ten feet from them, then they tried to kamerad, of course. But when I saw one get my buddy, I said: 'Kamerad, eh? you ———!' and I threw a hand grenade into his mouth!" A high exaltation was in



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them all; they were in that state which they describe in their own words as "sitting on the top of the world!"

But more and more I wanted to get out. I wanted to get out with my story to some quiet place, where nothing was happening, to look at it and see what I had there. I was like a miser with a potful of gold, or a matron with a basket of eggs; my sole interest now was to get away with what I had. So I slipped away and went on. I skirted the village of Villers-Tournelle (once, oh, relatively, I had thought it a most evil place, and now it seemed a sweet spot, profoundly restful, with so few shells falling, and at such decent intervals), and then I came to a little wood—and here were the ambulances. There were, first of all, the little Fords. You'd see one of them come streaking along the shell-swept road, a small nucleus in a cloud of white dust. It stopped short like a cow pony; two stretchers were placed within it—and it was off once more in a cloud of dust. But for the slightly wounded there were great open trucks. The boys with bandaged heads or swaddled legs or arms in slings piled into them, twenty or thirty at a time—and then rolled off laughing and chatting like children off on a hay ride.

Forty Miles Back

I SET my compass and started across fields toward divisional headquarters. When I reached the divisional echelon it was lunch time, and I sat down to the meal at a friendly mess. But

the battle was following me; it wouldn't let me alone. As we sat at lunch a shout outside brought us all out on the road—and, looking up into the sky, we saw one of the French observation balloons coming down, half deflated, like a great rag. From it two little dots fell out, descended vertiginously—then abruptly spread into two mushrooms—parachutes they were, bearing the two observers, who had leaped. They came down slowly now, cblinking across the horizon. Sometimes their legs moved a bit: they looked like acrobats at a country fair performing for our amusement. Far, far up above, we could see the German plane which had done all this, which, pouncing down from the sky, had stung the balloon, pricking it like a bubble. The sun shone on it; it looked like a palpitant shining little moth up there, zigzagging with two avenging French planes after it. A cloud swallowed it, then its pursuers; the two parachutes drifted down behind a forest, and nothing was left of the scene except the balloon, still falling, deflated, and piteous.

So after this I got into an automobile and rode forty miles back clear to the city of Beauvais. "Now, I'll get away from that battle!" I thought. And that night there was a big air raid on the town; for two hours and a half, sinister air squadrons buzzing above us, dropping bombs, devastating. But I succeeded this time, anyhow. For all through the night, in my little bed, I slept sweetly, and heard nothing at all!

Letters from the Air

No. 6: Shooting Sausages

BY LIEUTENANT J. ALEXANDER BAYNE

DEAR DAD: There is something doing here all of the time, of course, but not enough to write of. I have not been on the job much for the past two days, as my machine is being fixed up. Got it done to-night, and took it out for a walk. Our bombing machines have been giving the Germans hell the past few nights—bombed the far out of their aerodromes, stations, etc., and so we are expecting them to try to get revenge. They are expected to-night, so we took our busses and flew them over to another aerodrome about ten kilometers from here and came back by tractor. Our mechanics took their beds and went in the tractor that brought us back. They are to guard them and start us off in the morning. We have to go and get our busses at seven o'clock.

In my last letter I wrote about a new gun they have put on my machine to bring down "sausages," or observation balloons. It shoots a hunk of bronze full of a mixture of phosphor and stuff that burns as the ball travels. I still have one regular gun and this big brute to go with it. It can also be used for boche machines—sets fire to them usually. I was afraid at first that they would give my bus to some old pilot when they went after the sausages, as I have had so little experience, but today they sent me to a conference of the pilots who have the new guns on their boats, and the head sergeant of the mechanics (who speaks English) told me they would not have done that unless I was to do the shooting. They told us how to go about it. At the height we fly it's something like a two-mile drop to reach a sausage. Sounds bad, but it isn't—if your engine doesn't go wrong. Hard on one's ears, though—the sudden change of pressure. We always come down gradually from patrol.

The only bad part of it is, aside from the warm reception the cannon and machine guns give you, that the blamed sausages are usually about ten kilometers behind the boche lines, and if you have a "panne" you can't glide far enough to get back to the French side. Of course the whole escadrille circles around above to keep the boche ma-

chines from butting in on the bus doing the shooting.

It's a great chance for me to distinguish myself, and chances like that are blamed rare for a young pilot. I am the last one to arrive in the escadrille, and I fly more than some of the others. In fact, the lieutenant takes me whenever my machine is ready—which is most of the time. I've a dandy "mechano," and I slip him a few francs when he has worked hard (we all do) and buy him a glass of beer once in a while. Pays to have him a friend—your hide is always nailed to your bus, and they keep them in order better if they like you. I have two mechanics now—gave me another one the other day. Lots of work on a 200-horsepower high-speed.

A boche came nearly over the field to-day at 5,000 meters. The Archies popped away at him, but didn't touch him. Some Spads also went up, but couldn't get up to his altitude before he beat it. However, we heard that they caught him as he was crossing back into his own lines. Three Spads got above him and forced him to dive—when he got low enough the French Archies let go and brought him down. Photographing for a bomb raid, I suppose.

I'll stay with this escadrille now for two months or so—long enough to get a permission home, and then change. It will take some money, but I'd sure like to get home for a month or so, and if I change I can't.

Also, I am in a far better place here to learn the game without getting bumped off during the learning. One is fairly safe flying with two or more aces all the time. If I get into trouble, they can get me out. Also, they know the game inside out and tell me lots of valuable points. And if I can drop a boche or a sausage before I change, I stand a chance of getting a captaincy.

Love to all the folks and regards to the friends. Don't you fret about me—I'm the cautious kid. Lights just went out. Boches are coming, I guess.

ALEX.

The seventh of Lieutenant Bayne's letters will be published in next week's COLLIER'S.—THE EDITOR.

From Baseball to Boches

Continued from page 12

don't heal up on him before he goes home and is they any way of makin' it leave a scar, so's he'll have somethin' to show the folks! Joe, them's the kind of babies which is makin' the French guys holler "*Vive les Etats Unis!*" and the Germans holler "*Kamerad!*"

Joe, by the time I had located the gun I only had eleven guys with me outa the twenty I started out with, and we come onto it at a angle about four hundred yards away. I made up my mind to rush it and give the command. Joe, them guys would try to take Boston with sling shots if I asked 'em, and you oughta see us cover that ground, spillin' lead as we went.

Well, Joe, I guess the squareheads was so surprised at seein' us spring from the ground, when they figured they had us wiped out, that for a minute they couldn't do nothin'. Joe, every one of them guys I had with me can shoot like Caruso can sing, and we got seven of 'em before they could get us in range again. Then we piled in on top of 'em with the bay'net.

JOE, it was all over in about five minutes—that is, all over as far as the squareheads was concerned—and I left the machine gun in charge of a corporal and two men, which immediately proceeded to turn it loose on the Germans. Well, Joe, I started back to report the gun captured and see what my casualties is, and with all the yellin' and shootin' goin' on it was almost as hard goin' as it is on Broadway when the theatre crowds comes out. I must of lost my way in the traffic, because the first thing I knowed I run into a coupla ounces of soft-nosed lead which knocked me kickin' with a hole in my hip you could drive a bus through.

After about six years or six minutes, Joe, I ain't sure which, I come to life again, and there is a big squarehead standin' over me ready to gimme the bay'net. He give a growl when he seen me tryin' to get up, and after feelin' for my gun and findin' it was gone, I says:

"All right, squarehead—you win! What are you figurin' on doin' with me?"

Joe, this guy dumfounds me by speakin' English.

"Iss you a officer?" he says.

"What do I look like, a chorus girl?" I comes back.

"Dot's enough!" he says. "You iss a brisoner, und don't got funny mit me, Americaner! Vy do you fight us?"

"You don't think we come all the way over here to shoot crap with you guys, do you?" I says. "Hurry up and get through with the civil-service examination; I'm hit!"

"Hein!" he says, bendin' over me. "You iss bleeding! Der orders iss to take no brisoners, bud I—if you iss a officer, dot's something else. If I take you to der Oberlieutenant, I vill ged a veek in Berlin. Vot iss your rank?"

"I'm a admiral!" I says. "Pretty soft, eh?"

"Vot iss a admiral of the navy doing away oudt here?" he says. "Dot sounds funny to me!"

"Well, I can't help it," I says. "I got tired of life aboard ship."

Joe, he looks me over for a minute, and then he lays down his gun and drags out my first-aid kit. In a coupla minutes he had fixed me up and done a pretty good job too. I thought it was funny for a squarehead to show any signs of bein' human after what I seen them do before, and I looked this bird over pretty careful. Joe, his face was familiar, but I couldn't figure just where I'd seen him before. When he got done with the bandages, he takes out a knife and cuts all the buttons off my coat and also takes my shoulder bars and the letters from my collar. He wraps all this stuff in a cloth and puts 'em inside his coat, and I could have strangled him while he was doin' it and would of, but not after he had gone and bandaged up my wound, hey, Joe?

Then he says I can rest a few min-

utes before he starts me for his commander, and while we're sittin' there I took a chance and asked him what he thought about the war. Well, Joe, I never seen a simple question create such a sensation before! He jumps up and begins shakin' his fist and cuttin' loose with a string of German, and I caught the name of "kaiser" every now and then, but outside of that he might of been singin' grand opera for all I know. I asked him would he mind speakin' English, because all the German I know is "Kamerad!" and he sits down again and begins to talk like he'd been lookin' for this chance for years.

First he claims that all Germany is fed up with the war and would quit in a minute, if they wasn't scared silly of the kaiser and them guys. He says that guys is desertin' by the wholesale and they has been several mutinies in the field because they don't get nothin' to eat. Then he says that they was told the U. S. couldn't get no men over here on account of the U-boats sinkin' all our ships, and here everywhere he looks he can see nothin' but Americans, and, oh, lady—how they can fight! He winds up by sayin' that when we begin the first rush of this drive, half of his regiment had been wiped out in ten minutes by the marines and he wished to Heavens he was back in New York again.

Joe, when he says "New York," I jumped up and liked to bust off the bandage!

"What do you know about New York?" I hollers.

"Hein!" he says. "And vy nodd? I vorked dere ten years already mit only the best hotels, und—"

"Wait!" I yells, buttin' in. "I got you now! You used to be a waiter at the Knickerbocker, am I right? I knowed I seen you somewheres. I'll betcha I can even call your name—Fritz, ain't it?"

"Himmel!" he gasps. "Dot iss right! Und you?"

"I'm Ed Harmon, the pitcher," I says. "Remember me takin' you out to the Polo Grounds that day you was off and showin' you your first ball game? Remember me makin' the Cubs throw away their bats and you win twenty bucks or somethin' like that? And I got another one that cinches it. Remember the scrap I had with you about that caviar stuff? You brung it in on a piece of bread, and I says *nobody* would eat no mess like that and claimed you had prob'ly dropped the bread on the floor?"

Joe, his face gradually brightens up and he slaps his leg and grins. "Vell, vell, vell!" he says. "Chust think of dot now! Of course now I know who iss idt. Nobody efer could fight all the time mit the waiters like you, und nobody efer could tip like you eider! You iss dot baseballer. Vell, vell, vell! Und how iss everything by you now, Mister Harmony?"

With that, Joe, he bends over and rubs his hands together just like he used to do at my table in the Knickerbocker, and all he needed was a towel on his arm to complete the picture. Can you imagine this bird askin' me how they was comin' with me, when he had took me prisoner and I was wounded!

"By me," I says, "everything is rotten just now, but things is lookin' up. Help me get up outa here!"

JOE, I get up, and if this guy don't brush me off and hand me my hat with a bow I hope I never lay a eye on Broadway again!

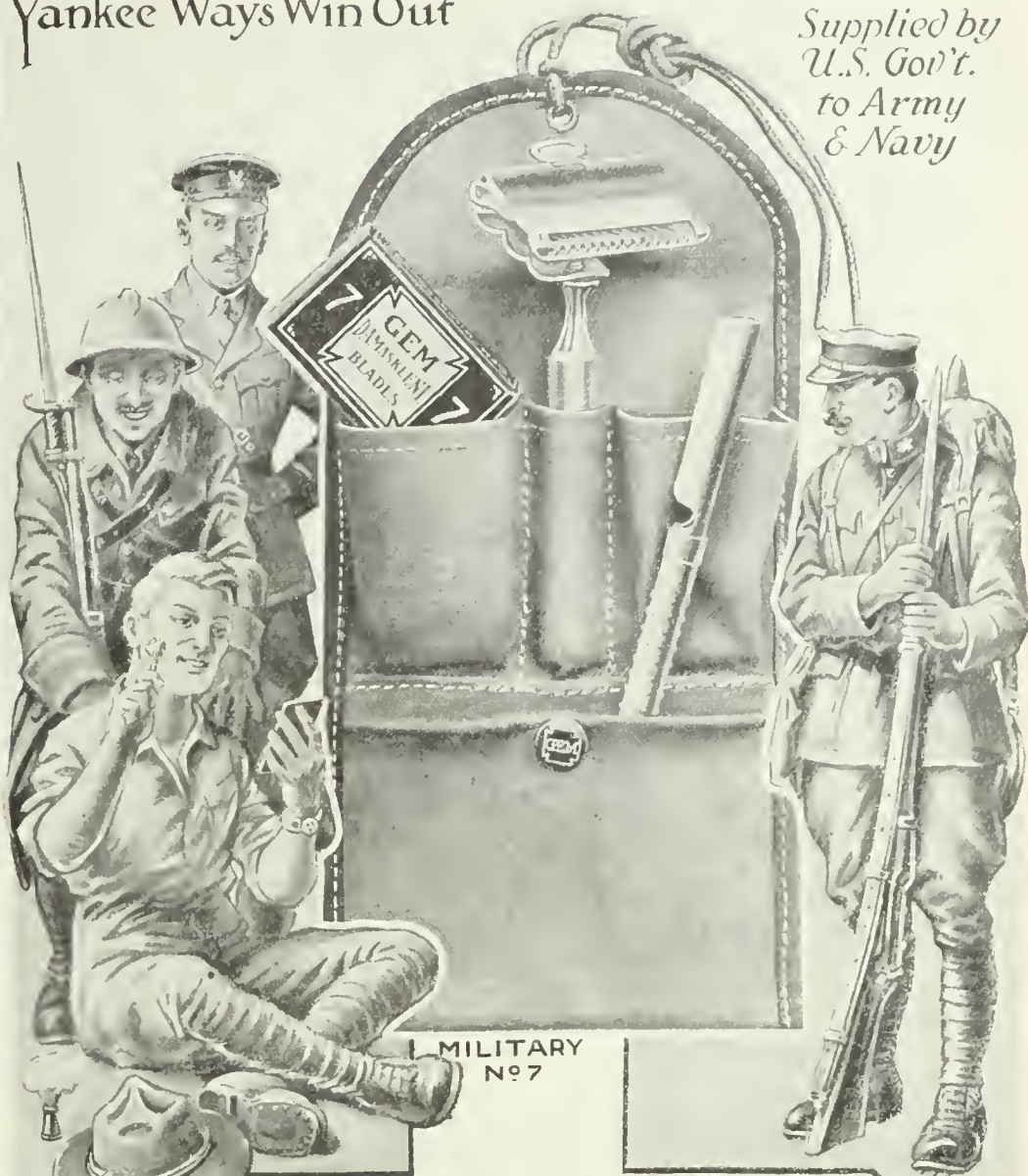
"Und der wound," he says, still bowin' and rubbin' his hands like it was a steak he was talkin' about. "How iss dot?"

"Just right!" I says. "Only I'd like to have some more potatoes with it. Fritz, the service was fine, but the only tip I can give you is to tell you to get outa this here war as quick as you can. You guys ain't got a Chinaman's chance, and if I was you I'd throw away my gun and quit!"

"Ach!" he says. "Vouldn't I like

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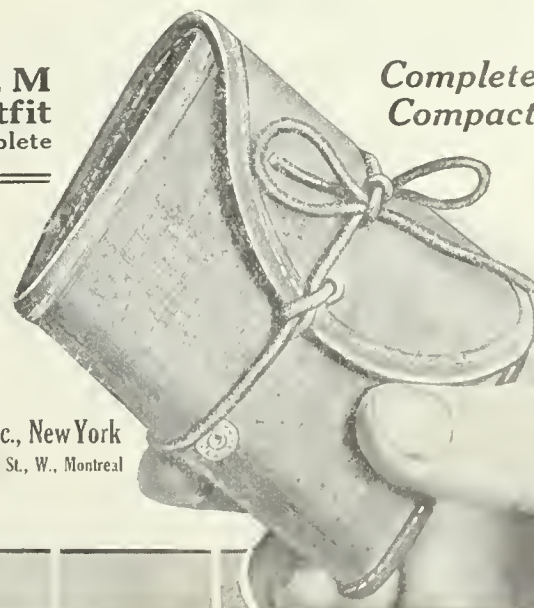
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to!" He thinks for a minute and then he says: "Mister Harmony, if I was took brisoner by the Americaners, would I eadt vunce already?"

Joe, my heart give a jump! Opportunity ain't never knocked at my door and found me out playin' pinochle.

"You sure would, Fritz!" I says. "Now listen. You got enough of the war, and here's a fine chance for a out. Gimme that gun, and I'll take you back to our lines and give you a feed. You'll be took care of and nobody will bother you with bay'net and bullets, unless you try to make a get-away. Think of it! Three square meals a day, a clean place to sleep, and no American bay'nets to duck. Why—"

"Und maybe I could vait on der chenerals!" he butts in. "Here, Mister Harmony—here iss my gun. I hope I should nefer see vun again!" Joe, he all but throwed the gun into my arms, and when I got it he bust out cryin' like a kid and then he laughs kinda wild and throws his arms around in the air. "Thank Gott!" he hollers, like he's hysterical. "Now idt iss over for me!"

Well, Joe, I'm too weak to carry that gun, on the level, and this guy says: "Mister Harmony, please let me carry idt. You iss too hurt. I vill giff idt back whenever you vant idt. You are sure I vill eadt?"

"You said it," I says. "Come on, let's go!"

"Vait chust a minute," he says. "I vill be right back!"

Before I can stop him, he dives into the woods and is gone. Well, I think I should of had more sense than to have trusted a squarehead, and the chances are he has either left me flat or will come back with one of his officers. I'm just startin' to make a break for it when back comes Fritz—and, Joe, they's about twenty other guys with him.

Good night! I thinks—I'm gone now! "Hey, what's the idea?" I hollers to Fritz. "What's all them guys gonna do?"

"Mister Harmony," he says. "Don't got mad on me. Dey iss friends of mine, und dey iss all got enough of the war too! Please ledt dem go back mit us!"

"Ja! Ja!" they all hollers. "Kamerad! Kamerad!"

Oh, boy!!!!

Well, Joe, it is all I can do to keep from bustin' out laughin'. Here is twenty squareheads beggin' me to take 'em prisoner, and I'm wounded and ain't even got a nail file to fight with!

"All right!" I says. "Fall in!"

Joe, we start away with one of 'em which is a sergeant and badly wounded leadin' and me bringin' up the rear with two of 'em half carryin' me. Fritz is right beside me carryin' the gun, and, boy, they ain't nobody ever brought no batch of prisoners in like that, I'll tell the world! It looked more like a Chaplin movie than anything else.

Joe, by this time I had no more idea of where the American lines was than I have of who's chief of police of Brazil, but this squarehead sergeant claimed he knowed the way, and they was nothin' to do but let him lead. We're gettin' away from the battle, although now and then a shell busts in the fields around us, so's we'll know they's still a war in full swing.

WE have gone about a mile, and me and this squarehead sergeant is about all in from the hike and loss of blood, when who do we come on, Joe, but a German officer all by his lonesome. The minute these guys got a flash at him they begin to chatter among themselves, and they acted so scared of this guy, even though they was twenty to one, that I was afraid all was over with me and they would turn me in. You know, Joe, the squareheads get beat up so much by their officers, even in peace times, that they are afraid even to change their collar without gettin' permission. This Fritz tells me to get in the middle of them and say nothin' and by that time we are in front of the officer. They all go through a salutin' spree and then the wounded sergeant says they are takin' me in prisoner.

"Who detailed all these men to take

in one prisoner?" he snarls, as Fritz told me afterward.

Well, Joe, the sergeant gets balled up, and the officer cuts in on him.

"Pig!" he bellers. "You are lying. You are going in the wrong direction—Schweinkund!"

Joe, with that he pulls out a gun and whangs this wounded guy across the face with it, droppin' him.

Well, this here was too much for me, Joe, believe me! I ain't got no love for no squarehead on earth, but this guy was wounded and defenseless, and when that big tramp walloped him with the butt of a gun I went nutty! I figured all bets was off anyways, so I plowed through them stupid-lookin' simps which was standin' there doin' nothin', and I let that dog with the gray cloak have it. I caught him on the chin with a left-hander, and then I put my right between his eyes. He give one yell and went down sprawlin', and the minute he touched dirt the other squareheads starts yellin', and I had my hands full keepin' them guys from kickin' him in the face!

JOE, this here slight exercise loosened up my wound again, and them guys fixed me and the sergeant up. I had a tough time to keep from goin' to sleep, but I would sooner of croaked than let them squareheads see a American officer faint. They kicked this here officer to his feet and took away his artillery, and the like, and he wasn't so high, only bein' a colonel, but that's better than nothin', hey, Joe? I told him to fall in, and I used plenty of adjectives too, Joe!

Well, in about half a hour more I had passed our outposts, which looked at the parade with their eyes and mouths as open as a Mobile crap game. I found out where brigade headquarters was, and I marched my gang right up to the colonel himself.

Joe, he got up and looked over the collection and let forth a gasp.

"All your prisoners?" he says. "Why, great Heavens, it's Harmon again! You were reported missing."

"I didn't get far, sir!" I says. "I was detailed to take twenty men to silence a enemy machine gun and did the same, killin' the crew, capturin' the gun and turnin' it back on the squareheads. I have eleven casualties to report, but I brung back this bunch to make up for it. How's everything goin'?"

Joe, the colonel didn't say a word for a minute, and then he grabs my hand.

"Lieutenant," he says, "I—I—well, I can't say anything! I think if you were let alone and unhampered by orders, you'd capture a whole army corps. I—why, you're wounded, man—"

"Yes, sir," I says. "But I can't help it. A guy can't make lemonade without cuttin' up some lemons, but—"

Well, Joe, that's all I knowed till I come to life in a base hospital with Jeanne weepin' over the bed and a Red Cross nurse sayin': "There, there!" to her. I kissed Jeanne, which braced me up like a shot of brandy, and then I went off again, havin' seen all I wanted to, the same bein' her.

Joe, that's about all. I have been promoted to first lieutenant and grabbed off another medal, and if I get any more I'll look like Sousa. I'm feelin' pretty good now and will be out before long, but unfortunately they won't let me get in this brawl over here for quite a little while now. I hope them guys can take care of the thing all right till I get in it again, and it's gonna be a terrible war when I do, I'll tell the world!

Joe, I got a big surprise for you! I just got the flash myself from Jeanne. Joe, listen—can you imagine havin' somebody to call me "Papa"?

Oh, boy!!!!

Yours truly,

First Lieutenant EDWARD EDISON HARMON, A. E. F. (Meanin': "A Expectin' Father.")

P. S.—Joe, the captain tells me I am gonna be sent back to the U. S. to teach them babies in the cantonments the short cut to Berlin. Can you imagine Jeanne when she gets her first flash at Broadway? Oh, boy!!!

(GAME CALLED)

The Dodger Trail

Continued from page 13

it a kite. I reckon the kite is the original airplane, isn't it?"

"The dodgers were dropped from a kite! Well, that's simple enough, anyway," I exclaimed.

"Perfectly simple when you sit down to figure out how you'd scatter a lot of dodgers at night without getting caught at it. A wind from the right quarter. A good-sized kite with a holding mechanism and a release string. A thick night, when late wayfarers wouldn't be likely to see the paper coming down. There's your whole mystery. The Big Swamp, being deserted, is the most likely spot to fly from in a wind from the south. If we don't find a Babylonian airplane somewhere there, you can boil my head for a turnip."

MR. HOLLOWAY'S head, concerning which my opinion was increasingly favorable, escaped that painful doom. We found the kite on a brushy tussock in the heart of that little wilderness. It was of the tailless type equipped with an ingenious rattan carrier for the circulars.

"Why, but this explains the whole thing," I cried. "Bomb and all. It was the falling bomb from the kite that the sentry on the roof saw, when he cried out. Only there must have been a much larger kite to carry that much weight."

"No; I guess this is the only kite. I don't figure that they operated their explosives that way. This contrivance is just for light literature, I reckon," conjectured the country editor gently. "Ever fly a kite much? No? Well, they're uncertain critters. The wind bloweth whither it listeth, as the Good Book says, and a kite has to go pretty much as the wind listeth. Dodgers are all right for the kite method of distribution. You only have to land anywhere on the broad side of a town with them and they'll do their little job. But fifty pounds or so of high explosive has to be placed with reasonable accuracy. I don't quite figure how anyone could expect to do it with a kite. Do you?"

Considering that the two charges had exploded within a few rods of each other, I was obliged to concede this; and revert to the accepted belief that the bombs had been planted in the works.

"We might go around to the factory if you have time," suggested my companion, "and look over the ground again. First, I'll confiscate this machine."

"Better set a guard here and gather in the kite flyer when he comes back."

"Then you'd get only one of the lot. By waiting for the next move, I think we—you might bag the crowd. If we hide this kite, they'll be just about scared and worried enough, when they discover it's gone, to hurry up their plans. Their next move may come the first night the works open again if this weather keeps thick."

AFTER concealing the distributing outfit we tramped through the rain to the Arms Works. There the country editor stopped at the office long enough to assure the depressed superintendent that there would be no more dodgers, and to borrow a ball of cord. With this he led the way to the scene of the explosions, and proceeded with the aid of myself and a compass to lay a line, as nearly as reckonable, from the center point of the first crater to the middle of the hole in the roof. The line ran about one point off due north and south. The operator of these simple proceedings then produced field glasses and invited me to sight along the direction of the line, from the roof top. The rugged mass of North Hill leaped to the powerful lens. Heavily fringed, almost to concealment, by a growth of brush, I made out a yawning hole.

"See it?" said Clem Holloway. "That's the mouth of the Carnotite Corporation's mine."

"It has this part of the plant under direct observation," I said, my mind whirling amid a score of conjectures.

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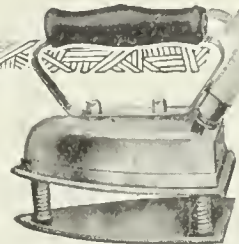
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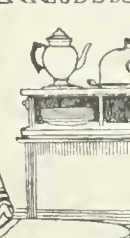
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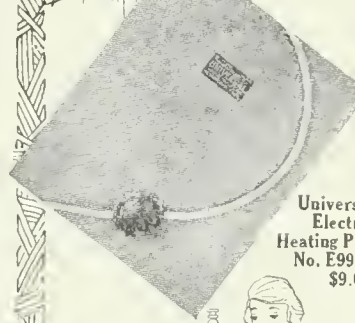
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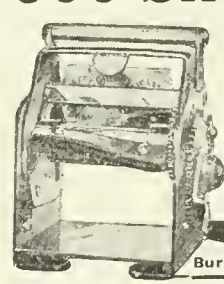
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One of the vague conjectures took form, as I recalled rumors of experiments with a new, invisible ray which detonated explosives at a distance. This I put to the country editor. His reply was characteristic.

"Got any prejudice against crime?" "What variety?"

"Robbery with breakage. Forgery to follow, maybe. After that—well, it'll be more serious."

"I'm willing to start with the mildest." He smiled with his accustomed reflective benignity. "I think we'll find Professor Waldron out now."

Following him, I presently found myself mounting the stairs of a large, old-fashioned house, presided over by a large, old-fashioned lady who admitted us to the professor's rooms without cavil. "Sometimes it's an advantage to know folks," murmured Clem Holloway, and proceeded with swift but great particularity to ransack the drawers and the clothespress, neatly returning everything to its place. "Careful man," he approved. "It must be in the trunk."

HE bent over that repository with some keys. A moment later he straightened up, saying soberly: "Here's the little weapon."

"A squirt gun!" I exclaimed, recognizing a large variety of that tormentor of boyhood days.

"Right. Step into this closet with me." He closed the door after us. The mechanism glowed in the darkness like witch fires in rotting wood. "Radium," said Clem Holloway.

"From the North Hill radium mine, I suppose."

"If we only knew where it's from! There never was any radium in that mine except what's been squirted into the soft rock with this contrivance. Salted."

"How do you know that?"

"Luck. And working on suspicion. I've been suspicious of the professor's night gang for a long time. Nobody knows 'em. They kept to themselves; there's only half a dozen of 'em. And they go up to the mine at night when there are no regular workmen around and do their own blasting. Their own salting too. It didn't look good to me. So I've been keeping tabs on them."

"Where does the luck come in?"

"Oh! That's in having a friend in the express office. The mine folks get a lot of small but heavy shipments in wood. The express agent happened to be looking the other way one day—it's often an advantage to have friends locally, as I've mentioned—when I was exploring one of the parcels with a jackknife. It was all lead under the wood. Radium comes in lead containers. You see, they're shooting the radium in and then digging it out and selling it to the Government."

"At a profit?" I asked, still groping.

"At a loss, probably. Profit or loss, what is it to them if they can make good? You figured yourself that a million wouldn't be too much for the Germans to spend, and I don't reckon this little experiment has cost a quarter of that up to date."

"The Germans! Then you think Professor Waldron is in German pay?"

"I think if his name is Waldron, mine is Von Hollweg!"

"Wait a moment, Holloway. Let's not confuse this cost issue. We were talking then about the creation of a panic. What has radium got to do with panic?"

He returned another of his strange answers, looking at me diffidently.

"Would you take a suggestion from me?"

"Quite likely. What else have I been doing since we got on this trail?"

"No!" he protested, quite honestly shocked. "I haven't meant to butt in. It's just having the advantage of being acquainted locally."

"Don't apologize. What's the suggestion?"

"Could you clear all the workmen out of the mine on Monday?"

"Yes. With a squad of soldiers. Rather extreme, though, isn't it?"

"I'd like to be able to get in there alone if—if it was necessary."



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'There are no others', so did Will proclaim, Approved above, he couldn't lose the game: Though the scheme was old, Will's German nation

Would be superb and fleece Creation.

He brought forth chemic and mechanic art, And matched his sword 'gainst the human heart; By his grace only, heaven's sun would shine On Anglo-Saxon, Slav, Gaul or Latin.

Since Will's might declares, 'Souls are not your own'

We again must war, that the lie be shown: Done with looking on, to the mark we press, With sons and treasure, we can do no less.

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"What would render it necessary?"
"If, when you went in there yourself, you found that the shaft mouth points south by east, and dips down at an angle of about thirty degrees, then I'd like to go in." He hesitated. "Alone," he added.

"Nothing short of arresting the outfit would justify such a move. We haven't evidence to arrest on."

"Wouldn't a telegram like this do it?"
He sketched out a form in his notebook:

Captain SHELDON RAINES,
Illington, N. Y.

Radium from local mine adulterated with destructive chemicals. Suspect tampering at source. Investigate, closing mine if necessary.

"Dated Washington, on a telegraph form, and signed with the correct name, I thought that might serve," he said modestly.

Over that suggestion I slept. If I took action and nothing came of it, I should be in an unpleasant predicament. But the country editor's moves thus far had been amply justified. In any event there was the matter of the "salting" to fall back on. I decided to go ahead.

Monday came in wet and drizzly. The Illington Arms factory opened its doors to less than two-thirds of its force. That it was able to operate at all was due to the heartening influence of the insurance offer inspired by Clem Holloway. In the afternoon I visited the North Hill Mine. The shaft ran down into the earth at an angle, I judged, of somewhere between twenty and thirty degrees and faced almost due south by east. On no other basis than this, plus my faith in the country editor, I returned with a squad of soldiers, dismissed the workmen, and waited for Clem Holloway. He materialized quite casually from over the brow of the cliff.

"Give me half an hour," he said, and entered the shaft.

In less than that period he was out. For the first time I saw him plainly moved by some strong emotion, reflected in the set whiteness of his heavy face.

"If you are willing to leave the matter to me until to-morrow," he said, when we had returned to my office, "I think it will be cleared up."

I nodded. Having gone so far, I might as well go a step farther.

"We'll have more rain to-night," he said presently. "And you'll have a caller this afternoon."

The second prophecy was made good within an hour while Holloway was still there. Professor Waldron was the caller. He was livid with rage and apprehension, but held himself in an icy self-control as he demanded an explanation of the afternoon's interruption. I handed him the fabricated telegram, which I had prepared after Clem Holloway's model.

"Impossible," he said shortly. But I thought that he looked relieved.

"Unfortunately it is the fact. I think, however, that the tampering must have taken place in transit."

"That might be," admitted the visitor after deliberation. "Though we exercise every precaution. I shall be glad to extend any aid to your investigation."

During the brief interview I noticed the unwonted behavior of the country editor. Seemingly he could not bear to look at Professor Waldron. Time and again he would set his eyes upon the visitor; time and again his glance wavered away. Presently he muttered something and left the room.

ALL the winds and rains of an angry heaven seemed to have centered on the little thicket wherein Clem Holloway and I lay hidden that unforgettable Monday night of June's end. Distant lightning from the south flashed across the face of the cliff above us, showing the black and formidable yawn of the mine shaft. The heartbeat of the great trip hammer in the Illington Arms Works half a mile behind us pulsed through the night. A church clock struck two.



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This is a repeat order shown in the photograph

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Krementz & Co. - Newark, N. J.





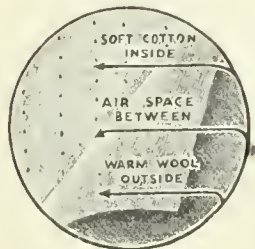
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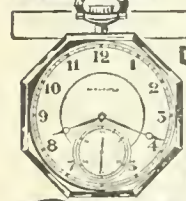
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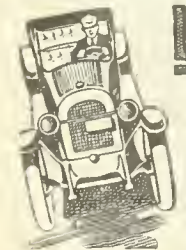
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"They'll begin the blasting soon," said my companion in a shaking voice.

I did not answer. My spirits were weighed down with dread of the unknown thing so soon coming to pass. And then the unknown became the known as the country editor, out of sheer stress of soul, began to speak.

"It was the likeness to blasting that first gave me the notion," he said. "The clipping mentioned that."

"What clipping?"

"Didn't you read a newspaper cutting that I left on your desk?"

"No. I put it in the drawer and forgot it."

"Then you don't know what"—his voice shivered a little—"what we're waiting for?"

"No."

"The clipping was a letter from one of our men on the Belgian front. He told about a new type of trench mortar used by the boches. It shoots a winged aerial torpedo, at a low angle, and makes a sound like a blast in soft rock. The torpedo explodes on impact. That's what the sentry on the roof saw coming down when he yelled."

"And the mortar," I began.

"Set in the wall of the mine shaft where it turns. Hidden behind a tool rack. They built that whole shaft like a gun aimed at the heart of the Arms Works. First the blasting. Then the discharge of the gun, just like the blasting. Then more blasts. And who's to suspect?"

A ROAR from above put a period to his words. The yawning mouth glowed with a yellowish pink vapor. It was the beginning of the regular night's blasting work.

"What's to prevent them from firing to-night? Now?" I cried in consternation.

"Nothing."

"But the factory—"

"Safe," he said.

A nearer flash of lightning illumined my companion. His eyes were fixed with wide intensity upon the black mouth above our heads.

"I deflected the mortar. There are no sights. It is fired by electrical contact. They will never notice." He paused, then concluded very low: "They will never know."

Again the face of the cliff spoke in muffled thunder, and again, and again. It was answered by a crackle of rifle fire from the testing roofs in the works.

"The torpedo?" I whispered.

"It will strike the roof of the shaft."

"And explode there?"

"On impact."

My tongue felt dry and swollen. "Who are in there?"

"All of them. I watched and counted. Seven."

Once more the cavern's mouth boomed and glowed palely. "What are they waiting for?" I found myself urging in a torment of dread expectancy.

In another gleam of lightning I could see my companion's lips move. I leaned to him in the thrashing rain. His speech was again that of the ancients whom he was prone to quote; but now, instead of the quaint vein of his twisted version, he spoke with the terrible solemnity of the Book itself:

"His own iniquities shall take the wicked! Therefore shall his calamity come suddenly. As the whirlwind passeth, so is the wicked no more."

The wind and the rain made the responses. "How long, O Lord! How long!" he begged in a racked murmur.

The blank face of the cliff spouted a fury of crimson flame upon a shattering double report. There was a heavy sigh, as of rock and earth settling. Then, for a moment, silence.

Half stunned and shaken to the heart, we dragged ourselves to our feet. Above us a mass of loosened rubble stirred, poised, and swept downward as the tortured earth covered its wounds, and a great boulder, dislodged, crashed through the small growth of the cliff side. After it, from the place where the mine's mouth had closed upon its secret, its fate, and its crime, rolled something which had been human.

The country editor moved to meet the dead. He stood above the riven body looking down upon it, and in his face, which I had once thought dull and stolid, there was the dread majesty of eternal justice. He drew off his coat and spread it gently, pityingly, over the vanquished man.

In the darkness and the distance we heard the giant trip hammer like a mighty heart, beating, beating, beating the measure of a holy war.

Sam Adams

WERE yours an agricultural journal, says Samuel Hopkins Adams, I could more readily understand the wish to publish a sketch of so truly rural a character as myself. For know, sir, that war à la Sherman has pitchforked me into the job of a farmer's chore boy. The farmer for whom I work is also named Adams, and under her stern governance I have learned much, though by no means all, of the art of agriculture. I can now address a pig in terms suitable to his status and value on the hoof. I can wait on a cow with tact and decorum. I can persuade a reluctant hen to practice antirace suicide over a china door knob. I can carry on an intelligent conversation in the language of ducks, geese, cows, sheep, horses, Fords, and the other hired men. When not engaged in rustling feed for 105 acres covered with live stock, I can usually be discerned (by the aid of an X-ray) beneath a motor car with my eye full of oil, gazing soulfully up into its deranged interior and wondering why the dumthing don't go. It is a dazzling life!

Looking back, autobiographically, upon more easeful days, I recall that I was born too near 1870 to be young any longer, and am therefore well along in what Mrs. Gertrude Atherton



calls "the splendid, idle Forties." (If Gertrude could see me now!) My first literary effort was a critique upon the faculty of Hamilton College, so brilliant in manner that it got me fired. Since then I have published ten books, but nothing equal, in effect upon my environment, to that early masterpiece. With the aid of COLLIER'S I once haled Pe-ru-na, Duffy's Malt, Swamp Root, and other patent devices for interior decoration before the bar of public opinion—they had previously enjoyed a conspicuous and profitable position in other bars—and gave them what their

proprietors confidently asserted would be a large amount of effective and valuable free advertising. I understand that they still consider the advertising to have been free and effective, but have revised their views as to its value.

Nowadays when I forsake the pig for the pen, it is mainly in the conscientious endeavor to earn the dollar a year which a recklessly extravagant Government pays me, or to write articles or fiction dealing with the one all-engrossing subject, the war. But as soon as possible I revert to the job of raising food to Mr. Hoover's order.

Yours respectfully and bucolically,
SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS.

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After the successful termination of the war we will publish certain facts that will finally demonstrate AC superiority in terms so emphatic none can mistake them.

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In these days of careful buying, car users see great importance in the truth that practically all makes of good cars come factory-equipped with AC Spark Plugs.

They realize that the chief engineer selects AC's only after harsh competitive tests in which every plug made has the opportunity to qualify.

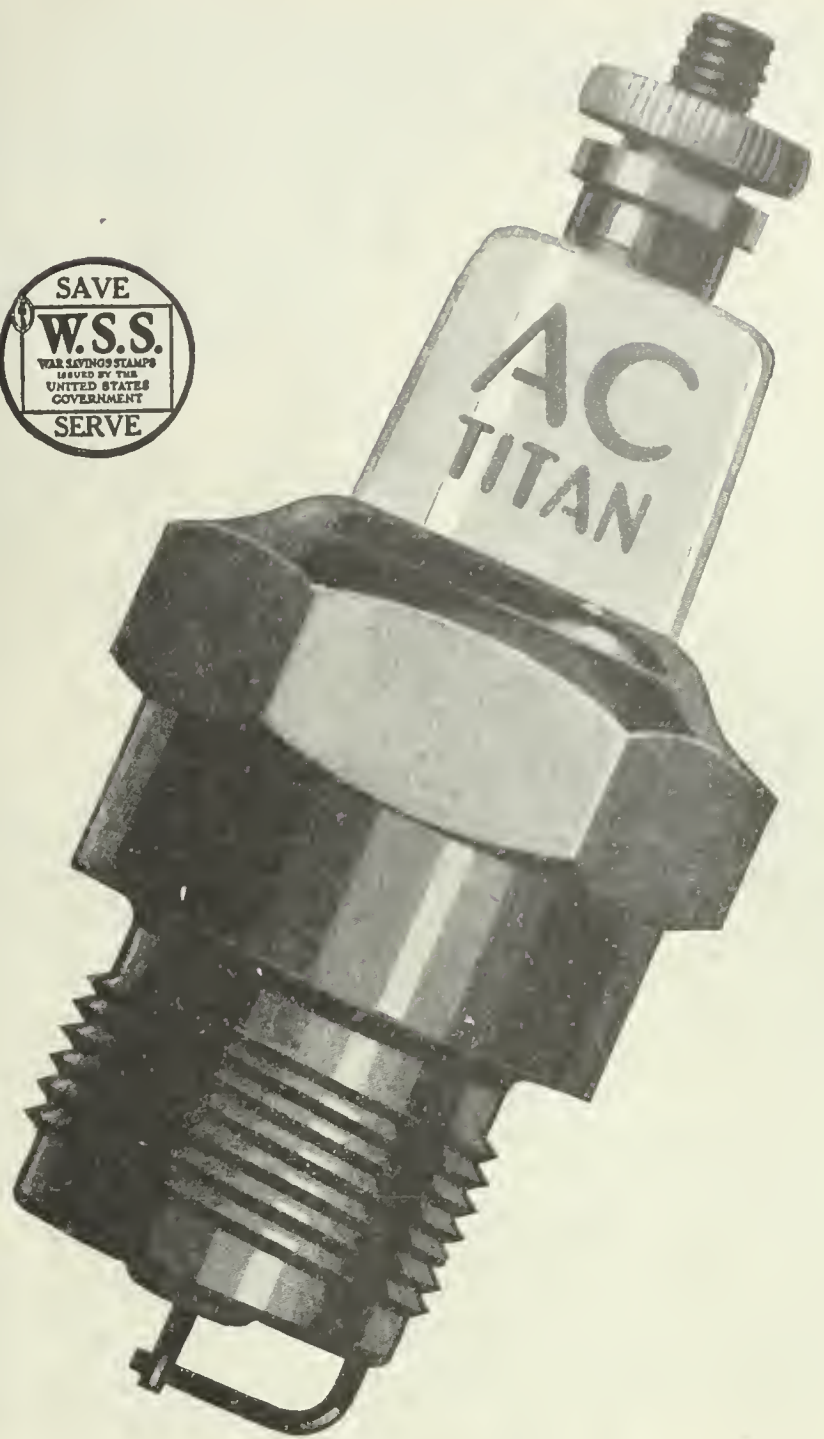
While it is true that there are a few manufacturers who do not *as yet* equip their cars with AC Spark Plugs, time and again our dealers remark that owners of these cars are often the most enthusiastic AC users and endorsers.

Ask your dealer to show you the AC chart. There you will find the correct size and design of plug for the car you drive. There are various types of AC Spark Plugs specially designed for every make and style of motor.

Write for further information on AC Carbon Proof Plugs specially designed for Ford, Overland and Studebaker cars; also for booklet "The Unsuspected Source of Most Motor Ills," by Albert Champion.

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, Michigan

U. S. Pat. No. 1, 135, 727, April 13, 1916. U. S. Pat. No. 1, 216, 139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending.



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The COURAGE to BELIEVE IN the WORTHIEST and BEST

IDEALS in life and business are very potent things. We are at war for ideals of liberty and democracy.

CAN ANY MAN DOUBT the force of those ideals, or fail to see what they have done for America since she entered the war—in welding our people together; in giving life a loftier meaning and purpose; in wiping out class distinctions, race and religious differences; in teaching us all to live up to the best that is in us?

* * * *

AS FOR AMERICAN BUSINESS, there will be a new era after the war. We should all be preparing for it now.

WHEN THAT STAMP "Made in America" goes out over the world, the Government should see that it represents merchandise of honest merit—our worthiest and best. Otherwise it will be traded upon by makers of cheap and inferior goods: it will misrepresent the spirit of American business and of American labor.

AMERICA must maintain her quality standards in the eyes of the world. She must proclaim at home and abroad the undoubted economy of buying the best.

MORE AMERICAN MERCHANTS right now should put behind them the temptation of "seeming cheapness." In the present difficult conditions, with high costs and shortage of materials, it is plainer than ever that the only true economy is in buying worthy goods.

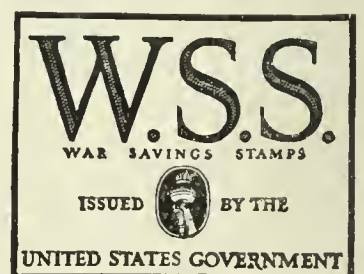
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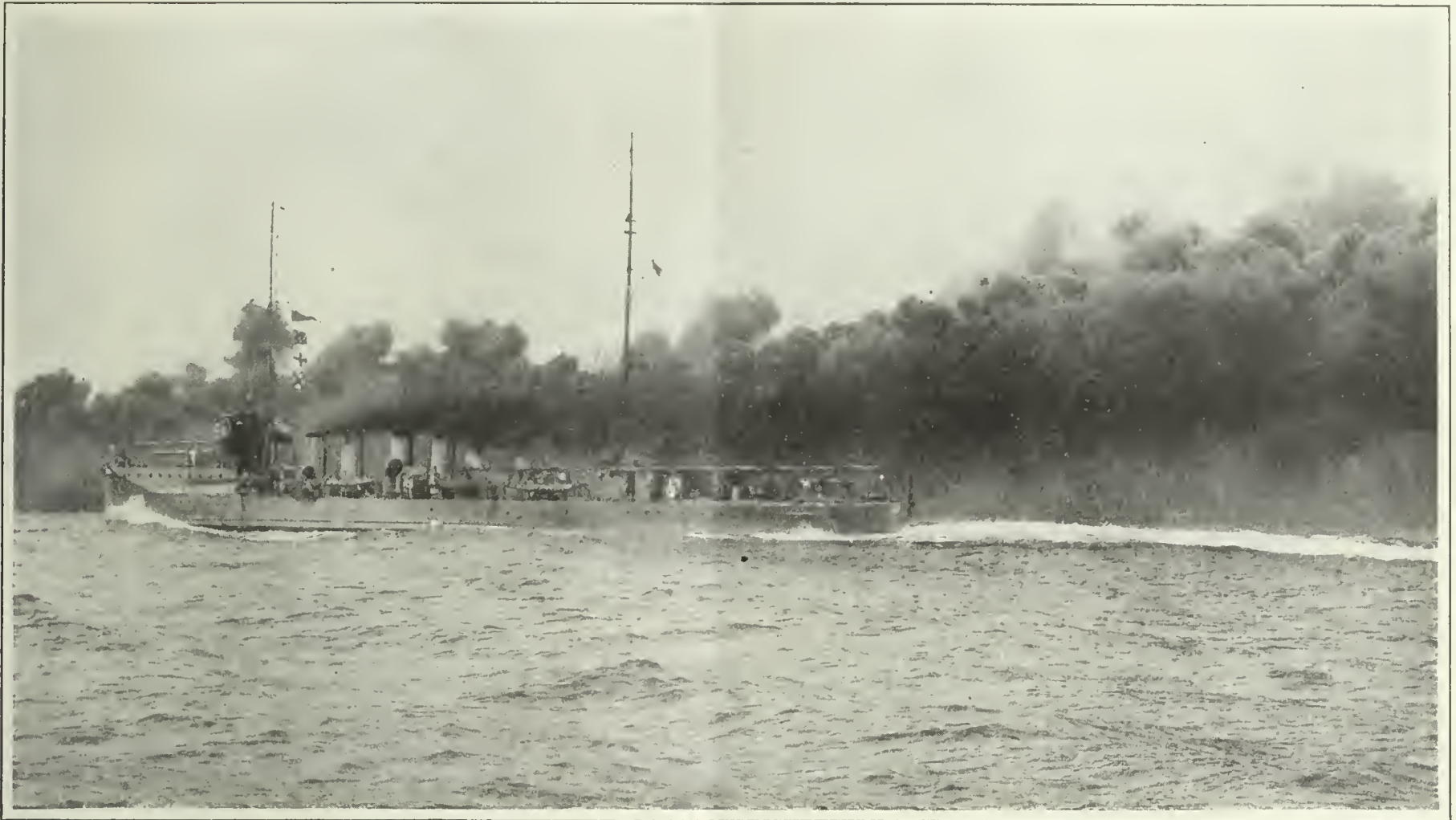
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

New York: 416 West 13th Street. London:
6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C.

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Don't Forget the Navy

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

THE limelight is all upon the new army created wholly by American-citizen spirit breaking through the false checks and costly barriers erected by the priests of pacifism and unpreparedness. The achievements and the glories to come of our will to fight for principle, which demanded and obtained at last leadership, long reluctant; the fineness of the stuff our men are made of, as shown on the battle fields of France; our ability to salvage, by our courage, some of the blood and resource wasted by our delay, will illumine a nation's eyes. But it will be unfortunate if victories on land cause America to forget that in the end it is sea power, and not armies, which will save America, and that sea power only will give the voices of liberty and democracy authority.

Tell these facts to your neighbor so that if he is a good American he will never forget them: It is sea power, not land power, which is the primary force now beating Germany. It is sea power, not land power, upon which the policing of the world is based. It is sea power, and not land power, which is the foundation of America's self-defense.

I have found a pamphlet written before the war by a distinguished Prussian officer who saw this truth. Even a pig-headed Hun foresaw Germany's weakness. He said: "The army will not suffice. Soldiers cannot march upon the sea. We must leave home. The history of England and all her opponents shows that the greatest of states collapse when they lose their strength upon the sea."

Nelson said that sea power would determine the outcome of any great war. Our own Mahan said that if war came sea power would decide. Archibald Hurd, the British naval expert, shows that Germany realized too late, but even better than the Allies realize now, the drama of Germany's defeat which is really taking place on the sea. Hurd not only says that "armies are only the projectiles of navies," but he points out the reason why the fact is so often forgotten; he says that naval battles which are unfought and which therefore attract no attention are none the less complete and decisive victories. "Battles by sea are rare in history," he says. "The reason is that they are won before they take place, and the foe flies before he is defeated. Even the Battle of Trafalgar was fought only by starving out the enemy."

"A navy almost strong enough is like food almost sanitary enough. A navy almost strong enough is licked before it starts, is beaten by mathematical estimate, "bottled in" if lucky and "battled down" if not. No navy at all is better than a navy just strong enough to cost resources and lives *and not strong enough to win.*"

The Spanish fleet was beaten before it came out of Santiago; the Russian fleet was beaten before the Japanese headed it off; and Germany's fleet was bottled and beaten in August, 1914.

Germany had seen, though too late, the fact that sea power wins. Her desperate struggle to build up her navy, particularly by the production of fast and hard-hitting monstrous battle cruisers, had made her navy more than equal to the combined strength of the navies of Russia, France, and Italy. The effort, however, was of no consequence because with the British navy existing, and certainly with the American navy added to it, Germany was beaten on the sea.

She had lost the sea, lost commerce, lost the war. She had lost, not by being defeated in any naval engagement, but by the bloodless and complete defeat of inferiority, retirement, and naval oblivion.

Except in one factor of the four factors recognized as constituting naval supremacy, Germany was bottled. She could only attack her enemies' commerce. She has done this by "trick plays"—the raider, the submarine, the mine. In the other three factors—(1) defense of territory, (2) defense of colonies, (3) defense of commerce—she was beaten

before a gun had been fired, and probably will remain beaten to the end without a fight-to-the-finish test on the sea. "Bottled in, instead of battled down," is the phrase, and it is the sure result of the loss of naval supremacy.

"The order of world power has changed. This war proves it. America ought to learn the lesson. Let her look sharp," said one of the shrewdest observers of the war who can be found in any department in Washington. "Once the order of power used to be: first, military; second, naval; third, economic. To-day military power—particularly for America—has dropped to third place. Naval power is first. An army ought to be guaranteed by universal military training, but only a country of vast economic resources can maintain an army or raise one even as America has raised one when caught short. Modern war is not war of men, but war of metals and materials. But neither military strength nor the more important factor of economic strength can prevent violation of our territory or keep the sea open to our soldiers if we need to go abroad. It is America's naval strength in the future, and

nothing else, which can ward off a blow at the United States, protect colonies, maintain commerce, or allow a single soldier to go oversea if the need comes. The army will get the advertising. It is the place of the navy—the invincible strength and future of our navy—which must be taught the people who want the United States to enjoy the guaranties of peace and protection.”

Everyone who stops to think knows that the man is right. Our eyes are upon the armies of the world. But that is because the contest is still open—seesawing this way and that. Our eyes are not on the sea power of the world because the sea power is almost a closed book. Germany is beaten because bottled. And yet, to-morrow, if her Grand Fleet came out, the news would drive all reports off the western front to the front pages. We would be re-awakened to the truth that sea power settles all—that perhaps in sixty minutes of big-gun play on the sea the world will be made again or undone and the life of the child in its crib will be remodeled. Shall we not think of sea power—and think now?

One of the authorities on Britain's sea power has pointed out that this sea power owes its growth not to a steady policy. Sea power is always being forgotten by a people, and the steady policy falls into rot. We know that too. We know how often we have allowed our sea-power policy to sink back into the hands of our bureau chiefs, and on top of that allowed some puffinhead congressmen, who do not know whether a ship is solid or hollow or whether Holland is a monarchy or the Dutch Republic, to block the navy chiefs' recommendations.

Public Opinion Builds Navies

IT would not be fair to pass on without saying that our navy organization has maintained its efficiency and that when it has made recommendations they have been worth listening to. Throughout all the struggles to produce sensible war machinery, the navy, with its bureau chiefs, has kept itself free from bragging, lectures on pacifist and sentimental piffle, boasts, promises, and politics, and is a bright enough spot in Washington to draw the admiration of every attentive business man. It is so distinguished for its simplicity and efficiency, has done so many excellent things—some of which cannot be told now—that when men like Benson, chief of operations; Taylor, chief constructor; Earle, chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, and McGowan, paymaster, who is the “business man of the navy,” have something to say, an ounce of their advice is worth some tons of congressional objection.

But in America, as in Great Britain, the growth of a navy will have its shoves, not from policy and recommendations of bureau chiefs, but only from public opinion. Hurd, the English authority, says that Brit-

ain's modern navy grew out of six distinct “panics,” and every one of these panics was created by some man who had the vision to see that the navy was the foundation of national life.

—“Real sea power lies more than ever in big ships, big guns.” On board the U.S.S. Delaware

sufficient protection against the airship menace boosted the navy again.

Navies make and save nations, “panics” make navies, citizens make “panics,” and the time is ripe now to find out whether or not our naval plans, buried in an obscurity under the national interest in our newly made army and so deeply buried that current literature is almost bare of any trace of of them, are sufficient. They must be sufficient.

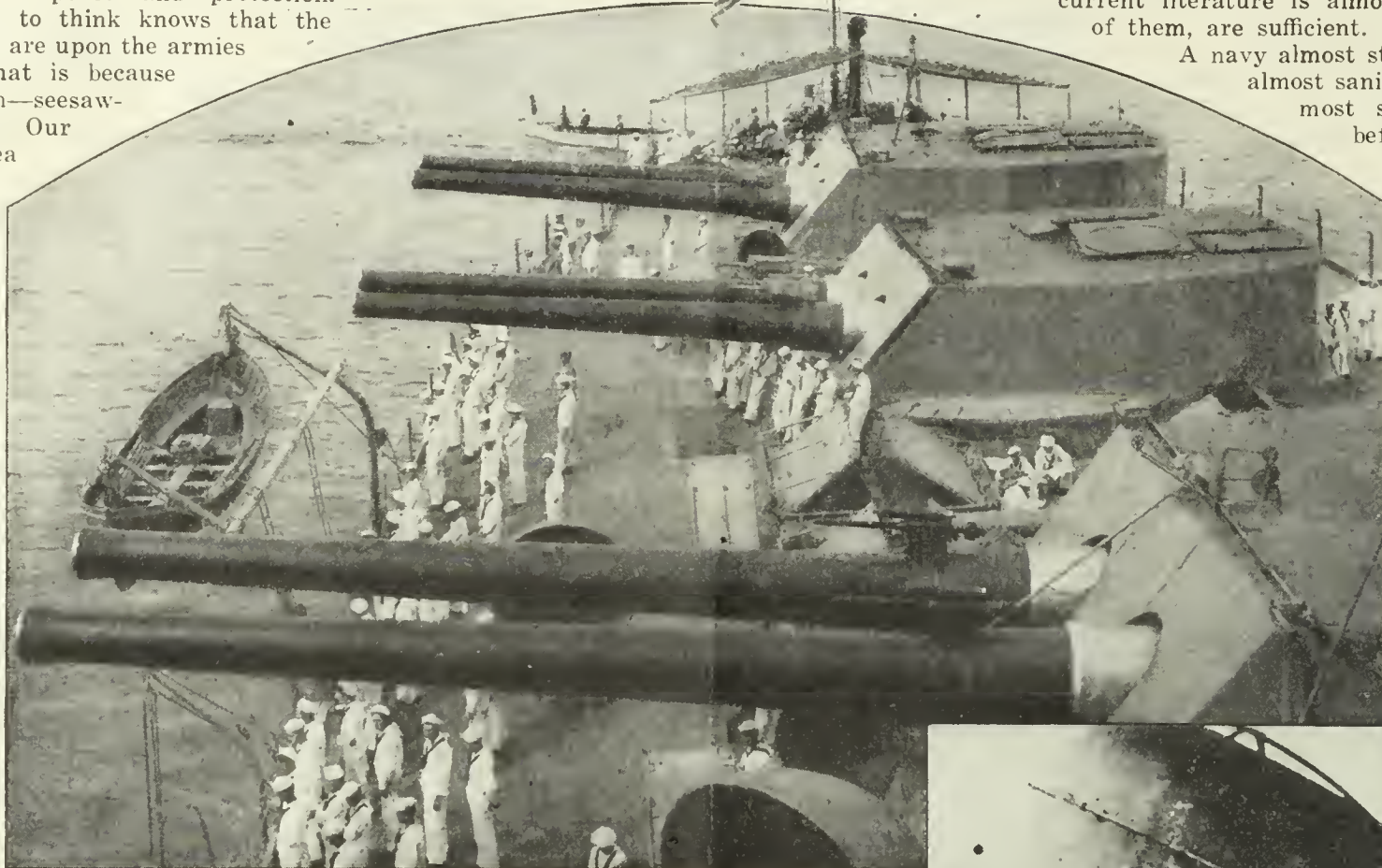
A navy almost strong enough is like food almost sanitary enough. A navy al-

most strong enough is licked before it starts, is beaten

on paper and by mathematical estimate, is “bottled in” if lucky and “battled down” if not. No navy at all is better than a navy just strong enough to cost resources and lives and not strong enough to win.

Your neighbor, awakened, will want to know what changes the war has brought about in the science of sea power, what are its lessons (Continued on p. 34)

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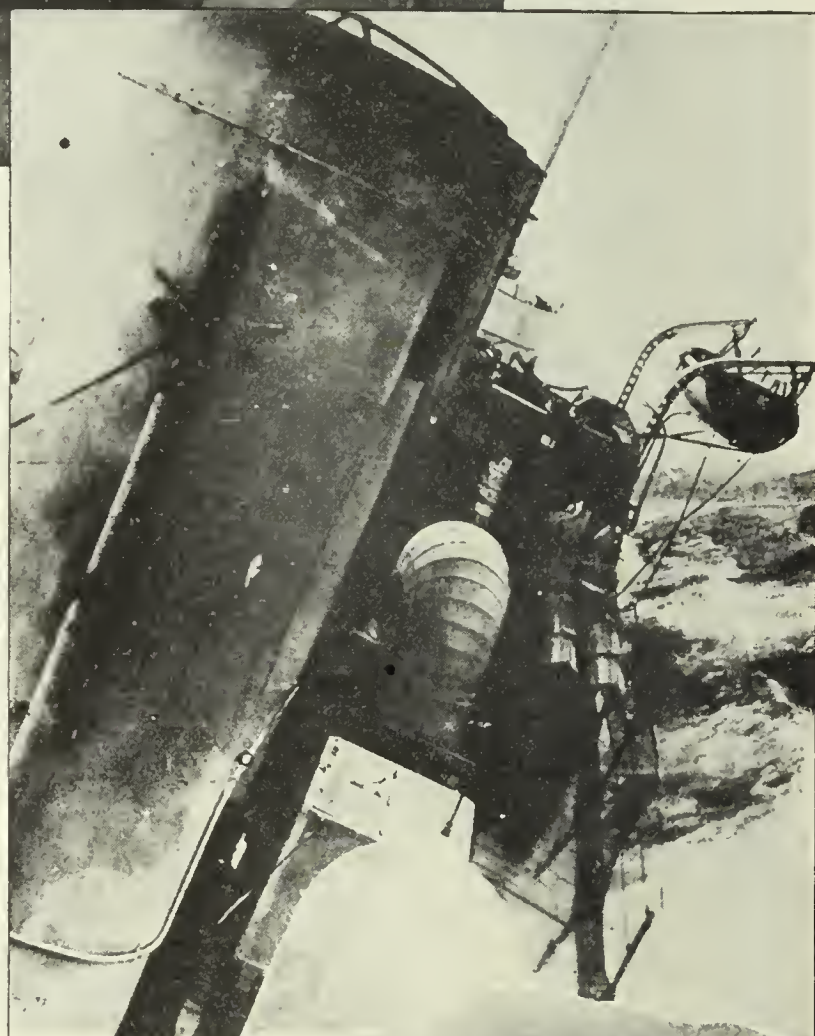


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Without these panics England to-day would be sending her children to German schools.

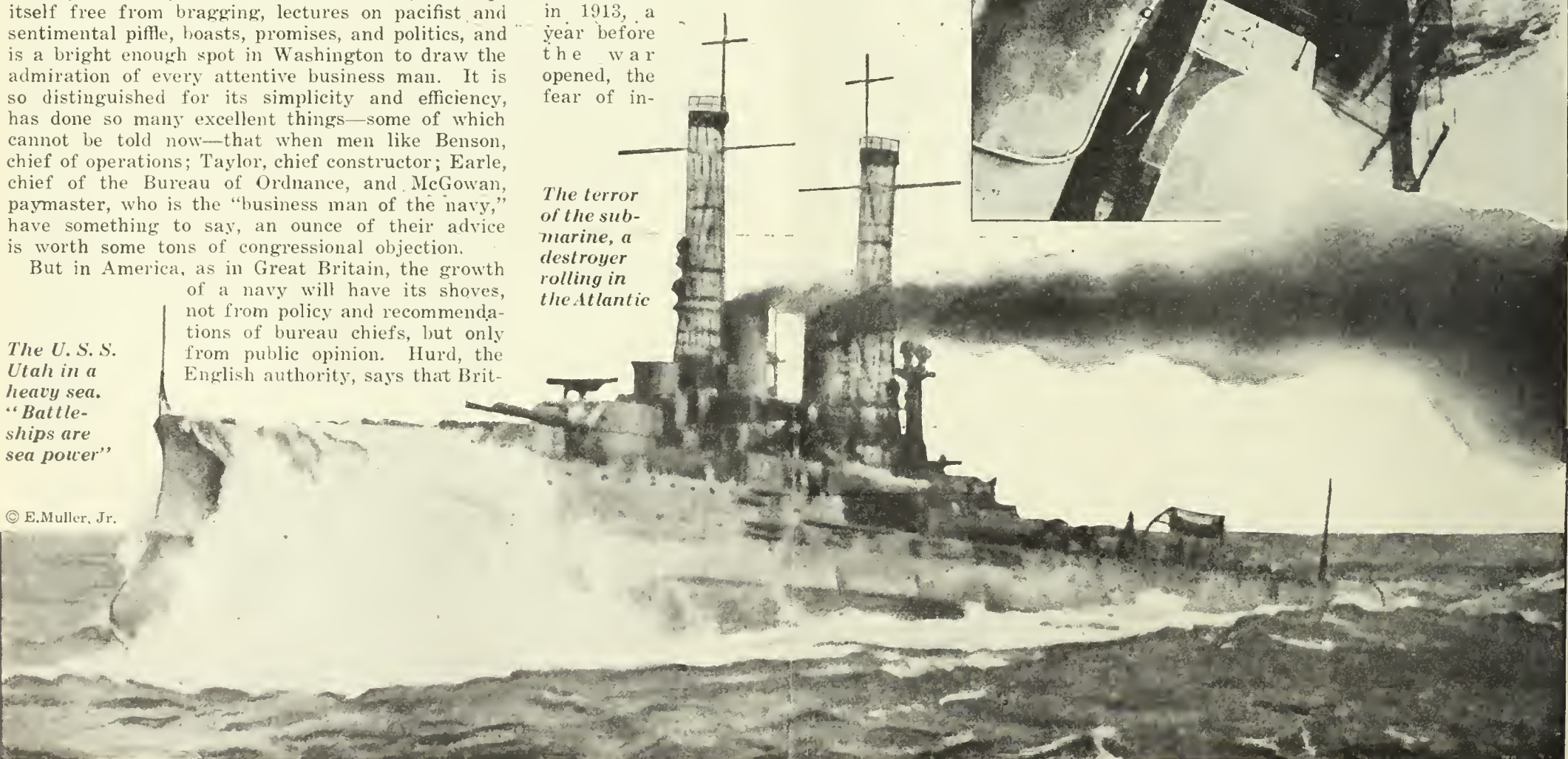
The first “panic” was made by an army man. He told England that sea power was her savior. He was something of a taster of victories on land—the Duke of Wellington. The second “panic” came in 1852, and the third from 1859 to 1861, owing to the writings and speeches of Admiral Sir Charles Napier. It was Lord Fisher, admiral of the fleet, who in 1884, with the help of W. T. Stead, the editor, exposed the weakness of the British navy. In 1909 came the “dreadnought panic,” based on the increase of size and power of Germany's battle-fleet plans, and in 1913, a year before the war opened, the fear of in-

The terror of the submarine, a destroyer rolling in the Atlantic



The U.S.S. Utah in a heavy sea. “Battle-ships are sea power”

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The "Made-in-Germany" Press Agent

BY JAMES W. GERARD

FORMER AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY

THE press agent, like the submarine, is an American invention. Like the undersea boat, too, the press agent has undergone a development at the hands of the Germans never contemplated in the purposes of the original inventors. For the Germany of to-day is a land ruled, and in a sense created, by the press agent.

The press agent of the most comprehensive type directed his energies first toward the press and then toward the minor methods of publication. In America the press agent commonly sought to have printed, or repeated, statements which would help his cause. It was commonly recognized that lies would not be put in circulation with any permanent benefit to the cause represented by the press agent. So for the most part in this country—aside from an occasional story about an actress who had lost her jewels—the facts that would aid the cause of the press agent were presented.

In Germany, however, the Government-controlled press agent creates any value his masters think best and molds public opinion literally in a way impossible in any other-country on earth.

The means or mediums through which Government-directed publicity is diffused consist in Germany of: (1) Newspapers, large and small. (2) The university professors. (3) The state-paid school-teachers. (4) The ministers. (5) The motion-picture film.

In order to realize how it is possible for the Government to keep its clutches absolutely upon all of these factors of publicity it is necessary to recall that Germany is not in any sense a representative government. The Reichstag is little more than a debating society.

The Imperial Government Says—

THERE is no future for any man who is in opposition to the Government. The owners and editors of great newspapers, in common with the rest of the country, are made to feel this. They cannot receive distinctions, make advancement, have their sons in the army or receive places of official honor, or even continue the publication of their newspapers, if they are in opposition. Their papers may be suppressed at any time for any period desired by the Government.

And so with the professors, the teachers, the ministers. If any one of them placed himself in opposition to the Government, he would first lose his place; then spies would watch him closely until he should be detected in some minute infraction of a law or regulation, when the severest punishment, which might involve his disappearance from society, would be inflicted. There is no future for such a man unless he works hand in glove with the Government. Consequently all the elements of German society which pos-

sess possibilities for the development of public opinion are slavish in their adherence to the Government.

The editors of important papers, with a very few exceptions, have made themselves mere tools for repeating what the Prussian Government wishes repeated. And those few editors who from time to time have dared to tell the truth have been made to suffer through suppression of their newspapers for varying periods.

The servile group of editors meet with members of the Government from time to time and are told just what policies they may pursue. Any mistakes in adhering to the Government's wishes are carefully pointed out.

Then, too, the newspapers are furnished throughout Germany with "news" issued by the Government. The teachers and ministers also receive carefully edited news sheets issued by the Government which

"Liberty Bonds must be purchased to the limit of the ability of everyone in this country. . . . We must continue our man power and industrial mobilization, begun through the means of other Liberty Loans."

are filled with misstatements, often plain lies, which they must diffuse through the channels of their public influence.

The motion-picture film, so treated that in subtitles and pictorial effect some Government doctrine or misstatement of fact is presented with apparent convincingness, is another means of Government publicity. The result is that the Government is in full possession of one of the best possible systems for creating public opinion.

The objects sought to be attained by this German press-agent organization are:

(1) To cause the German public to believe anything that it is the desire of the Imperial Government to have believed. (2) To influence public opinion in neutral countries. (3) To influence Germany's antagonists and to cause, if possible, dissension among them. (4) To torture mentally the prisoners of war held within Germany. (5) To stir up the national jealousies of countries not at present arrayed on the side of the Allies, for the benefit of Germany. (6) To create throughout the entire world a terror of Germany which will act as a potent ally of German arms.

Let us see how some of these aims work out in practical effect. When Germany was ready to have war come, confident that *Der Tag* was dawning and that she would start upon a speedy conquest of

the world, she decided that it was necessary to arouse among the German people hatred of the Russians.

Accordingly, orders were sent out to all of these men of publicity to arouse hate of Russia. Facts and perversions of facts were furnished from the central press bureau in Berlin in the form of a regular news service. Immediately throughout the empire, from the pages of newspapers, from pulpits and platforms and from every instrument of publicity, sounded denunciations of Russia and the Russians.

Duped but Unified

A LITTLE later, to the manifest surprise of the Government, Great Britain began to show signs of casting her lot with the nations against which Germany was waging war. Instantly the whole publicity forces of the German Empire were turned to inculcating hatred of England. The nation was worked into a frenzy. This was the period of the invention of the hymns of hate and the "Gott strafe England" craze. This latter phrase was placed upon everything German, upon printed matter, upon articles of manufacture for war and for peace purposes, and even upon stamps. A German employee of the American Embassy in Berlin was upon one occasion detected pasting these stamps upon the embassy's official correspondence. Somewhat later, when America fell under the German displeasure because of the munitions question, "und Amerika" was added to the "Gott strafe England."

Thus through the medium of press-agent publicity Germany is able to make her people think anything she desires. This is a great asset for the kind of warfare that Germany wages since it insures at her back always a duped people—but a unified people.

After Germany got well into the war the uses of these publicity mediums increased, and were developed into an intricate and subtle system of creating popular impressions. If the German arms were defeated in the west, the newspapers under master manipulations in Berlin turned to victories on the eastern front. If many Germans were killed and wounded, the newspapers throughout the empire dilated upon the number of prisoners taken by German arms.

Every check received by the German arms was artfully parried by the German publicity system. And at the same time that the newspapers got their news service, doctored by the Government, the professors, teachers, and preachers received their instructions for their own public activities.

In order to influence readers of English, if possible, to arouse a spirit of revolt in Ireland, and to torment English prisoners, the Government sustains, by the simple expedient (Continued on page 33)



Lady Larkspur

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Chapter One: The "Troops"

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"It was hard luck," said Searles, "that I should spend a year writing a play for a woman only to find that she has vanished—jumped off the earth into nowhere. This was my highest flight, Singleton, the best writing I ever did, and after the vast pains I took with the thing, the only woman I ever saw who could possibly act it is unavailable; worse than that, absolutely undiscoverable! Nobody knows I have this script; I've kept quiet about it simply because I'm not going to be forced into accepting a star I don't want. I have a feeling about this play that I never had about my other things. That girl was its inspiration. The public has been so kind to my small offerings that I'm trying to lead 'em on to the best I can do; something a little finer, more imaginative, with a touch of poetry, if you please. And now—"

He rose from his broad work table (he scorned the familiar type of desk) and glared at me as though I were responsible for his troubles. As he knew I had been flying in the French aviation corps for two years and had just been invalided home, I didn't think it necessary to establish an alibi. But I hastened to express my sympathy for his predicament. Fate had been kind to Dick Searles. In college he had written a play or two that demonstrated his talent, and after a rigid apprenticeship as scene shifter and assistant producer he had made a killing with "Let George Do It," a farce that earned enough to put him at ease and make possible an upward step into straight comedy. Even as we talked a capacity house was laughing at his skit, "Who Killed Cock Robin?" just around the corner from

his lodgings. So his story was not the invention of a rejected playwright to cover the nonappearance of a play which nobody would produce.

"Isn't it always a mistake to write a play for a particular star?" I suggested. "Seems to me I've read somewhere that that is among the besetting sins of you playwrights."

"Old stuff, my boy; but this isn't one of those cases. The person I had in mind for this play wasn't a star, but a beginner, quite unknown. It was when I was in London putting on 'Fairy Gold' that I saw her; she had a small part in a pantomime, and pantomime is the severest test of an actor's powers, you know. A little later she appeared in 'Honourable Women,' a capital play that died early, but there again I felt her peculiar charm—it was just that. Her part was a minor one, but she wore it as she might wear a glove; she was exquisite! No one ever captured my imagination as she did. I watched her night after night. I was afraid that when I heard her voice it would break the spell, and I actually shook like a man with an ague when she tripped out on the stage as the ingénue in 'Honourable Women.' And her laughter! You know how hollow the usual stage mirth is, but that girl's laugh had the joy of the lark ascending!"

"By Jove!" I ejaculated, "there's more here than appears. You're in love with the girl!"

"Rubbish," he cried impatiently. "You'll think I'm talking rot, but this girl was the visualization of a character I had dreamed of and groped after for years. That's all; but it's a whole lot, I can tell you!"

"But of course you established lines of communi-

cation and gave her a hint that you meant to write a play for her?"

"Certainly not! That would have spoiled the whole thing. It was her art, not the woman, that interested me. I didn't want to take the chance of being disillusioned. I had been through that experience, and I prefer not to meet the people who act in my pieces. I want their art, not their views on human destiny or the best place to get lobster à la Newburg."

"Let us be practical for a moment, Searles," I urged. "Emperors, presidents, and popular murderers are not more conspicuous than the people of the stage. No girl talented enough to get two engagements, even for small parts, in a first-class London theatre could vanish. With your acquaintance in the profession you'd be able to trace her anywhere on earth. By the way, what did the paragon call herself?"

"VIOLET DEWING was her stage name and the only name the managers knew her by. I assumed that, of course, all I had to do was to finish my play and then have Dalton, who represents me over there, make an appointment to read it to her; but Dalton worked for three months trying to find her, without success. She clearly wasn't the product of the provincial theatres—hadn't any of the marks. I wasn't the only person who was interested in her. Dalton said half a dozen managers had their eye on her, but after 'Honourable Women' closed she stepped into the void. I know what you're thinking—that the other members of the two companies she appeared with must have had some inkling of her

identity, but I tell you Dalton and I exhausted the possibilities. It was by accident that she got her chance in the pantomime—some one wouldn't do at the last minute, and they gave Miss Dewing a trial. She was well liked by her associates in spite of the fact that she was a bit offish and vanished from their world the minute the curtain fell."

"A clever governess out of a job, satisfying a craving for excitement and playing the mysterious rôle as part of the adventure. Am I to assume that you've burned your play and that the incident is closed?"

"Oh, I didn't burn it; I have a copy locked in a safety vault, and Dalton left one heavily sealed at a small exclusive London hotel where, he found after much difficulty, the girl had lodged during her two engagements."

"You're morbid," I said. "Show me her photograph."

He laughed ironically. "Never a chance, Singleton! You haven't yet got the idea that this young woman is out of the ordinary. She refused to be photographed—wrote it into her two contracts that this was not to be asked. I never saw her off the stage, and I can't give you a description of her that would be of the slightest assistance to the keenest detective alive. As I've tried to convey to your practical mind, it's the spirit of the girl—the spirit of comedy, that I've dramatized—not a girl you take out to supper only to find that she has no wit, no charm, or anything but a monstrous appetite for indigestible food and a silly ambition to play rôles the gods never intended her to play. In that pantomime she was a frolic, the clown's daughter, and, though nobody saw it, she was the whole piece, the elusive sprite that could evoke laughter and tears by a gesture, a lifting of the brows, a grimace. By utterly different methods in 'Honourable Women' she proved her wide range of appeal. The chap who produced 'Honourable Women' told me that after the first rehearsal Bayley, the author, begged him for God's sake to let the girl do it her own way, so as not to lose her freshness and spontaneity. Hers was the one true characterization in the piece. When Terry was in her prime you remember how we used to say that only one bird sang like that, and from paradise it flew? Well, this bird sings on the same branch! Her voice was her charm made audible! She's the most natural being I ever saw on the stage, and she can look more comedy than anybody else I ever saw act!"

"Rave some more!" I pleaded. "You never talked better in your life."

"Don't be an ass," he said sourly. "Let's forget her and take a squint at your affairs. Just what do you mean to do with yourself?"

"MY shoulder still creaks a little, and the doctors advise me to sit around for a while. They offered me some jobs in Washington, but desk work and inspection duty are too tame after a couple of years spent star climbing. The doctors tell me to cultivate repose for a few months and maybe they'll pass me into our flying corps, but they don't promise anything. I'm going up to Barton-on-the-Sound and I'll camp in the garage on my uncle's place. You remember that I built the thing myself, and the quarters are good enough for a busted veteran."

"Your uncle played you a nasty trick," interrupted Searles; "getting married and then adding to the crime by dying. You couldn't beat that for general spitefulness."

"Do you remember the immortal lines:

*"Oh, skip your dear uncle!
The Bellman exclaimed
As he angrily tingled his bell?"*

"Oh, I'm not knocking the dead!" he protested. "Mr. Bashford always struck me as a pretty decent, square sort of chap, and not at all the familiar grouchy uncle of fiction and the drama. I made notes on him from time to time with a view to building a play around him—the perfect uncle, unobtrusive, never blustering at his nephew; translating the avuncular relationship into something remote and chaste like a distant view of Mount Washington in winter. As I recall, there were only two great passions in your uncle's life—Japanese art and green turtle soup. It was just like him to retire from business on his sixtieth birthday and depart for the Orient, there to commit the shameless indiscretion of matrimony."

"Like him! It was the greatest shock of my life. To the best of my knowledge he never knew any women except the widow of his partner in the importing house. He used to dine with her now and then, and

I caught him once sending her flowers at Easter—probably an annual stunt. She was about eighty and perfectly safe. He spent twenty years in the Tyringham, the dullest and most respectable hotel in the world, and his chief recreation was a leisurely walk in the park before going to bed. You could set your clock by him. Pretty thin picking for a dramatist, I should think. He used to take me to the theatre regularly every other Thursday—it was a date—and his favorite entertainment was vaudeville with black-face embellishment preferred. You should add that to Japanese pottery and potage à la tortue. He joined the yacht club just because the green turtle at that joint is the best in New York. Yachts! He never sailed in anything but the biggest steamers, and got no fun out of that. I crossed with him twice, and he never left his bunk. But in his shy fashion he was kind and generous and mighty good to me."

"If you hadn't gone to war, but had kept right at this elbow, the marriage might have been averted," suggested Searles. "He did leave you something, didn't he?"

"Fifty thousand cash and the right to use the garage at the Barton farm. Calling it a farm is a joke; it's rocks mostly. He bought the house to have a place to store his prints and ceramics. He hated motoring except in taxis up and down town, and when I urged him to set up a machine, he told me to go ahead and buy one and build the garage. He rather sniffed at the writing I do, but told me I'd better fix up a studio in the garage and have it as a place to work in. His will provides that I may lodge in the garage for life."

"The estate footed a million, as I remember, so I can't praise his generosity. But the widow, your unknown auntie, the body snatcher who annexed the old boy—what of her?"

"I've asked the trust company people whether she's in sight anywhere, and they assure me that she is not on these shores. Torrence, the third vice president—you know Torry: he was in the class ahead of us at college, the man who never smiles—Torry seemed anxious to learn about her from me, which is certainly droll. He said she acknowledged her last remittance three months ago from Bangkok—wherever that is. Torry couldn't see that Bangkok is

so absurdly remote that the idea of a widow's strolling off there is funny. I suppose the old girl's resumed her tour of the world looking for another retired merchant to add to her list."

"Very likely. To what nation, tribe, or human group does this predatory person belong?"

"I'LL tell you all I know. Just as I was sailing for France I got a letter from Uncle Bash stating in the most businesslike fashion that he was about to be married to a lady he had met on his trip out to Japan. The dire event was to occur at the American Embassy the following day. From which I judged that my presence at the ceremony was neither expected nor desired. Oddly enough, months afterward, I picked up an English paper in a French inn that contained an announcement of the marriage in the usual advertisement form. The lady was succinctly described as Mrs. Alice Wellington Cornford, widow of the late Archibald Reynolds Cornford, Pepperharrow Road, Hants. All Torrence knows of the subsequent proceedings is what he got in official reports

of Uncle Bash's death from the consul general at Tokyo. He was buried over there, and the life insurance companies were rather fussy about the legal proof, Torry says. Whether the widow expects to come to America ultimately or will keep moving through the Orient marrying husbands and burying them, is a dark mystery. If she should turn up, the house at Barton is hers, of course, but with her roving disposition I fancy my aunt Alice wouldn't like the place. The Jap stuff is worth a bit of money, and if the lady is keen for such things and not a mere adventuress she may take it into her head one of these days to come over and inspect the loot."

"I can see the vampire," said Searles musingly, "landing at the Grand Central with enough hand luggage to fill a freight car; a big, raw-boned creature, with a horse face; a horrible mess as to clothes. You will be there to meet her, deferential, anxious to please. You will pilot her up the coast to Barton, tip the servants heavily to keep them from murdering her, and twiddle your thumbs in your garage as you await her further pleasure. By the way, are those ancient freaks still on the place—those broken-down hotel employees who were your uncle's sole experiment in philanthropy?"

"Torrence assures me that they are all very much there."

SEARLES yielded himself to laughter. "An Englishwoman with lofty ideas of domestic service would certainly enjoy a romp with that crew. I supposed the trust company had brushed them into the Sound before this."

"Oh, they are in the same class with me," I explained. "The place can't be sold till I die, and while I live they're to be harbored—about thirty of them—clothed and victualled."

"I think there's a farce in the idea, and I may try it one of these days," he said, scribbling in his notebook. "A refuge for broken-down chambermaids, venerable bell hops grown gray in the service, and the head waiter who amassed a fortune in tips and then toyed with the market once too often and lost his ill-gotten gains. What was the head waiter's name who presided with so much stateliness in the dining room of the Tyringham? I mean the white-haired chap who was so particular about the foot cushions for the nice old ladies in caps and lavender ribbons and India shawls—I think I can work him in somewhere."

"That's Antoine, who married the assistant housekeeper at the Tyringham. He's the butler and has charge of the place—a sort of commander in chief of the outfit. When I get settled I'll ask you up and you can study them all at leisure."

"Splendid! Reserve one room for me on the sunny side of the garage and I'll be up in a couple of weeks. I'm going to Ohio to-morrow for a family reunion and a look at the loved spots my infancy knew."

"You're lucky to have home folks even in Ohio," I remarked enviously.

"Well, there's always your distant auntie, cruising the seven seas in pursuit of husbands. Nobody with an aunt to his credit can pretend to be alone in the world. There is something about an aunt, Singleton! Aunts must rank

just a little below mothers in the heavenly kingdom. When I was a boy out in Ohio there were two great occasions every year in my life—one when I went to visit a grand old aunt I had in the country, the other when she visited us, arriving with a wagonload of jam, jelly, salt-rising bread, pound-cake, and other unpurchasable manna."

"Stop! or I'll call the food censor," I pleaded, picking up my hat. "Send me your copy of 'Lady Geranium' and I'll tell you whether it's a classic or not."

(Continued on page 20)



Dutch sprang to his feet, grabbing a pitchfork

The Stage Enlists

The Stage Women's War Relief was founded to stand behind the fighting men of the theatrical profession and to look after their families at home. Among other things, the organization has so far sent out 1,700,000 surgical dressings, 20,400 soldiers' kits, and 61,200 baby garments. These indefatigable actresses have also raised \$417,000 for the Red Cross, besides selling \$10,546 worth of Thrift Stamps and \$2,998,800 worth of Liberty Bonds. They need waste materials: old linen, under flannels, black sateen, and kid gloves and other waste leather. If you have any, the address is 366 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Blanche Bates recruits in the morning, rolls dressings in the afternoon, and acts in the evening. The rest of the time she just idles



If we were a soldier, and the S. W. W. R. sent us a wind-proof paper vest that Elsie Ferguson had autographed, we wouldn't wear it; we'd frame it



Carroll McComas takes castoff—er—male garments and fashions them into children's frocks. She also serves as hostess at the Sunday canteen maintained by the Stage Women's War Relief



Florence Nash raised \$12,000 in twelve weeks for the care of actor-soldiers' and sailors' families. Now she packs soldiers' kit bags at the headquarters of the S. W. W. R.



As director of the surgical dressings department of the S. W. W. R., Minnie Dupree superintends an average weekly shipment of 2,500 dressings, 600 hospital supplies, and 300 kits

Peggy O'Neil has supplied hundreds of American children with yarn and knitting needles. She teaches them to knit babies' garments for the destitute children of France and Belgium

Holland and the Great War

BY H. W. VAN LOON

SOME 16,000 British and German officers and non-commissioned officers are now the welcome guests of the Dutch nation as the result of an agreement between England and Germany. Released from the nightmare of barbed-wire fences and the threatening machine guns, they have until the final day of peace to recover from the long agony of their detention in a hostile prison camp.

It was a cold night in January when we traveled to the frontier to call for the first group of released prisoners. The train was slow (for there is little coal left in Holland). The train was not heated (for the selfsame reason). A low light flickered and accentuated the darkness of the fields outside. The country population had gone to sleep long ago. The Dutch farmers have no gas nor oil nor candles, and they take to their beds when the wintry sun ceases his labors of cheerless illumination.

Next morning at 10.47 punctually the German train arrived at the small, well-defended town of Venlo. Then there appeared from a first-class carriage a tall German officer—a long gray coat, a spiked helmet, patent-leather boots; an example of what the Fatherland calls "correct." Poor man, I am here to relate facts, and neither my inexperienced eye nor that of any of the doctors present gave him more than a couple of weeks to live! Some internal disease was causing his eyes to burn with a strange fire. He was a handsome fellow. He held himself as straight as a rod. Unto the very last he was going to do his duty. But he moved solely through the power of his will. The actual force of life was gone. After him there descended two younger lieutenants. The trio halted in front of the Dutch commander, clicked their heels, and bowed. The Dutch commander clicked his heels, and he and his aids bowed in response. Then the German colonel (for such he was) stepped forward, clicked his heels once more, and presented his two subordinates. Then the Dutch commander went through the same ceremony. Then (oh, blessed Deity of the Sacred Red Tape!) there was a sheaf of papers to be signed. Human invoices. The Imperial German Government delivered into the hands of the Royal Netherlands Government four-hundred-and-so-many prisoners of war in fairly good state of health and without visible defects. The Royal Netherlands Government receipted the bill. Duplicates were signed. Then the formalities ended. But meanwhile a scene of the ever-present "human comedy" had been enacted upon our little stage, and this is the way it came to pass.

Women Spat at Them

WHILE all these papers were being signed and while some fountain pens refused to write, while others spread their enthusiastic ink across the valuable white gloves (kid is getting scarce) of the sons of Mars, the British prisoners were forced to stay inside the railway carriages, guarded as before by spiked helmets and fixed bayonets. And the four-hundred - and - so - many men showed by their puzzled looks that all was not quite well with them. They belonged to a nation with which Holland had no quarrel. Yet during the great conflict the small neutral state had suffered greatly at the hands of her powerful neighbor across the North Sea. Of this the British prisoners had been duly informed. Indeed, the last week before their sudden departure (none of them had known that they were to be released) had been filled with serious rumors of an approaching break between England and Holland. Wherefore inside the stuffy railway carriages there was doubt and a grave suspicion that a voyage to Holland might mean a change of prisons and nothing else. Now they were actually in the land of liberty. What fate awaited them there?

Hendrik Willem Van Loon is a Hollander by birth and a journalist and historian by profession. He was an Associated Press correspondent in Belgium and went through the siege of Antwerp. Mr. Van Loon spent most of last year in Holland, and this article is based on his observations made at that time.—THE EDITOR.

In a moment they had their answer. Of these four-hundred-and-so-many men not a single one had seen a woman smile for almost four years. They had been despised enemies in a hostile country. Women had spat at them. Women had jeered at them. Women had turned their backs upon them with the cold disgust of utter contempt. Suddenly, however, a miracle happened. One of the men looked at a young girl. *She smiled.* Like the ripple of a summer's breeze across the tranquil waves of a wooded lake, a look of happy surprise spread across the faces of the eager young fellows. They knew that they had come home.

Three days later we were back in Venlo. Our first trainload had been safely conducted to The Hague. This time our train moved even more slowly than before. It carried a burden of pain—the backwash of the Great War, released to go home and die. Once more the ceremonial of an official transfer. But now there were no spiked helmets and swords, but the soft cap of the doctor and the blue gown of the sister of mercy. No cheerful tunes played upon improvised instruments. Silence, except for little interchanges of human sympathy.

So they come and so they go. Week after week and month after month. The sound ones stay behind in Holland to be detained there until the end of the war. The sick ones, the blind boys, the poor victims of shell shock, gas, and nerves are booked for home. Twice every fortnight a small flotilla of ships, snow-white except for a broad line of demarcation, leaves the lonely harbor of Rotterdam. Through the mine fields of the North Sea they carry the wounded soldiers and civilians to a British port. After a few days they return with maimed Germans. The same train which has carried their English fellow sufferers to Holland now is filled with the burden of German wounded. After five hours they can see the triumphal arch of the nearest home



She smiled. A look of happy surprise spread across the faces of the eager young fellows. They knew they had come "home"

village, the reward for their years of drudgery, hunger, and suffering.

Who in the time to come shall write the epic of the neutral frontier during the Great War? Who shall tell of the sublime sacrifice, the meanness of spirit, the high courage, and the sneaking cowardice displayed along this imaginary line where the smuggler reaps his profits and the deserter makes his sudden leap for freedom?

The deserter is a very sad element in the drama of the frontier. The wounded soldier and the prisoner of war are both heroic and pathetic. The deserter is merely tragic. He is despised of friends and enemy.

To handle these unwelcome guests the Dutch Government has established a chain of clearing houses for both German deserters and Russian war prisoners. I ought to mention the Russian prisoners first. They offer the comic relief without which life along the frontier would be too depressing. They escape into Holland by platoons and by regiments. As there is no way of shipping them home, they threaten to become a veritable menace to the orderly peace of the land.

The Slavs Pour In

ABOUT three years ago, when the war was still interesting, a friend of ours in the good town of Rotterdam was so struck by the arrival of the one-thousandth Russian prisoner that he promised a gold watch and a suitable inscription to No. 2,000 and No. 3,000 and No. 4,000 and so on, until the end of the war—a sort of premium to encourage the good work of wholesale escape. He shared our common

belief that the war would last only a short time, and he hoped that his gold watches might strengthen the relations between Holland and Russia when peace should have been declared. When I left Holland in February my friend was buying his seventh watch, and still the Russians came pouring in. No. 6,000 had been the most decrepit and forlorn-looking Tatar who had ever left the hinterland of Turkestan. He was delighted with his watch. Unfortunately he had never learned to read the clock.

The German deserter, on the other hand, is not received with a gift of watches and complimentary remarks. Instead he is taken politely but firmly, and is interned for sixteen days. After that he is given the freedom of the country and can move wherever he cares to go.

The reason for this policy is clear. In the first place, the Dutch Government wants to keep disease away from its frontiers, and many of the men who break away from the German army are in a miserable physical condition. In the second place, the Dutch General Staff (together with the Swiss, the best-informed of the European armies) uses these deserters for the purpose of gathering information.

Under the stress of their emotions and the hardships of their flight, they will tell everything they know. After a week or ten days a reaction sets in. They begin to feel ashamed of what they have done. They refuse to talk. When they are released and fall into the hands of the Secret Service of the Allies, they are apt to relate the most improbable fairy stories to cover the track of their own escape. I remember, in particular, a visit to such a camp in southern Limburg—a most dreary spot, just a thousand miles beyond St. Helena: on all sides the flat heath and the cold east wind and high snow banks. The place made you think of George Kennan's tales of Siberia. In the middle of a large area, surrounded by barbed-wire fences, there stood a small stone house. There the commander of the camp and the doctor lived. First of all we paid our respects to the doctor. For almost four years I had been on the outskirts of the war. Misery had become a daily routine to be dismissed with a reference to "kismet," the handy Arabic equivalent for it-is-all-in-the-day's-work. But the sight of this good doctor made me use language which ought not to go into print. What else can you do when suddenly in the midst of this desolate wilderness you meet a gentleman of the most exquisite manners and of international repute, buried alive in a forgotten corner of a lonely frontier district? I will tell you his story. It is commonplace enough at the present time.

A Man Without a Country

THE doctor was an Austrian. He had always lived in Paris, where he had been the head of a very important clinic. He had married a Frenchwoman. His sons were fighting in the French army. But the war had driven him from Paris. Penniless, he had reached Holland. He could not return to Austria because he had lost his citizenship. Besides, he did not want to leave his wife. This I could well understand. She was a most courageous and charming person who had turned their old barracks into a cheerful home. Therefore he had stayed in Holland. "And," as he said, "although I held no Dutch degrees, the Dutch Government has most generously given me employment and has appointed me to this post." I apologized because the Government had not been able to do more for him.

"My dear sir," he answered, "what more could they have done? We have our daily bread. We have a roof over our heads. We ought to be deeply grateful."

Then he told me about his deserters and of the different classes of men that came to him. In the first place, there were the criminals. Usually they were recognized as such by the Dutch police and were clapped in jail. Then there were the weak brethren and ne'er-do-wells who could not stand the

routine of army life. These two categories were comparatively small. The majority of the deserters were men of an emotional nature. They never forgot the sight of their killed and wounded comrades. They suffered agonies every time they heard a gun fired. They began to brood. Finally they found themselves before the choice of suicide or desertion. Some actually killed themselves. Others ran away to Holland. After this theoretical introduction to the subject the doctor sent for an officer and asked him to show us around.

Faithful Germans at Heart

THAT morning some sixty men had been taken to Amsterdam. The camp contained only a few dozen, but they were a fair sample of what you may see in such places at any time. There were young boys who ought to have been at school. There were old men who ought to have been pensioned long ago. Most of them, however, were the usual type of soldier running from twenty to thirty-five years of age. They had arrived during the night and in the morning and still reeked of the soap and the disinfectants with which the Dutch officials had greeted them. They wore a nondescript garb composed of old parts of their German uniforms and new pieces of Dutch civilian clothing. None of them showed any outward physical defects.

But, good Heavens, the way they looked at us! This war has had a curious effect upon the eyes of people. There are the wandering eyes of the men who have been under heavy fire until the strain has almost killed them.

There are the haunting eyes of the men who have suffered the unspeakable agony of a long series of surgical operations. But in the eyes of these deserters there was still a different look. It is not easy to describe.

At heart they were all faithful Germans. Empire, State, and Duty have a mighty hold upon the German soul. To renounce this trinity for all time is like breaking all the ties which bind us to family and friends. Yet that is what these men had just done. The most important chapter of their lives had been closed. For many there never would be another. It meant the end of all things.

They sat together in a large and comfortable room. They sat around a wooden table and played checkers.

Discipline is discipline. When we entered there was a sharp command by the first soldier who noticed us, and they all stood at attention. Then they answered questions. "Where are you from?" They were from every corner of the empire. "Where did you desert?" They could not stand it any longer, and then came the minute description of the Battle of Vimy or the campaign of the Russian plains or the story of a wife and children

starving at home. "Have your people had enough of this war?"

"Oh, God! We Germans all want it to stop to-day."

"Then why don't you stop it?"

A shrug of the shoulders, a hopeless "How can we?" and the eternal excuse: "Discipline is still too strong." We left them, and they returned to their checkers. When we were back in the open air the Dutch officer said: "Just step this way for a moment." He took us to a little garden. Out of red, white, and black pebbles a row of little German flags had been fashioned by the clumsy fingers of a child, as it seemed. But it was not a child that had been at work here. It was a full-grown man, and the officer told us about him.

"He was a splendid fellow and looked like a first-class soldier, but in an absolute state of collapse. He used to argue with us about the war. It was wicked. When we agreed to this and blamed the almighty War Lord he would bristle with anger and defend his Emperor. He vowed that he would kill his own officers before he would shoot another enemy. But he begged that he might keep a postal card with a picture of Hindenburg. A few days ago I saw him in this garden busily digging for pebbles. The next morning I found these little flags. That same afternoon he escaped, ran across the frontier, and went back to his own country."

"And he will be shot?"

"Oh, no. That would be so much waste. They will put him in the front trenches. The result will be the same, but he dies doing something useful for the Fatherland."

"They are a strange people," said my traveling companion.

"A very strange people," said the officer.

Queer Customers

THE night before I left for America we were having dinner in a restaurant at The Hague. It was a motley company: English officers, captives since the days of Mons, getting their first taste of decently cooked food, after three years of prison grub; at the next table, Von Mueller, the mythical commander of the even more mythical *Emden*; next to him some aviators, fresh from the sky and rather bewildered by the rapid progress from the battle field to hors d'œuvres in a Dutch hotel; farther on the gloomy faces of two Italian secretaries, wondering and wondering about Caporetto, and whether the Piave line would hold; next the Russian minister (old style), no more certain of his position than the ladies he was entertaining; next a lone Montenegrin; next a Spaniard looking after American interests in Germany; next a Frenchman telling (Continued on page 33)



So they come and go—the sound ones remaining behind, the sick booked for home

Fine and Dandy

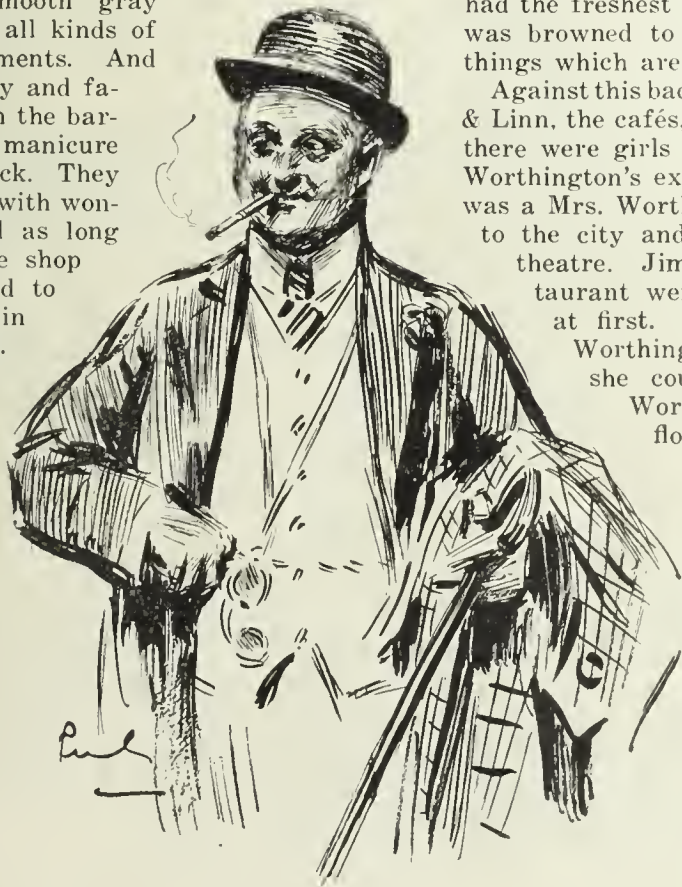
BY OSCAR GRAEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

THE average office from one point of view is the strangest place in the world. For here, within the narrow confines of a few walls, a man may spend more waking hours with certain of his fellow men than he does with his own wife and children, and yet in many cases know as little about them personally as he does about the lives of natives of Ecuador, or Tibet, or other strange, obscure spots on the earth's surface. Their whims and their follies, the things they eat for breakfast and dinner, their virtues and their vices—the entire ebb and flow of their real lives away from typewriter and desk—are as an unread book to him, a book of which he sees only the cover, worn and a bit shabby.

This may seem an unfitting introduction for these few incidents snatched from the life of John James Worthington and set down here for your edification. In a way everybody knew John James so well. Everybody called him Jim. He was that sort—a large, robust, smiling individual exuding friendliness, traveling about in an aura of contagious cordiality which was irresistible. "How are you, Jim?" men whom he had met but once would shout at him as he passed them in the street. And "Fine and dandy!" he'd shout back at them. Fine and dandy! The phrase expresses him, expresses at once his creed and his philosophy. There was nothing subtle about Jim. He never had, I imagine, an introspective moment. He lived very frankly and without pretense for the pleasures that his day and age spread before him. Yes, in a way, everyone did know Jim. And yet not a soul knew of the tragedy and pathos of him. It was not even known in the office, so far as I can gather, that he had a son.

JIM was the star solicitor of the advertising agency of Fairweather & Linn, Inc. And he was as spoilt and babied as any star of the stage or screen. He was the one man allowed to light a cigarette in the office whenever the desire assailed him, although smoking during office hours was strictly taboo. And he was also of the few permitted to call Mr. Fairweather by his first name. In appearance Jim was of a type common enough among the glorified ranks of the successful. To say that he looked like a twenty-thousand-dollar-a-year salesman in itself describes him with some degree of accuracy. You know—large, breezy, rather sleek and rounded as to surfaces, surfaces fortunately kept within restraint beneath expensive woollens of fairly pronounced weaves. He was the kind of man who spends an inordinate amount of time in the barber shop having the tough rosy glow of his cheeks refurbished and his smooth gray hair pomaded with all kinds of sweet-smelling ointments. And he was very friendly and familiar, not only with the barber but with the manicure girl and the bootblack. They hopped around Jim with wonderful celerity, and as long as he stayed in the shop their eyes seemed to linger upon him in worshipful timidity. He fascinated their kind; he was so big, so full of virility, and he distributed his silver with such a lavish hand. Around restaurants too—the noisy, crowded, glittering restaurants of Broadway—he was known and worshiped. His entrance in the doorway was a signal for the head waiter to come forward and



"Fine and Dandy!"



Jim just sat there, looking dazed and a bit frightened

bow in that slightly unpleasant, tremendously ingratiating way which only head waiters seem to master. And the waiters made frantic efforts to have him ushered to their tables. Jim was a salesman of the old school—none of these cold, modern, scientific methods of selling for him. I remember once when he was trying to get the Thistledown Soap account we had prepared for him an elaborate set of charts and analyses showing exactly the markets the company could develop through proper advertising. Jim went in with them before a board of directors and became hopelessly muddled in his maze of charts. The order was as good as lost. Then Jim viciously tore up the charts and analyses, sailed in on the president unarmed, took him out to dinner—and got the order! That was his way of working. He secured business with his smile, with his ingenuous homespun honesty, his hail-fellow-well-met, back-slapping vigor and, when necessary, by entertaining men, introducing them into the Babylonian intricacies of New York. Jim rather prided himself on certain phases of life in New York known only to those who have the money to make an art of the thing. He knew where the filet of sole à la Marguery was most exquisite and where the oysters had the freshest tang of the sea and where the duck was browned to its crispest. He also knew other things which are not so pleasant to write about.

Against this background—the office of Fairweather & Linn, the cafés, the restaurants, the theatres where there were girls and music—the major part of Jim Worthington's existence was passed. And yet there was a Mrs. Worthington. Once in a while she came to the city and Jim took her to dinner and the theatre. Jim's friends meeting them in a restaurant were apt to be a little embarrassed at first. One couldn't be sure about Mrs. Worthington. One didn't know whether she could be addressed safely as Mrs. Worthington or not. She was a large, florid creature, usually dressed in some astonishing costume that bowled one over with its display of silk and feathers and furs; and there was a medley of multi-colored rings on her fingers and bits of jewelry stuck here and there all over her large person. Her first name, as I remember it, was Flora. She was amazingly content with Jim. They had a house in a New Jersey suburb where the residents were inclined to turn up their noses at Mrs. Jim; nevertheless she managed to lead a happy, indolent life there with a colored maid and a small white dog to

keep her company. Her ecstasy of rapture was reached when, on Saturday nights not otherwise occupied, Jim arrived home early and drove her in his large, lemon-colored car to a road house overlooking the Hudson where they met congenial comrades and stayed until the lights went out, eating and drinking and laughing stridently in voices that pealed over the quiet river and sank ricocheting to its dark depths far below.

So that was Jim Worthington as we knew him—the worn, rather shabby, rather disreputable cover of his book of life. And some of us, knowing these things, despised him a little or ridiculed him, feeling our vast superiority in birth and breeding, in morals and manners. And then suddenly one day the book fell open before our astonished eyes.

IT was to little Billy Dow that Jim made the first revelation. It would be harder to imagine a greater contrast to Jim than little Billy. The latter commanded a good salary at Fairweather & Linn's because he understood and loved machinery and could write about it with a certain metallic brilliancy. He was a tight, close-grained, little man with a whole lot of close-fisted shrewdness which he had inherited from his Scotch forbears. In every way he was the antithesis of Jim. He had a wife and three or four young children who, as it happened, also lived in the same New Jersey suburb as the Worthingtons, but in the less pretentious part down near the railroad. But while Jim was carousing around New York, Billy was working in his garden. His beans and his potatoes, his cabbages and tomatoes were a passion with Billy. Every afternoon he hurried away on the stroke of five, and one could imagine him scurrying along, running for street cars, chafing at even the most trivial delay that kept him from that precious garden of his. Besides his garden he had one other passion, and that was his younger brother. He was inordinately proud of his younger brother, who, he took pains to let us all know, was a first lieutenant at Camp Upton.

"I can't go on account of Ruth and the children," little Billy would explain, "but at least I can feel the Dow family will be well represented with Donald to fight for us."

Jim Worthington wasn't in the office very much; like the other solicitors, he had to be on the "outside" most of the time. Besides, he occupied a higher plane than the common run of us. For these reasons he did not hear all the gossip of the place. But it would have been impossible for him to avoid hearing about little Billy's younger brother.

And one day he dropped his six feet of pampered flesh into the chair beside Billy's desk.

"I hear you have a brother at Upton," he said. "Sure; he's a first lieutenant," answered Billy. "How do they treat the boys down there? The pri-



vates?" asked Jim. "Have they got everything they want—I mean, in the way of food and clothes and cigars and everything?"

"Oh, certainly, they treat 'em fine!" enthused little Billy. And he proceeded to divulge particulars. You couldn't ask him anything about Upton that he didn't know. Didn't he have a brother down there and that brother a first lieutenant? He plunged into a long and detailed account of the routine of life at the camp. He concluded it by saying: "Of course there are some luxuries that the fellows haven't got that you can send 'em if you want—tobacco, for instance. The best thing to send 'em is money—that is, if you know the fellow well enough. Then he can buy whatever he wants and blow himself occasionally to a dinner at the hotel they've got down there. You know, even privates can eat at that hotel if they've got the price."

Jim Worthington, as Billy described it afterward, took all this in with peculiar avidity. Billy, when he considered the thing afterward, could not help but feel how extraordinary it was that Jim devoured so eagerly every scrap of information. After a little pause Jim said: "I wonder if you could get that brother of yours to do something for me. There's a fellow down there in Company H that I'd like to help. But he won't take anything if he knows it comes from me. Couldn't I give you a hundred dollars to send to your brother and then have him look up this boy and give it to him, just saying a friend sent it?"

Billy was a bit thunderstruck. A hundred dollars from an anonymous well-wisher. It didn't seem plausible somehow. "Why, the fellow, whoever he is, wouldn't take that," he protested, "without wanting to know something about where it came from. What's the reason you can't let him know it's from you?"

"I told you," said Jim impatiently, "that he wouldn't accept it if he knew it came from me."

Billy shook his head. "Well, I don't see how you can get away with it otherwise. Maybe you could make up a package of things—tobacco, chocolate, whatever you wish. Then we could send that to him as if it came from the Red Cross or some other organization. It would surprise him a little to be singled out in that way for a present, but I suppose he'd be glad to get it."

Jim sighed. "Well, maybe we'll have to be content with that to start with. Will you get the package together for me? I guess you know better what to send than I do." He took a fat roll of bills from his pocket and peeled off a yellowback, slapping it down on the desk before little Billy.

"But what's this fellow's name?" asked Billy.

"Dick Worthington."

"Oh, a relative of yours?"

"My boy," said Jim, and moved away, leaving little Billy gazing after him in open-mouthed consternation.

ALTHOUGH Jim Worthington had not asked little Billy to keep the thing confidential, I suppose in strict honor he should have done so. But it was too much to ask of him. There was a little group of us who lunched together and talked shop, especially the gossip of the shop, and among us existed the keenest rivalry in the way of purveying the newest rumor and the latest news. One day when we were lunching at Jay's little Billy told us the amazing fact that Jim had a son at Upton and that for some mysterious reason the son would receive nothing from the father.

"The thing is simple," said Dubuque, the elegant. "The boy doesn't approve of the old man. Can you blame him?"

Dubuque is our sole representative of the people who dine at Sherry's and go to the opera as a matter of course on the nights when Caruso does not sing. He worked at Fairweather & Linn's because something had happened to his father's finances, and also because he could write the best letter in the world. His letters, tactful and exquisite, smoothed

out the disputes with our clients as a hot iron smooths a thin white cloth. Rather a snob was Dubuque when he got on certain subjects, but otherwise an awfully good fellow.

"Do you suppose he's the son of that awful Flora person?" asked Wallie Johnson.

"Oh, no!" said little Billy emphatically.

But he could give no reason for his conviction when pressed to do so.



They met congenial comrades and stayed until the lights went out

And yet, somehow, none of us did think he was the son of Flora. I don't know just why. No, the mystery without knowing more of the facts was quite indecipherable. We could conjecture all sorts of explanations, but none of us, except perhaps Dubuque, had even the remotest idea of the true one, which Jim himself gave me a few days later—or which, perhaps I should more truthfully say, I surprised him into revealing that night I met him prowling about the Pennsylvania Station waiting room.

I HAPPEDED to be there because I had taken my wife's maiden aunt, who had been visiting us, to her train. As she descended the long steps and I turned away I saw the unmistakable figure of Jim Worthington hovering around the entrance to the men's smoking room. I watched him for a minute. He seemed vaguely to be looking for some one. And if you could ever imagine that large man whose very appearance cried his prosperity looking dejected and slightly pathetic, he did in that glimpse I had of him. I walked toward him, but he eluded me, slipping in some miraculous fashion his huge bulk around a doorway. But inside the smoking room I caught sight of him again. He had taken a seat beside a soldier, and presently I saw Jim force some money into his reluctant hand. His heavy bass voice, reduced to what he evidently thought a whisper, came booming across to me: "Yes, you've got to take it, sonny. This is no place to spend the night."

When he arose he saw me standing there, and for a moment he quite obviously had the intention of escaping again without speaking to me. He seemed a little ashamed, in fact, at being caught red-handed in doing an exceptionally decent thing. But, presently, seeing that I had him cornered, he advanced upon me and said: "What are you doing here at this time of night, Arthur? Hot, ain't it? Come along with me and I'll buy you a long cool one."

Accordingly we walked out of the station together and across, past the litter of steps and board walk where they're building the new Pennsylvania Hotel, to the café of a hotel on Broadway. Jim led the way to a cushioned seat in one corner and, mopping his forehead with his large handkerchief, laid his hat on the seat beside him, pulled the small white table close to his bulging rotundity, and uttered a grunt of profound weariness. Presently two tall glasses, clinking with ice, were before us, and I said:

"I had a perfectly valid reason for being at the station, Jim, but what were you doing?"

"Oh, I just happened to be there," he answered evasively, and then in a burst of indignation: "It's a damned shame to have those young fellows sleeping around stations at night because they haven't any money and don't know where to go. I didn't believe it until I looked into the matter myself. There's a lot of places where they can go, of course, but either they don't know where they are or they're too proud to accept anything free. Kids are funny that way, ain't they—our fine young American kids?"

Somehow this was a new light in which to see Jim Worthington—playing philanthropist and friend to a lot of young soldiers and sailors stranded in the city. It made me a little ashamed of the way I had felt about Jim at times.

"It's awfully decent of you to do this, Jim," I said by way of expiation.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I can't claim any credit for it. I just drifted into it. I sort of got to hanging around the Pennsylvania Station watching the boys go in and out, and when I realized that some of 'em were sleeping there because they had no place to go I fixed up those that would let me.

Any fellow would have done that much."

"But how in the world did you get in the habit of hanging around the Pennsylvania Station?" I asked, although, knowing of his conversation with little Billy, some inkling of the truth had begun to creep upon me.

He did not answer for a time. He seemed to be communing within himself. And yet it was quite evident that he wanted to tell his story to some one. You could see him fighting back the desire,

and the need of giving expression to his worries slowly getting the better of his reluctance. Presently he gave me a long, searching scrutiny as if he were weighing my interest and my integrity. He was, it was plain, so morbidly afraid of betraying himself to one who would ridicule his sentiments or make light of them. And it was curious to see this man of a hard and relentless world now himself placed on the rack. "Well," he said at last, "you see, I've got a boy down there at Camp Upton."

Little Dow, of course, had already told me this, but I pretended a fair amount of surprise. "But that doesn't explain why you hang around the Pennsylvania Station until almost midnight," I said.

"No, that doesn't explain it," he agreed heavily, and then with a flare of impatience at my density: "Oh, damn it, can't you get it? I thought maybe I might see him some time. He's got to pass through that station one time or another."

"But don't you see him when he's on leave or couldn't you go down there to see him?"

"No, I never see him," he answered, as if that explained everything.

We watched for a time a party of men at a neighboring table. They were laughing heartily at some joke with the frank masculine abandon that one sees somehow only in a barroom. Then one of the men, looking up, caught Jim's eye. "Hello, how are you, Jim?" he shouted. And Jim, pulling himself together, mustered up that buoyant cordiality which was part of his stock in trade and shouted back: "Fine and dandy!"

But when he turned to me his face had fallen into somber lines again: "I can't go into a place of this kind in New York," he said, "without meeting some one I know. This is my life. And that's why my kid hasn't any use for me."

"But why?" I asked, this time frankly puzzled.

Jim signaled to the waiter. "Let's have another drink," he said, "and I'll tell you about it."

"I WAS born in a little town up New York State," he began, swishing the liquid around in his glass while his eyes regarded it pensively—"one of those little towns where everybody knows everybody else, and where a fellow begins to go around with the girl he's going to marry as soon as—as soon as he begins to think of things like that. Well, it was that way with Blanche and me. I don't suppose we'd have ever married if it hadn't been that there were so few young folks (Continued on page 30)

"The Three Musketeers"

(Inspired by a sketch under the same title, drawn by Lieutenant Herbert Morton Stoops)

BY DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. JOHN

"AN' now," observed Private Sykes sententiously, "a 'avin' been deserted by the armies o' three great nations, it devolves on us to find ways an' means o' becomin' somethin' besides casoolties!"

He regarded his two companions with that satirical gravity which rarely deserts the British soldier, exhumed the stump of a Woodbine from his steel helmet, a match from his pocket, found himself a more comfortable posture, and smoked tranquilly.

"The council," he announced in the same tone, "is now sittin', an' I shall be glad to receive your vallyble suggestions. As it seems likely the council will continue sittin' for some time, there ain't no special rush. Take yer time!"

His two companions made no immediate response. One of them, a short, dark man with a black mustache, answered with a flashing smile of unruffled good nature, produced a large cake of chocolate from the skirt of his long blue coat and began the nice division of it into three portions of equal size. The third man, whose brown uniform was a shade lighter than that of the Briton, whose helmet was of a slightly different pattern, and whose legs were encased in canvas leggings instead of spiral puttees, paid no attention. He was crouching with his back toward the other two, one hand still gripping the stock of his rifle so hard that the knuckles showed white, his face lifted above the pile of broken bricks and mortar which sheltered them, intent on something in the distance.

Sykes considered the activities of the Frenchman with marked approval. "Now that," he declared with enthusiasm, "is wot I calls keepin' the supplies up with the front! Ongree, I 'ereby appoint you quartermaster general for the bloomin' campaign!"

Again the blue-clad Frenchman smiled as he held out one of the slabs of chocolate.

"Eet ees good to eat, yes?" he asked.

"Good!" repeated Sykes. "W'y, Ongree, with yer limited supply o' langwidge, yer can't pawisibly do justice to the sitooation!"

Being at once a strict economist and something of an epicure, Sykes carefully pinched out the fire of his cigarette that the precious smoke might come fitly after the meal instead of in advance of it.

"This 'ere fag," he said, "is now on its fourth hinstallment! I 'ates to finish it. Too much like buryin' a friend." He set his teeth in the chocolate with great satisfaction. The Frenchman whom Sykes had christened "Henri" indicated their companion with a quick thrust of the shoulder.

"Le monsieur là?" he questioned.

Sykes put down his food. "O' course!" he exclaimed in a repentant tone.

then, raising his voice slightly: "'Ere, Bill, dinner's served!"

The American turned quickly, showing beneath the brim of the steel helmet a lean, tanned, boyish face with a straight mouth and a pair of blue eyes. The features were strained and set, the eyes burned.

"I'm not hungry," he said shortly, and turned away again.

Sykes favored Henri with a wink of huge proportions, then addressed the American's back.

"Got a snack o' yer own, Bill?" he asked.

"No."

"Just wot I thought. Threw it away, most like, so yer could carry more cartridges! Maybe yer ain't 'ungry now, but yer will be. Wot's more, if yer don't eat yer share, it puts a 'eavy strain on me an' Ongree. We 'as to sit an' look at yer grub without eatin' it. Ain't I right, Ongree?"

"Mais ouï!" Henri agreed cheerfully.

"There!" exclaimed Sykes in triumph.

"I don't want it," repeated the American without turning.

Sykes looked pained, then grunted with indifference. His companion leaned forward, picked up the third piece of chocolate, and put it in his pocket. Sykes nodded approval, and the two veterans made their slight meal in silence while Bill continued to stare into the distance, one hand still gripping the stock of his Enfield.

THE situation in which the trio found themselves was one by no means unusual in a war which deals only in huge numbers, huge blows, huge results, and does not pause to take account of individuals and small groups. They had belonged to three different raiding parties

whose spheres of activity had overlapped. Three simultaneous raids, all rather hotly pushed, had convinced the foe that a serious attack was gathering, and a sharp action, where none had been intended, had been fought over a five-mile front. As is frequently the case in such affairs, the general results had been indecisive. But in the prevailing confusion some fragments of the original raiding parties had been completely blotted out, while others, like the three men, had been isolated and left, cut off alike from friend and foe, incapable of either advancing or retreating with any fair chance of surviving the ordeal. In front of them, too close for any sort of comfort, lay a German outpost, securely posted and possessed of a machine gun, plenty of ammunition, and a disposition to spray the surroundings with bullets upon the slightest provocation or none at all. The nearest bulge in their own lines was several hundred yards distant, and between them and that haven of safety the ground was being methodically hammered by German batteries whose suspicions had not yet been lulled, and whose shrapnel was excellently timed.

Sykes finished his chocolate, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and resumed the interrupted installment of his battered cigarette.

"Fritz would see this 'ere smoke on a clear day an' give us wot for," he explained, "but not in this wind. Well, Ongree, kays kay noos allons faire?"

"Il faut qu'on reste ici jusqu'à la nuit," Henri thought.

Sykes cocked his head on one side—a gesture essential to the Anglo-Saxon in listening to a foreign tongue—and kept it there until the gist of the other's speech had reached his brain.

"Wait till night it is!" he said, nodding vigorous approval, "which ain't no ways so bad, pervidin' Fritz don't take it into 'is lovely 'ead to start drop-pin' things on us."

Henri sifted this speech, after that inexplicable but effective method now common to the troops of the Allied forces, and shook his head.

"Eet ees ovaire," he insisted. "Cette bataille, w'ich is not intend, she is feenish!"

In a strange mixture of French and English, incredibly clear to both, they discussed their situation in detail. The battered remains of the village which now sheltered them gave very fair promise of protection, unless, as Sykes suggested, hostile batteries began searching the landscape bit by bit for just such fragments of the morning's raids. In case neither side made a move (Continued on page 27)



They arrived in time to find Bill holding up at the point of his rifle the living men in a welter of gray-green figures about the gun



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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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The Turn of the Tide

THE swiftness of the change in the war picture between the third week in July and the first week in October will be one of the wonders of history. It is almost impossible to think that three months ago the question that was in everybody's mind was not whether the Allies could hold their lines before Amiens and along the Marne, but whether they would not be obliged to abandon Paris. The change came on July 15 when the French and American troops met and defeated the German advance near Château-Thierry. From that day to this the story has been one of almost uninterrupted success, culminating in the surrender of Bulgaria. It is too hazardous to venture a prediction of the immediate consequences of this submission, but it is plain to ordinary common sense that in Bulgaria's plea for an armistice we have seen the beginning of the end and that the whole structure which German intrigue built up and German skill in arms sustained is about to crash to the ground.

What is the cause of this sudden breakdown? Is it not that the central European powers are far more exhausted than the people of this country have realized? Four years of incessant warfare has left them skeletons of nations, depleted in economic resources, in money, in man power, and in "will to conquer." Bulgaria's desertion is as good proof as can be needed of the condition of her former allies. The Bulgarians entered the alliance from confidence in the power of Germany. They default because they are in a position to know that German power has all but disappeared. They were accomplices. They have turned state's evidence to save their necks. But there is abundance of other evidence that Germany's strength has been waning. The number of prisoners taken by the Allies is proof that they are pursuing a beaten foe. It is all very well to talk of "determined rear-guard actions covering an orderly retreat," but when the rear guard does not fight, but surrenders, and when the number of heroes who would rather yield discreetly than die on their guns amounts to a quarter of a million, we know that a rout is near at hand. There is fierce resistance at many points, but it is the fierceness of despair that fills the hearts of the leaders. The fighting toward the close of a war is apt to be more savage than at any other time. The Allied troops may suffer temporary reverses. It is not wise for them to relax. But the end is indicated by every portent.

The War-Making President

IN some respects it is a comfort to know that the President has, as he says, a single-track mind when the track is on the main line. He did not go into the war "fiercely and of course." He was not as sure once as he now is of the "common will." But no one can rejoice more than those who criticized his apparent lack of vision, to see him responding "gladly and with a resolution that has grown warmer and more confident as the issues have grown clearer and clearer." We are dealing now with a different WILSON from the philanthropist and philosopher of two years ago. And it would be a poor sort of American who would deny him grateful praise for the whole-hearted energy and the stern singleness of purpose with which he has thrown himself into the war. He has made himself at once the intellectual leader of the alliance. He has gone straight at the heart of the world evil—the military autocracy of Germany. He has become the least placable of their enemies. He has proclaimed them outlaws and demands nothing short of their destruction as punishment for their crimes. The rapidity with which events have marched during the last three months, the profusion with which men and money have been poured into the fight, the substitution of an avalanche of force for the tedious routine of tactical warfare, are directly traceable to the concentration of the President on the single enterprise of conducting a triumphant war. As his addresses become less delightful to the amateur of letters, his acts become more admirable to men of action. Well as he speaks with his own voice, he speaks better with the voice of the cannon.

While he was addressing the audience at the Metropolitan Opera House the Allied forces were tearing to pieces the German line from Ypres to the Swiss frontier, General ALLENBY'S cavalry were sweeping up the remnants of the routed Turkish army in Asia Minor, ten thousand prisoners of war were passing to the rear of the advancing American armies, and the Bulgarian envoys were racing to military headquarters at Saloniki to beg for an armistice.

Most of the events—or at least the spirit behind the events—of the most stimulating week of the war can be traced back, as the world acknowledges, to the hour when the President responded to the common will and, flinging aside the debilitating counsel of the peace negotiators, declared himself for uncompromising warfare. There is no discount of the vigor with which this country has carried on its fight against the common enemy. With CLEMENCEAU the President can say: "Je fais la guerre." As a war maker he is beyond criticism.

A Message of Congratulation

BEFORE the war the Kaiser was hospitable to American yachtsmen, who swarmed to Kiel to sun themselves in his presence. He is said to have regretted his kindness since then and to have spoken angrily of American ingratitude. But he should have known by one incident that Americans are not all ungrateful, that the worship of kings has not ceased entirely in our rude democracy, and that a fictitious political equality has not destroyed the ancient and courtly art of fawning, as witness this message sent by a rich American and his wife to his Imperial Majesty:

December 31, 1915.—The name of Napoleon fades before the prowess of your mighty deeds, sir. May 1916 bring to the world that peace we have had the high honor of hearing your Majesty insist upon, and may God guide and bless you, sir.

To which his Majesty, deeply affected by the loyalty of his faithful subjects, caused the following majestic reply to be returned:

BERLIN, January 1.—Seine Majestaet dankt bestens.

PLESSEN, Generaladjutant.

We submit that this exchange of devotion and royal affability deserves a high place in the never-completed Book of Snobs. No artist could add to the humility, the yearning appeal, the beautiful piety of the use of the word "sir." The effect of this noble expression of humble love and reverence must have been heightened in his Majesty's mind by the fact that the telegram was received eight months after he had sunk the *Lusitania*.

Sacrifice

WE sometimes wonder what a refugee from the "evacuated" regions of France would think if the Red Cross should bring him over to hear people talking about "making sacrifices" to buy Liberty Bonds. The prosperity of this country is almost disfiguring. There never was so much money, and money was never so widely diffused. If poverty and riches are relative terms, the only poor people are the very rich, and they only suffer in their proud spirit because taxation has recently prevented them from growing richer. We have had a little less wheat in our bread, a little less meat on the table, a little restriction of our use of gasoline on Sundays, but fashionable restaurants are crowded, theatre tickets are bought for as much as \$5 apiece, and the shopkeepers who sell articles of luxury report business as beyond all expectation. We have borne our small inconveniences with praiseworthy good humor, but to talk of sacrifice is to recall the will meanly attributed to good Doctor RABELAIS: "I have nothing; I owe much; the rest I leave to the poor." How much of a sacrifice is it for a man to put his money in a Government bond at 4 1/4 per cent when any middle-aged person can remember how people stood in line all night at the post office to buy "Government fours"? Buying—and KEEPING—Liberty Bonds is a duty, but it is a duty which the buyer owes to himself as much as to the Government. It is solid patriotism, but it is patriotism that pays.

The Greatest By-Product of the War

FOUR years of war have demonstrated, though at heavy cost, the validity of the late WILLIAM JAMES's teachings about the untapped levels of energy in man. WILLIAM JAMES would not have objected to widening the meaning of the word "energy" so as to include sacrifice as well as effort. One of the greatest gains we can draw out of the war is the secret of how to apply to the works of peace the enormous reservoirs of capacity for action and endurance dormant in man.

It is not difficult to understand the Hohenzollern's bewilderment as he glances over the four years' record of his U-boats and wonders to Gott why the war has not been won. We should have shared the Hohenzollern's convictions if in July, 1914, the Chief Imperial Statistician had submitted the following prospectus: "All Highest, the world's mercantile tonnage to-day is 73,500,000 dead-weight tons. Declare war and by September 1, 1918, we will destroy 21,500,000 Allied and neutral tons. But that is not all. If there is peace, there will be built another 14,750,000 tons by September 1, 1918, making the total world resources 88,000,000 tons. But if there is war, the Allies and the neutrals will have something else to think of than building ships. There will be very few built. Instead of the normal requirement of 88,000,000 tons, there will be, when our U-boats have done their work, only 52,000,000 tons, or a deficit of 40 per cent. This means that England will starve, her Continental allies will freeze to death, and there will be not a sliver of shipping available for the Yankees in case they should be mad enough to send their troops across the ocean." It would have been a sufficiently sound argument.

Only events have shown the two flaws in the case—man's unsuspected capacity for doing things and for doing without. Waging a war of huge dimensions involving the withdrawal of 40,000,000 men from productive labor, the world has yet found time to build 14,250,000 tons of shipping, or within 4 per cent of what it would have built in peace time. And the world has carried on this huge war, and managed to live, on four-fifths of its normal tonnage requirements. It was not unreasonable to suppose in 1914 that with a 40 per cent deficit in tonnage England would have a hard time bringing bread into the country. Instead of that, England has not only brought bread for herself, but American troops for the western front, armies from Siam, laborers from China, and airplane mahogany from Honduras.

How has the miracle been wrought? It has been no miracle, but the tapping of lower levels of energy and higher levels of endurance. It has been an enormous demonstration of human resources and scientific management. One day saved in the loading time of a seven-day Atlantic liner means a 15 per cent tonnage increase for that ship. One hundred million people reducing their wheat consumption by 20 per cent means wheat for 20,000,000 people in Europe. One and a quarter million new potato plots in England means a saving of tens of thousands of wheat and meat tons. It is a challenge to statesmen who are thinking of world reconstruction after the war.

Nothing Is Something

IN a newspaper interview we note a gifted congressman, now returned to our midst, saying that in one day the Germans had "nothing between them and Paris at one point but 8,000 American marines." Which reminds one of the stump speaker who once described "JOHN D." as having between himself and bitter want nothing at all but his money.

The Battle We Are Losing

THE people of our allies save and we do not. In France, Great Britain, and Italy savings-bank deposits are now increasing faster than in the years before the war, and this despite huger loans, higher taxes, and greater rises in the cost of living. What's the matter with us? Haven't we the economic manhood to stand the gaff? The official report of the Superintendent of Banking of the State of New York shows that in the year ended July 1, 1918, the depositors of the so-called Empire State put in \$450,000,000 and took out \$520,000,000. Interest earned increased the total by a paltry \$251,203, or a negligible fraction of 1 per cent! There are excuses, of course; there always are for failures, but nothing that covers the fact that French, British, and Italians save more for war while Americans do not. There is no sense either in trying to assess the blame as between the savings banks and their depositors. Both must get together, stop slacking, and help win.

What's Wrong with Labor?

A VERY intelligent, energetic, and patriotic American, who is consulting architect for a bankers' investment company out in the Middle West, writes a letter in which he throws this incidental side light on the labor problem: "We need men who work under direction, who are not expected to think—for as sure as they think, they'll not dig and delve and labor and sweat."

The idea that lies back of the sentence quoted, the utter fallacy that one who does rough, hard work must be something less than a man, is the root of many labor troubles. Out of it spring hateful distinctions of caste and pay, from it result bitter losses of self-respect and of the respect of others. The United States was made by small farmers, freemen, who worked hard and were proud of it, and were esteemed because they did it. The present war is emphasizing the value and heightening the rewards of productive labor to an extent hitherto unknown in history. Our country is not going to down autocracy only to be fooled by the fallacy of inborn superiority. It's a pity, too, to find the West growing so utterly refined and upper-classish! No doubt they will be over it by the time the men come home from Europe.

The Title Fits

LUCIUS B. SWIFT, seventy-odd years young, a fighting exponent of all that's best in Hoosierdom, has blown up a main pacifist dugout with this one sentence: "The German socialist leaders are the shock sneaks of this war." Just keep that handy for reference on the next occasion when SCHEIDEMANN and the rest are turned loose to quack for time while LUDENDORFF is drumming up his battered infantry for one more "decisive final" blow. A wooden duck is no friend to the live members of the species, no matter how realistically modern improvements may enable it to squawk.

En Route to Bridgeport, Conn.

MONOLOGUE by the young woman in the seat ahead who is blessed with clear gray-blue eyes, soft curly black hair, a military velvet headpiece straight from Paris, and other advantages too numerous to mention: "Of course it's longer hours than teaching school, but, then, it gives one a chance to do something for the United States without having the everlasting children on your hands, to say nothing of the greater joyfulness of pay day, and then there's the Government inspectors! Have you any at your place?" (Ripples of acquiescent laughter from the three other young ladies occupying the same seat and aisle.) "Well, we have twenty at our place, and they are the nicest things, so kind and helpful and sort of earnest about it. When they come around I always make the same mistake, an easy one, and they always stop and show me how to do it. One of them showed me four times last week and got very solemn about it, and I am so serious and grateful, and it does seem to do the other girls lots of good to get a laugh once in a while. We'll win this war yet!" (Note: Many of our radical friends look forward to a perfected community supervised by plenty of inspectors. H. G. WELLS calls 'em samurai, or something like that, in his "Modern Utopia.")

Next Year's Garden

FRIEND HOOVER is not promising a free-and-easy food schedule for next year, and the new draft is going to give a lot of men their wished-for chance to get out of raising raw materials for meals and into the real war. But you and your family will have to eat during 1919, so start on the garden right now. Plow or spade all weeds under, get the soil into good shape, and sow a few handfuls of vetch or winter rye or whatever else suits your own local conditions. The growth resulting (if any!) can be turned under next spring to the great enrichment of your beans, cabbage, etc.; and you will find weeds scarcer than they were this year. Fertilizers will probably be few and high in 1919, because our army is using chemicals of all sorts to exterminate Huns and using the railroads of this country to haul war materials. Any ground betterment that you can effect at home is a personal advantage and a patriotic service. On rainy nights and gasless Sundays write up some notes on this year's truck experience. Put "Tomatoes," for instance, at the top of a handy-sized piece of paper and then set down underneath the main things you want to remember for next time. If you have your wife file these memoranda, they may come in quite helpfully along about June. Partnership with the soil calls for thrift, foresight, and management. Is your spade sharp?

October 19, 1918



© French Pictorial Service

Near Montdidier, in the great camp where boche prisoners pour in daily by the thousand. This photograph apparently confirms reports of their willingness to submit to capture



General Leman, the heroic defender of Liege, was officially welcomed by the Belgian Government at Havre after having been held a prisoner of war in Germany for nearly four years



British Official

Mopping up the woods was an important process in advances in the Champagne region. British soldiers reconnoitering in search of machine guns, snipers, wire, and prisoners

Letters from the Air

No. 7: Shooting 'Em Up

BY LIEUT. J. ALEXANDER BAYNE

DEAR DAD: We finally got chased out of our happy home, from where I wrote you last, and are now taking part in squashing this blamed offensive. Of course we are far from comfortable now, but things will be better after a few days when we get settled.

I was in Paris on permission for three days, the last of last week and the first of this. They bombed the city all the time I was there and simply ruined my visit. The shops, cafés, etc., all closed when the "alert" was given and nothing left to do. Darned nuisance. That long-range boche cannon also dropped shells from time to time to keep things going. Didn't do much damage, though. The shells are not of a very high explosive, I guess. One lit about a block from me and I went over and saw the effect. There wasn't much—a hole in the pavement and some ruined windows—that's about all. Foolish.

Had my first try at shooting up stuff on the ground yesterday. We went over about 5.30 p. m. with orders to shoot up the roads, trenches, etc. The clouds were at about 1,000 meters, so we flew just under them.

When we got over the city that we were told to go to we began to look sharp. A few kilometers the other side of the city the leader ducked his nose, flipped up his tail, and began to let fly. I saw him go down, and so followed, of course. Then for the first time I saw the boches—hadn't seen a darned thing before that—on the ground, I mean. Of course, as there was a heavy bombardment going on, we could see the flash and smoke of the guns and also the luminous bullets they shot at us with the machine guns.

We were so low the cannon (Archies) couldn't shoot at us, but the mitrailleuses made up for their fire, and then some. When I "followed the leader" I, of course, saw what he was after—a battery all bunched up in a nice cluster, waiting to go into action, I guess. We sure let them have it.

I was shooting my new gun—the one with the incendiary bullets that I described to you in my last two letters—and I could see each one hit. After we got down pretty near we tipped our busses up again, flying like drunken jacksnipe to dodge the bullets they plugged at us. Then we went back and did it again.

This time I went down so close I could see the white dabs of the faces looking up at me and also saw one of my shots plop square into one of the horses. He promptly went down and kicked up quite a mess. I hadn't time to see more, though, as I was going some place else in a hurry. Both my guns were jammed (one never fired a shot), so I went up into the clouds and managed to get the other going.

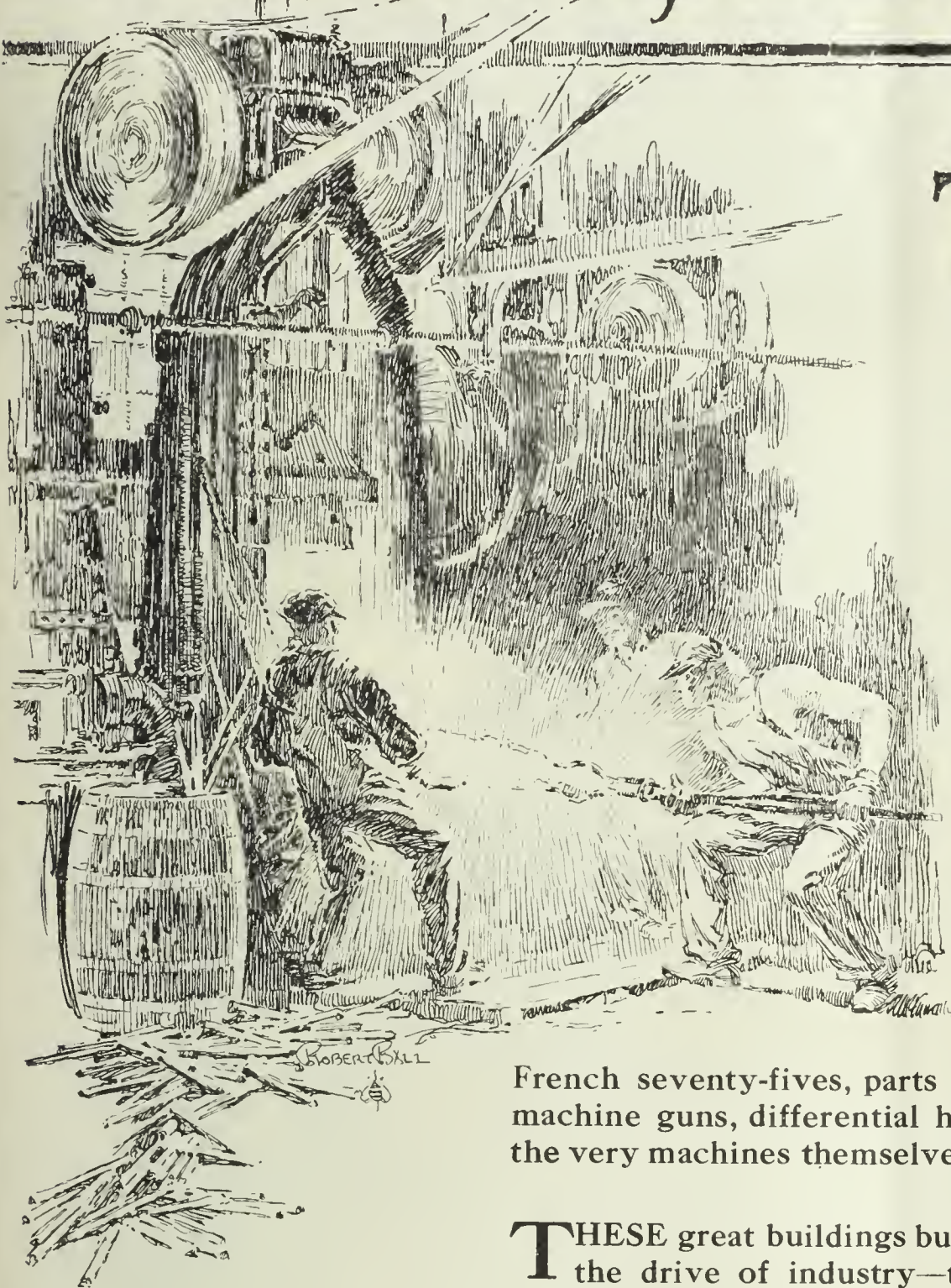
Then I shot a bit on a convoy on the road and in some trenches. Gun jammed again, so I tried the same stunt as before. Couldn't make it, and so decided to find the others and go home. As I was excited and a bit scared, I took the wrong direction and found myself finally about seven kilometers back of the boche lines and with two of their planes coming in my direction. I beat it, you bet. Went up into the clouds and came home in them by compass—just popped out once in a while to look at the ground and see where I was.

Got home just as it got dark and caught hell for leaving my patrol and coming home alone; they thought I was lost. This work is fun, but darned risky, and I'll be glad when we quit it. I have to carry an order to go for balloons each time I fly because if I'm forced to land in the boche lines they will shoot me for using the incendiary bullets unless I have the order.

Sorry I've no more time, but will write soon again. Love to all the folks. As ever, ALEX.

The eighth of Lieutenant Bayne's letters will be published in next week's COLLIER'S.—THE EDITOR.

The Story of a Great Smith



THEY stagger away from the glaring furnace mouth, three men bearing between them a white hot billet of steel.

It slides sparkling under the waiting die of the great steam hammer, and down comes the ponderous blow with an earth-shaking thud, again and again with a burst of sparks, until a crank shaft takes shape for a war car at the front.

Then under the steel ram of a trimming press that stands thrice the height of a man, where the extra metal is sheared off from the six foot shaft with the quiet ease that comes only of infinite power.

Then again under the hammer for a final crashing blow that there may be no doubt of absolute accuracy—and another drop forging is added to the pile that is going 3,000 miles to help win the war.

So with a hundred such steam and drop hammers, a hundred such presses, thundering along through the day's work amid an inferno of noise and Niagaras of white-hot sparks, while the great hot piles of forgings grow—diaphragms for

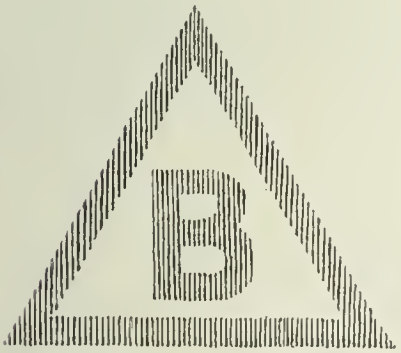
French seventy-fives, parts for aeroplane engines, forgings for automatics and machine guns, differential housings for war trucks, parts for tractors, tools, and the very machines themselves which will work in other forges all over the world.

THESE great buildings bursting with the drive of industry—these quiet rooms where expert craftsmen all day long work with painstaking care on the micrometer hand-work of the master dies—have grown from the vision of one man. Half a century ago he founded the first commercial drop forging plant in America on the ideal best expressed when he said: "Into every one of our forgings goes our whole reputation."

It was to Charles Ethan Billings that Abraham Lincoln entrusted the forging of the pistols of the Black Horse Cavalry.

It is to Billings & Spencer that the nation of today has entrusted many of the forgings whose strength and accuracy will do their part to win the greater war.

In the building of the steel skeleton of war or peace, Billings & Spencer Triangle B forgings stand here and there at vital points where stress and strain must bring no doubt of strength, each with that superfine character of chosen steel, and that accuracy of execution which says "Rely on me. I am made as well as I can be made. I shall not fail."



RELY ON ME!

THE BILLINGS & SPENCER CO., HARTFORD
The First Commercial Drop Forging Plant in America

Lady Larkspur

Continued from page 9

"Lady Larkspur," he corrected with a shudder. "You shall have it by trusted messenger to-morrow."

I wired Antoine that I would reach Barton-on-the-Sound the following day. This was September, 1917. The former servants of the Tyringham were established on the place by my uncle the year before he dropped business cares and departed for the Japan of his dreams, and as I had been often at the hotel where he spent so many of the years of his life I knew most of the old retainers. They were deeply appreciative of his kindness, and when I had gone to the farm for an uninterrupted month in finishing some piece of writing they had shown me the greatest consideration.

As the train rolled along the familiar shore toward Barton I shook off the depression occasioned by my enforced retirement from the great struggle overseas. I had done under the French flag all that it was possible for me to do; and there was some consolation in the fact that by reason of my two years on the battle line I was just so much ahead of the friends I met in New York who were answering the call to the colors and had their experience of war all before them. The tranquil life that had been recommended by the doctors was not only possible at Barton, but it was the only life that could be lived there. Plenty of exercise in the open and regular habits would, I had been assured, set me up again, and my leisure I meant to employ in beginning a novel that had been teasing me ever since I sailed for home.

Of my uncle Bash I had only the kindest and most grateful memories. Quite naturally it had occurred to me at times, and my friends had encouraged the idea, that my uncle would die some day and leave me his money. There was no particular reason why he should do so, as he had never manifested any unusual affection for me and I had certainly never done anything for him.

ANTOINE was at the Barton station with the touring car Uncle Bash had bought to establish communication with the village. Flynn, the big Irishman who had been the doorman at the Tyringham for years and retired because of rheumatism acquired from long exposure to the elements at the hostelry's portals, was at the wheel.

Antoine greeted me with that air of lofty condescension tempered with a sincere kindness that had made him a prince among head waiters. As I shook hands with him his lips quivered and tears came to his eyes. Flynn, standing beside the car, saluted with a welcoming grin.

"Very glad to see you, sorr. The trunk came this mornin' all right, sorr, and we put it in your room."

I bade Antoine join me in the back seat that he might the more easily bring me up to date as to affairs on the estate.

"It must be a little slow up here after the years you lived in town," I suggested; "but of course you're all old friends."

"Well, yes; all friends," he acquiesced, but with so little enthusiasm that I glanced at him quickly. He pretended to be absorbed in the flying landscape at the moment. Flynn, I noticed, was giving ear to our conversation from the wheel.

"It was sad, very sad, Mr. Bashford passing away so far from home, sir. It was a great shock. And he had looked forward for years to a quiet life abroad. It must have been ten years ago he first mentioned his hope of retiring to Japan."

Uncle Bash had given me no such forecast of his intentions, and I felt humble before Antoine's greater intimacy. Once at the beginning of our acquaintance, when I had complimented Antoine on his English, he explained that he was born in England of French parents. His father had been chef and his mother housekeeper for an American banker who lived for many years

in London. Antoine's speech was that of a well-trained English upper servant, and I imagined that in his youth he had taken some English butler as his model. He used to pretend that he knew French very imperfectly, and I was surprised when he now addressed me quite fluently in that language.

"You have been with the armies of dear France," he remarked. "The war is very dreadful. My parents were of Verdun; it grieves me to know of the suffering in the land of my people."

As I replied sympathetically in French I saw Flynn straighten himself at the wheel with an impatient frown of his head. Antoine indicated him with a contemptuous nod: "Married Elsie, the German woman who worked in the linen room at the Tyringham! This has caused some trouble, and there is a pantry girl, Gretchen, who was ill a long time before the master left, and he sent her here for the country air. She is a little devil with her dear Fatherland."

I laughed at the old fellow's gravity and earnestness. That the war should be making itself felt on the quiet acres at Barton-on-the-Sound was absurd.

"But there can be no trouble; everything is peaceful, of course, save for a little foolish talk—"

The Gaul in him asserted itself in a shrug, a form of expression rare in him. I was pondering the recrudescence of race hatreds due to the upheaval in Europe when he startled me by a statement uttered close to my ear:

"There have been inquiries for the widow; these have caused me much anxiety."

"Widow! Whose widow?"

"Madame, the widow of the dear master. It seems that there are persons anxious to see her. There have been inquiries, one—two—three times."

"Probably some of her American friends anxious to pay their respects or some of the neighbors making calls of courtesy," I suggested.

"A foreign gentleman who acts very queerly," Antoine persisted.

My uncle's widow was a vague, unknown being who had seemed little likely ever to cross my horizons. If she meditated a descent upon Barton-on-the-Sound, the trust company would certainly have had some hint of her approach, but Torrence clearly had had no tidings of her beyond her last communication from Bangkok. Still, it was wholly possible that a globe-trotting widow would have friends in many parts of the world, and I could see nothing disturbing in the fact that inquiries had been made for her. I said as much. Antoine's answer was another shrug and a jerk of his head toward Flynn, as though even the employment of an alien tongue might not conceal our conversation from the big Irishman. Antoine was manifestly impatient at my refusal to be aroused by his hints of discord among his associates and my lack of interest in the inquiries for Mrs. Bashford. When we had reached the farm and were running through the grounds Antoine spoke again:

"We thought we would put you up at the house, Mr. Singleton, and not in the garage," he said inquiringly.

"Not at all, Antoine," I answered quickly. "We must stick close to the law in such matters."

"Very good, sir. Stop at the garage, Flynn."

TO the casual observer the garage was a charming two-story house following the general lines of the plaster and timber residence, from which it was separated by a strip of woodland and a formal garden. The garage and quarters for the chauffeur were at one end and at the other were a downstairs living room, with a broad fireplace, and three chambers above so planned as to afford a charming view of the Sound, whose shore curved in deeply at this point. On the chauffeur's side was a small kitchen from which I had been served with my meals when



Costing
12c to 13c
Contains 2490
Calories

It Looks Big When You Figure Its Food Value Meat Costs 8 Times as Much per Calory

The small package of Quaker Oats contains 2490 calories of food. It costs 12 to 13 cents.

The calory is the energy unit used to measure food. Quaker Oats equals in food value—approximately—the following amounts of other staple foods.

Measured by Calories	
One 13c Package Quaker Oats Equals	
3 lbs. Round Steak	3½ qts. Milk
3 lbs. Leg of Lamb	2 lbs. White Bread
5 lbs. Young Chicken	7 lbs. Potatoes

Figure what you pay for these foods. You will find that meat foods—for the same calories—cost 8 to 14 times as much as Quaker Oats. Then compare them.

Calories Per Pound	
Round Steak 890	Eggs 720
Young Chicken 505	Quaker Oats 1810

Thus Quaker Oats—the food of foods—has from 2 to 3 times the calory value. Yet all are good foods, and some are indispensable.

Use Quaker Oats to bring down the food-cost average. Make it your breakfast. Serve it fried. Mix it with your flour foods to add flavor and save wheat. Each dollar's worth used to displace meat saves you about \$8, measured by the calories supplied.

Quaker Oats

The Extra-Flavorly Flakes

The reason for Quaker Oats is super flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. When such a grade sells at no extra price, it is due to yourself that you get it.

12 to 13c and 30 to 32c Per Package
Except in Far West and South

Quaker Oats Muffins

¾ cup uncooked Quaker Oats, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or two tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt ½ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water 1 cake yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water 5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

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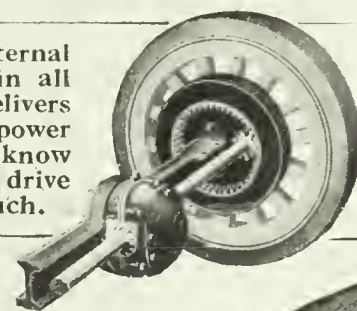
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I lodged there. This thoroughly convenient establishment was the only place I could call home, and I experienced a pleasurable sense of comfort as I opened the door into the snug living room.

"The house is in order. You will have your meals at the residence, I suppose, sir," Antoine suggested.

I debated this a moment, and when he hinted that dinner could be more conveniently served there than in my own quarters, I said that for the present the Flynns could give me breakfast and luncheon at the garage, but that I would dine at the house. The original owner of the property, from whose executor my uncle had purchased it with all its belongings, had accumulated a remarkable library, rich in the Elizabethan stuff for which I have a weakness, and it occurred to me that it would be pleasant to eat my solitary dinner at the residence and loaf in the library for an hour afterward. Like most slaves of the inkpot, I habitually postpone actual labor as long as possible, and if I ate the dinner which Flynn's wife would cook for me at the garage I should have no excuse for not plunging at once into my novel. The Tyringham people were scattered over the estate, in cottages, and a full staff of house servants was established in the residence.

It was five o'clock when I reached the garage, and Antoine left me after opening my bags with the suggestion that I could summon Zimmerman, a former valet of the Tyringham, for any service I might require. I knew Zimmerman very well and said I would call him when occasion required.

"He is of that race," said Antoine plaintively in the French which now seemed to come readily enough to his lips.

"Race? Botheration! You mustn't trouble your head about race questions out here, Antoine. Zimmerman is a good old chap, who's probably forgotten the very name of the German town he was born in."

"They do not forget," Antoine replied with emphasis. "There has been much discussion—much—"

"Forget it, Antoine! I supposed you were all living here like a happy family. You've been sticking too close to the farm, and it would do you good to run into town for a week. Please tell them at the residence that I'll dine at seven."

"Very good, sir," he said, in his pompous Tyringham manner, but I saw that he was miffed by my indifference.

FLYNN, having disposed of the car, came to ask if there was anything he could do for me. When I had explained my arrangement with Antoine he still lingered.

"Tony's against the wife and me," he said mournfully. "It's the war, sorr, and she and me that lile, sorr, the American flag floats from the garage every day. And if a heart can be lile Elsie's as true to America as though she was born in Boston statehouse."

"I believe you, Flynn," I said, touched by his earnestness. "Don't you worry about Antoine and the rest of them; they're just a little nervous; I'll see what I can do to straighten things out."

As I went about my unpacking I was sorry that I had discouraged Antoine's confidences. That these old hotel servants, flung upon a farm with little to do, should fall to quarreling was not surprising, but what he had said as to the inquiries for Mrs. Bashford had roused my curiosity. In spite of my legal right to live on the farm, I had no intention of remaining if my uncle's widow turned up. Alone on the estate, I could lodge in the garage without any loss of dignity, but with an aunt on the premises my status would be decidedly uncomfortable. She could hardly fail to regard me as an intruding poor relation, no matter how strictly I kept to my own quarters. It was possible that she might even confuse me with the veterans of the Tyringham, and, while I am no snob, I did not relish the idea of being classed by a strange aunt with a crowd of broken-down hotel employees. I whistled myself into good humor as

I dressed and started for the house along the driveway, which followed the shore, veering off for a look at the sunken garden, one of the few features of the place that had ever interested my uncle.

AS I paused on the steps I caught sight of a man sitting dejectedly on a stone bench near a fountain whose jet tossed and caught a ball with languid iteration. I had identified him as an old Tyringham bell hop, known familiarly as Dutch, before he heard my step and sprang to his feet, grabbing a pitchfork whose prongs he presented threateningly.

"Oh, it's you, sir," he faltered, dropping the implement. "Excuse me, sir!"

"What's your trouble, Dutch? You're not expecting burglars, are you?"

"Well, no, sir, but things on the place ain't what they wuz. It's my name, which ain't my name, not reg'lar, that's caused feelin'. They've drove me out, an' I'm campin' in the tool house. An' me born right there in New York an' American clean through. My grandpap came across when he wuz a kid, but it ain't my fault he wuz Goiman. I'd 'a' made 'im a Frenchy or a Dago or somethin' else if I could 'a' done it. Mr. Singleton, I don't know no Goiman except pretzel, sauerkraut, wiener-wurst, and them kind o' voids."

"Those belong to the universal language, Dutch," I answered consolingly. "What is your name anyhow?"

"Augustus Schortemeier, and I say it ain't no worse'n Longfellow," he protested.

The point was delicate and not one that I felt myself qualified to discuss. To cover my confusion I suggested that poets enjoy a certain license, but I was honestly sorry for Dutch. If he was not the oldest living bell hop, he was at least entitled to honorable mention among the most ancient veterans of the calling, vocation, or avocation of the bell hopper. I bade him cheer up and passed on.

As I reached the house I heard a sharp command in an authoritative voice and saw at a curve of the driveway a number of men in military formation performing evolutions in the most sprightly manner. They carried broomsticks, and at sight of me the commander brought his company to a very ragged "Present arms!" Their uniform was that of the Tyringham bell hops and waiters, and it dawned upon me that this was an army of protest representing the Allied armies on the shores of Connecticut. There was a dozen of them, and the captain I recognized as Scotty, a hop who had long worn the Tyringham livery. I waved my hand to them and turned to find Antoine awaiting me at the door.

"It's the troops, sir," he explained. "It's to keep Dutch and Gretchen and Elsie—she's the wife of that Flynn—in proper order, sir."

"Troops" was a large term for the phalanx of retired waiters and bell hops, and it was with difficulty that I kept my face straight.

"It's most unfortunate, but we was forced to it. Dinner is served, sir."

From the table in the long dining room I caught glimpses through the gathering dusk of the battalion and its evolutions.

"They keep a guard all night, sir," Antoine explained, not without pride. "The goings on has been most peculiar."

"Antoine!" I said sharply, "what do you mean by these hints of trouble on the place? You're not silly enough to imagine that Dutch and a couple of women can do anything out here to aid America's enemies! The rest of you ought to be ashamed of yourselves for annoying them. And as for these inquiries about Mrs. Bashford, they couldn't possibly have anything to do with the war. Specifically, who are the persons who've asked for her?"

"There's the party I told you about, most persistent, who's motored here three times, and another person who seems to be looking for him, sir. It's most singular."

"It's singularly ridiculous; that's all. They're probably piano tuners or rival agents for a rug house or something of

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that sort who don't know Mrs. Bashford isn't here and isn't likely to be."

"They may be agents, but not that kind, sir." His lips quivered, either with fear or vexation at my refusal to take his story seriously.

"If anything tangible happens, Antoine," I said kindly, "anything we can really put our hands on, we'll certainly deal with it. But you mustn't get nervous or allow yourself to suspect everybody who turns up here of evil designs against the Republic. I've come here for quiet, you know, and we can't have every passing stranger throwing the place into a panic."

I HAD no sooner reached the library, where he gave me coffee, than I heard a slow, measured tread on the broad brick terrace that ran along the house on the side toward the Sound. The windows were open and the guard was in plain view. I glanced at Antoine, whose attitude toward me was that of one benevolently tolerant of stupidity. He meant to save me in spite of my obtuseness. "Tell the picket to remove himself where I won't hear him, if you please, Antoine."

He disappeared through one of the French windows and in a moment I saw the guard patrolling a walk some distance from the house. I now made myself comfortable with a book and cigar, but I had hardly settled myself for a quiet hour before I heard a commotion from the direction of the gate, followed a few minutes later by a shout and a noisy colloquy, after which a roadster arrived in haste at the front door.

"Mr. Torrence, sir," announced Antoine. "I'm sorry, sir, but he ran by the guard at the gate, and our man below the house stopped him. It's a precaution we've been taking, sir."

Torrence's sense of humor was always a little feeble, and I hastened into the hall to reassure him of his welcome. He was wiping the perspiration from his face and swearing under his breath. "For God's sake, Singleton, what's happened here? A band of pirates jumped on my running board, and after I'd knocked them off another murderer stopped me right there in sight of the house and poked the muzzle of a shotgun in my face."

"Mighty sorry you were annoyed, but there have been some queer characters about, tramps and that sort of thing, and the people on the place are merely a little anxious. Have a cigar?"

"All I can say is that you'd better send your friends the password! That fool out there with the gun—"

"Only a bell hop, nothing more," I interrupted.

"—that fool, I say, is likely to kill somebody. Antoine—he turned to the butler, who was drawing the curtains at the windows—"if the property's been threatened, you should have informed me immediately."

"Yes, sir; but it's only been quite recent, and knowing Mr. Singleton was coming we didn't like to bother you."

"We can only apologize, Torry," I interposed. "The employees have been alarmed, but we're bound to commend their zeal."

"Humph!" he ejaculated, the wounds to his dignity still rankling.

I forced a cigar upon him and talked of the weather to cover Antoine's retreat. I resolved not to tell him the real cause of the servants' apprehensions, knowing his disposition to magnify trifles and fearing he might send Government agents to investigate. He lived only five miles from Barton, a fact to which he now referred.

"Hadh't heard of any tramps over my way," he said, frowning. "These old lunatics your uncle left here are simply hipped; that's all. Mr. Bashford made a mistake in turning the place over to them; it was silly, downright silly. It's a wonder you didn't think of upsetting his will on the ground of mental unsoundness. It's not up to me to suggest such a thing, but I believe you could knock it out!"

"Oh, chuck it! They're well-meaning people, and it's bully that Uncle Bash provided a home for them. There's nobody else to use it."

His cigar had proved soothing, but

my last remark caused him to sit up straight in his chair.

"By George! my holdup almost made me forget what I came for. I have news for you, Singleton. Good or bad, as you may take it. Mrs. Bashford is in America."

"Mrs. Bashford," I repeated faintly, "where do you get these pleasant tidings?"

"Here," he answered, producing a telegram, "is all I know about it. Got it just as I was leaving the office this afternoon, and thought I'd motor over to give you warning."

He seemed to enjoy my discomfiture. The message read:

PITTSFIELD, MASS., Sept. 20.

J. B. TORRENCE,
Bainbridge Trust Co.,
New York:

Landed at Seattle a week ago, and have been motoring east from Chicago to see the country. Will reach Barton in four or five days. Please wire me at the Washington Inn, Lenox, whether house is in order for occupancy.

ALICE BASHFORD.

"Well, what do you say to that?" he demanded.

"I say it's taking unfair advantage," I answered savagely. "I've got to clear out; that's the first thing."

"Not necessarily. Your right to the garage is settled; she couldn't oust you if she wanted to. You've got to stay here anyhow till she comes; there's no ducking that. The widow of an uncle who did a lot for you, a stranger to the country; it's up to you to see her established. There are a lot of little courtesies she would naturally expect from you."

"I'm delighted that you see my duty so clearly! If you hadn't assured me that she was safe at the end of the world, I wouldn't have set foot here."

"The house is in order, I judge," he remarked, glancing about the room. "I've got to wire her that we're ready for her."

"You most certainly have! Your duty is as plain as a smokestack. You might add that she's causing serious inconvenience to her late husband's only nephew."

"You really don't mean that?" he inquired anxiously.

"Oh, thunder, no!"

I HAD forgotten how trying Torrence could be. He now suggested that we summon Antoine and take a look at the house. Torrence is one of these thorough, conscientious fellows, and there was no corner of the place from cellar to garret that we didn't explore. It was highly creditable to the old Tyringham servants that the house was in perfect order. All that was needed was to lay linen on the beds and take the jackets from the furniture; a couple of hours would suffice, Antoine said.

As we were on our way downstairs the old fellow detained me a moment.

"Have you told him about the parties? Pardon me, sir," he whispered, "but him and the trust company is responsible. I thought likely you'd tell him."

I shook my head in angry rejection of the idea that I should tell Torrence about "the parties," and dismissed him as soon as we reached the hall.

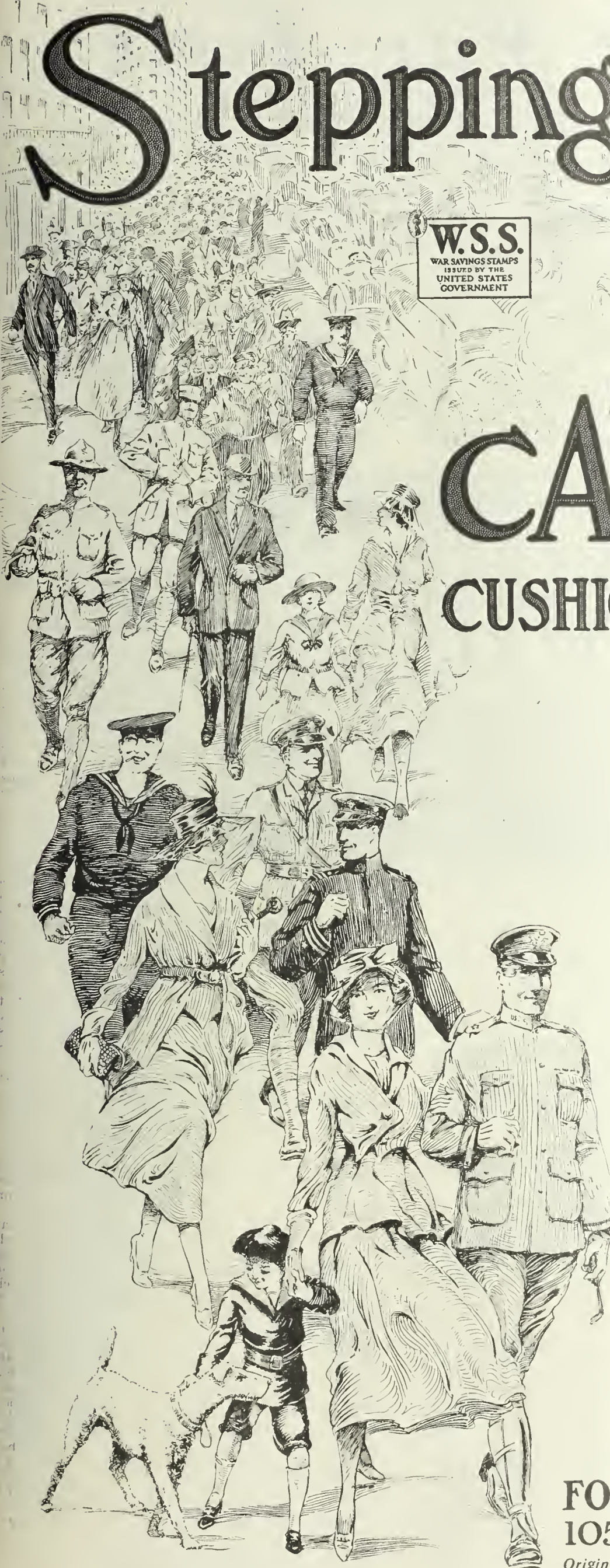
"I suggest," said Torrence, "that when she comes you have flowers in all the rooms; the conservatory will supply enough. And it occurs to me that the more inconspicuous you make this bunch of lazy dependents the more agreeable it will be for Mrs. Bashford."

"You don't expect much of me! It was never in the contract that I should become the patriarch of these venerable relics. But I'll warn them to conceal themselves as much as possible. I fully expect to leave the reservation for good just one hour after the lady arrives."

"That's your affair, of course. As she's motoring we can't just time her arrival, but when I get a wire that she's on the way I'll telephone you. And, of course, after she gets here I'll come at once to pay my respects."

"You can't come too soon!" I answered spitefully.

(To be continued next week)



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CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

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Business in War Time

EDITED BY THE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT OF COLLIER'S

No. 16: Internationalizing the American Idea

WE sat at lunch in the dining room of one of New York's famous hotels.

There were four of us, the advertising director of a large moving picture company, two other men and the writer. As the smoke from our cigars, gray and fragrant, floated above us, the advertising director talked, talked with the inspiration and intensity with which a man talks when the subject of which he speaks lies close to his heart; and as he went on there came to the writer an entirely new conception of the moving-picture industry, of its vast scope, of its influence upon the minds of millions of men and women and children, not only here in our own United States but throughout the world. . . .

Let us, first of all, consider how the films have helped the Government to make America realize what war is—as some one has expressed it in one of our popular business phrases, “to sell the war to America.”

There is not a branch of the Government's war activities which has not been thrown on the white screen. We have been shown how America is meeting the vital need for ships; we have watched the swift flight and dip of the air-plane; we have witnessed the varied life of the cantonments. The enthusiasm of a Liberty Loan parade past the fluttering banners of Fifth Avenue; the inspirational sight of our President delivering a historic address; the appeal of our boys going overseas as they wave good-by to the Goddess of Liberty—these and many other dramatic moments have been captured by the film and carried throughout the nation.

But, more than this, the films have visualized the ideals for which we are fighting, have pictured the atrocities against which the might of America has rebelled.

On the screen, too, have been flashed the urgent need for food-saving and fuel-saving; and from the stages of the moving-picture theatres fifteen thousand four-minute men have voiced the great causes which the pictures have shown.

Of the work of the film in the present Liberty Loan drive, Frank R. Wilson, Director of Publicity of the War Loan Organization, wrote: “I cannot begin to tell you how deeply grateful the Treasury Department is for the magnificent cooperation which the entire moving-picture industry has given it in this great drive to raise the sinews of war.”

Nearly all of us, I imagine, do realize to some extent what the film has done in aiding war work. For if we have eyes to see we cannot escape some knowledge of it. But we do not realize the scope of this work or its vast audience; we do not consider that about one-third of the population of America goes to the moving-picture theatre.

In this war, the moving picture has become what social service workers have for so long tried to make the schoolhouse; it has become the civic center of the commu-

stretch almost twice around the globe at the Equator, and about three-fourths of this enormous volume was American films exported.”

The advertising director of the film company with whom we talked put it in another way. “Before the war,” he said, “American films abroad were only 14% of the total shown. Now the total is 90%.”

“What do you mean by ‘abroad?’” I asked. “Just Europe?”

“No, South America, Africa, Asia, as well as Europe. Take China, American films are very popular there.”

Let's get at the meaning behind these figures.

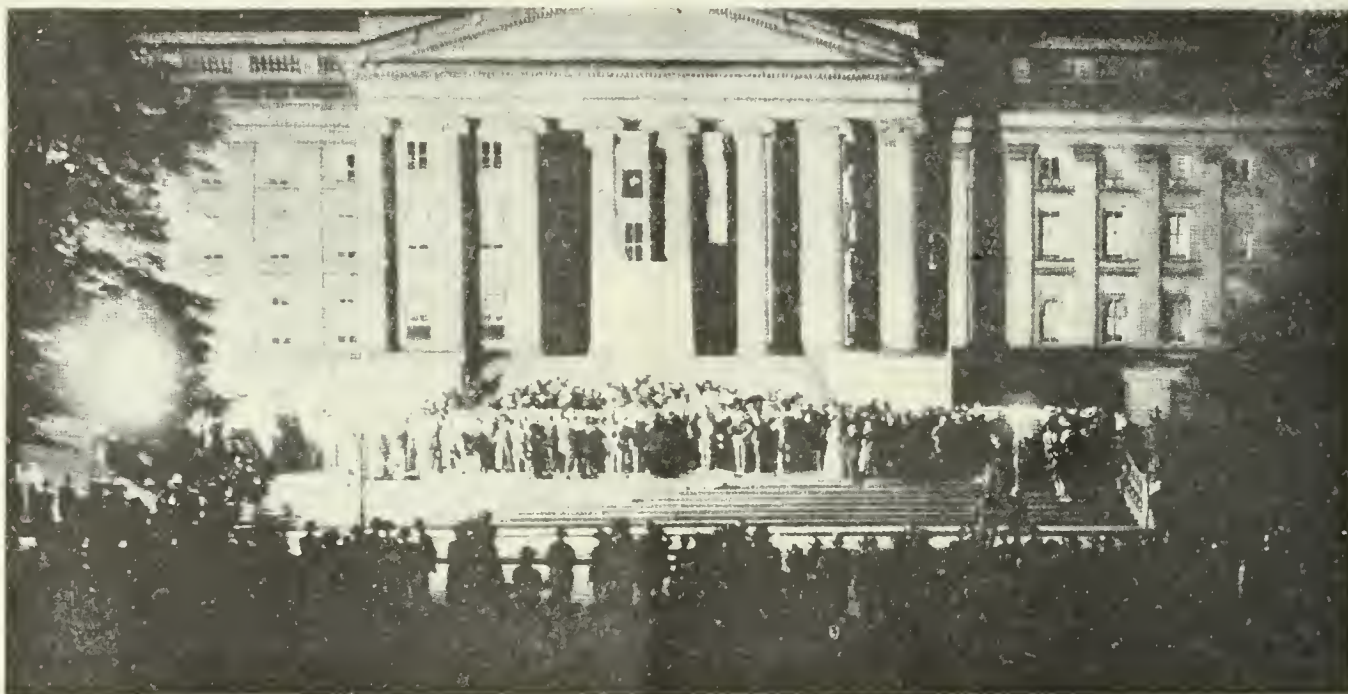
After the war is won, as we all know, America's overseas trade must be developed enormously. It is not only an opportunity but a necessity. As stated in this page not long ago, Chairman Hurley of the U. S. Shipping Board says we will have 25 million tons of shipping to be employed.

Well, consider what the American moving

picture is doing in other countries. It is familiarizing South America and Africa, Asia and Europe with American habits and customs. It is educating them up to the American standard of living. It is showing them American clothes and furniture, automobiles and homes. And it is subtly but surely creating a desire for these American-made articles. It is paving the way for the trade which must be developed when our factories and shops are no longer busy with war work. The modern version of “trade follows the flag” may very well be expressed as “trade follows the film.”

There is still another thought—a bigger one than trade. After the war is won peace is to be maintained, we are told, by a League of Nations. If this plan is to be practical, there must be a common and universal understanding of national habits and thoughts and ideas. Many barriers of prejudice and misunderstanding must be swept away. And this perhaps is where the moving pictures are doing their most important work for us. For when people of different races and creeds begin to laugh at the same things and cry at the same things it means that a common basis of understanding is being created. It means that the spirit of the whole world is being brought more closely together.

And that is what the American moving picture now is helping to do.



War Films of the Bureau of Commercial Economics exhibited to 15,000 persons before the United States Treasury Building

nity where the big affairs of the entire world are made familiar to everyone.

There is still another angle to this American propaganda work. It is the effect of these various war films in other countries than our own. Take, for instance, such a film as “America's Answer,” an official film of the Committee on Public Information. It shows a very complete survey of America's war preparations. It can be readily understood that the exhibition of this film in France or in Italy or Russia has in many ways greater value even than in the United States. It is for this reason that President Wilson has appointed an American Cinema Commission to spread the propaganda of democracy by means of moving pictures throughout the countries of our Allies.

* * * * *

Now, at last, we are on the subject toward which we have been aiming since the beginning of this page: internationalizing the American idea.

The National City Bank of New York recently issued a bulletin which showed that the exports of American motion-picture film had increased from 32 million feet in 1913 to 128 million feet in 1917. Says this bulletin: “The length of the films passing through the Custom Houses of the country in the last fiscal year was sufficient to

"The Three Musketeers"

Continued from page 15

during the day (as Henri considered the probable case) their position was decidedly ticklish but not necessarily dangerous, and the best plan seemed to be to stick to it until night and then chance the dodging crawl back to their own lines. If, on the other hand, either side decided upon an offensive move, they were almost certain to be wiped out, either by friend or foe.

The discussion ended, and their course of action decided upon, Sykes and Henri disposed themselves as comfortably as possible amid the dirt and rubble and began the long wait for night or whatever untoward events the day might produce.

WITH no preliminary warning, Private William Gibson abandoned his self-imposed vigil and turned upon his companions.

"Shucks!" he exclaimed, "they aren't comin' back for more. They're licked. What'll we do now?"

Henri regarded the American after the manner of a perplexed terrier, his head on one side, his eyes bright with interest, Sykes with the frankly slack jaw of incredulity.

"Wot?" asked the Briton blankly.

"I say this shindy's over," explained Bill, "and I'm aiming to rejoin my company quick as I can. Which way do we go?"

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Henri, somewhere between breathless admiration and utter amazement.

Sykes thoughtfully threw away the remnant of the cigarette (which he could no longer even hold between his teeth without burning his lips) and gazed upon Bill as he might have gazed upon a precocious but ailing child.

"Blimme, Bill," he exclaimed, "you takes a chap unexpected! 'Ere a few minutes ago you was sweatin' blood, wastin' good ammoonition, an' generally actin' like a train mule that's strayed into the front line, an' now yer cool as a lady takin' 'er tea, an' sayin': 'Please, sir, w'ich way is 'ome?' Was yer thinkin' o' walkin', Bill, through that?"

He indicated a towering mass of dust and dirt, just kicked into the air by a vindictive H. E. shell.

"Well, I was scared," admitted the unabashed Bill, replying to the first portions of Sykes's remarks, "and I don't mind admitting it. But I tell you, this fight's over. What are you going to do?"

"Ongree an' me," replied Sykes, "after matoor deliberation, 'ave decided to 'old our present position till relieved or saved by night."

"Meaning you intend to stick here in this rubbish heap all day?"

"Meanin' just that," Sykes said, and went on to explain the details of the situation and the consequent line of conduct upon which he and Henri had agreed.

Bill Gibson was not visibly impressed. While Sykes talked the American's attention seemed divided between watching the effects of the intermittent but continued German shell fire and staring at the battered remains of the village which surrounded them. "I suppose," he said when Sykes had finished, "that you don't know the name of this village we're in, do you?"

"Me?" answered Sykes. "Lord love yer, no! Looks to me as if the name 'ad been completely shot off by Brother Boche along with the other harchitectural featoores!"

"It's Moulin Blanc!" announced Bill, and paused for effect. The others regarded him with some interest but no enlightenment. (Moulin Blanc, of course, isn't the real name of the village.)

"Don't you know what happened there?"

Sykes began to feel a trifle uneasy, being unused to having newcomers tell him things.

"I ain't been long in this 'ere sector," he explained, glancing in an injured way at the ruins. "I guess—"

But Bill did not allow him to finish.

He swung almost fiercely on the Frenchman.

"Don't you know?"

"*Ma foi*, no!"

Bill explained with scorn. The village, it appeared, had been heroically defended during the Napoleonic wars by a party of dismounted French cuirassiers. About half a century later some red-legged linesmen had maintained themselves for five hours behind its stout walls against three times their number of Prussians. Bill spoke these facts forcefully and with evident scorn for his hearers.

"And if you think," he concluded, "that I'm going to sit like a rat in a hole in a village that's seen such things, you're dead wrong!"

"Wot," asked Sykes mildly, "are yer proposin'?"

"I'll think that over," Bill told him, and once more turned his back.

"*Mais il est fou!*" exclaimed Henri, leaning forward to whisper in his companion's ear.

"Clean dotty!" agreed Sykes, then added: "Say, Ongree, w'y not split the rest o' that chocolate? Food ain't no use to a crazy man!"

At this moment, however, the student of history had completed his brief but apparently complete reconnaissance. He turned to them, his face pleasantly lighted with growing excitement.

"Look here," he announced blithely. "I've been studying this thing, and there's no reason why we shouldn't take that machine gun!"

"O' course there ain't!" agreed Sykes with withering scorn, "an' w'ile I'm 'oldin' of it with one 'and an' 'Indenburg with t'other, you goes on an' takes Berlin w'ile Ongree 'ere hot-foots it back to Paree with the glad tidin's!"

Bill was insistent. He pointed out that the outpost with its machine gun was not well placed, could not be held by more than five or six men, that a crawl of a hundred yards or so would put a good marksman where he could take it in flank—the thing would, in Bill's phrase, "be easy as falling off a log," an expression which appeared to puzzle Sykes considerably, and made Henri's eyebrows disappear under the rim of his helmet.

"*Facile que de tomber d'un bûche!*" Henri translated wonderingly. "*Mon Dieu*, what a language!"

"Bill," said Sykes in gentle reproof, "them words does yer credit, an' I ain't sayin' but wot the plan 'as its tactical virtoos. But you an' me an' Ongree wouldn't last through the first manuever! You sit still!"

"Not me!" Bill declared stoutly. "You can sit here if you want to. I'm going."

And he started crawling as he spoke. Sykes seized him by the leg and yanked him back.

"'Ere, you!" he snarled in an altered tone, "d'yer want t' get all three of us done in? You keep quiet. Give 'im the chocolate, Ongree, an' keep 'im quiet!"

BILL'S eyes traveled over the sleeves of the uniforms, found no chevrons or marks of rank, and went to Sykes's face. "I'm not taking orders from you, friend," he said in a quiet tone which yet had a hard edge. "If you're so careful of your precious hide that you won't take a chance, lie there and be damned to you! I'm going to get that machine gun, and if I were you, I wouldn't grab me by the foot next time I start!"

Sykes returned the other's level look with eyes that blazed, and was silent for an instant. Then he tightened his belt. "No bloomin' Yank can talk to Jawn Sykes like that," he declared.

"Ye're a crazy fool, but if ye're bound to get us all blown to bits, we might as well take it standin' up. Eh, Ongree?"

"*Mais oui!*" agreed Henri, who had understood precisely three words.

Sykes turned to the American. "Shoot straight?"

"Yes."

"Righto! Then you crawl into yer

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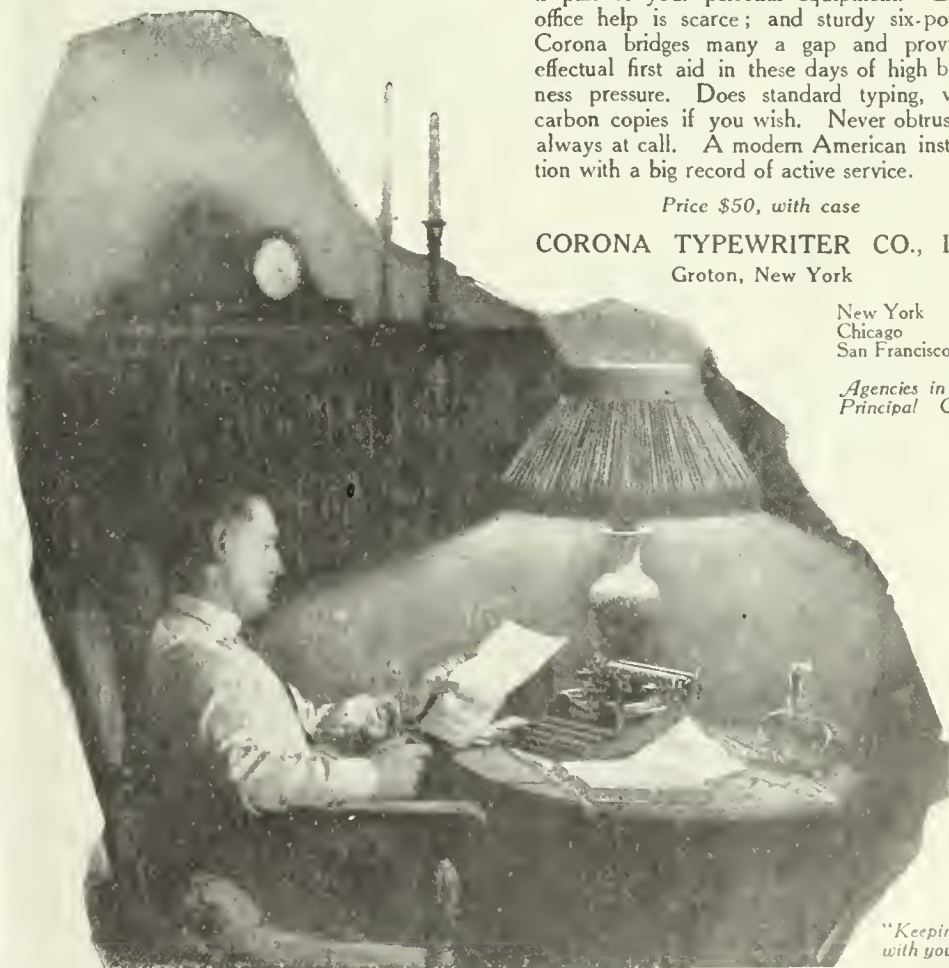
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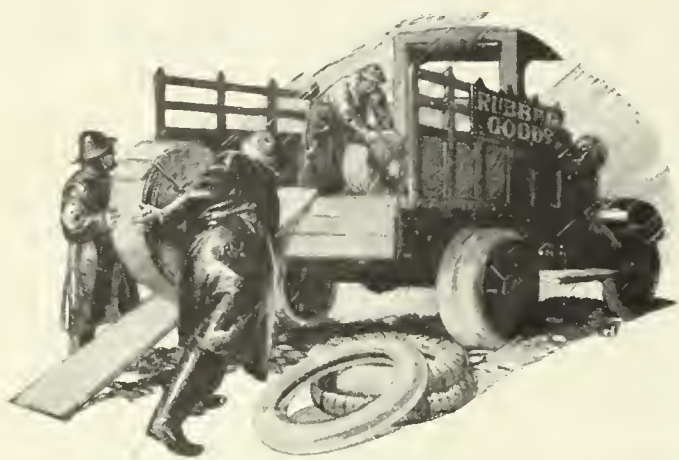
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flankin' position while Ongree and me covers yer. See? An' w'en yer gets set, yer begin shootin' an' us likewise. Ar'ter that, Fritz'll jolly well tend to the rest."

"Fine lot of covering you'll do!" sneered Bill. "I see that game!"

Sykes licked his lips slowly, and his grimy hands closed. "If we was back o' the lines with our coats off, yer wouldn't say that to me twice!" he said.

"You're right," Bill admitted after a moment's silence. "I ought not to have said that. I take it back. Well, I'm starting!"

"Belly to the ground!" warned Sykes, "an' don't stick yer 'ead up to see!"

From his position Sykes could watch Bill's progress, which was hidden from his companion. What he saw moved him to vast admiration.

"Ongree," he said, "our Bill ain't no simple child. Wot he knows 'bout takin' cover is plenty! 'E ain't crawlin', s'elp me, 'e's burrowin'!"

Bill crawled while Sykes watched him and Henri listened to the Briton's bulletins. About them the bleak landscape wore its habitual appearance.

"'E'll get in maybe one shot, an' then they'll pot the three of us," Sykes remarked lugubriously, "but I will say 'e's makin' a bang-up good job of it."

BILL GIBSON took more than half an hour to crawl something like a hundred yards. His deliberation was not due to excess of caution, neither to the intensity of his military training. It was due more largely to the fact that at the moment Bill's mind was much like that of a small boy playing Indian. What he was doing was very new, extremely splendid and colored by the creations of a lively imagination. As he wormed his way forward with that skill which aroused the admiration of the veteran who watched him, the landscape about him was peopled with many creatures invisible to the pair who waited among the broken bricks behind him.

He reached without mishap the position which he had selected for himself in advance, rolled into the shelter of the corner of a foundation wall, and risked a long look at the outpost for the first time. He was rewarded by the sight of a head surmounted by a green-gray helmet. Bill ceased at once to be the small boy playing an exciting game and became the practical rifleman. He looked once at the green-gray helmet, once at the rear sight of his rifle, then hugged the walnut stock against his shoulder.

His first bullet passed neatly in one side of a German infantryman's head and out the other. The stricken man did not so much as groan. He did something infinitely more inconvenient for his companions. Every muscle went slack and he sprawled forward, falling in such a way that his body covered the breech mechanism and barrel of the machine gun completely. Moreover, he was a big man, and the gun was being operated in cramped quarters. In getting him clear of the gun, and the weapon restored to usefulness, his companions had to expose themselves more than they would have chosen. And Private Bill Gibson had been an excellent shot long before he became a member of D Company, —th Infantry. In the hectic seconds which followed the downfall of the first Hun, Bill got three more—two through the body and one in the arm.

Sykes and his companion had lost track of Bill some minutes before he reached his shelter and opened fire. When his first shot ripped out, they hugged the ground and waited for destruction. When it did not come, when that innocent-looking pile of stones and earth which they knew sheltered the German machine gun did not spout flame and steel, they raised their heads. "Gor blimme!" exclaimed Sykes.

"Sacr   dame!" said Henri.

Then, while they still paused expectantly, a tall, brown-clad figure rose from the angle of a foundation wall and went charging forward, yelling over its shoulder:

"Come on, you guys!"

They came. They arrived in time to

find Bill holding up at the point of his rifle the living men in a welter of green-gray figures about the gun.

"What'll I do?" demanded Bill excitedly—"stick 'em?"

"Lord lumme, sit on 'em!" begged Sykes as he and Henri dived for shelter.

There followed several minutes of feverish activity. At the end of them four securely trussed Germans lay on the reverse side of what had recently been their shelter, four dead Germans had been pitched out, the captured gun had been turned in the other direction—and destruction had not yet come upon them!

"If I can figure out how this darned thing works before they start after us," announced Bill as he labored with the mechanism of the gun, "we can kill a million of 'em and they won't get us in a week of Sundays."

Henri offered himself at once.

"Moi, je le connais bien," he announced confidently, and took hold of the gun with practiced fingers.

Miracles happen at the front with such frequency and in such variety that they cease to be miraculous. Shells burst at men's feet, and those same men mess comfortably with their comrades that night. Other men, walking hundreds of yards out of danger, are struck down. On this particular day a detached and isolated German outpost, supplied with a machine gun and garrisoned by eight men, was captured in broad daylight by inferior numbers without loss of life, and no immediate attempt was made to retake it. To explain this miracle one would have to have access to vast files of German staff orders and to the brain of the blind god Chance.

At the expiration of an hour, however, it was borne in upon the war-hardened minds of Sykes and Henri that the impossible had become the fact, that the captured post was not to be blotted out with H. E. shells, or even swept away by a raid.

"W'en I get back," Sykes said wonderingly, "I'll find that somebody 'as give me a 'ole case o' fizz water, an' that somebody else 'as made me a brigadier! I know I will! Ongree, kindly pinch my leg—*pincez le jambe*—will yer? S'elp me, I am awake!"

But they were not yet through with Bill Gibson. They did not yet quite understand the fashion in which this creature waged war. For an hour he endured the inaction of their position, then announced:

"Come on, let's take these prisoners back to the trenches!"

Henri opened his eyes wide and gave utterance to a string of protesting "*sacr  s*," but Sykes shook his head at him. "Come on, Ongree," he advised. "Might just as well do it. Thank Gawd, wot 'e wants to do now is 'eadin' toward the rear. If we don't 'unor 'im in this, 'e'll be wantin' to go to Grand 'Eadquarters an' tweak the Kaiser's nose!"

AND so that party of seven marched back over the several hundred yards which separated them from the nearest point in their own trenches, and during that time no shell fell near them and no bullet droned above.

In front, heads drooping, marched the four prisoners. At their heels, his rifle sloping across his breast, his bayonet close to the nearest pair of lagging German heels, his eyes sweeping land and sky and no doubt seeing visions—walked Bill.

A few yards behind him, their rifles slung, their eyes ever watchful, their feet moving in that slogging stride they had discovered the best for all roads and all weathers, marched the Briton and the Celt. From time to time they glanced at Bill, then looked at each other and smiled. They were conscious simultaneously of a great wonder, a vast amusement, and a huge thankfulness.

"Ongree," said Sykes behind his hand, "you and me allus was a great pair! An' 'im, 'e's crazy, that's wot 'e is, an' a 'istorian too! But, Lord lumme, Ongree, the three of us together is just plain hell! Nussy pas?"

"Mais, oui!" agreed Henri heartily.

Meredith Nicholson

WHEN I left school at fifteen, owing to my inability to master algebra, it was with the fixed purpose of becoming a printer. There had been printers in my mother's family; my grandfather Meredith was a printer and a pioneer editor in Indiana. I knew in my youth great numbers of printers, including many of the old "tramp" genus, and I thought them very fine fellows. They knew a lot and I found their cynical philosophy delightful. To know as much as a "print" and wander over the world, "holding cases" in strange cities, struck me as a noble thing. But the gods were against me.

For a time I was employed in a small job office attached to a news stand. There I had full swing at Bonner's "Ledger" and the newest dime novels, but I was a clerk, not an apprentice, and only on rare occasions did I get a chance to sort pi or otherwise toy with the types. I moved to another and bigger establishment, but there again I was thwarted. I was required to push a wheelbarrow through the streets of Indianapolis, piled high with books and stationery, and at seven every morning I gained spiritual strength for this task by sweeping out the counting room and administering to the cuspidors. The performance of these duties had the effect of stimulating my ambition. I resolved to become a stenographer and practiced the pothooks at night until I found employment in a law office.

At nineteen I was reading law and I learned a good deal about courts, legal forms and procedure. Born far from tidewater, which I never saw until I had been a voter for several years, I specialized in admiralty law. The romance of the thing must have caught me, for I ran down all the decisions available in this branch of legal science. With all modesty I assert, pretend, and declare that at that period I knew more of the law of the sea than any other Hoosier ever knew.

Having mastered maritime law, I skipped the rest and became a reporter.

This was good fun and I kept at newspaper work for twelve years. Then I took a flyer in business and was for three years auditor and treasurer of a coal-mining corporation in Colorado.

But all this time I had been writing something, prose or verse, and in Colorado I wrote a historical book which is my longest seller. I was so elated to find that I had indeed become an author that I chucked the coal business and a very good salary and began to write novels, essays, and all sorts of other things. In my experiments with literature I have been both serious and frivolous. The only way to have a good time as a writer is to do the thing that interests you at the moment. As I have a

journalistic sort of mind, I have dropped the fiction many times to write an essay on some such subject as "Should Smith Go to Church?" or "The Second-Rate Man in Politics."

Politics has always exercised a strong spell upon me; born in Indiana, I couldn't help this. I have declined public office from one president and twice I have refused a nomination for Congress. This has created the impression in Indiana that I am weak-minded, for Hoosiers have rarely in the course of a hundred years refused office or a chance to acquire the same. But when I have kicked up a fuss in politics or gone out and made speeches, it has been merely from a foolish idea that the nation must be saved. My politics boils down to this proposition, that we must make and keep America a safe place for democracy.

When autocracy has received its quietus I hope to see in America, as a result of our great and righteous victory over kaiserism, a new spirit of seriousness in our politics and a higher ideal of public service.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.



How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toast master was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it, but how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did: I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck.

And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years became president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

"Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure pleasure all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't sure. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much," or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased earning power will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES

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Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

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..... Collier's 10 (3-18)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of Collier's, The National Weekly, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1918
State of New York } ss.:
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared A. C. G. Hammesfahr, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Manager of Collier's, The National Weekly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Name of	Post-office address
PUBLISHER—P. F. Collier & Son, Incorporated.....	416 West 13th St., New York
EDITOR—F. P. Dunne.....	416 West 13th St., New York
MANAGING EDITOR—William Le Baron.....	416 West 13th St., New York
BUSINESS MANAGER—A. C. G. Hammesfahr.....	416 West 13th St., New York

2. That the owners are a (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock).

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) A. C. G. Hammesfahr, GENERAL MANAGER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this Twentieth day of September, 1918.

(Signed) Alphonsus B. Casey, Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30, 1920.)

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in Greenport. You know, you don't have much choice. I was crazy about Blanche. But I wasn't her kind at all. Somehow I knew that from the start, but I kept fooling myself about it and telling myself I could make good with her. And maybe I could have done it if I hadn't begun to make a lot of money. I couldn't have been more than twenty when I began to travel around selling stuff—first I began going around selling insurance and books and Lord knows what to the farmers. But after a while I went from town to town all over that part of the State selling agricultural implements. You see, I had the knack of selling. It just came natural to me. Well, after I married I promised Blanche I'd leave the road and settle down in the village, taking charge of her father's hardware store. I did for a time, but I couldn't make good hanging around one place all the time. You know how it is. The traveling part had got into my blood. I liked going around and meeting new people; I liked going around and blowing into a hotel, even those little hick hotels up-State. Maybe I liked sporting too much. I used to take a bunch of my customers to the county fairs they have in that part of the country, and we'd hit it up pretty good. Blanche couldn't see it at all. Her folks were awful respectable—pillars of the church and all that. They kept talking to her about me and making her feel worse about me than she would have otherwise, although Lord knows that was bad enough! Why, Blanche liked to shut herself up in her room; 'in a silence,' I think she called it. And you can picture me at the same time down at the bar of the Grand Hotel listening to stories that weren't nice stories and raising hell generally. You can tell

This is the second of Mr. Graeve's "Fairweather & Linn" stories. Another one will be published in an early issue.—THE EDITOR.

did. One night she almost went off her head because he followed me down to the Grand Hotel, said I was corrupting him and bringing him up in my own evil ways. After that Blanche just shut herself off from me entirely, wouldn't even let me touch her hand. All the time, too, I could see her hate of me growing in her eyes. It made me crazier than ever. I got to staying away from home more than ever. Then I came across Flora. You've seen Flora, haven't you? Flora's an awful good sport. She doesn't care what I do. She understands men like me better, I guess. Flora and I decided we'd come down here to New York and let Blanche get the divorce in any way that would be easiest for her. I haven't seen her now in ten years."

"But what about the boy?" I asked. "Oh, the court gave him to Blanche. But I thought that she'd let me see him once in a while, and that after he got a little older I could help him along. But his mother's brought him up so that he's got no use for me. He's my boy, and he won't take a thing from me—not a damn thing. He won't even come and see me. I've kept an eye on him as best I could. I've seen him from time to time without his seeing me. One summer I heard he was staying at a hotel with some friends of his down on Long Island, and I went down there and lived in the same hotel under another name, so I could watch him and see what sort of a man he's getting to be. And when I saw him I don't know whether I was glad or sorry. He's Aces High; you can take that straight. But he's something that I'll never be, and that's a gentleman. That was a real swell hotel we were at, and you should have seen that boy of mine come down to dinner evenings with his Tux-



"You've got to take it, sonny. This is no place to spend the night"

just from that we couldn't hit it off very long.

"I do think Blanche loved me in her way. She was always trying to make me over into something that I wasn't and never could be. And I was always trying to be made over, but I just couldn't seem to stay made over. I'd behave for a while and then I'd just go crazy. It was awful hard on her. I always saw that. Well, after a while—this was when my boy was about nine years old—she wouldn't have anything more at all to do with me. I think the boy made her worse. He used to think, I guess, that I was the greatest man in the world. He'd come and sit on my knee evenings on the front porch. And he didn't show that same affection for his mother. She was all the time telling him he couldn't do this and he couldn't do that, and I couldn't speak to him like that because I never really saw anything wrong in what he

edo on and white flannels, looking like he'd never worn anything else. You'd never know he'd come from a one-horse town. One night he came and sat on the railing of the veranda so close I could have put my hand out and touched him, and it was blamed hard, let me tell you, not touching him. That day he'd won a silver cup at a tennis tournament they pulled off down there, and it only seemed right that his old man should congratulate him. But I wanted to do more than that. I felt that I wanted to grip him by the shoulders and hold him straight in front of me so he couldn't get away and tell him that I wasn't as rotten as his mother had made him believe I was. I had to get up and walk away or else I'd have done it. You see, down there, with all those



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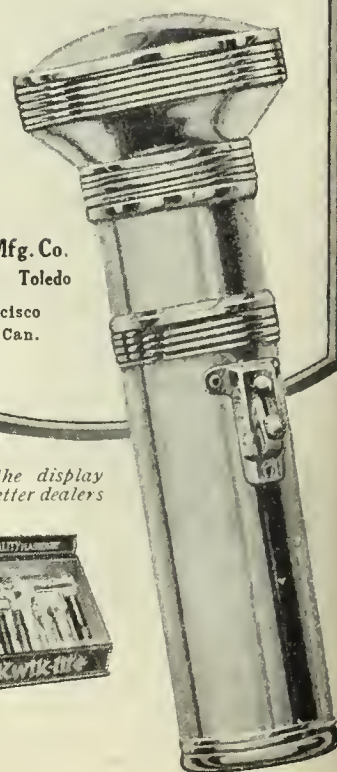
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BE sure you get the QUALITY flashlight: look for the telescopic joint near the center of the case. Kwiklite costs no more than an ordinary flashlight, but it gives longer service and satisfaction.

Kwiklite seamless batteries are guaranteed for 25 per cent longer service than any other. They fit any flashlight.

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Look for the display case at the better dealers



W.S.S.

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Security is all a matter of sound judgment—

YOU may have an idea that in buying locks and hardware it is largely a question of "this or that."

But you will be only half right if you do buy on that basis. There can be no two sides to it if you want to be certain.

If you want real security, provable and proven, of course you'll be sure to buy "Yale." If it's a question of mechanical excellence or material quality and sound workmanship, likewise of course you'll insist upon "Yale."

And that is so, whether it is a convenient, trustworthy, Night Latch; or a sturdy tenacious Padlock; or a secure little Cabinet Lock; or Builders' Hardware to decorate and protect; or a Door Closer to bring comfort and quiet.

The "Yale" trade-mark on all of them means the same thing: a better product. See that trade-mark "Yale"—the same trade-mark that distinguishes the famous Yale Chain Block.

Yale Products for Sale
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The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
9 East 40th Street, New York City

Chicago Office: 77 East Lake Street
Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd.
St. Catharines, Ontario

TRADE **YALE** MARK

swell friends of his, he might 'a' been ashamed of me. Besides, I couldn't have helped him any. There was nothing I could give him that he didn't have. His mother's folks had money, and he'd been to college and, I guess, had all the money a young fellow ought to have to spend. But then a little while ago I heard something that made me think I could help him."

At this point in Jim's story the lights in the café began to flicker warningly, and an undersized old man, who had been mopping up the floor all about us, began to make tentative sweeps beneath our very feet.

I looked at my watch. "Good heavens, Jim!" I exclaimed. "It's five minutes of one!"

"Gosh, I'm sorry I've kept you up so late," he said.

We gathered up our hats and made for the street. In the darkened doorway we paused. "But I want to hear the rest of the story," I said.

"There's not much more to tell," he answered, with a sigh. "Let's start walking uptown. I've got a room up at the Astoria on Forty-fourth Street."

We strolled on uptown. In the interests of war-time economy, only a few lights shone, and Broadway was singularly deserted except for a few taxicabs swiftly tearing by. And Jim continued: "Well, I thought I might be of some help to Dick when I heard he'd enlisted despite his mother's wishes. He's only nineteen, and she cut off his allowance to punish him. 'At last,' I says to myself, 'here's a chance for me to help the kid.' So I wrote him a letter. And here's the answer I got." From a wallet in his inside pocket he drew a well-worn sheet of paper, and, stopping beneath a dim street lamp, read: "Dear father. Thanks for your offer, but I can get along perfectly well on what the Government pays me. That's a fine note for a son to send his father, ain't it? But I don't know that you can blame him. You can just imagine what he thinks of me when you consider that his mother, who hates me, has had the shaping of him all these years."

When we reached the corner of Thirty-ninth Street, Jim stopped abruptly. "Well, good night, Arthur."

"But I thought you were going up to Forty-fourth Street?"

He smiled apologetically. "I think I'll just run down to the Pennsylvania Station again and see if there's any young fellow hanging around down there without a bed to sleep in. I got a big double room up at the Astoria and can put somebody up just as well as not."

And with that he swung on his heel and headed south.

I had every intention of keeping Jim's story to myself, but shortly after this the rumors floated into town that every man in Upton was to be sent overseas. It was a year after we had entered the war, and yet it was the first time that most of us realized completely that we had a war on our hands, with brothers and cousins and friends being sent over swiftly. The thought of Jim's boy worried me. It was bad enough for those of us who saw our kin go and were able to say good-by in hurried whispers, but it was worse for the man whose boy would have nothing to do with him. Jim must have known about it too, for he went around the office that week, I remember, with all his famous buoyancy, all his joviality and cordiality, entirely missing. He didn't even go out and call on his customers. He shut himself in the small private office which was dedicated to his use, and one saw him in there closely studying the afternoon extras or else just sitting gazing vacantly into space.

FINALLY the thing got on my nerves, and I felt compelled to tell little Billy, Dubuque, and Wallie Johnson about it. "We've got to do something about it!" I concluded vaguely. "We can't let that darn fool kid of Jim's go over to France without having some sort of a reconciliation with old Jim."

"Here we are, four fairly intelligent men whose business it is to sell things through advertising to millions of peo-

Salt Mackerel

Direct from the Fishing Boats to You



Your pail is ready—fat, meaty, juicy mackerel—send no money—try the fish first.

Frank E. Davis PRESIDENT

It's thirty-four years, come next September, since I began supplying the choicest of Gloucester's famous mackerel direct to the homes of families throughout the country.

Our Own Home Kind

People here in Gloucester, the leading fish port of America, laughed at me when I began to sell mackerel by mail. They didn't realize how hard it is for other people to get good fish. But I did. So I decided to make it easy for everybody, everywhere, to have full-flavored, wholesome fish, the kind we pick for our own eating here at Gloucester. 85,000 families are buying from us today.

Fishmen for Generations

You see, I know fish. My folks, 'way back, have always been fishermen. They helped found Gloucester in 1623. My boyhood days were spent aboard fishing boats. Catching fish, knowing the choicest and picking 'em out, cleaning and curing them the right way, has been my life's job.

Thirty Years' Development

Today our business is housed in a modern, four-story, concrete building, with 20,000 square feet of floor space; fitted with the most improved and sanitary equipment for cleaning and packing fish. Standing at the water's edge, the fishermen's catches are brought right into the building. They go to your table with "the tang of the sea" in them.

Fall Mackerel, Fat and Tender

Most of the fish your dealer can buy are Spring fish, thin, dry, and tasteless. What I've selected for you are Fall fish, juicy and fat with the true salty-sea mackerel flavor. We clean and wash them before weighing. You pay only for net weight. No heads and no tails. Just the white, thick, meaty portions—the parts that make the most delicious meal imaginable. You probably have never tasted salt mackerel as good as mine.

Send No Cash—Try the Mackerel First

I want you to know before you pay that my fish will please you. If there is any possibility of a risk, I want it to be at my expense. Just mail the coupon today, and I'll ship at once a pail of my mackerel containing 10 fish, each fish sufficient for 3 or 4 people, all charges prepaid, so that your family can have a real Gloucester treat Sunday morning.

Then—if my mackerel are not better than any you have ever tasted, send back the rest at my expense.

If you are pleased with them—and I'm sure you will be—send me \$4.90, and at the same time ask for "Descriptive List of Davis' Fish," sold only direct, never to dealers.

Remember: Meat, flour, potatoes, everything has gone 'way up in price. In comparison, Davis' mackerel is low. An economical food—so good to eat, so nutritious! The "Sea Food Cook Book" that goes with the fish will tell you just how to prepare them.

Mail the coupon now with your business card, letter-head or reference.

Frank E. Davis Co.

73 Central Wharf
Gloucester, Mass.



The Frank E. Davis Company is prepared to supply, at interesting prices, its product to boarding schools, hotels, institutions, clubs and hospitals. Write for special list.

Frank E. Davis Co.,
73 Central Wharf
Gloucester, Mass.

Without obligation please send me, all charges prepaid, a pail of Davis' Mackerel—to contain 10 fish, each fish sufficient for 3 or 4 people. I agree to remit \$4.90 in ten days or return the fish.

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THERE WERE SO MANY DUTIES CROWDED UPON W. L. DOUGLAS WHILE "BOUND OUT" THAT HE HAD VERY LITTLE OPPORTUNITY TO PLAY.

ONCE WHEN HE WAS TOLD TO PLAY AWHILE, HE DUG A HOLE IN THE GROUND—HIS IDEA OF PLAY WAS TO WORK AT SOMETHING.

W. L. DOUGLAS
"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

\$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 \$5.00 \$6.00 \$7.00 & \$8.00

BOYS SHOES
Best in the World
\$3.00 \$3.50

You'll never need to ask "What is the price?" when the shoe salesman is showing you W. L. Douglas shoes because the actual value is determined and the retail price fixed at the factory before W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W. L. Douglas to protect his customers. W. L. Douglas name on shoes is his pledge that they are the best in materials, workmanship and style possible to produce at the price. Into every pair go the results of sixty-six years experience in making shoes, dating back to the time when W. L. Douglas was a lad of seven, pegging shoes.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

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For sale by 105 W. L. Douglas stores and over 9000 W. L. Douglas dealers, or can be ordered direct from W. L. Douglas by mail. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes through the mail, postage free.

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J. M. LYON & CO. 1 Maiden Lane, New York



ple," said Wallie Marshall, "and yet we can't muster up brains enough to sell a father to his nineteen-year-old son. What's the matter with us? Where's our imagination about which we've been blowing lo! these many years."

Little Billy Dow then leaned forward, his crusty features alight with inspiration. He pointed his stubby finger at Dubuque. "You're the man, Dubuque!" he cried. "You can write a letter that will convince an irate advertiser that the blue in his advertisement was red. If you can perform miracles like that, why can't you convince this boy that his father's one of the finest men that ever walked the face of the earth?"

Dubuque yawned with that exasperating elegance of his. "But I seem to be the only one who gets the boy's point of view," he protested. "If I had a father who was one of the most notorious rounders in New York, I don't believe I'd want much to do with him."

"Look here, Dubuque," I said. "Why don't you write the boy the truth of the matter? Tell him everything you know about Jim. Dress it up a little, of course. Spill a bit of the sob stuff, but stick to the facts."

"Oh, well, I'll do my best," said Dubuque.

And he did. He cut a house party in Southampton over that week-end, and although he claimed full credit for his martyrdom, I believe he did it willingly enough. He spent all day Sunday composing that letter to Jim's kid. It was a masterpiece. It was not only a letter, it was a complete philosophy of life. And I remember that when Dubuque read it to the three of us on Monday even that hardened little Billy Dow was forced to bring forth his handkerchief and rather ostentatiously blow his nose. That was when Dubuque came to the part which described Jim hanging around the Pennsylvania Station. The letter was not altogether fact, of course. It was fact skillfully blended with fiction. It rose far above fact into the realm of pure art.

At its conclusion it invited young Dick Worthington to write us when he would come to New York to the office of Fairweather & Linn to see his father. It also said: "For God's sake, if you do come don't let the old man know that you're coming in response to this letter. He has his pride as well as you have yours. Tell him you came to see him of your own free will."

TWO days later we had a reply. "I'm getting Saturday off," young Dick Worthington wrote, "and I'll be in to see my father about eleven o'clock."

On some pretext we kept Jim in the office that morning, and at five minutes before eleven Dick Worthington appeared at the entrance desk. "I'd like to see my father, Mr. Worthington," he announced in a voice that reached all over the office.

Little Billy sprang forward and escorted him down the aisle toward Jim's private office. And I believe every pair of eyes in Fairweather & Linn's followed them. Dick Worthington was a brave young figure in his khaki, a typical, clean-cut young American soldier as he marched along with his shoulders thrown back and his head held high. Perhaps his head was held a little higher than usual that morning. Possibly he saw the interest and the curiosity in our concentrated stare.

Little Billy pushed his head around the corner of Jim's door and announced with a full realization of the dramatic effect he was creating: "Here's your son to see you, Jim."

Little Billy told us afterward that Jim just sat there at that announcement, looking dazed and a bit frightened. But Billy didn't see anything more. For he shoved Dick Worthington inside and then quickly closed the door. A very great deal of tact, at times, had little Billy.

It was not more than a week after that Dick Worthington sailed for France. I remember it because ten days later Jim came around the office, very proud and happy, showing to anyone who would look one of those form cards which announce the safe arrival of our boys oversea.

From Kinnikinnik to Edgeworth

LARUS & BROTHER CO.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I have been smoking a pipe for 57 years, from the time of entering the U. S. Army, September, 1861. Served 4 years and during that time was stuck on "Kinnikinnik."

Have smoked every good brand on the market since, and find nothing that suits my taste equal to the Edgeworth smoke.

Yours truly,

(Signed) Major.....

Present age 74 years, 2 months.

From Kinnikinnik to Edgeworth—57 years!



It was a long journey. It sounds like a tale from some ancient tome. It's as if a man joined a caravan at Kinnikinnik, a city in the Far East, traveled for 57 years, and finally arrived at Edgeworth. He was a traveler rather than a man of words. He mentioned no way-stations.

As a matter of fact, many men make as long a journey as that from the tobacco they first like to the one they finally like.

Most men are as finicky about the tobacco they smoke as a woman of taste is about selecting her hats.

A pipe-smoker knows what kind of tobacco he wants—when he gets it. But usually he comes upon it only through a long process of elimination. He smokes many different kinds for a time. When at last he finds a tobacco that really satisfies him, nothing can pry him loose from it.

He is so mightily pleased at his success in finding it that he wants others to use it.

Every real man has his pet tobacco. He is generous with it. He may be a natural hoarder of other things, but to save you from wasting all the time he did hunting for it, he will give you a pipeful of "the best tobacco in the world."

Sometimes it is the best tobacco that you have ever smoked. Sometimes it isn't.

One's judgment of pipe-tobacco is so wholly a matter of taste that one can only assume that another will like your favorite kind.

Our favorite kind is Edgeworth. We make it and believe in it, and it has received rather wide approval, but we know better than to attempt to force it on you.

At the same time, we believe in it enough to back it. We would like to learn what you think of it.

Merely send us your address on a postcard together with that of the local dealer supplying you with tobacco, and we will mail to you generous samples of Edgeworth Tobacco in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is made up of thin, moist slices pressed into cakes. A slice, rubbed between the hands, makes an average pipe-load.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed, as its title indicates, comes ready for immediate use. Pour it straight from the can into your pipe.

Edgeworth is put up in sizes convenient for all purchasers. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in pocket-size packages sells for 15c; larger sizes, 30c and 65c; tin humidor, \$1.25; in glass jars, \$1.30. Edgeworth Plug Slice costs 15c, 30c, 65c and \$1.20.

For the free samples upon which we would like your judgment, address Larus & Brother Co., 3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

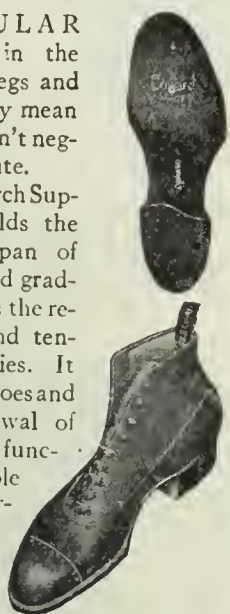
To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice- or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

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MUSCULAR pains in the back, legs and feet so frequently mean weak arches. Don't neglect them a minute.

The Coward Arch Support Shoe remolds the delicate bony span of the foot gently and gradually. It restores the relaxed muscles and tendons to their duties. It releases cramped toes and guides the renewal of every normal foot function. Comfortable from the first wearing. We are experienced in fitting by mail. Address Dept. H.



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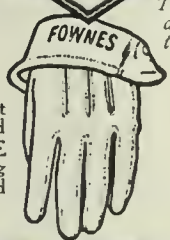
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The name is always in the glove.

American art has produced FILOSETTE surpassing any imported fabric glove.



Made-in-Germany

Continued from page 7

of buying thousands of copies, a newspaper printed in English in Berlin, known as the "Continental Times." It is owned by an Austrian and is edited by an Englishman named Stanhope. News distorted to suit the purposes of Germany is printed in it, and the paper bears prominently displayed the words "A Paper for Americans."

This publication was circulated among English prisoners. It invariably represented the war as going against the Allies. Eventually the prisoner readers realized that the publication was simply another manifestation of the perverted German point of view. This "Continental Times" press was used, too, for the issuing of German cartoons which attempted to foment revolution in Ireland and to cause discord between the English and the French. The lengthy explanations of the German jokes were printed in English, German, and French so that the matter could be circulated in France, England, or Ireland as opportunity offered.

In certain neutral nations close to Germany there are a number of newspapers which are subsidized with German money. In South America, too, the Germans have their own mediums.

Under the operations of the official German press bureaus the kinds of news sent out are as various as the countries to which they are sent—e. g., for a purely local purpose news is colored in one way for publication in Germany; it may receive another point of view for transmission to Europe and still another for use in the East.

This is the nation which we have to fight—for its own good and for our own salvation. For the mind of Germany, with its low cunning, its subtle poisoning of the free institutions of the world, cannot dominate if we are to remain a free nation—if indeed there is to be any honor, honesty, or democracy in the world. We can only beat into such a consciousness with the force of arms. The Prussian, the Junker, cannot understand any other appeal. Brought up in arms, trained and molded to docile obedience to military leaders, he can only be influenced by "force to the utmost."

Our soldiers must fight him—and they must be sustained by the nation. Liberty Bonds must be purchased to the limit of the ability of everyone in this country. Germany has been preparing for years for *Der Tag*; she has mobilized her men and her resources. We must continue our man power and industrial mobilization, begun through the means of other Liberty Loans.

Holland

Continued from page 12

his companions stories of the great Verdun drive. And so on. A whole roomful of queer customers.

Outside we heard the droning of the low-sounding guns; a rhythmical tattoo with sudden interruption, crescendo, and an abrupt ending: *Boom—boom—boom—boom—boom—boom*, almost flowing into one protracted sound. Then silence. Then a violent *b-o-o-m*, then a new tattoo, even more rapid than before.

There, in the near-by Flemish land a silent procession of souls was winding its way toward heaven and rest and peace. Here, a few hours distant from the scene of carnage, sat the men who but a short while ago had tried to kill each other with all the wiles of the savage.

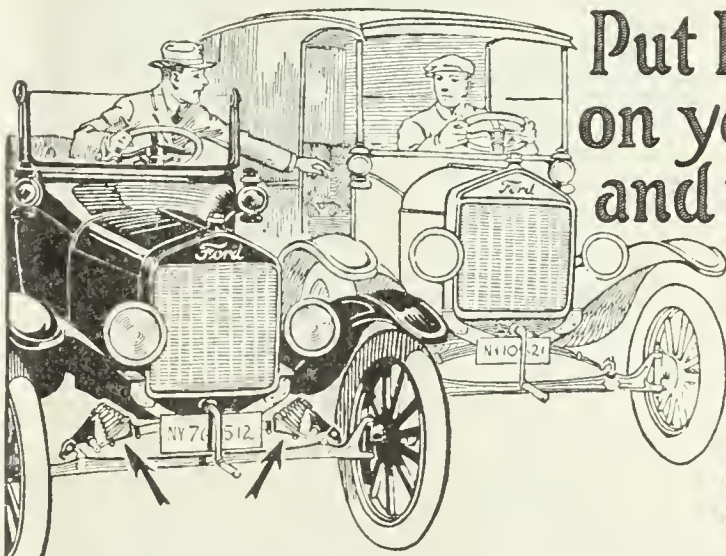
But in this land of neutral hospitality they had returned to the status of civilized beings. The mortal enemy of yesterday, bumping against the chair of his foe, would smile and say: "I am sorry." And the ferocious antagonist of a few months before would smile back and say: "Ich bitte schön. It is nothing at all."

In the midst of this giant drama the Dutch people maintain their independence, as keepers of the law and masters of ceremony to those who have been made the victims of the gigantic struggle for a better world.

The pictures you are planning to send to that Soldier of yours—they must soon be on the way if you would make sure that he has them to gladden his heart on Christmas morning.

There's a photographer in your town.

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The easier your Ford rides, the less gasoline it takes to run it. Make your Ford ride like a \$2,000 car and secure the last bit of power from every drop of gas. Install the

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Hasslers achieve economy by making your Ford comfortable. They stop all jolts and jars, decrease vibration, prevent sidesway and rebound, and make your Ford easier to steer and safer to drive. By doing this, they cut your expenses for gas, tires, up-keep, and increase the resale value of your car.

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Write today for **FREE TRIAL BLANK** and we will have a set of Hasslers put on your Ford without a cent of expense to you. Try them 10 days. Then, if you are willing to do without them, they will be taken off without charge. Don't ride without Hasslers simply because someone discourages you from trying them. Accept this offer and see for yourself. *Nearly a million of the Patented Hasslers now in use.*

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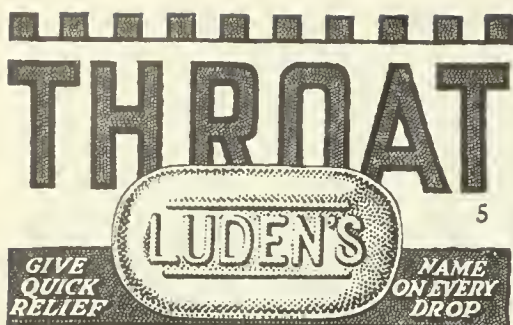
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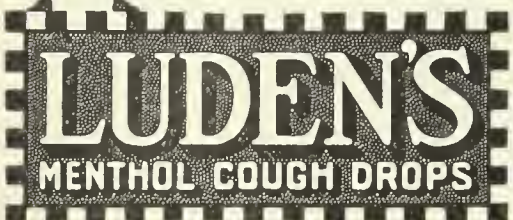


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take Luden's along and keep your throat free from dryness, huskiness and irritation. No coloring, no narcotics. Carry Luden's with you always.

Look for the Luden yellow, dust-proof package.

Wm. H. Luden, Reading, Pa.



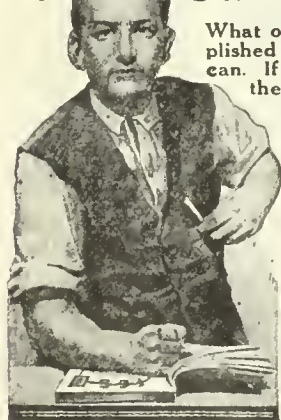
What Shall I Read To-Night?

—A few hours a year, a few years in a lifetime are all any of us has to read. Why waste that little time on useless fast-dying books? Why not read only worth-while books? Which are these worth-while books?

Let us answer that question by sending you with our compliments — without obligation — the delightful little book in which Dr. Eliot tells about his famous Harvard Classics, the Five-Foot Shelf of Books. Just mail a post card or letter asking for the booklet to

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Don't Forget the Navy

Continued from page 6

and the main facts any American should know about what his navy ought to be and whether we are meeting the need.

When this war started in 1914 there was no question in the minds of any naval authorities that sea power depended on the big ships and the big guns. Has anything happened to change this conclusion?

"A Permanent Pest"

THE submarine? From the time when Bushnell on the coast of Connecticut in the War of the Revolution tried his one-man submarine on the British, and a submarine in Charleston Harbor during the Civil War drowned several crews, and the Lake and Holland experiments included a submersible which ran along the ocean's bottom on wheels, Americans have leaned toward the submarine and are prone to treat it and its future with great seriousness.

One fact which most Americans do not know is that Germany before the war had not planned her submarine campaign. As an official of our navy said to me: "Our best information is that Germany began the war with only some forty-odd submarines, and most of them were obsolete curiosities of the past or 'tin Lizzies.'"

Von Tirpitz himself, the recognized exponent of unlimited and ruthless submarine policy, is reported by the secret intelligence officials of Allied nations as saying that the submarine has developed no proof of fitness for any of the factors of naval supremacy—defense of country and invasion of other countries, defense of colonies, defense of commerce, destruction of enemy commerce—except destruction of enemy commerce.

At no moment, for instance, since the war began have responsible naval experts looked upon Henry Ford's suggestion that we defend America with a school of submarines as being anything but comic opera. "The submarine," Chief Constructor Taylor told me, "is probably a permanent pest," but as a factor in naval supremacy the fast motor boat, carrying torpedoes and dodging in under fog or smoke screens, bids fair to make a better record against armed vessels than the submersible. The exploits of Lieutenant Commander Rizzo of the Italian navy, following with a small torpedo speed boat the explorations of seaplanes, has already to his credit the sinking of at least three Austrian battleships. These exploits have illustrated the advantage of quick, daring attacks on the surface where one can use speed and constant observation over the blind, underwater, awkward maneuvering of the slower submarine.

The latter, with all its overadvertised efficiency, carries a load of disadvantages. While submerged it must use the revolutions of its propeller and the mere lapse of time to determine its own position. It cannot do much to hunt down prey; it is primarily a creature in ambush waiting for its victim to come within its range. Though possessed of great hiding capacity, it is vulnerable when it discloses its presence. The depth bomb is effective to smash its shell even when the bomb explodes at a distance from the submersible surprisingly far away, as the Germans are learning now. The non-ricocheting shell, designed so that the surface of the sea will not deflect it, has proved deadly. Projectiles of any kind, even of small caliber, are large enough to destroy the submersible.

The submarine has no adequate weapons with which to fight back when attacked—as, for instance, when attacked by a destroyer. Its torpedo runs at a depth beneath the surface so that light-draft patrol boats are almost immune from explosion. The submarine's deck guns are inaccurate, owing in part to the instability of the gun platform. The gunfire from a submersible's deck is almost ridiculous at times; when one attacked several coal barges off Orleans, Mass., in the summer of 1918, shots fell into fresh-water

ponds on Cape Cod; and in the famous fight between a submarine and the armed freighter *Luckenbach* the U-boat fired 247 shots and made only 19 hits!

Furthermore, to gain sufficient accuracy of torpedo hits, a submersible, acting according to the German rule, will use a range of from 800 to 2,000 yards, and this necessity for short range exposes the submarine to great danger of being exterminated by gunfire. Therefore the convoy system, expensive and troublesome as it has been, has become the mainstay in rendering the submarine ineffective as a destroyer of commerce.

A host of difficulties can be put and have been put in the way of the success of submarine operation. Great progress—not to be described—has been made recently in the development of sound-detection devices which serve to locate the submarine in its underwater hiding places. Nets of wire, almost from the beginning of their use by the British, have proved of some virtue, but the submarines, learning their dangers, have built propeller shields to avoid entanglement in the meshes, and hawsers have been stretched over the superstructures to protect them from engaging the wire. Nets with explosive mines at intervals have done some damage, and even though any wire can be cut when located, nets of various kinds have proved destructive for a time.

In this war attacks upon the bases of submarines have yielded results which cannot be used as precedents for the future when submarine bases may be better guarded, more diversified, and scattered, but the planting of great mine fields to bar their passage may yield increasing success.

Strangely enough, one of the greatest naval secrets of the war was bared last May, and its disclosure attracted almost no attention in America. The British had blockaded the northern entrance of the North Sea, two hundred-odd nautical miles in width, by a mine field which begins with a mine barrage running from a point off Scotland to the "territorial waters" off Bergen, Norway, and extends northward to an apex of a triangular field which reaches the Arctic Circle. The share of the United States in this plan, distinguished as the most extensive naval work of the kind ever undertaken, will some day be told. The field covers over 100,000 nautical square miles!

One of the chief enemies of submarines is the nature of the submarine itself. It is blind when submerged. It meets extraordinary dangers from the elements. As an example, take the case reported by Rasmussen, the Arctic explorer, who personally witnessed the imprisonment of several submarines in ice in an inlet near Helsingborg. The cold came so suddenly and the ice had thickened so quickly that not only were some of the submersibles held bound on the surface, but others, having proceeded under water, came up too late and, being unable to break through the ice, lost their crews.

Only a Pirate

THE foremost weakness inherent in the submarine itself is the effect of submarine service upon men. Life within a U-boat is a strain upon crews which at times becomes unbearable; when the submersible has been used as a ruthless destroyer of commerce and for murder of noncombatants, in accordance with German practice, mutiny has been common. A number of submarines have voluntarily surrendered, putting into enemy ports after a long, harrowing experience, and one or more crews have been joined by their officers in their refusal to give further under-sea service. Several of the U-boats of the many sent out by Germany, and reported missing, are accounted for in that way.

It is a fact that the submarine has been the "six days' wonder" of the sea in this war, but it must be remembered that it has made its record as a pirate boat and a destroyer of un-

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armed and unguarded commerce and not as a practical machine of naval warfare, offensive or defensive! The destruction of the battleship *Audacious* still remains the most prominent instance of the submersible's success against a war vessel.

The submarine attacks armed craft at great risk of destruction; and, because most of the new submersibles carry twenty torpedoes, costing an average of over \$10,000 apiece, which in case of loss must be added to the cost of the submarine itself, the risk in attacking armed vessels no doubt outweighs the chance of inflicting greater damage upon the enemy.

The "Super-Sub"

THERE is a possibility that the submarine, as a commerce destroyer, may be evolved into a larger, steadier, faster, and longer-ranged submersible raider. There is reason to believe that Germany is producing this type and that the reason behind it is the advantage to be gained in developing a submersible whose decks will carry guns of a caliber and gun platforms of sufficient stability for a marksmanship which will allow the raider to defend itself from attack by destroyers and patrol boats and to launch a more effective attack upon merchantmen by using inexpensive shells which hit, rather than costly torpedoes which miss.

One of the chief difficulties in the way of making a success of the big submersible commerce raider is the difficulty of producing a powerful engine which will give the raider speed and cruising range. The Germans, it is believed, have been trying a Diesel oil engine in combination with oxygen tanks to replace electric drive, but this has met with no great measure of success.

Even with the coming of the "super-sub" there is no indication that the submarine will ever again attain the place it has held in this war as a commerce destroyer. The convoy system, sound-detection devices, depth bombs, the increasing appreciation of the inaccuracy of the torpedo launched against a zig-zagging enemy, the possibility of merchantmen carrying their own light-draft, speedy, armed convoy on their own decks or davits, are all indications of a decreasing usefulness of the submersible—as a pirate. Used as anything but a pirate, or considered as a factor in real sea power, the lesson of the war is that the submarine is more useless than naval authorities had supposed it to be.

Where the Torpedo Fails

TORPEDOES? The war has developed the power and accuracy of the torpedo. Torpedoes now carry 500 pounds of the highest explosive, and this charge is double the power of that used before the beginning of the war. But the demonstrated failure of the torpedo's accuracy had shocked naval experts.

The torpedo is not like a shell; there is a substantial lapse of time between its aiming and discharge and its delivery. At its long range of 9,000 or 10,000 yards, probably more than seven minutes is required to reach the mark. At shorter ranges there is still a lapse of time which makes it necessary for the man who aims to guess the exact direction and speed of the moving target—a very difficult rough estimate. By painting bow waves on the prows of their vessels so that the periscope observer misjudged the speed, the British for a long time deceived the German torpedo men into absurd miscalculations. Zigzagging of vessels and "quick helms," which turn a vessel from her course, evade hits.

During the fight off Helgoland, near the Elbe's mouth, some half hundred British and German vessels fought for six hours, and torpedoes were being discharged on both sides. Not a single effective hit!

In the Battle of Jutland the only torpedo hit on any British vessel was that on the *Marlborough*, and that one was not effective. So inaccurate is torpedo fire in a naval engagement that torpedoes are not aimed at anything but the column of enemy vessels, so that if the average ship is 200 yards long and

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the battle formation distance between ships is 500 yards the theoretical chances of a hit are only two against five chances to miss, and the practical chances of a miss are much greater.

The Crewless Raider and the Con-trolled Torpedo? For many years the inventors' joy has been a boat or torpedo which could be sent out and controlled electrically by a connecting electric wire dragged behind it, or by wireless. The use of such a device is limited by the limitations of the observer who directs its movements from shore. An Australian invention, called the "Victoria," had its day many years ago. During the Spanish War, or thereabout, we used to hear of the invention of Tesla—a wireless-controlled affair. More than a quarter of a century ago the British were learning that this idea would not have a large place in sea power. In the latter months of 1917 the Germans sent out "crewless raiders," electrically controlled, against the monitors bombarding territory in Belgium under German occupation. The British blew them out of the water.

Sailors in Gas Masks?

THE Smoke Screen and Gas? The use of the smoke screen, first developed by a fleet of destroyers under Sims in American prewar maneuvers in the North Atlantic, in which the destroyers succeeded in throwing a smoke cloud to leeward, and then, after it had passed over the opposing line of battle-ships, using it for a cover of an attack from the opposite side, has had a remarkable place in this war, not only in fooling the submarine, but in naval engagements. In the Battle of Jutland the smoke screen was a large factor.

Naval experts make divergent estimates of the future of the poison-gas shell and the gas cloud, borrowed from the experience in land warfare and transferred to application in sea engagements. There is nothing to stand in the way of a naval gun throwing a poison-gas shell which, breaking on or near an enemy vessel, would have for human beings the same brutal terrors introduced by the Germans on the western front. If the future of war is to bring forth a tolerance of any method, no matter of what degree of savagery, it is possible that poison gas will have some part in naval combats. Science has offered the opportunity for a long time; only the German mind has been content to pervert scientific skill to the uses of barbarism. But gas will not revolutionize sea power.

Paste This in Your Hat

TRICK Plays? The truth of the matter is that the lesson of this war and of previous wars has been that defense of country lies in sea power and that real sea power is still unaffected by trick devices and by enthusiasts who wish to replace real navies by small craft and contraptions.

Real sea power more than ever lies in big ships, big guns, and the three qualities: speed, armor, and hitting power.

It is this the American should paste in his hat and never forget. He may be tempted to forget it because we have a magnificent navy organization which for the time, pressed by necessity to combat the submarine, has been spending the big slices of billions of appropriation in arming merchantmen, building "Ford Eagles" and destroyers, enlisting endless patrol boats and gaining glories in doing the job it has set out to do—with a success which must remain for this moment untold. He may thrill with pride when distinguished Britishers say to him as one said to me: "If your navy could only tell what it had done, it would even stimulate your War Department to new efforts of telling what it was about to do."

But the American must not be hoodwinked into thinking that a small-craft navy, such as we have been getting, means sea power. Sea power is armor, speed, size, and weight of the broadside. Nothing else. No mosquito fleets. No tricks. Only capital ships. Battle-ships—the big ones—are sea power.

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We appropriated nearly two and a half billion dollars for coast defense! Does that defend America? No. It gives fat to greedy localities who want construction jobs, and it defends a few harbors. It does not defend America. Sims says that any superior sea-battling force could wipe out any submarine or "trick" defense, and we cannot defend by coast batteries any but a few insignificant spots among the many where landing could be made in an invasion of America. The two and a half billion going to coast defense would build a navy which would guarantee us against the need to use our coast defenses! On top of the folly of unpreparedness, are we to put the folly of misappropriated preparedness? Only the navy is the safeguard of America.

In 1915, when it appeared inevitable that we would need it, I wrote for *COLLIER'S* (September 18) the result of an investigation I had made into the chances for fearful waste of blood and treasure which would occur if we did not prepare. Thus waste has—and will—come to pass. One of the terrifying facts was the length of time it would take—and has since taken—to raise an army and provide it with material, even when the splendid ability of the spirited American hosts had sprung to the awakening and to the aid of officials and swung them along in its tide.

But in 1918 the fact that the American must remember is that, compared to the knocking together of armies, the building of sea power is not only marked out by this war as the final key to all strength either of aggression or defense, but that it takes long foresight and slow construction.

Our prewar program consisted of sixteen capital ships.

Not enough. Nor is the present enlargement of that program enough.

Our Real Need

THE American should not forget that abroad construction under enlarged sea-power programs has been going on like mad.

The American who wishes to know the need and makes the demand for action should know that whatever else we may have, we must have dreadnoughts and battle cruisers. The British have been building battle cruisers to carry 18-inch guns! The fighting range has jumped from 10,000 yards toward 20,000 yards. The higher arc made by the long-range shell which increases the angle of fall makes new problems in the armor of ships. The British and German tendency has been toward the light-armored, heavy hitting, long-range battle cruiser which has nearly 200,000 horsepower inside and can run as fast as a 35-knot destroyer; we have been leaning toward the heavy-armored dreadnought because, as our Chief Constructor Taylor says, "the first requirement is to stay afloat; the second is to be able to put the other ship down."

Both the Battle of Dogger Bank and the Battle of Jutland gave this American view justification. The *Lion*, battle cruiser, was towed to port from Dogger Bank. Her armor was light. At Jutland the Germans sank the *Indefatigable*, the *Invincible*, and the *Queen Mary*; their armor was light. But at Jutland the *Warspite* lost her steering gear, and she was pounded by salvos from the Germans' 11- and 12-inch guns. She is still afloat. Her armor was heavy. Beatty's heaviest fire from 13½-inch guns failed to sink German vessels with 11- and 12-inch Krupp plate. Their armor was heavy.

The American should know, however, that we must not stop for this controversy of dreadnought versus battle cruiser, and of armor versus speed. We need both battle cruisers and dreadnoughts. They and they only make sea power, and sea power only makes defense.

Being dazzled by peace caused us to make one terrible mistake—that of military unpreparedness.

Being dazzled by war on land should not cause us to make a much more fatal mistake—that of neglecting to build our only real defense—the sea power of big, unbeatable ships.



Business that Stays

The business that stays is the business that pays. Business that has to be turned away is no more profitable than business which never presented itself.

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INSURING COMFORT



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So exclaimed a recent French visitor to this country.

Many such visitors who have seen America's packing industry at close range have expressed the opinion that it represents this American knack at its best.

If this is true, then nowhere in the packing industry is this compliment better deserved than in the machinery the packer has developed to distribute fresh meats to large consuming centers.

* * *

Consider the size of the job.

On the one hand, hundreds of thickly populated centers—huge cities like New York and Boston, widely separated cities like Bangor, Tampa and Seattle—spread over America's long distances from Maine to California.

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The operation of these houses requires nearly nine thousand trained employees; eleven hundred horses; one thousand wagons; and four hundred motor trucks. Nearly seven thousand Swift refrigerator cars are needed to keep the houses regularly stocked with fresh meat and meat products.

Each house is in charge of an experienced manager—a man who has devoted years to the study of the intricacies of meat supply. There are few businesses that require a greater degree of specialized knowledge and personal interest.

* * *

One hundred and sixty-five thousand retail meat shops, upon which millions of people depend for their daily supply of fresh meat, rely on this vast branch house system to keep them regularly and adequately stocked at all times.

In this perfection of organization, reached only after thirty years of hard work, developed from a handful to over forty-eight thousand interested employees, Swift & Company take a justifiable pride. It is not merely a business achievement, but a real vital service to the American people.

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OCT 30 1918

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OCT 29 1918

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Booth Tarkington

"First, Last, and Supper,"
further adventures of Florence,
Aunt Julia, and Noble Dill

Meredith Nicholson

"Lady Larkspur," the second
chapter, entitled *"The Amazing
Widow"*

Henry Rood

*"Would France Accept a 'Ger-
man Peace'?"* the official story
of France's sacrifice

George F. Worts

"Sparks Goes to War," a story
of the new wireless men

Edith Day Robinson

"The Way to Their Hearts,"
a short article on a successful
canteen

Also in this issue: *"Letters from
the Air,"* by Lieut. J. Alexander
Bayne, Editorials, etc.

More Than a Million a Week



“*Olde VIRGINIA Days*”

“ . . . When the post coach arrived on the scene, the tavern would ring with greetings and hearty calls for pipes and Virginia tobacco.”

—Extract from a Colonial diary

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Gone is the romance of those early Virginia days; but the charm that is in Virginia tobacco is still world-famous and will always live. For the golden sunshine and the rich soil of Virginia have something about them that is exactly right for growing the best taste

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1918

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“First, Last, and Supper”

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

IN August, when midsummer lazies along in extravagant greeneries, and the day is like some jocund pagan, all flushed and asleep, with dripping beard empurpled in a wine bowl of fat vine leaves, there sometimes comes a brisker night, cool and lively as an intrusive boy—a night made for dancing. On such a night all the world should be twenty-two years old and in love—like Noble Dill.

Upon the white bed in his room, as he dressed, lay the flat black silhouettes of his dress coat and trousers, side by side, trim from new pressing; and whenever he looked at them Noble felt rich, tall, distinguished, handsome—everything delightful, in fact; that he wasn't. It is a great mistake, as most literary legends are great mistakes, to assume that girls are the only people subject to extreme before-the-party exhilaration. Nothing could be greater nonsense. At such times girls are apt to be in the anxious yet determined mood of a runner just before a foot race, or they may be merely hopeful, and some are grim; but all alike, in spite of whatever excitement, must occupy themselves with a measure of calculation, for arithmetic of some sort, whether glorious or uneasy, is busy in their eyes as they pin and pat before their mirrors. To behold exalted romance gone light-headed, turn to the he-creature of twenty-two. Alone in his room, he will enact for you scenes of the floweriest grace, of the most capricious gallantry, rehearsals as unconscious as the curtsies of field daisies in a breeze. He has neither doubts nor certainty of his charm; he has no arithmetic at all, and is often so free of calculation that he does not even pull down the shades at his windows.

Unfortunately for the neighbors, and even for passers-by, since Noble's room had a bay window visible from the street, his wisely prophetic mother

had closed his shutters before he began to dress, thus depriving these honest folk of what surely must have been to them the innocent pleasure of seeing a very young man in light but complete underwear lifting from his head a silk hat, new that day, in a series of the most courteous salutations. At times during this same stage of toilet they might have had even more entertainment—before putting on his socks Noble waltzed gravely yet proudly for several minutes, all the while retaining upon his head the new hat. This was a hat of double virtue: not only was it pleasant to behold in his mirror, but it was dutifully engaged in solidifying for the evening the arrangement of his hair.

It may be admitted that he was a little giddy: the dance was Julia Atwater's. Julia was ecstatically nosed, black-sapphire-eyed, angelically white-browed, twenty, the Prettiest Girl in Town—no question!—and her name for a dance should have been Julia Lightfoot. She owned a peculiar old father, but unexpectedly he had been called to far New York on

a blessed business that would keep him a fortnight, and Julia, alert to the flash of opportunity, had immediately summoned musicians, florists, a caterer, and set plans before them.

Coincidentally, young Noble Dill had chanced to see peculiar old Mr. Atwater driving down the shady street with a traveling bag beside him; had paused to enjoy a new sweetness of life—a sense of luck and security—and then, setting aside for the day all business cares, tactfully hurried to the traveler's house. Thus he managed for the first time in many weeks to forestall that competition which helped to make caring for Julia so continuous a strain upon whatever organ is the seat of the anxieties. Kind Julia, besieged, had agreed to dance the first dance with him, and the last—those two being con-

“Gammire” is the next of Mr. Tarkington's stories of the adventures of Florence, Julia Atwater, Noble Dill, and the others. It is the last one of the present series and will be published in an early issue of COLLIERS.—THE EDITOR.

sidered of such significance that he was likewise entitled to the perquisites of special cavalier in other matters; for instance, a seat beside her during the serving of the customary light repast. And she had half consented to give him at least parts of other dances between the first and last. This was the topmost of Noble's fortune with her, so far—no wonder he was a little giddy as he dressed!

The actual process of clothing himself was disconnected, being broken by various enacted fancies and interludes. Having approached by one sock toward the completion of his toilet, he absently dropped the other, and waltzed again; his expression and attitude signifying that he clasped a revered partner. Releasing her from this respectful confinement, he offered the invisible maiden a gracious arm and walked up and down the room with a prancing stateliness tempered to rhythm, like a cakewalk of strange refinement. Phrases seemed to be running in his head, impromptus evidently symbolic of something touching and romantic, for he spoke them half aloud in the tenderest but most uplifted manner. "Oh, years!" he said. "Oh, years so fair; oh, night so rare!" He

"Come, noblest sample of the tailor's dext'rous art, I'll don thee!"

During these various intricacies he had been summoned repeatedly to descend to the family dinner, and finally his mother came lamenting and called up from the front hall that "everything" was "all getting cold!"

But by this time he was on his way, and though he went back to leave his hat in his room, unwilling to confide it to the hatrack below, he presently made his appearance in the dining room and took his seat at the table. This mere sitting, however, appeared to be his whole conception of dining: he seemed as unaware of his mother's urging food at him as if he had been a Noble Dill of tinted waxwork. Several times he lifted a fork and set it down without guiding it to its accustomed destination. Food was far from his thoughts or desires, and if he really perceived its presence at all, it appeared to him as something vaguely ignoble upon the horizon.

But he was able to partake of coffee; drank two cups feverishly, his hand visibly unsteady; and when his mother pointed out this confirmation of many former prophecies that cigarettes would ruin him, he asked if anybody had noticed whether or not it was raining outdoors. At that his father looked despondent, for the open windows of the dining room revealed an evening of beautiful and fragrant clarity.

"I see, I see," Noble returned pettishly when the fine state of this closely adjacent weather was wonderingly pointed out to him by his old-maid sister. "It

wouldn't be raining, of course. Not on a night like this." He jumped up. "It's time for me to go."

Mrs. Dill laughed. "It's only a little after seven. Julia won't be through her own dinner yet. You mustn't—"

BUT with a tremulous smile, Noble shook his head and hurriedly left the room. He went upstairs for his hat, and while there pinned a geranium blossom upon his lapel, for it may be admitted that in regard to the matter of boutonnieres his taste was as yet rather unformed.

Coming down again, he took a stick under his arm and was about to set forth when he noticed a little drift of talcum powder upon one of his patent-leather shoes. After carefully removing this accretion and adding a brighter luster to the shoe by means of friction against the back of his ankle, he decided to return to his room and brush the affected portion of his trouser leg. Here a new reverie arrested him; he stood with the brush in his hands for some time; then, not having used it, he dropped it gently upon the floor, lit an Orduma cigarette, descended, and went forth to the quiet street.

He was better than jaunty as he walked along Julia's Street toward Julia's Party: there was something infinitely more dramatic than mere sprightliness about him. His mien and look were those of one advancing to a coronation both solemn and ecstatic. And when he came within sight of the ineffable house and saw its many lights shining before him, he breathed with profundity and half halted. Julia's house was as different from all other houses as a rose is from sawdust. And once more Noble murmured:

*"Oh, years so fair; oh, night so rare!
For life is but a golden dream so sweetly."*

At the gate he hesitated. Perhaps—perhaps he was a little early. It might be better to walk round the block.

He executed this parade, and again hesitated at the gate. He could see into the brightly lighted hall, beyond the open front double doors; and it was empty of all save furniture and light. Once more he walked round the block. The hall was again in the same condition. Again he went on.

When he had been thrice round the block after that, he discovered human beings in the hall: they were Julia's thirteen-year-old niece, Florence, in a gala costume, and Florence's mother, Mrs. George Atwater, evidently arrived to be assistants at the party, for, with the helpful advice of a colored manservant, they were arranging some great bunches of flowers on two hall tables. Their preoccupation in this task somewhat emphasized the air of earliness that hung about the place, and Noble thought it better to continue to walk round the block. The third time after that, when he completed his circuit, the musicians were just arriving, and their silhouettes, with that of the burdened bass fiddler, staggered against the light of the glowing doorway like a fantasia of giant beetles. Noble felt that it would be better to let them get settled, and therefore walked round the block again.

NOT far from the corner above Julia's, as he passed, a hoarsish and unctuous voice, issuing out of a dim lawn set with indistinguishable trees, called his name: "Noble! Noble Dill!" And when Noble paused, Mr. Joseph Atwater came waddling forth from the dimness and rested his monstrous arms upon the top of the fence, where a street light revealed them as shirt-sleeved and equipped with a palm-leaf fan.

Noble trembled. This man, who had once been to him only a fat old neighborhood nuisance, was Julia's uncle. Mr. Joseph Atwater had always been Julia's uncle, it is true, but he had been sacred and terrible by virtue of that office for only the last eight months, or since the night when Noble (according to his mother's account of the catastrophe) first happened to notice what Julia "looked like."

"What is the matter, Noble?" Mr. Atwater inquired earnestly.

"Matter?" Noble repeated. "Matter?"

"We're kind of upset," said Mr. Atwater. "M' wife and I been just sittin' out here in our front yard, not doing any harm to anybody, and here it's nine times we've counted you passing the place—always going the same way!" He spoke as with complaint, a man with a grievance. "It's kind of ghostlike," he added. "We'd give a good deal to know what you make of it."

(Continued on page 16)



said this several times while he paraded the room with the imaginary lady clinging to his arm. Then he added, in a deeper voice:

*"For life is but a golden dream
so sweetly."*

Other magnificences came forth from him as his dressing slowly continued, though one might easily be at fault in attempting to fathom what was his thought when, during the passage of his right foot through the corresponding leg of his trousers, he exclaimed commandingly:

"Now, Jocko, for the stirrup cup!"

Jack boots and a faithful squire, probably.

During the long and dreamy session with his neck gear he went back to the softer motif:

*"Oh, years so fair; oh, night so
rare!"*

*For life is but a golden dream
so sweetly."*

Then, pausing abruptly to look at the dress coat, smoothly folded upon the bed, he addressed it: "Oh, noblest sample of the tailor's dext'rous art!"

This was too much courtesy, for the coat was "ready-made," and looked nobler upon the bed than upon its owner. In fact, it was by no means a dext'rous sample; but evidently Noble believed in it with a high and satisfying faith; and he repeated his compliment to it as he put it on:



*"Oh, ain't it be-you-ti-full!" she murmured. Her humid eyes
were fixed upon Noble, who was unconscious of the honor*

Lady Larkspur

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Chapter Two: The Amazing Widow

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER ONE

Bob Singleton, invalided home after two years' service, meets in town his friend Dick Searles, playwright. Singleton finds Searles distracted over the disappearance of a wonderful actress, the inspiration of the latter's new play, "Lady Larkspur." After a brief visit with Searles, Singleton proceeds to Barton-on-the-Sound, to take up his residence in the garage, the use of which, with \$50,000 cash, is his inheritance from his late uncle Bashford. Here he immediately senses an atmosphere of war and mystery among the old servants, who have organized as a "military" unit. He learns, too, from J. B. Torrence, a trustee of the estate, that the arrival of "Aunt Alice," his uncle's widow, is hourly expected.

AS soon as Torrence left I returned to the garage feeling that with Mrs. Bashford on American soil my use of the residence even as a loafing place was unbecoming. Mrs. Bashford was not only in America, but with a motor at her command she might reach Barton at any hour. And the vigorous, dominating woman who had captured my uncle Bash, buried him in a far country, and then effected a hop, skip, and jump from Bangkok to Seattle, was likely to be a prodigal spender of gasoline. Her propensity for traveling encouraged the hope that she would quickly weary of Barton and pine for lands where the elephant and ricksha flourish.

I had brought with me the manuscript of Searles's play, and I fell upon it irritably and began reading the first act. The dialogue moved briskly, and I read on as though enfolded in the air of a crisp spring morning. It was Searles's whimsical stroke, only with a better vehicle than he had ever before found for it. My grouch over the upsetting of my plans yielded under the spell of his humor.

"LADY LARKSPUR" was the name assumed by the daughter of a recluse naturalist in the Valley of Virginia. She had known no life but that of the open country, where she ran wild all summer, aiding her father in collecting plants and butterflies. At twenty she had never seen a city, and her social contacts had been limited to the country folk, who viewed her with commiseration as the prisoner of her misanthrope father, who in the fifteen years of his exile had maintained a hostile attitude toward his neighbors. He had, however, educated the girl in such manner that only the cheer and joy of life were known to her. Hating mankind, he had encouraged her in nature worship. She knew no literature except the classics; all history, even the history of the storied valley in which she lived, was a sealed book to her.

The girl's curiosity is roused by the sudden appearance of strangers from the unknown world beyond, whom she mystifies by her quaint old-worldishness. Searles had taken an old theme and given a novel twist to it. The solution of the mystery of the father's exile and an amusing complication of lovers afforded a suspensive interest well sustained to the end. There were innumerable charming scenes, as where the girl in the outlandish costume in which she roamed the hills perches on a boulder and recites the "Iliad" in Greek to her suitors. In the last act she appears at a ball at a country house in sophisticated raiment, and the story ends in the key of mirth in which it began.

It was a delightful blending and modernization of Diana, Atalanta, Cinderella, and Rosalind; but even in the typewritten page it was amazingly alive and well calculated to evoke tears and laughter. That a play so enthralling should be buried in a safety vault was not to be thought of, and I sat down and wrote Searles a long letter demanding that he at once forget the lost star for whom he had written the piece, suggesting the names of several well-known actresses I thought worth considering for the difficult leading rôle. Not satisfied with this, I telephoned a telegram to the agent at Barton for transmission to Searles at the Ohio address he had given me.

The next day passed without incident, and on the second, hearing nothing from Torrence, I began to doubt Mrs. Bashford's proximity. On the third, still hearing nothing, I harkened to an invitation from friends at New London and drove over in the runabout for dinner. It was midnight when I got back, and when I reached the gates several men dashed out of the lodge and halted me.

"She's come, sir," announced Antoine, emerging from the darkness, and speaking under stress of deep emotion; "madame the widow has arrived, sir!"

"Why not Cleopatra or the Queen of Sheba!" I exclaimed testily to cover my annoyance that my aunt had effected her descent in my absence. "Well, she was expected; the house is hers; what do you want me to do about it?" I ended with affected jocularity.

"We received her the best we could; but it was most unfortunate, your not being here, sir."

"Is that your idea, Antoine, or do you reflect the lady's sentiments? I'm properly humiliated either way. Tell me just what she said."

"Well, sir, she just laughed when I took the liberty of apologizing."

"The sneering laughter of outraged dignity! Go ahead and give me the rest of it."

"It was at ten she came, sir, and the guard held her up, not recognizing her, here at the gate, and when the car didn't stop the boys chased her and fired at the tires of her machine. It was very dreadful, sir. And at the house—at the door, sir—the guard was very harsh with her, sir, most regrettable."

"You certainly made a mess of it!" I ejaculated. "But you did let her in—into her own house, we must remember—you did grant her the privilege of a lodging for the night?" I inquired ironically.

"She's retired, sir. There was a lady with her; maybe a maid; I can't exactly say; and we did everything, sir, to make her comfortable. She was not what you might say fussy, sir, but quite human-like. We was all relieved, sir, the way she took everything. I hope you'll pardon us, sir, which was due to not being warned."

"Oh, it's all right with me, but in the morning she'll probably bounce the whole lot of us. An old lady fatigued from a journey cross country and shot at on her own premises—it's a very pretty story."

THEY were a picturesque lot, the ancient waiters and bell hops grouped about Antoine with their lanterns and garden implements and firearms. Antoine was swallowing hard in his effort to continue his recital. "You say an old lady, sir; the mistress is not really what you would call so old—not exactly, sir."

"Really a youngish party, I should say, sir," volunteered Graves, the gardener.

Just what these veterans would call old was a matter of conjecture. "Um," I murmured, and considered the situation.

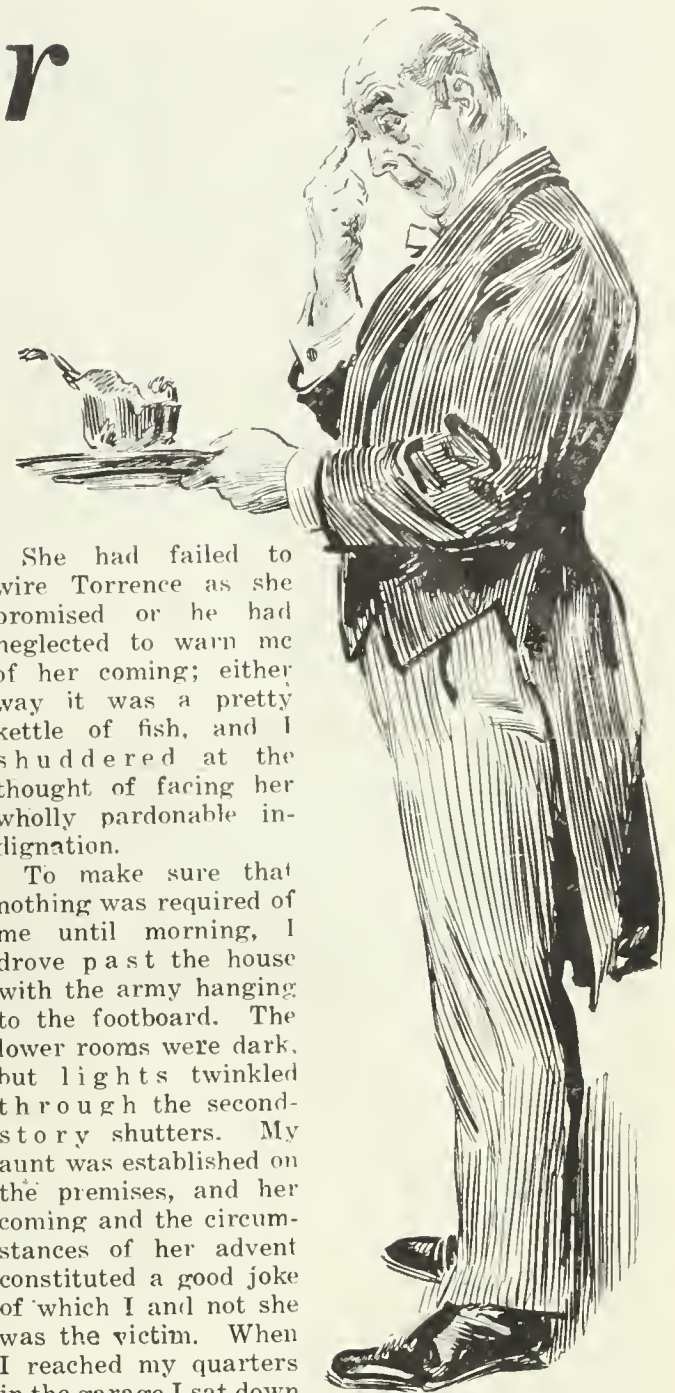
"Young or old, she would hardly relish her reception. There was a maid, and they came in a machine? Did you put up the chauffeur or did you shoot him on the spot?"

"It was a hired machine, sir; and madame sent it away. The driver was a good deal upset over the shooting. One of the rear tires was quite blown away."

"You're in luck if he doesn't have you all arrested to-morrow," I remarked consolingly.

"Mrs. Bashford seemed quite amused by the occurrence," Antoine continued. "'Wonderful America!' she kept saying after we'd got her inside. We gave her tea, which was all she asked for. Tea with cream, sir. We did our best to make her comfortable. And there was a dog, sir. I recall that the master was not fond of dogs. There was never one on the place."

Antoine spoke truly; if there was anything my uncle Bash detested, it was a dog, but I reflected that a world-skipping widow who could corral so difficult a subject as my uncle would be quite capable of inspiring him with delight in the canine species. My respect for the woman's powers of persuasion was intensified by this disclosure.



Witches! I had caught Antoine crossing himself

I meant to finish early in the morning.

I wakened early, rang a bell connecting my rooms with the chauffeur's end of the garage as a warning to the Flynns to prepare breakfast, and was dressed when the Irishman came in with the tray. In the absence of a morning paper I clung to him for company.

"I trust you will not be leaving, sorr," he remarked, eying my half-packed trunk.

"Very soon, Flynn."

"Then Elsie and I will be going too, sorr. It's most uncomfortable they're making us—Dutch and the rest. That Antoine and his army keep naggin' us and callin' us Huns."

"You raise a very interesting question, Flynn, a very delicate question of fact and propriety. Satisfied as you and Elsie are of your entire loyalty to the United States and her allies, I think you should remain a martyr, if need be, to the great cause of democracy."

"It's most disagreeable we find it, the wife and me," he said mournfully.

"Suffer and be strong—that's the watchword! We will hope that Mrs. Bashford is a woman of sound sense and tact who will exert herself to restore peace on her property. When I call to pay my respects and make my adieus I shall speak to her of the situation and vouch for your loyalty. You may count on me. You haven't, I suppose, seen the widow yet—she's probably sleeping late."

"Quite the contrary, sorr. She's been up and around for an hour an' more. She's been all over and came for a squint at the garage. Her and the pup."

"She's been here, inspecting the garage?" I asked, glancing at my watch. It was not yet eight o'clock. The banter died out of me; clearly it had been my duty to be on hand to pilot her over the estate, or at least receive her at the garage. "Just what was the lady's frame of mind—as to things generally. Peeved, was she, over the row last night?"

"Oh, no, sorr; quite cheerful an' friendly. She's

ordered a big car from New York and told me it would be coming up to-day and to make a place for it."

Here was news indeed, destroying all my hopes that she meditated only a brief sojourn. The purchase of a machine meant definitely that she would remain for some time, perhaps for the winter. I poured a second cup of coffee, swallowed it, grabbed my hat and stick, and asked enlightenment as to the course taken by Mrs. Bashford when she left the garage.

"She took the lower road, sorr, toward the Sound—her and the pup!"

It was the serenest of September mornings, and I hurried away, thinking the cloudless blue arch, the twinkling sea, and the crisp air might serve to soften my aunt's displeasure at her hostile reception. From the greenhouses I caught a glimpse of a woman on the beach—a slender, agile woman throwing a ball for a fox terrier. She threw the ball with a boy's free swing, occasionally varying a hot one down the shore with a toss high in air which she caught up herself before the terrier could reach it. The two were having no end of a good time. She laughed joyfully when the ball fell into her hands and the terrier barked his discomfiture and eagerness for a chance to redeem himself.

ANTOINE'S equivocal statement as to Mrs. Bashford's age was ridiculous. Instead of the middle-aged woman whom I was prepared to meet, here was beyond question a vigorous, healthy being whose every movement spoke for youth and the joy of life. It might, after all, be the maid of whom Antoine had spoken; I advanced slowly, anxious not to break in upon her romp with the terrier—they made a charming picture—and trying to formulate an introduction. I reached a low stone wall that separated the lawn from the beach just as she effected a running pick-up of the ball. She turned swiftly and flung it straight at my head. Involuntarily I put up my hand and caught it just as she saw me and cried out—a cry of warning and contrition. I tossed the ball to the dog. "What must you think of me! I was blinded by the sunlight and I didn't see you—

"I had no business being in the way," I laughed, noting first her glowing color, her violet eyes—amazingly

fine eyes they were—her fair hair with its golden glint, her plain black gown with lawn collar and wristbands. It was her age, however, that roused me to instant speculation. Twenty-five, I decided, was a maximum; more likely she was not more than twenty-two, and if I had been told that eighteen was the total of her years I shouldn't have had the heart to dispute it.

"Bob Singleton," I said and stupidly added, "and you are Mrs. Bashford?" unable for the life of me to avoid turning the statement into an inquiry.

"I am your aunt Alice," she said with a smile, putting out her hand. "Down, Rex!" she commanded the dancing terrier; "lie down; school's over now"; whereupon Rex obediently sprawled in the sand and began trying to devour the ball.

"Wasn't that silly of me to try to kill you the first time we met!" Her eyes danced with merriment. "I didn't know, of course, that anyone was about. But you made a very nice catch of it! I had expected to receive you most formally in the drawing room, but this really serves very well. That tree down yonder is inviting; suppose we stay out here and talk a bit."

This struck me as the pleasantest thing imaginable, though I was still dazed and my tongue seemed to have died in my mouth. This girl, this wholly charming and delightful young woman, was the monstrous being I had conjectured as the globe-trotting widow who had kidnaped and married my uncle! Not only had she married my uncle Bash and in due course buried him; she had been a widow when she married him! I furtively studied her face—a face that invited scrutiny—and her candid eyes that met my gaze of wonder and frank admiration easily and without a trace of self-consciousness. On the third finger of her left hand was a slender band of gold. The thing was staggering, bewildering. She was clearly anxious to be friendly, but nothing that I had thought of saying to her fitted the situation.

"In the first place," I finally began, "I must apologize most humbly for the earnest efforts of the servants to murder you last night. Mr. Torrence had promised to let me know when you would reach here, but he must have forgotten it. I had motored to a

friend's house to dine and didn't get back until the mischief was done. I'm very sorry. You must have thought you had driven into a camp of savages!"

"Not for worlds would I have missed that," she exclaimed with a merry laugh. "It was perfectly delicious! And it was all my fault. I meant to remain a day at Hartford, you know, and send a message to Mr. Torrence from there, but I found that by pushing on I could reach here yesterday. Then the machine I hired showed every weakness that motors are subject to and we were hours later than the Hartford garage man promised. And you know we English always expect strange things to happen in America. I don't understand yet why those people at the gates were so jolly anxious to kill us; but it doesn't matter; you would only spoil the joke by explaining it."

However, I did my best—it was a weak attempt—to explain the nervousness of the veteran servants and their display of violence. Her arrival made it likely that we should soon know more about the "parties" whose visits and inquiries had so alarmed Antoine and his comrades. Now that I saw Mrs. Bashford, the idea that anyone could entertain malevolent designs upon her was more preposterous than ever, and I resolved that she must be shielded from annoyances of every kind. I told her with all the humor I could throw into the recital of the drilling of the bell hops and of the uncomfortable relations between the Allied forces and the Teutonic minority on the estate.

"It was dear of Mr. Bashford to provide a home for these people; wasn't he really the kindest soul that ever lived!" she said softly.

SHE gazed wistfully seaward, and I saw the gleam of tears on her long lashes. My uncle had, then, meant something to her! No one, in speech or manner, could have suggested the adventuress less; Uncle Bash was a gentleman, a man of esthetic tastes, and the girl was adorable. More remarkable things had happened in the history of love and marriage than that two such persons, meeting in a far corner of the world, would honestly care for each other. My respect for Uncle Bash grew; he had married the most attractive girl in the world, and here she was with the bloom of her girlhood upon her, tripping alone through a world that might have been created merely that she might confer light and cheer upon it.

"You stopped at Hartford," I began, breaking a long silence. "You have friends there—?"

"Not one! I had made a pious pilgrimage to Mark Twain's last home at Redding and, hearing that he had lived at Hartford, I came through there to render my fullest homage. He has always been one of my heroes, you know." She laughingly lifted her hands and counted upon her fingers—"The Jumping Frog, Tom and Huck, and Mulberry Sellers, 'The Prince and the Pauper,' and 'Pudd'nhead Wilson'! I know them all by heart!"

"Our introduction is complete," I said reverently. "Let's consider ourselves old friends."

"I rather thought we'd understand each other," she said in her even, mellow tones. "You know, we had your photograph out East—a very good one, it seems—so I had an idea of what you looked like."

"The photograph gave you an unfair advantage! And I didn't know Uncle Bash carried one away with him."

"He was very fond of you," she said gravely. "He was very proud that you had gone into the war."

"I am glad to hear that; I thought he disapproved of me for refusing to go into business. He offered me a substantial interest before he sold out."

"I know that; but I think he liked you rather better for refusing it. Business with him was merely a means to an end. And it was doubly sad that he should die just when he was free to enjoy the beautiful things he loved."

It was at the tip of my tongue to say that the loss of her companionship was even more grievous; but nothing in her manner invited such a comment. Her grave moods were to be respected, and she talked for some time of Uncle (Continued on page 18)

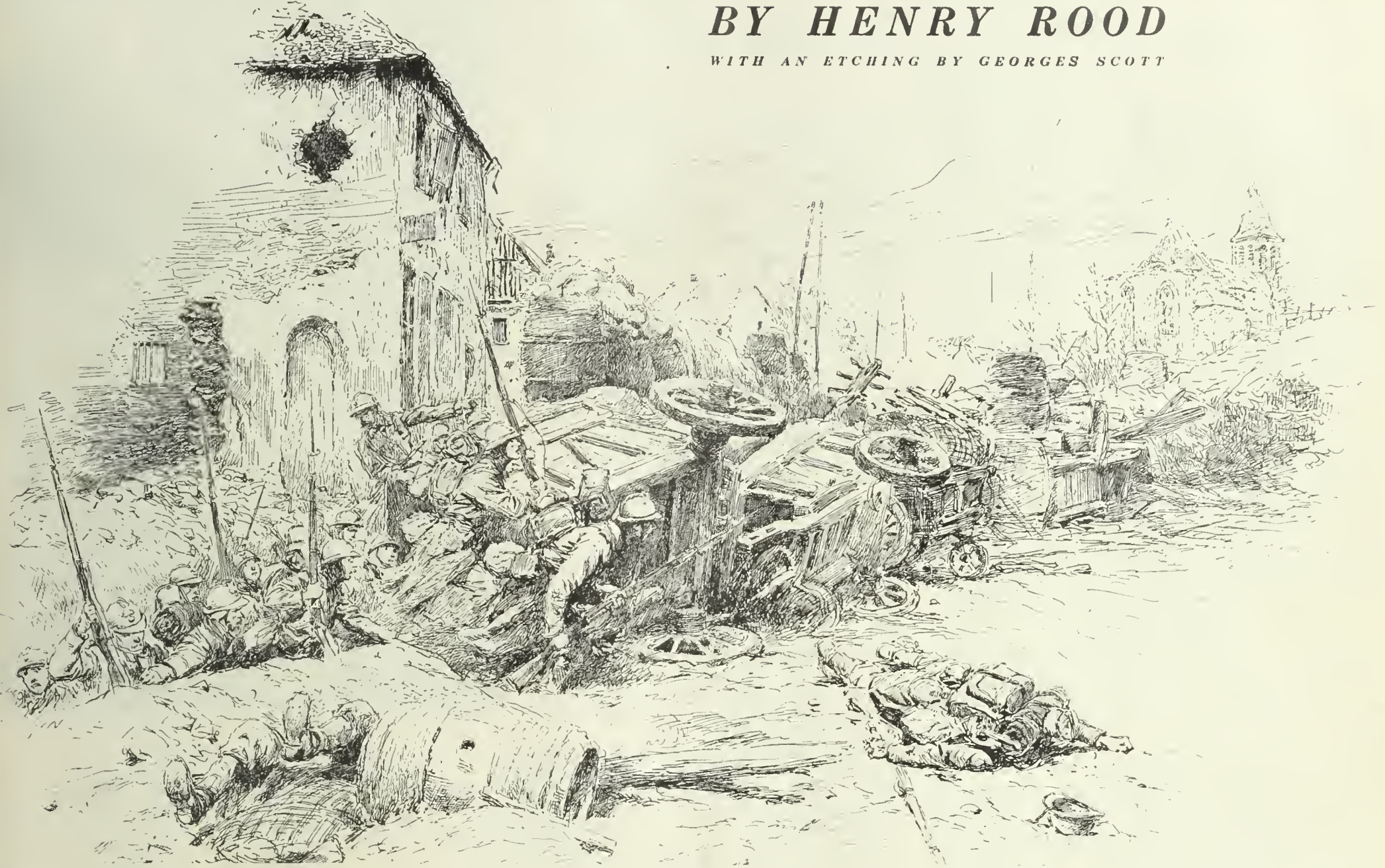


I advanced slowly, anxious not to break in upon her romp with the terrier—they made a charming picture

Would France Accept a "German Peace"?

BY HENRY ROOD

WITH AN ETCHING BY GEORGES SCOTT



AFTER more than four years of war waged by the Teuton powers with every imaginable form of cruelty, ferocity, rapacity, Austria had the audacity to propose a "confidential and unbinding discussion on the basic principles for the conclusion of peace"—a plan whereby Germany might be enabled to win by underhand methods of so-called "diplomacy" the complete and lasting victory she at last saw she could never win by force of arms; an abortive attempt to repeat in Allied countries a "peace offensive" akin to that through which distracted Russia was chloroformed and bludgeoned.

That France ever would hearken to proposals for a "peace by negotiation" was not only impossible, but unthinkable. Anguished, torn, grief-stricken by four years of hostilities, France to-day is determined as never before that Prussian militarism, Prussian autocracy, must be annihilated in order that the world may be made free for future generations. And why? Because France has sacrificed too much, suffered too poignantly, to cease fighting until national security and international honor are assured beyond peradventure.

Men and Munitions

IN order that Americans may understand something of what France has undergone in her mighty effort to uphold civilization, the French High Commission at Washington has furnished definite facts and figures for this article. And they constitute an impressive picture, even though they do not deal with the suffering, grief, oppression, of individual men and women and children, with the insensate destruction of individual homes, the smashing of towns and cities, the laying waste of fair countrysides by Germany. The information, which may be regarded as official, briefly recites some of the things achieved by France as a nation; and, because of their calmness and restraint, the statements drive home to all who read them the inexorable determination of France to fight on until she and her allies compel a complete victory.

In 1913 the population of France numbered 39,601,509. One year later German hordes had taken

possession of French soil where lived more than 4,600,000 men, women, and children—a population almost as large as that of Ohio; approximately equal to that of Maine and Massachusetts combined; larger than the combined population of Oregon, Washington, California, and New Mexico; almost twice as large as the population of either Wisconsin or New Jersey, as given in the Census of 1910. The hideous treatment by the Germans of the people in the invaded area of France is too well known to need repetition. We are now concerned with what has been accomplished by the 35,000,000 French living outside the invaded regions—that greater part of the nation which has remained self-governing and free from the Enemy of Mankind. The French High Commission at Washington states that of these 35,000,000 of all ages and both sexes, seven and a half million were mobilized for battle and for war work. When the Château-Thierry offensive began, on July 15, France still had 3,000,000 men at the front and in reserve. During the following eight weeks her casualties were so heavy that by mid-September her fighting forces had been reduced to 2,700,000. Since the Prussian hordes swept down upon her in 1914 the armies of France have lost 1,400,000 as dead; and another million soldiers have been maimed for life, blinded, taken prisoners,

The facts and figures in this article, which tell the dramatic story of France's sacrifice, were furnished by the French High Commission at Washington. We believe they give a complete answer to the question: "Would France Accept a 'German Peace'?"—THE EDITOR.

and discharged from military service because of disability received therein. Thus, in killed, blinded, prisoners, and permanently disabled, France already has lost about two and a half million men, representing the youngest and strongest part of her population.

Have the past four years of struggle weakened the

industrial life of France? Answer may be found in the following official figures. Certain industries have lessened their production in part or in whole because the fuel, material, and labor necessary to maintain them at prewar level have been needed for the military establishment. But a glance at some achievements in war work itself tells the story as to the industrial productive power of France, despite her great losses. Prior to the summer of 1914 France could produce 13,000 shells per day for guns known as 75's. At present she can make 250,000 such shells per day, and in addition 800,000 heavy shells, as well as turning out every twenty-four hours sixty pieces of cannon—of .75 or larger. This in itself is little short of amazing. The armies of France use about 15,000 pieces of artillery. The French heavy artillery, which used to have 300 guns, now has 6,000!

French Finances

NOT merely is France continuing to arm herself; she is still providing equipment, as needed, to her allies. Through superb courage, indomitable will to conquer, heroic self-sacrifice, and complete devotion to the cause of civilization, France is able to produce far more cannon, shells, and aircraft than she can possibly use with her own troops. Not counting that which she has supplied to forces of the United States, France has furnished to allies fighting with her in Europe (including Italy, Belgium, and Serbia) not less than 1,350,000 rifles, 15,000 quick-firing guns, 10,000 machine guns, 800,000,000 cartridges, 2,500 heavy guns, and 4,750 airplanes.

In financial effort France is equally splendid. Between August, 1914, and January, 1918, France had spent 104,000,000,000 francs—approximately \$20,000,000,000—of which she borrowed only about a billion from her allies; and this single billion just about equals the sum she has loaned to other of her allies. The heavy total of \$20,000,000,000 was provided by 6,000,000 subscriptions out of a population of 35,000,000. What this means to the individual Frenchman, Frenchwoman, French (Continued on page 26)

Sparks Goes to War

BY GEORGE F. WORTS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. COLL

WHEN America joined the Allies I was chief operator on one of the finest ships on the Great Lakes. Realizing that this war is one in which square pegs must find their way into square holes, I decided at once to forego an inviting career in army aviation. I firmly believed, in the light of past performances, that I would be given a high post, at least that of ensign in charge of a dreadnought installation. I was considered one of the crack men of the Marconi forces. We old commercial operators have fostered the notion that we are the salt of the earth. For years we have held the navy operators in contempt. In fact, it meant quite a loss of caste to become a navy operator in the old days. And, having no one to warn me, I went to the Great Lakes Receiving Station in the same old spirit.

THE recruiting officer had heard of me. He was delighted that such talent as mine was available. He sat me down in a chair and drew me out for a full half hour. It was a very fitting reception, I thought, a proper recognition of an old-timer by one of the newer and less experienced school. Yet the moment my name was affixed to the dotted line of the enlistment blank his interest in my narrative suddenly seemed to be deflated. His gaze became somewhat glassy. Some one uttered a sharp order.

I was sure a mistake was being made, for a chief petty officer, who was utterly lacking in the finer sensibilities, was hustling me roughly out of the room and into a large, gloomy barracks.

It took him some time to convince me of my new status. He insisted that I was an electrician, radio, third class. I, a veteran of the United Wireless and Marconi services—I, who had pounded brass on seven oceans—a *third-class* radio operator!

It was a bitter pill. Some of the younger men recognized me and sympathized. I had been a god to them, and their attitude was quite as worshipful as ever. This made me feel better. They agreed that the recruiting officer would certainly rectify his deplorable error in the morning.

Morning came. Days went. The mistake stood uncorrected. I was inoculated against various dis-

eases, and I passed one bitter morning in the cook shack, peeling onions. That morning I realized why the mistake had been made. It was spite work; it was a signal of the old spirit of rivalry between commercial and navy men. Professional jealousy was withholding the honor that was my due!

With one hundred recruits I was sent to the naval radio school at Harvard. Immediately I was given my chance, an opportunity to become a chief petty officer by passing an examination.

Filled with confidence, I went up for the C. P. O. promotion—and flunked! Those who passed were to become instructors. The reason assigned to my failure was ignorance of the new radio method.

That was a shock. Radio was radio: there was nothing new about it. I could teach these youngsters anything the navy needed. Some one overheard my suggestion. I was informed firmly that the navy does not believe in individuality in instruction. I took an insurrective view toward the sixteen-weeks course. I was thrown in with men who had never seen a wireless machine before; compelled to take an elementary course in physics and telegraphy. It was an outrage. But I was patient. My time would come. One of these days I would show them how a star could shine among satellites.

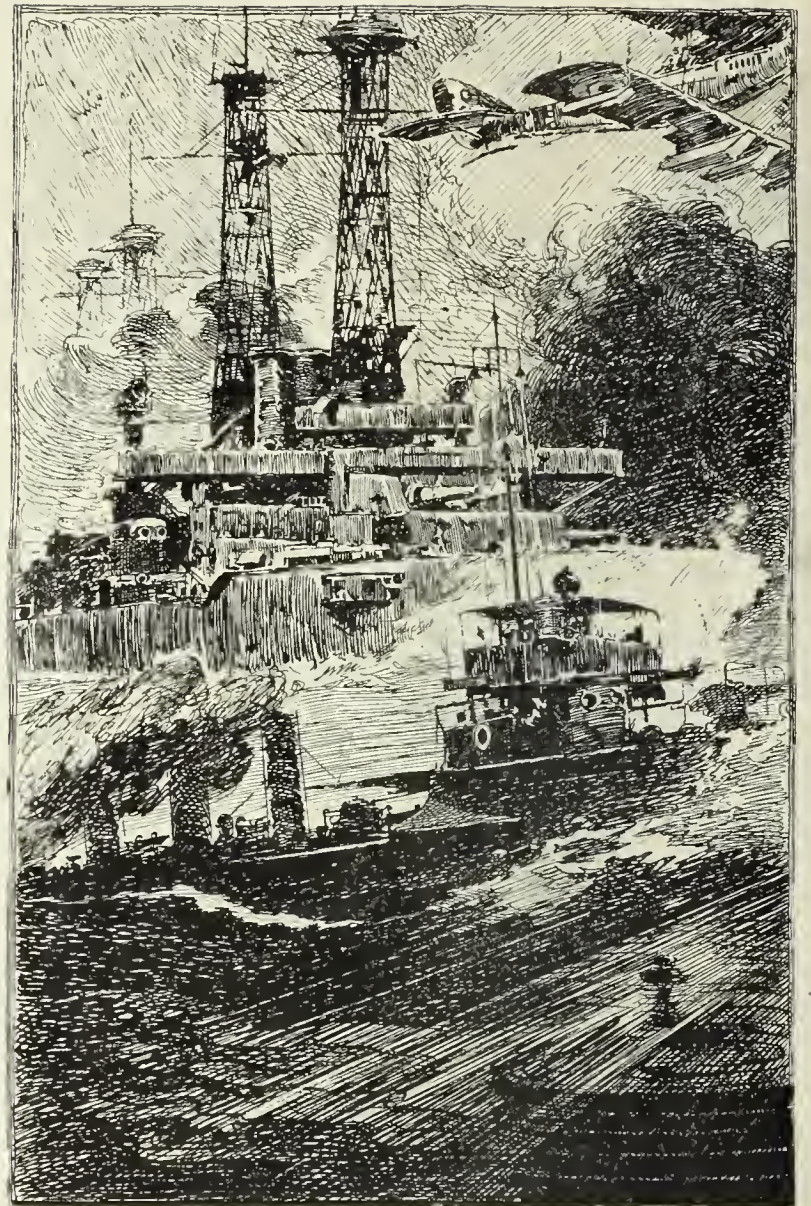
At the end of the eighth week we were herded into a room where an instructor gave us a sort of test. He grinned when he gave it. With a miniature wireless machine he sent a medley of signals that meant nothing, absolutely nothing.

"That," he said, upon finishing, "may give some of you old-timers an inkling of the new radio method."

We old-timers were dazed. What had happened to wireless telegraphy? We used to call it the wireless game. The game had become a tool!

It dawned on me why I was only a third-class radio operator, U. S. N. I realized I had gone to the radio school in a very ungenerous spirit. I am ashamed now of that spirit; and I am equally anxious to state without exaggeration that the New Navy has raised radio operating standards a fair hundred per cent, and is still raising them.

Being young and adaptable, the toughness of the new methods did not discourage me. I stopped thinking I was a superior being, and went to work like a Trojan, studying and practicing twelve to fourteen hours a day. At the end of four weeks I had grasped the new methods pretty firmly. My promotion, however, was not forthcoming: I was only one in five thousand now. Yet my feeling of importance was restored as soon as I



A battle in the clouds, a battle on the sea, and a

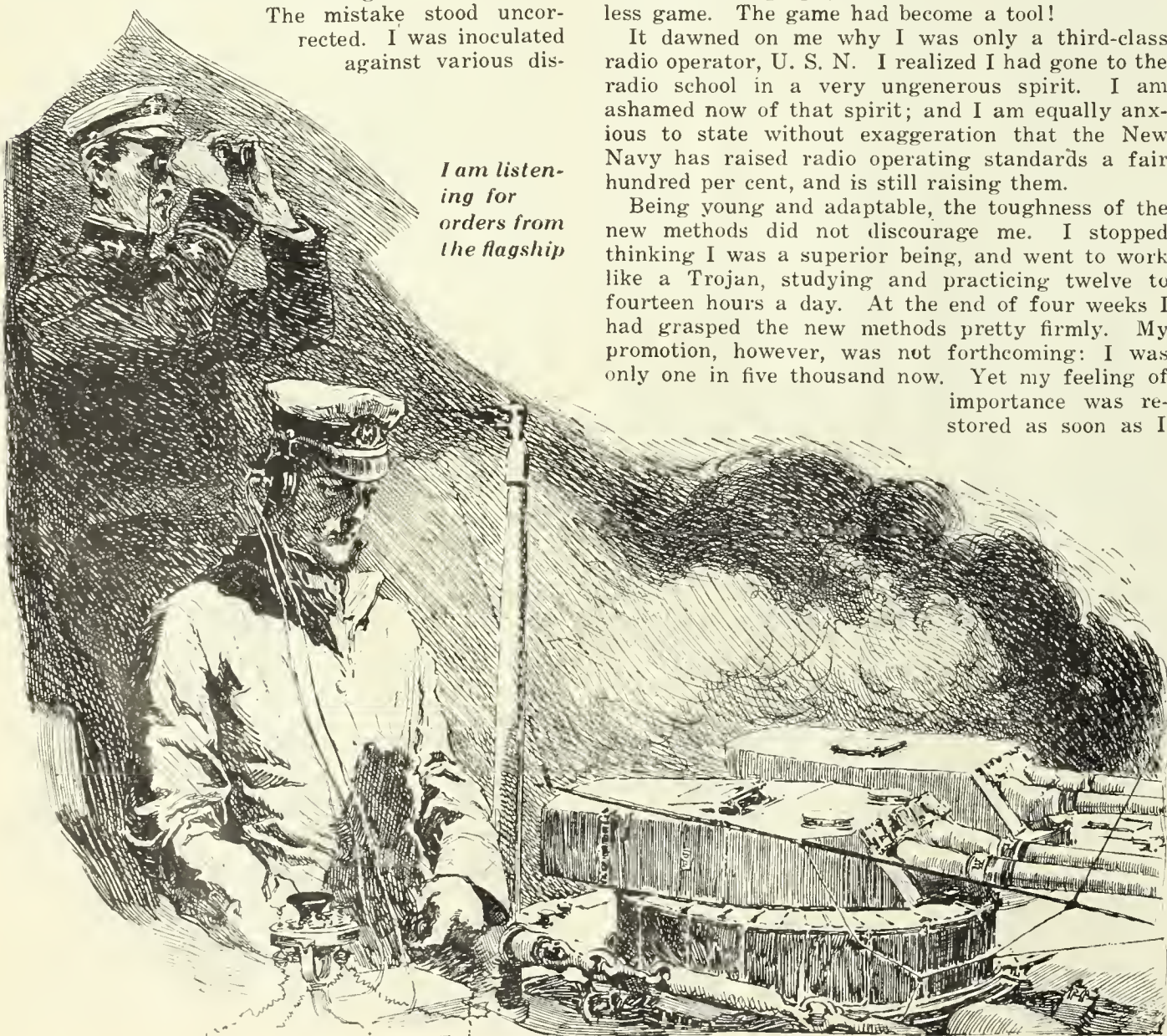
lost my cool reserve and began asking questions, for I found that I was about to enter a service more vitally important than I had even dreamed. Wireless telegraphy had become the electric vocal cords and the electric ears and the electric eyes of every fighting ship and every large cargo ship on the Atlantic. Without these mouths and ears and eyes Germany would long ago have starved out England.

Because of its importance I found that the radio service had been split into various branches, each of which required months of intensive training. I was given my choice. I could go in training to operate a wireless shore station, a battleship equipment, an airplane set, a submarine signaling device, a wireless telephone, a direction finder, or a listening station. I decided to stay on at Harvard and finish up for the fleet, because all of my experience had been at sea, although many of my old seagoing friends were registering for the other services.

For example, Denig, who used to hammer a key in the Panama intermediate service, went in for listening, and listening is one of the most interesting services of all, for when Denig went into the listener's school we never saw him again. He was guarded jealously, was never permitted to go on leave or to communicate in any way with the outside world. Denig's ears were trained to classify sound waves coming under water. The remarkable contrivance he learned to operate is installed on all battleships. By listening through this secret apparatus he is able to tell such amazing things (by hearing only the throb of another ship's engines) as what class of craft she is—submarine, destroyer, dreadnought, merchant ship, etc.—how fast she is moving, and exactly where she is.

PETERSON, another old-timer, has gone to the direction-finder school. To my technical way of thinking the wireless direction finder is the most wonderful of all radio inventions. It does exactly what the name indicates. It is a wireless eye. Peterson is learning to manipulate many intricate coils and dials, so that he can detect within a very few degrees the location of another wireless station on ship or ashore. U-boats also are equipped with these instruments. That is why merchant ships are like children at a dining table. They can listen but say nothing. One wireless peep out of them might bring an iron fish scuttling toward them. Only in case of submarine attack is secrecy done away with by cargo ships. The operator, with nothing to con-

I am listening for orders from the flagship





battle under the sea all taking place simultaneously

ceal from the enemy, considering that the enemy is banging away at him in plain sight anyway, can describe the attack in plain English, although to expedite matters each form of distress has a separate code word. The first thing a submarine usually does is to tell her victim to shut up wirelessly. So when we hear a merchant ship breaking loose in plain English we know that she is in a bad way.

My old friend Powell, a romantic youngster who was once my second operator on the China mail run, left school shortly after my entrance to go in training for the airplane naval patrol. With the fleet and along the coast his job will be to spot enemy submarines and legitimate fighting ships, and if he can't pot them then and there with bombs, to wireless back the enemy's position from his airplane to destroyers, swatters, or the fleet generally.

THE toughness of the Harvard course had not discouraged me, except for those few hours at the end of the eighth week when I was introduced to that slap in the face known as "the new radio method." Self-confidence crushed to earth will rise again. When I was turned out of the school as a finished piece of machinery I went to the flagship in high spirits.

Surely recognition was forthcoming now. And, sure enough, the day after I was delivered at the flagship I was assigned to one of the brand-new dreadnoughts.

Here pride was scheduled for another tumble. Instead of being placed in complete charge of the sixty radio men, I was handed a nasty little can of green paste and a rag and informed that my apprenticeship as a brass polisher had begun. I was a "striker."

After two weeks another newcomer succeeded to my exalted position as official brass polisher, and I was given my chance. I was put on the dog watch.

But I was more scared than on the day, years before, when I sat down at the key of my very first ship, a Great Lakes cargo tramp. Hundreds of electric voices were sawing through the ether. Among them I heard the violin shriek of Arlington (near Washington, D. C.) sending out storm, derelict, and submarine warnings to ships at sea and ships waiting to put to sea.

Gradually the air quieted down. And then, without the slightest warning, our flagship spat a message into the air. The hour was the drowsiest of the night, that which immediately precedes the dawn.

The message was a fleet message: it was intended for every one of us. Perhaps the flagship operator wanted to find out if we were all awake and on the alert.

The message had gone in one of my ears and out of the other! I tried to recall the meaningless code words which comprised it. I couldn't. That message had "gone over my head" entirely!

Now the ships of the fleet always O. K. such a message in the alphabetical order of their call-signals. My turn was fourth. There were eight or nine others behind me. I tried to think. I knew what a disgrace it would be to miss the very first message of my very first trick. Then the brilliant thought occurred that probably one or more of the others had been caught napping, would ask for a repeat. If they did, my skin would be saved. The three ships ahead of me O. K'd. It was my turn. I decided to take the chance and briskly flashed my O. K. With deep concern I listened for what those others would have to say. And straight down that line, down to the very last man, came a series of snappy O. K.'s!

There was nothing to do now but call up the flagship and fib, saying that the message meant nothing to the officer on the bridge—and would he kindly send it over again?

Next morning my radio chief sent for me, and there was blood in his eyes.

"Moore," remarked my superior in those languid, cutting tones of his, "I wish you would go up into the bow of the ship and pick out the heaviest anchor you can find and throw it overboard, and—don't let go of it!"

So, when the time came for my next dog watch, after another long acquaintance with the brass-polishing kit, I managed to do most of my suffering beforehand. When I finally strapped on the receivers there wasn't any scare left in me.

Meaningless and highly uninteresting code signals filled the atmosphere. In the old days there was a great deal of the "Good morning, old top; what did you have for breakfast this morning?" type of conversation. Not any more. We don't even talk sense. Nothing but three- and four-letter code words.

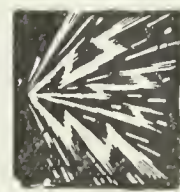
THEN the big brute of a station at Nauen, Germany, began sending. Nauen's signals have a high whine, most of the stuff transmitted being radio press, in English, if you please. I firmly believe that Germany thinks Nauen's press matter is subtly undermining the morale of thousands of Allied operators, although I understand that laughter does not leave the human system permanently weak.

Frequently the operator on the night shift at Nauen becomes bitterly sarcastic and occasionally quite philosophical. That is the side of his nature that I love best: his German philosophy always cures me of the blues whenever I'm at all homesick. This particular night, after describing in gory detail a victorious German raid on a trench filled with "cringing Yankees," he added dolorously: "Ah! It is too bad America has not another Washington to be a Messiah for her misled people!"

One of my chief petty officers and I recently spent an evening hating Germany on a highly technical plane. Assuming that you are a Hun hater on general principles, you will probably be interested to know what technical men think of Germany's highly advertised inventive ability. Wireless telegraphy, like the automobile, is what it is to-day because of countless contributory inventions. We find that the important inventions were contributed by Frenchmen, Englishmen, Italians, Scandinavians, Serbians, and Americans. Indeed, Germany went to war with a complete set of borrowed tools. Who invented the siege mortar? The airplane? The dirigible balloon? The submarine? Radiotelegraphy? The machine gun? The

Germans? Not if you want to gamble real money on it. The Hun is a furbisher. We, the Allies, made wireless machines able and reliable. Germany contributed the cunning little nickel-plated levers and micrometer adjustments.

And ponderosity! Germany adores Hindenburg—he is such a savage, weighty brute.



Did you know that in the air our enemy flies scientifically by brute force, using heavy, stolid planes, built after the manner of box cars, while ours and our allies' planes are neat, trim, sensitive? Hun racial ponderosity extends, naturally, into Hun wireless stations—the

monster at Nauen, for example.

My friend, the chief petty officer, visited Nauen before the war. He is an expert: you can rely upon his opinion. Every instrument, said he, is fat and heavy. In each of them you can see reflected the stodgy brutishness of Hindenburg and the Hindenburg tradition.

Nauen was built to smash signals through the air as ruthlessly as the barbarians' line was built to smash a wedge through frail Belgium. Nauen knocks its message into the air with the kick of 1,500 horses. Think of that! Why, the wireless machine on my old China liner used less than five horsepower, yet I often chatted five thousand miles with it. Casting about for an easy comparison, I should liken the electrical monstrosity at Nauen to the Crown Prince; the power wielded by both of them is positively unlawful!

In a spirit of rivalry and for the reason that long-range and intensely loud signals are occasionally desirable, I sometimes hope that the Allies will erect a 3,000-horsepower station, if only to hammer a few truths down Nauen's electrical throat! I do not deny that Nauen enjoys a remarkable range. When the raider *Emden* was having such a fine time in the Indian Ocean she received her instructions nightly from Nauen—3,500 to 4,000 miles away.

WHILE submarines cannot send wireless signals long distances, owing to their inability to employ high air wires, or aerials, it is an easy matter for a submarine off Sandy Hook to receive advice from Nauen, or that other monster at the Kiel Canal. If Germany can ever be coaxed to come out into the North Sea for a fight to the finish, we wireless men hope to take an important and exciting part. Most of us, I suspect, have a vivid picture of that forthcoming naval battle in our minds. To be sure, we can only guess, but we assume, as fighting men, that the Allied fleet will take the offensive. We expect to go up there and wipe considerable scum off the face of the ocean. The events of that great naval battle are arranged in a certain logical sequence in my imagination up to a definite point, and at that point I grow dizzy.

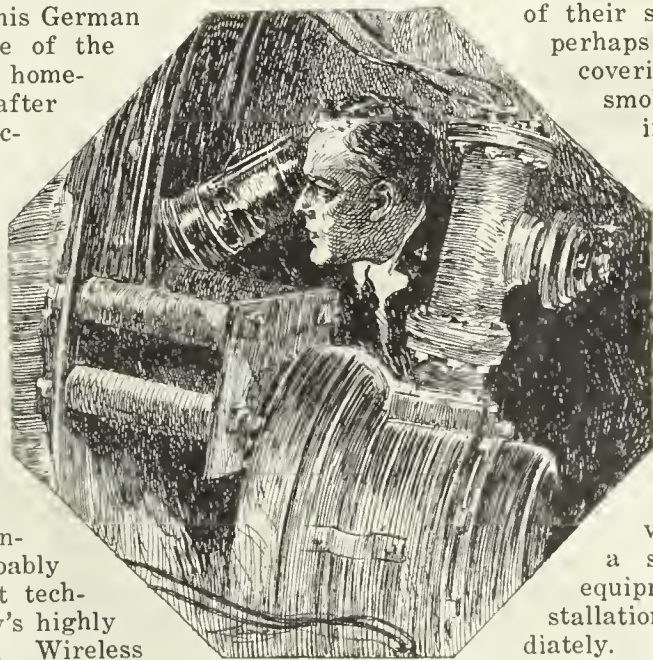
First of all, of course, we learn that the Germans are coming out. That means—full speed ahead!

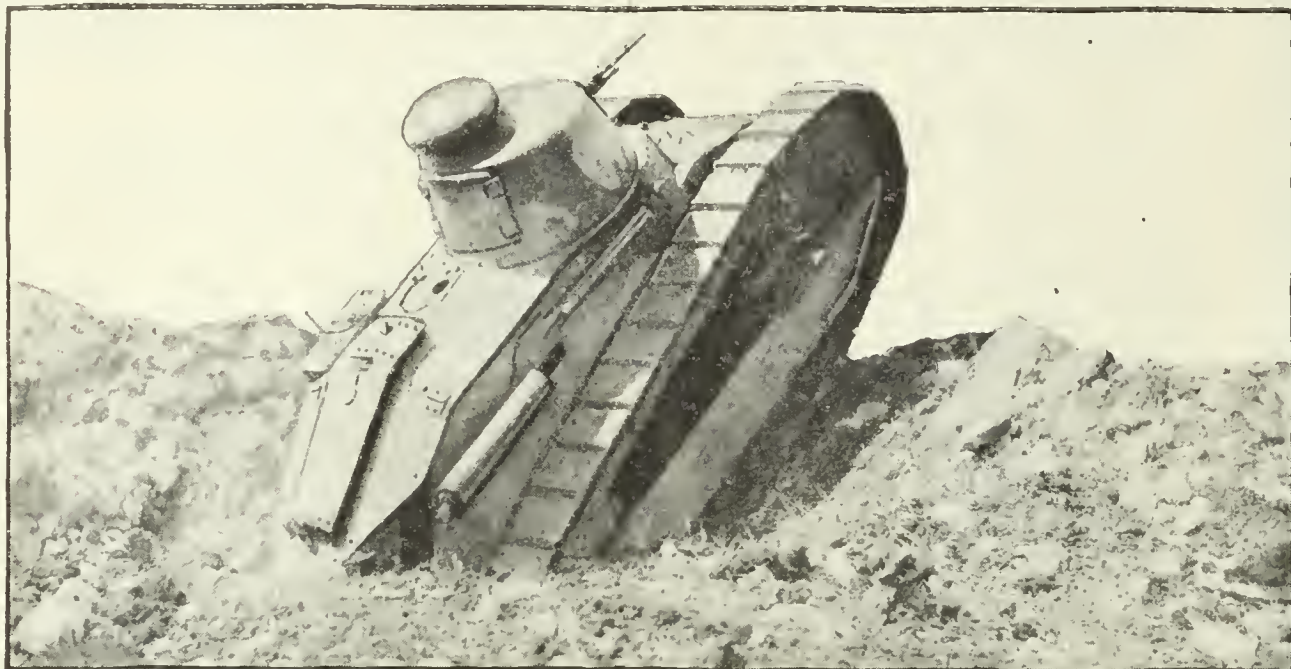
Miles in front of us fly the airplanes, keeping us informed via wireless. Close on the heels of their shadows race the destroyers, perhaps a hundred or more of them, covering our advance with a heavy smoke screen. Guided by the radio information from airplanes and destroyers, our admiral lines up us dreadnoughts for battle.

Way down 'tween decks in my cubby-hole I hear what is being said, yet I comprehend nothing. Everything is in code. There are several complete wireless installations, each with an operator, each independent of the others, tucked away in various parts of my ship. If a shell smashes me and my equipment, one of the other installations goes into action immediately.

By wireless we are told the enemy's range. Suddenly my ship seems to be splitting from cutwater to counter. The forward turrets have tried a spotting shot. My receivers are dead. The terrific concussion has put my receptor out of action. If I cannot make the needed repairs instantly, I simply throw a switch and a complete duplicate set is at my disposal.

Perhaps during the battle (Continued on page 28)





© Committee on Public Information

Now come the American tanks—agile, two-man affairs, carrying machine guns. The picture, taken at our tank school in France, shows one of them scrambling out of a shell hole



© Theo. Moussault

Look at the expression on the faces of these Austrian peasant women who are begging the Emperor Charles to give them bread and peace. The picture was made during the Austrian food crisis of last spring. The Emperor looks pretty well fed, doesn't he?



Canadian Official Photo

British officers looking over the day's bag of German howitzers. These are worth their weight in prisoners, for they cannot quickly be replaced. Besides, you don't have to feed them

Letters from the Air

No. 8: Over the Front

BY LIEUT. J. ALEXANDER BAYNE

DEAR HARVEYS: It's raining to-day, so while I have the leisure I'm going to try to tell you a bit about our work and its impressions on me.

Our end of this business is a funny one—it's like seeing a war film in the movies. I have been flying over one of the greatest battles in history, and I have heard scarcely a sound but the droning of my own motor except when diving upon boche soldiers, batteries, etc. Then I have heard the "typewriters" clacking away at me. Sometimes an Archie puts a shot so close that one can hear the cough of the explosion and feel the lift of the air, but that's not frequent. The motor makes a fearful roar—the wind shrieks through the struts and rigging, and we can hear our own guns when we shoot, but these become so much a matter of course that we don't hear them consciously. When the motor misses or the machine gun jams we become aware for the first time that there has been any noise. When the shells hit beneath us, through the flash of the guns and the puffs of smoke from Archies and shrapnel shells, we see spurts of dirt and rubbish, sometimes human rubbish. Sometimes we see little gray- or blue- or khaki-colored masses crawling along with the smoke puffs blossoming over and among them, but they don't seem like men nor as a part of our own game. It's a bit uncanny, I think. The only tangible things to us are the "sausages."

At the high levels we see absolutely nothing of the "battle field." It's just a peaceful, quiet map to us, with crooked, crazy lines of brown or white zig-zagging through the greens and plum colors of the grass and plowed fields. Then all that exists for us is the air alone, above, under, and around us. We watch for those black spots which so quickly become other machines—either friend or enemy—make sure each other member of the patrol is in his place and that none are missing, also that we have no new member with us. Sometimes it is possible for a boche to sneak up from behind at our own level (then of course one sees nothing but the edge of the wings and the radiator). He trails along, and should one of the end machines of the patrol lag behind a bit he pounces on it during that fraction of time in which the pilot ahead realizes that the machine behind looks strange.

We now have against us, among others, a crack escadrille of which you may have heard—the "Tangos"—so called because of the color of their machines, tango orange. We fly now in larger bunches, as Herr Boche likes to hunt in packs—nine or a dozen machines in one patrol.

When I point my bus down and begin plugging away at a trench or battery, it's fine—both machine guns popping away and the wires howling, from the rush of air—but when I pull her up and begin climbing again I can't help hunching my back a bit and waiting for a shot to come along and plug me or something. It's just the first few seconds—then it passes, but I always get it. I won't be satisfied until I have a real good scrap with another bus and find out just how I'll behave. The first time we went out trench raiding they told me to pique at about 600 meters and shoot until I got to one or two hundred, but not to go lower, as the machine made too big a mark that low. To show them (and myself) that I wasn't frightened, I kept on shooting down to 50 meters or less. I could see their faces plainly as they looked up at me. And the joke of it was that I was scared stiff.

We are all nonchalant and care free among each other here. But I notice when we are in our togs and waiting the signal to leave, all who are going at once get very happy—whistle and sing and slap their machines on the back—all impatient to be off. But I know how I feel when I'm waiting, and I wonder sometimes. I used to whistle and sing happily when I passed a cop with my blouse full of apples.

Love to all.

ALEX.

The ninth of Lieutenant Bayne's letters will be published in next week's COLLIERS.—THE EDITOR.

"The Way to Their Hearts"

BY EDITH DAY ROBINSON

A GREAT international social net is spreading over and safeguarding our fighting forces. It is supplemental to the military system, but without it the military organization could not be just what it is.

The wandering rookie sees a sign stretched across the street—"Soldiers and Sailors' Canteen"—or perhaps a man from the War Camp Community Service has met him at the train. Henceforward he has the benefit of the ministrations of the service club. There are, however, patches of territory still untouched by the net. Being a woman, I may be incompetent to judge, but after many weeks behind a desk at the Harvard Canteen, opposite the Pennsylvania Station, New York, I have reached the conclusion that when any boy goes to hell or the guard-house it is too often because the other places are shut.

We know what the Red Cross Canteens and the Y. M. C. A. huts, that run their own canteens, have meant to the men and, consequently, to the fighting machine abroad. The enthusiasm of the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., War Camp Community Service, K. of C., and other organizations is said to be responsible for about six hundred service clubs in the United States. But there are not yet too many canteens and service clubs for all the men in khaki and blue; there is not too much protection for these lads against being pitifully separated from their coin by grasping restaurateurs; nor yet too many antidotes for loneliness of hearts that are young and intrepid. For the way to their hearts now, more than ever before, is via the traditional route!

Presenting his check at the desk was a young soldier, the three thousandth one to express gratitude. He had never been in a canteen before he reached New York. His story is typical:

"I never had any money before!" he laughed. "I spent it all on food. I don't want to be a cheap skate. A fellow can't expect a decent meal for much less than 75 cents. But in the town in Oklahoma I've just come from they charged 60 cents for an order of bacon and eggs. That gives you an idea of the prices we've been paying. And when I came into one of these clubs and got ham, eggs, coffee, bread with it, and ice cream, and a check for 35 cents, I nearly fainted away!" . . .

The Working Plan

IT was an unfinished building that the Harvard Club took over in the spring of 1917 "for the duration of the war"—it had no doubt that ample financial support would be forthcoming. Members of the club, it is said, footed the bill for remodeling—the turning of the top floor into a dormitory, the second into a billiard room, the first into a writing room with a rectangular piece bitten off the end for the canteen.

While supported by Harvard men, the club is operated under the jurisdiction of the War Camp Community Service, a Government agency created by the Fosdick Commission, which covers organizations providing for the leisure time of men outside the camps throughout the country. The corner which the club occupies, at Thirty-third Street and Seventh Avenue, was once a saloon and marked one of the toughest spots in the vicinity. The "waitresses" are supplied by the Canteen Division of the National League for Women's Service. Here a salute in passing to one of the most truly practical and able bodies created by war needs in the United States. Units of this division serve service clubs

all over New York. Besides this, if you go to a soldiers and sailors' dance in an armory, they are presiding over the grape juice and little cakes, and an emergency unit is always "on call." They do not

half an hour for the late comers to finish eating and for the workers to make the canteen ready for the day unit, which serves until four. A volunteer or "desk lieutenant" serves at the cash desk

on each of the two eight-hour shifts. Besides making change, lending a sympathetic ear, responding to requests for griddle-cake data, finding paper and string for packages, selling chewing gum, cigarettes, chocolate bars, postal cards, etc., she has general supervision of the canteen, keeps the keys to the supply closets, hands out pie and cake from the storeroom as they are needed, and is supposed to hit the delicatessen trail in emergency if an unexpected number of patrons has reduced such staples as milk, bread, or butter. To comply with the Hoover regulations for conserving sugar and flour, it has been



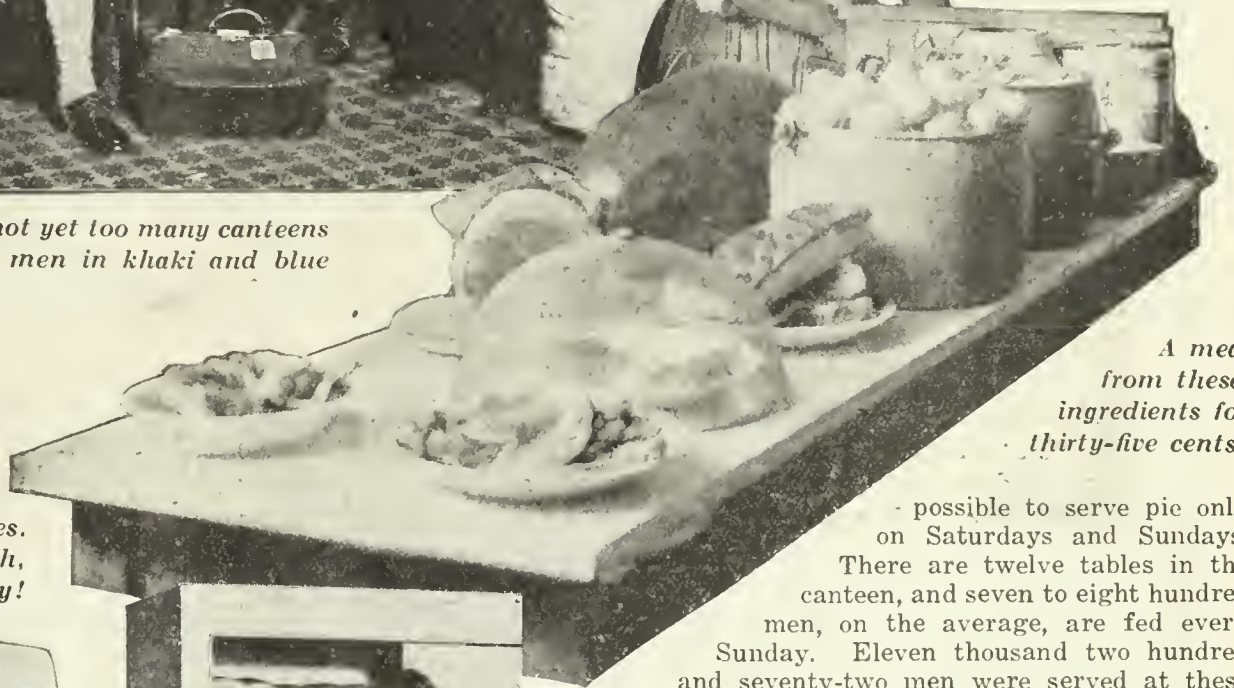
There are not yet too many canteens for all the men in khaki and blue

Flakily crusted pies, apple, peach, and cherry!



differ from similar organizations in other cities in what they do, but the way they do it makes them distinctive.

The hours at our canteen are 8 a. m. to 11.30 p. m. The doors do not close until midnight, which allows



A meal from these ingredients for thirty-five cents!

possible to serve pie only on Saturdays and Sundays. There are twelve tables in the canteen, and seven to eight hundred men, on the average, are fed every Sunday. Eleven thousand two hundred and seventy-two men were served at these twelve tables during one month. A complete canteen unit consists of sixteen women headed by a lieutenant, who is responsible for their work.

One of the amusing incidents of the canteen's day is to see some boy from New Mexico, or maybe Wyoming, who probably never heard of Mrs. Randolph Ronalds-Jones Pauncefoote, whose husband is worth several cold millions, struggling surreptitiously to tip the lady with a nickel—surreptitiously because there are signs on the wall drawing attention to the fact that it can't be done! "They won't see you take it!" is the boy's invariable protest.

"No Flummaddiddles"

ON the tact, plus the efficiency, of the "waitress," as well as the quality of the food, depends the men's desire to return. Sometimes the boys like to be talked to. Sometimes they hate it. It is always safe to follow their lead. If they are shy, they will not always offer a lead. But one generally can tell, without boring them, by keeping sensitized to what they would like and not allowing this faculty to become blunted. I have seen women hanging over boys, watching every forkful disappear, talking, talking, thinking they were making the visitors feel at home, when written all over the lads' faces was the intense desire to be let alone. Not all of us like to have the waiter hover around, discoursing, while we eat. Nor do we like neglect. Neither is necessary.

In our kitchen there is a staff of seven, working on two shifts, a cook and her assistants, dishwashers, etc. These women are paid. (Continued on page 27)



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Outlawed

We are all agreed that there can be no peace obtained by any kind of bargain or compromise with the Governments of the Central Empires, because we have dealt with them already and have seen them deal with other governments that were parties to this struggle, at Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest. They have convinced us that they are without honor and do not intend justice; they observe no covenants, accept no principle but force and their own interest. We cannot come to terms with them. They have made it impossible. The German people must by this time be fully aware that we cannot accept the word of those who forced this war upon us. We do not think the same thoughts or speak the same language of agreement.

THESE words, spoken by the President on September 27, should be kept constantly in mind by the American people. When our Government is asked to trade, let it find out first with whom it is trading. Does Prince MAXIMILIAN speak for the German people or for the German Emperor? Is he trying to save a nation or to make breathing space for an imperiled dynasty? When the President said that the Governments of the Central Powers were "without honor and do not intend justice," he did not mean by the word "governments" some insubstantial thing. He meant individuals. He meant the group of men who presume to speak for the middle European nations and who were permitted by these nations to bring about this war. He meant in particular one man "of iron will"—as he was described by the late Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH—by whose actual spoken word war was declared. When the President said he could not deal with men who "observe no covenants, accept no principle but force and their own interest," he meant one individual—the German Emperor. While WILLIAM is on the throne of Germany the world can feel no security.

The abdication of this man is the only assurance of a term of peace. It is as surely demanded by the situation as was the imprisonment of NAPOLEON after his return from Elba.

In the School of War

THE war is a bitterly expensive way of learning things. Nevertheless, we are learning things from it. Under its influence we are revising and reversing some of our most complacent popular errors with such completeness that we can hardly remember ever having believed in them. Only the other day, for example, we were still arguing from prophecy. We had a way of saying casually that this or that event was bound to happen eventually, and letting it go at that, as though saying so relieved us from all responsibility. If we believed in suffrage, we said that suffrage was bound to come; if we believed in socialism, we said that socialism was bound to come; if we believed in prohibition, we said that prohibition was bound to come: the argument being that opposition was ultimately in vain, and that you might as well get behind and help to push along the inevitable. Even if we did not believe in these things, we were quite likely to talk in the same way: the argument in that case being that the greater the probability of an outcome which we did not want, the less we need trouble to oppose it. This line of argument has of late been found too characteristically German to remain popular among ourselves. We are not much given to saying that Kultur is bound to come. The Germans have been saying that. They said it very loud and clear. And the French retorted with the perfect answer: "They shall not pass." We are not wasting time upon the thought of the inevitable, even where the wish is father to it—we know now that the Allies are bound to win. We prefer to devote ourselves to the task of winning.

Officers and Clerks

THE captain of a company of infantry in our army now has 250 men under him. These must be kept track of, so there are the morning report, daily sick report, duty roster, service record, insurance list, allotment record, pay card, physician's card, medical-stores card, individual equipment record, and perhaps one or two more. A captain gets off very easily if he checks and initials anything under 1,000 items per day. When PHILIP II of Spain died he was over two years behind on his orders to the Spanish colonies,

and by Queen VICTORIA's time the British Crown was some thirty or forty years back in signing officers' commissions. No storekeeper, manufacturer, or superintendent employing 250 men would do the "paper work" that our officers have to do or be responsible for. They would hire bookkeepers and then more bookkeepers until they themselves had some time for business. The nonessential industries ought to be able to spare a large force of record keepers over the draft age. If not, modern methods and reorganization might be tried on some of the governmental departments now spreading out over the District of Columbia. An officer in France ought to have time for fighting.

Wages at Shipyards

OFFICIAL information furnished by the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation (why not jettison part of that name?) shows, first, that there are now "approximately 386,000 employees in the shipyards," and, second, that "the weekly pay roll is \$10,500,000." If these facts apply to the same yards, as appears to be the case, then it follows by plain arithmetic that the wages of the rank and file average just about \$4 per day, due allowance being made for the higher salaried men. This equals about \$2.70 per day before the war and proves either that "big pay" at shipyards is a myth or else that great numbers of the 386,000 are not working enough of the time to cut much of a figure on the pay roll. Which? "Approximately" does not launch many cargo carriers. The glory of a soldier is that he sticks to his job, and the best thing certain civilians can do is to follow that example.

Germany's Dying Trade

AT a fair in our town recently one American concern showed 177 proved and tested aniline colors, ranging from "Azo Wool Violet 4 B" to "Victoria Green W B Powder." Five of these were being made in the United States before the war. This company has 4,000 trained workers guided by scientists fully equipped with laboratories and inspired by fighting spirit, and over \$25,000,000 invested.

How to Do It

WE wish we had his picture also, but these few lines will serve to introduce a true American, JOHN MULLINS, of the Solvay Collieries Company, Hemphill, Pa. The day after President WILSON asked for more coal Friend MULLINS cut loose, and in one month he dug and loaded 691 tons of coal, the world's record for that sport. Incidentally he is said to have earned about \$450, which compares well with the pay of a brigadier general. That's the way to win the war at home: get out the things needed, and more of 'em. Who is next after JOHN MULLINS?

What Discipline Is

THERE may be some people in our country even yet who think that army discipline must mean a lowering of manhood, a putting oneself under the will and heel of another. On this basis of fallacy pacifists erect their belief in the moral superiority of non-resistance, defeatism, peace at any price, etc. The answer is given once and for all in an article on "The Philosophy of General Foch," by a British writer named CHARLES WHIBLEY. FOCH says:

To be disciplined does not mean to keep silence, to abstain from action. . . . It is not the act of avoiding responsibilities. . . . Discipline equals activity of mind. Idleness of mind leads to indiscipline just as does insubordination. . . . Discipline is activity of mind to understand the views of a superior officer and to enter into those views, and activity of mind to find the material means to realize those views.

That is the whole truth of it. Discipline is not a state of punishment or of servitude, but the whole-hearted response of freemen to worthy leadership. Under FOCH and MANGIN and PÉTAIN and GOURAUD and other capable generals the soldiers of the French Republic are proving that creed to the uttermost. So are our men. In a world where righteousness must be fought for and won, what better rule of life can a man have?

Q. E. D.

MERELY winning the war would not make the world safe for democracy if victory came undeserved. Beating the Junkers by a fluke would leave the Junker tradition intact. In a Germany so defeated the Junkers would arise sooner or later and say to a vengeful people: "It is true that we were beaten, but look at the odds against us, and see how near we came to turning the trick as it was. It took a miracle to save the Allies in September, 1914. In March and June, 1918, we had them reeling, but it began to rain. Next time the breaks will be the other way."

The world will be safe for democracy when the Germans have learned the truth—they are well on the way now—that their Junkers were not beaten by miracles or by unadventitious thunderstorms which clogged the movement of the heavy guns, but by the spirit and physical force of democracy. It was not German miscalculation which lost the first battle of the Marne, but the heroism and enlightenment of a democratic people as embodied in JOFFRE and his men. It was not rain which stopped the German rush on Amiens and Calais last spring, but the desperate courage of a democratic nation to whom its commander in chief dared to say: "We are fighting with our backs against the wall." It was the inflexible will of a democracy whom its leaders can trust that enabled FOCH to hold out during the dreary months that preceded the dawn of last July. It is the fundamental capacity of a democracy to rise to the highest needs of the moment, to display prodigies of sacrifice, insight, ingenuity, organization—and the combative spirit—that enabled America to turn the scales against the Junker.

Through nearly four years of war the Germans were fond of arguing that victory was bound to be theirs by the laws of nature, including human nature. It has been the saddest of the Hohenzollern miscalculations. The laws of human nature run the other way. In spite of tragic delays and costly errors, democracy will have won the war because it is the stronger weapon as well as the better cause, because we deserved to win.

War's Realities

THE trouble with civilian commentators on things military is that too often their premises, or assumptions, are nonexistent by the time their conclusions are published. For example, in late September the essayists were still talking of "trench warfare" and "frontal attacks" when the Allied armies were forcing their way through forests and over hills by means of most skillful flanking operations. Our men were protected by the threefold covering of smoke screens, artillery barrages (largely gas), and hordes of assaulting tanks. The extraordinary development of our chemical offensive during the summer of 1918 will be henceforth a subject of great interest for students of war. The change that has taken place is illustrated by the fact that in 1918 the French cut the enemy's lateral railway along the Suippe River, in Champagne, at a cost of less than one-fifth the casualties that were incurred in the unsuccessful attempt of 1915. War is always a matter of relative strength and skill; the improvements of to-day are the antiquities of next week. Necessity may be the mother of invention, but freedom is the father of progress. In notable cases, as with the tanks, the Germans were shown how, but they could neither effectively use the new device nor defeat it. The victories of the autumn of 1918 were won on the basis of the new situation wrought by Allied skill and energy. The war will be won that way.

Your Share of the Scrap

SCRAP-IRON is fighting-iron to-day. Old metal reused releases new metal for use on the front. Technical men say that iron smelts better if some of the rusty stuff is in the blast furnace, and the prices now paid by second-hand dealers reflect (somewhat), that fact. The "Railway Age" says that on one line the track walkers are picking up nuts, washers, etc., at the rate of forty pounds apiece per day! For Mr. McADOO's whole system that would mean over a thousand tons of steel daily, enough to break a hole in any line that HINDENBURG ever built. Every day is scrap day for our soldiers: why not for you? Personally we have never been able to realize the hopeful prices that one sees quoted in the public prints for all second-hand hardware, etc., but no doubt we have contributed something to the prosperity of certain sons of the Mediterranean, and perhaps they buy Thrift Stamps with it. Look into your attic, cellar, back yard, etc., and pick up what you find there. It will improve the premises and you will be doing something more to help FOCH, HAIG, PERSHING, and company.

Two Armies

THE roots and causes of anything important are apt to lie rather further back in the past than the usual current reading can discover. We need to check our ideas of the present by constant reference to the ancestry of facts. The French army as it stands in battle to-day is directly descended from the gallantry of the old régime plus the zeal and practical skill of the men of the revolution. That army is subordinate to the civil power; so many of us misjudged France because we failed to see how the military establishment, in itself, carries on the continuing life and tradition of the French nation. In France the army has always been the devoted servant of the national rule, whether monarchical or republican. In Germany the army has always been the instrument by which the sovereign imposed his brutal will for his own ends, and BISMARCK'S Constitution only pretended to disguise that fact. When that distinction is abolished Europe will be free.

Those Submarines

AS FOCH becomes more and more predominant over LUDENDORFF the Hun advertisers take to enlarging on the great work of their I-O-U-boats—which operations cannot be checked up on a war map. So the Kaiser goes to Kiel and attends a grand review at which submarines score all manner of theoretical hits on a theoretical convoy, and makes his regular speech "expressing confidence," etc. Meanwhile certain hard-headed business men are in the daily habit of measuring the periscope peril and of insuring cargo boats against it. Marine underwriting is competitive, not emotional or political, and the rate of insurance charged must measure the actual hazard, or else those issuing such policies will lose their own money. The market rates for marine war-risk insurance for voyages from our Atlantic ports to Great Britain were 10 per cent in June and July, 1917, and fell gradually to 2¾ per cent in June and July, 1918.

The Names

ON a hillside farm in upper New York State lives a white-haired old lady who does not care particularly to read any of the war news. Her husband and her brother came back from the deadly Civil War battles of Cold Harbor and Five Forks, and she knows that the right will win if only we do our best. That is how this world is made. But every afternoon when the mail carrier has brought them the city paper she sits alone at her western window with her strongest spectacles on and reads out loud that roll of names of our men for whom the battle has ceased. It is a long list nowadays, and some of the names are very strange, but, as she says, being prayed for never hurt anybody. There are many sorts of memorial services for our country's sons, from hurried burial under shell fire in the riven hills along the Meuse to the stately funeral march through crowded city streets for a leader fallen, but the true heart of our nation speaks quite as clearly in that old woman's faltering voice as she lifts her eyes to the western hills. And through all these diverse occasions runs that one strain of grief, faithful and triumphant: "Their name liveth evermore, their name liveth evermore."

The Open Door

WHEN WARRINGTON went away on that last trip he left the door of his office open. One could see within the shining plate-glass top of his cleared desk, the orderly little row of reference books, the calendar pad set at the date of his return and covered with scrawled memoranda, and past it all his far view of the lower harbor with ships going to and fro. Everything there assured one so definitely of his return; it seemed so certain that things would go on as before, and then came the wireless: "Lost at sea." That door is now shut as usual, of course, for the Multiplex Corporation will go on whether any of its people do or not. But for weeks after one never saw it open without an eerie sense of wonder whether WARRINGTON would not come hurrying cheerfully out to set something right as he used to do. Then that thrill ceased too, for, as the old janitor said, rather hoarsely: "Oh, it's no good looking there, for it's another door that he's stepped through, and it doesn't open this way at all." Doesn't it? As one gets farther distant from the hard certainties of youth that matter becomes somewhat doubtful at times, especially at twilight; and there is hope in two lines of a poem by ORRICK JOHNS:

And the things that love gives after shall be as they were before,
For life is only a small house and love is an open door.

October 26, 1918

"First, Last, and Supper"

Continued from page 6

Noble was nonplused. "Why—" he said. "Why—" "How do you get back? That's the mystery!" said Mr. Atwater. "You're always walkin' down street and never up. You know m'wife's never been too strong a woman, Noble, and all this isn't doing her any good. Besides, we sort of figured out that you ought really to be at Julia's dance this evening."

"I am," said Noble, nervously. "I mean that's where I'm going. I'm going there. I'm going there."

"That's what's upsetting us so!" the fat man exclaimed. "You keep on going there! Just when we've decided you must be there, at last, here you come, going there again. Well, don't let me detain you. But if you decide to go in, some time, I'm afraid you won't be able to do much dancing, Noble."

Noble, who had begun to walk on, halted in sudden panic. Did this sinister fear of Mr. Atwater's mean that, as an uncle, he had word Julia was ill?

"Why won't I?" he asked quickly. "Is anything—"

"Your poor feet!" said Mr. Atwater, withdrawing. "Good night, Noble."

The youth went on, somewhat disturbed: it seemed to him that this uncle, though Julia's, was either going queer in his head or had chosen a poor occasion to be facetious. Next time, probably, it would be better to walk around the block below this.

BUT it was now no longer advisable to walk round any block whatever. When he came to the happy gateway, tuning of instruments and a fanfare of voices sounded from within the house; girls in light wraps were fluttering through the hall with young men: it was time for the party! And Noble went in.

Throughout the accomplishment of his entrance, his outside and his inside were directly contradictory. His inside was one tumultuous fluttering: there might have been half a dozen nests of distracted young birds in his chest, but as he went upstairs to the "gentlemen's dressing room," to leave his hat and stick, this flopping and chirping and scrambling within him was never to be guessed from his outside. His outside was unsympathetic, even stately; he greeted his fellow guests with negligent hauteur, and his glance seemed to say: "All quite worthless. Only peasantry here!"

The stairway was crowded as he descended; he kept next to the rail, looking down with some dawn of benevolence in his eyes as they traveled over the heads and shoulders of the throng below, in Julia's hall, for the thought came to him that as he had the first and last dances and supper engaged with Julia, the hostess, this was really almost the next thing to being the host. It was a warming thought, and a slight graciousness was now added to his nods and salutations.

At the foot of the stairs he became part of the file of young people who were moving into one of the large rooms where Julia stood to "receive." And then, between two heads before him, he caught a first glimpse of her. It was like a flash of white jewels in a sudden light—and, at the sight, all the young birds fluttering in his chest burst into song; his heart fainted; his head ballooned; his feet seemed to be dangling from him at the ends of two strings, not legs.

There stood Julia!

The group closed, shutting out the vision, and he found himself able to wipe his brow and get back his breath before moving forward in a cold and aristocratic attitude. Then he became incapable of any attitude—he was before her, and she greeted him. A strong buzzing in his ears confused him: he spoke to her thickly and would have stood forever, but pressure from behind pushed him on, and so, enveloped in a deep but scented cloud, he passed into a corner. He tried to think what he had said to her, but could not; and perhaps it would have discouraged him to know that at so vital a moment all he had said was: "Well!"

Now there rattled out a challenge of drums; loud dance music beat upon the air. Starting instantly to go to Julia, Noble's left leg first received the electric impulse and crossed his laggard right, but he was no pacer, and thus stumbled upon himself and plunged. Still convulsive, he came headlong before her again, and was the only person in the vicinity who remained unaware that his charging dispersal of an intervening group had an appearance of extreme unconventionality. Noble knew nothing in the world



"Oh, years!" he said. "Oh, years so fair!"

except that this was His dance with Her. He recovered his balance and presented himself, open-mouthed and breathless, his arms plaintively wagging for her.

Then heaven gushed over him. She came close and touched him exquisitely. She placed one lovely hand upon his shoulder, her other lovely cool hand in one of his. The room filled with bursting stars. They danced.

NOBLE was conscious of her within his clasp, arm, but conscious of her as nothing human. The fluffy white bodice pressed by his hand seemed to be that of some priceless, ineffable doll; the charming shoulder that sometimes touched his was made of a divine mist. Only the pretty head, close to his, was real: the black-sapphire eyes gave him a little blue-black glance, now and then, and seemed to laugh.

In truth, they did, though Julia's lips remained demure. So far as Noble was able to comprehend what he was doing, he was afloat in immeasurable heights, drifting rhythmically to a faint, far music; but he was almost unconscious, especially from the knees down. Nevertheless, to the eye of observers incapable of perceiving that Noble was really floating, it appeared that he was out of step most of the time, and even when he was in step he danced rather hoppingly. However, these mannerisms were no novelty with him, and it cannot be denied that girls at dances usually hurried impulsively away to speak

to somebody when they saw him coming. One such creature even went so far as to whisper to Julia now, during a collision: "How'd you get caught?" and others tittered to her confidentially, with the same meaning.

But Julia was loyal; she gave no sign of acquiescence to these commiserations, and valiantly swung onward with Noble, bumped and bumping everywhere, in spite of the most extraordinary and graceful dexterity on her part.

"That's one reason she's such a terrible belle," a damsel whispered to another.

"What is?"

"The way she'll be just as nice to anybody like Noble Dill as she is to anybody," said the first. "Look at her now: she won't laugh at him a bit, though everybody else is."

"Well, I wouldn't laugh either," said the other damsel. "Not in Julia's position. I'd be too busy being afraid."

"What of?"

"Of getting a broken leg!"

SUCH are the thoughts likely to surround a being in roseate trance; and it is well that telepathy remains a lethargic science. Speculation sets before us the prospect of a Life Beyond in which every thought is communicated without the intervention of speech: a state wherein all neighbors and neighborhoods would promptly be dispersed and few friendships long endure, one fears. And if to Noble Dill's active consciousness had penetrated merely the things thought about him and his dancing, in this one short period of time before the music for that dance stopped, he might easily have been comprehended if he had hurried forth, obtained explosives, and blown up the place, himself indeed included. As matters providentially were in reality, when the music stopped he stood confounded: he thought that heavenly dance had just begun.

His mouth remained open until the necessary gestures of articulation intermittently closed it as he said: "Oh! That was divine!"

The too-gentle Julia agreed.

"You said I could have part of some in between the first and last," he reminded her. "Can I have the first part of the next?"

She laughed. "I'm afraid not. The next is Mr. Clairdyce's, and I promised him I wouldn't give any of *any* of his away."

"Well, then," said Noble, frowning a little, "can I have part of the third?"

"I'm afraid not. That's Newland Sanders's, and I promised him the same thing."

"Well, the one after that?"

"No, that one's Mr. Clairdyce's too."

"It is?" Noble was greatly disturbed.

"Yes."

"Two that quick with old Baldy Clairdyce!" he exclaimed, raising his voice, but unaware of the fervor with which he spoke. "Two with that old—" "Sh, Noble," she said, though she laughed. "He isn't really old; he's just middle-aged, and only the least bit bald, just enough to be distinguished-look—"

"Well, you know what I think of him!" he returned with a vehemence not moderated. "I don't think he's distinguished-looking; I think he's simply and plainly a regular old—"

"Sh!" Julia warned him again, and her interruption properly cut off his too direct and unpolished definition of Mr. Clairdyce as simply and plainly a regular old dub. "He's standing with some people just behind us," she added.

"Well, then," said Noble, "can I have part of the next one after that?"

She consulted a little card. "I'm afraid you'll have to wait till quite a little later on, Noble. That one is George Plum's. I promised him I wouldn't—"

"Then part of the next one after that?"

"It's Mr. Clairdyce's," said Julia—and she blushed.

"My goodness!" said Noble. "Oh, my goodness!"

"Sh! I'm afraid people—"

"Let's go out on the porch," said Noble, whose manner had suddenly

(Continued on page 29)

Absolutely Freeze Proof



Testimonials

We used your Freeze-Proof for the last two winters in all of our cars, meaning seven passenger cars and one truck. We found same to be a very good anti-freeze solution, and also a very inexpensive, effective substitute for alcohol. We can recommend it very highly for the purpose it is intended for.—F. M. OPITZ, Pres. Perfix Radiator Co., Racine, Wis.

We used several cases of your Freeze-Proof last winter and the very best of results were obtained from its use. It was satisfactory enough that we are stocking it again this coming season.—CITY GARAGE OF TYLER, Tyler, Texas.

We have used your Freeze-Proof for the past year and it gave entire satisfaction, and placed our order for the coming season.—MADISON MOTOR CO., Madison, Maine.

I put your Freeze-Proof in my radiator and have had satisfactory results. I had it in the radiator while the thermometer registered 22 below zero. No injury was done. I shall be your patron henceforth.—REV. F. ADIX, Rush Center, Kans.

Wish to say that the Freeze-Proof is satisfactory in every respect. We have recently had temperature of 20 below zero and it did not freeze in my car at that time.—W. J. DYSART, Woods-Ewertz Store Co., Springfield, Mo.

Our confidence in Freeze-Proof is such that we have just placed an order for an additional carload for the coming season, and quite naturally we could not have the nerve to handle this quantity if we did not have most profound confidence in the product.—THE SALT LAKE HDWE. CO., Salt Lake City, Utah.

In regard to your Freeze-Proof, beg to say that when it has been used according to directions I have had the very best success. When the proper amount is used even in the most severe weather I have not had a single complaint of cars freezing.—W. S. DOUGHTY GARAGE, Parker, S. D.

I am glad to say that among the many things I have tried I found your Freeze-Proof solution the only one that did the work. The temperature here is now 10 below zero, and my radiator did not freeze. I advised all my friends to buy your Freeze-Proof and avoid trouble in cranking their automobiles.—ALFRED HILL, Danville, Ill.

Have used your Freeze-Proof and find it all that you advise it. Will probably always use it unless I find something better, which I doubt I ever will.—H. H. PECK, New Milford, Conn.

I have used Johnson's Freeze-Proof during the winter 1917-1918 and can recommend it to all car owners. It was tested in my car to 20 below zero. For that reason I dare to recommend it.—KEV. H. NIELSEN, Poysippi, Wis.

Johnson's Freeze-Proof has done good work for me this winter. My car has been out all night several times in a howling gale at from 10 to 16 below zero and my radiator did not freeze.—DR. MALCOLM DEAN MILLER, Akron, Ohio.

I have used Johnson's Freeze-Proof in my Ford car all of this unusual cold winter with complete satisfactory results.—DR. WM. F. HAKE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Don't Wait!

Don't wait until the freezing weather comes to think about protecting your car for the coming winter. Decide early to use Johnson's Freeze-Proof—purchase your supply from your dealer and read the directions carefully. A little time spent now in cleaning the radiator and putting on new hose connections will save you unlimited time, trouble, worry, and expense during the winter months.

JOHNSON'S FREEZE-PROOF

is the logical anti-freeze preparation to use. It is inexpensive—does not evaporate—is non-inflammable—is easy to use—and is guaranteed. One application will last all winter unless the solution is lost through the overflow pipe or leakage.

One package will protect a Ford to 5° below zero, and one and a half packages will protect a Ford to 30° below zero and two packages will protect a Ford to 50° below zero. For larger cars, or to protect to lower temperature, use additional Freeze-Proof according to the scale on the package.

Cost \$1.50 per Package in U. S. A. East of Rockies

For Sale by all Dealers and Jobbers

S. C. JOHNSON & SON,

Racine, Wis.

Testimonials

I have used Johnson's Freeze-Proof in my Overland car all winter and have had absolutely no trouble. After going through this winter, which has been the hardest winter in my memory, without any sign of trouble, I have no hesitancy in recommending Johnson's Freeze-Proof.—J. VAN NORMAN, Asst. Business Manager, The Herald, Grand Rapids, Mich.

I used your Freeze-Proof this past winter, and as you will recall, it was the worst weather we have had in many years. It protected my seven passenger car to as far as 20 degrees below zero and did not show the least particles of crystals in the radiator. Johnson's Freeze-Proof is the best insurance one can have on the cooling system of any car.—C. W. MALLORY, Georgetown, Ky.

My automobile radiator and engine holds twelve gallons of water. Early this winter I put in three packages of your Johnson's Freeze-Proof. It has been five degrees below zero and we have had the coldest winter we have ever had in Virginia. My car has been kept in an unheated garage and your Freeze-Proof has done all that you guarantee it to do as we have never had it freeze or the water thicken.—HORACE L. SMITH & CO., Inc., Farm Machinery, Petersburg, Va.

We wish to say at this writing, we want to compliment your company for the wonderful co-operation that we have had towards the sale of Freeze-Proof this past season. We haven't a package of Freeze-Proof left in stock and sold same to owners of cars where the prices of these cars carried from \$1,000.00 to \$15,000.00 and not in one instance did we have a complaint for this product.—JOHN J. MALLONEY, Treas. Motor Accessories, Inc., Boston, Mass.

We have used Johnson's Freeze-Proof this winter in Peerless Eight, Chandler Six, Ford, Wilson and Republic Trucks. This has been the coldest winter we have had for years, zero and lower right along. But notwithstanding the extremely cold weather all of the above cars and trucks have worked every day and not one of them froze up. We consider your preparation the best we ever used.—JOHN T. BYERS, Supt. Labor Brewing Co., Uniontown, Pa.

Recently I left the car in my unheated garage and went out of the city. The car stood for a week in the cold garage, during which time we had the coldest weather of the season, the thermometer being 36 degrees below zero. When I returned to Calgary to my surprise I found the car in perfect shape. I figure that the two boxes of Johnson's Freeze-Proof which I used saved me possibly \$100.00.—A. J. McMILLAN, Mgr. Robin-Hood Mills Co., Calgary, Alta., Can.

Johnson's Freeze-Proof fulfills every claim made for it and after thorough trial we find that it not only prevents water in the radiator from freezing in below zero weather but also does not injure, in any way whatever, any part of the car and will not evaporate.—H. F. COX, H. F. Cox Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

I have used Johnson's Freeze-Proof in my Overland six which is a regular type Continental motor. Although this was a very severe winter, Johnson's Freeze-Proof stood the test.—H. E. GNADT, General Hardware, Chicago, Ill.

Lady Larkspur

Continued from page 8

Bash's life in the East, of his short illness and quite unexpected death.

"But I'm keeping you," she exclaimed suddenly, jumping down from the wall. "And I must finish my unpacking."

As we walked together to the house I answered her questions about the neighborhood, and promised to telephone Torrence of her arrival.

"You will have luncheon with me—or maybe dinner would be better—or both? Antoine told me of your bachelor establishment, but eating alone is bad for the digestion. I shall think you resent my coming if you don't dine at the house every day. Mrs. Farnsworth—my friend and companion—is a very interesting woman. I am sure you will like her."

The information that she was protected in her youthful widowhood by a companion was imparted neatly.

"It was really much nicer, meeting this way," she said, giving me her hand. "We shall expect you at seven."

I FOUND them on the veranda, which had been transformed since my last glimpse of it. Rugs, wicker furniture, wall pockets of flowers, and paper lanterns dropped over the electric lights gave it the appearance of a prettily set scene. She came toward me, a slender figure in white. She seemed taller in white; as she took a few steps toward me, I was aware of a stateliness I had missed at the shore. A queenly young person, but as unaffectedly cordial and friendly as in the bright morning sunlight.

"Mrs. Farnsworth, Mr. Singleton."

Mrs. Farnsworth was a pleasant-faced, white-haired woman with remarkably fine, dark eyes. If the positions had been changed—if Mrs. Farnsworth had been my uncle's choice of a wife, the situation would have been much more real. I instantly liked Mrs. Farnsworth. She uttered a few commonplaces in an commonplace tone without pausing in her knitting. Mrs. Bashford had been knitting too, and as she sat down she took up her yarn and needles. It was a sweater, I think; it doesn't matter. What matters is that her hands moved swiftly and deftly. Her manner of knitting was charming. She knew that I was watching her hands and remarked with a graceful turn of the head:

"For an English boy somewhere! I began by knitting for my brother and cousins, but"—her head went lower—"that isn't for me to do any more." Her eyes, turned upon me for a moment, were bright with tears.

I was speaking of the splendid valor of Englishmen I had known in France when Antoine announced dinner.

IT had been years since the house had known a woman's hand, and it was astonishing how humanized it had become in a few hours. The long dining room, always a bare, forbidding place, had been reduced to cozy proportions by screens, and a small round table replaced the massive, oblong affair that always looked as though it had been built into the house by the carpenters.

"I found those lovely screens in the garret and thought we might as well enjoy them; and that Lang Yao jar on the sideboard oughtn't to be hidden in the vault."

"I am sure Uncle Bash would be happy to know you care for these things so much," I said, noting that the white roses she had chosen for the jar—I knew the choice was hers—served to emphasize the deep red of the glaze.

"I am among the unelect," remarked Mrs. Farnsworth. "When I am told that such things are beautiful I am immediately convinced. I say they are beautiful, and that is enough."

"That has to be enough for me," I replied. "My uncle used to try to interest me, and I wore out a good many pairs of shoes following him through museums and salesrooms, but he gave me up when he found that my pagan soul was aroused by nothing but pottery idols. It wasn't the pottery that

interested me even there, but only the ugliest designs. I am a heathen!"

"I am gratified that you make the admission so frankly," said Mrs. Farnsworth. "I have always been a great admirer of the heathen."

"I like them when they are nice," said Mrs. Bashford.

"Yes; I have found you very discriminating in your choice of the species, Alice. But, you know, Mr. Singleton, Alice and I never can agree as to just what a heathen is. All our squabbles have been about that. The old hymn pictured the heathen in his blindness bowing down to wood and stone; but I'm disposed to broaden my definition to include all who believe in fairies good or bad, and persons who honestly believe in signs, omens, and lucky stones

the grim duenna I had feared might be my aunt's chaperon, and there was certainly nothing in her appearance to suggest that she was a believer in witches. She and my aunt treated each other as though they were contemporaries, and it was Alice and Constance between them. As the talk ran exhaustively through the lore of witches and goblins I had hoped that one or the other would drop some clue as to the previous history of my amazing aunt. It was as plain as day that she and Mrs. Bashford indulged in whims for the joy of it, and her zest in the discussion of witches, carried on while Antoine served the table, lips tightly compressed, and with an exaggeration of his stately tread, was the more startling from the fact that she was a woman of years, a handsome woman with a

high-bred air who did not look at all like a person who would discuss witches as though they had been made the topic of the day by the afternoon newspapers. And when the shape of a witch's chin became the immediate point of discussion I knew it was in Antoine's mind that such conversation was unbecoming, an offense to the spirit of Raymond Bashford. Mrs. Farnsworth's brown eyes sparkled, and the color deepened in my aunt's cheeks as we discoursed upon witches and the chins thereof. I had a friend in college who used to indulge in the same sort of piffing, but that my uncle's widow and her elderly companion should delight in such absurdities bewildered me. I had been addressing my aunt as Mrs. Bashford—it seemed ridiculous to call her Aunt Alice—and in the heat of our argument as to whether witches are necessarily naughty and malign beings I had just uttered the "Mrs." when she bent toward me and said gravely and with no hint of archness: "Can't we make it Alice and Bob? I think that would be a lot friendlier."

I EXPERIENCED a curious flutter of the heart the first time I tried it, but after that it came very easily. I found it impossible to think of her in terms of auntship, and it was a relief to have the relationship waived. She was simply the jolliest, prettiest girl that had ever crossed my horizon, and to be talking to her across the table gave me thrills compared with which sliding out of clouds in an airplane is only a rocking-chair pastime for old men.

The veteran chef of the Tyningham had produced an excellent dinner, though the witch talk made Antoine a trifle nervous in serving it.

We had coffee on the veranda (Alice thought it would be nicer there), and as

Antoine gave me my cup he edged close to my chair to whisper:

"That party, sir. If he should come—"

"Tell the troops not to attack any visitors," I said, loud enough for the others to hear. "Mr. Torrence will be here shortly, and it would be annoying to have him ushered in on a shutter. We must establish a rule that callers are not to be fired upon at the gate."

"I know why this is the land of the free and the home of the brave," laughed Alice. "One has to be brave to live here."

Antoine departed with a resentful twist of the shoulders, and I decided to meet squarely the matter of the visitors who had so troubled him.

"Please don't be frightened," I said as lightly as possible, "but these old fellows haven't enough to do, and they are full of apprehensions. With nobody here to keep them busy it's remarkable they haven't found a ghost."

"If they only had!" murmured Mrs. Farnsworth.

"No such luck! They have been alarmed by an agent of some sort who wants to welcome you to America by selling you a piano on easy payments."

Antoine had been hovering inside, and my remark brought him to the door.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Singleton, but that party is not an agent, but quite different, sir. He came to the house, quite like a gentleman, several times, and asked if Mrs. Bashford had arrived. He came in a big car, and seemed disappointed, madame, that you were not

THE OLD GANG ON THE CORNER

BY WILLIAM HERSCHELL

*The Old Gang on the Corner! What an arrant tribe they were;
The Widow Kelly's Connie—he had always worried her!
The Schultz boys, Jake and Rudy; the parson's own, Chub Smith,
"Who," sister told the neighbors, "they can't do nothin' with."
Young Tony Boots, the Dago, and Scamp, the tinner's son—
To them a mischief thought of was a mischief quickly done.*

*The Old Gang on the Corner! In the arc light's friendly glow
They trooped each night till Tim the Cop came by and made them go.
But all that now is ended, for the Sword of Hate was drawn—
The Old Gang on the Corner from its happy haunt is gone.
The street lamp idly sputters; Tim, the lonely, walks his beat,
His good heart well ahunger for the Old Gang in the street.*

*The Old Gang on the Corner! Now each loyal mother brags
No other neighborhood can boast as many service flags.
Con Kelly's won a sergeantcy; the parson's black-sheep son
Has had his picture printed for heroic deeds he's done.
The Schultz boys, in the navy, though they yet are in their teens,
Are mates with Scamp and Tony in the chase for submarines.*

*The Old Gang on the Corner! Yes, we've all forgotten now
The Hallowe'en they calcimined McDougall's muley cow.
We've put aside the memories of cream and cake they stole
When our church had a festival to pay for last year's coal.
All that is in the Yesterday—they're now our fighting men—
And, God, won't we be happy if they all come home again?*

and all who have the receipt of fern seed and walk invisible—there's Shakespeare for that. Some very good Christians are also very nice heathens: we mustn't be narrow and bigoted about such things."

"I think," said Mrs. Bashford soberly, "that I have always believed in witches; and if I keep on believing I shall see one some day. We shall find anything in this world that we believe in hard enough. Now a witch—the kind of witch I have always expected to wake up and find flourishing a broom at me from the foot of my bed—"

She was talking very gravely, as though witches were the commonest topic of conversation, but finding my eyes turned upon her in frank wonder, she laughed at my amazement.

"Let us be honest with you, Mr. Singleton," Mrs. Farnsworth explained, "and tell you that we are just testing you. It may be a breach of hospitality, and you are all but a stranger, but we are curious to know whether you are of that small company of the favored of heaven who can play at being foolish without becoming idiotic. Alice is sometimes very near idiocy. You admit that, Alice!"

"I not only admit it, but I might even boast of it!" my aunt replied.

AT the mention of witches I had caught Antoine crossing himself as he turned to the sideboard. I confess that I myself had been startled by the drift of the talk. Mrs. Farnsworth was far from being

An Announcement About the Shortage of Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE



BECAUSE of war-time necessity, our sugar supply has been greatly restricted. We are indeed glad that our soldiers and sailors, our people in their homes, and our allies abroad are going to have this sugar.

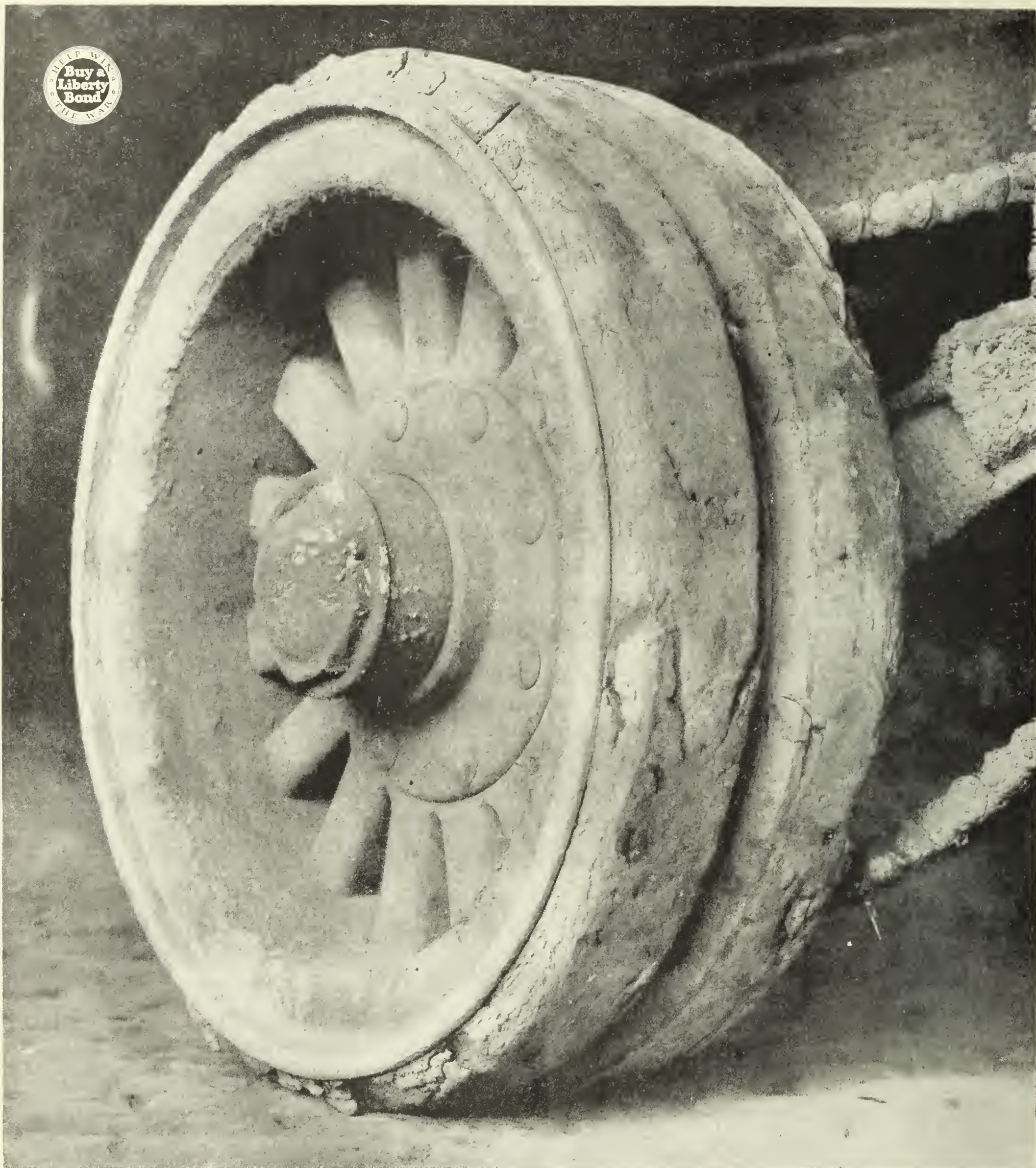
We are content to wait till it is reasonable that we should have the sugar we need to make Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

A beverage can be sweetened with something besides sugar, but our scientists have not yet found a sugar substitute which we are willing to use in Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. The absolute purity of this product means so much that we prefer to have the rapid growth of our sales retarded temporarily rather than to permit Clicquot Club Ginger Ale to deteriorate in quality.

One of the things we are most anxious to do is to preserve without change the taste of Clicquot Club, which is exactly the taste a good ginger ale should have. Remember, whether you can get your whole supply or not, your grocer is doing the best he can for you, even if he can't always get full supply of your favorite brand.

The Clicquot Club Company
Millis, Mass.





Not a single penny for repair has been spent on this 36x5 Goodyear S-V dual which has run 50,000 miles on the 3½-ton Old Reliable motor truck operated by the World Motor Service, Chicago

Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Fifty Thousand Miles In Hard Service

THE tremendous ability of Goodyear S-V Solid Truck Tires to assimilate severe punishment is constantly reaffirmed in owners' stirring narratives of their performance.

On the 3½-ton Old Reliable truck operated by the World Motor Service of Chicago in combined city, suburban and country service, the Goodyear S-V dual Solid Truck Tire shown at the left delivered 50,000 miles and is still in service.

The S-V Tires on this truck traverse a territory ranging 40 miles out of Chicago and cover routes which test to the utmost all their staying powers.

Grinding along under heavy cargoes of groceries, these tires are driven over wide systems of railroad tracks and they cross considerable stretches of bumpy brick pavements and others composed largely of broken stone with sharp edges.

In the section of the city from which the truck starts its delivery trip, the littered spaces in front of loading platforms present varied kinds of tire hazard such as broken glass, sections of crates with projecting nails and metal barrel hoops.

The facts related in this instance are typical of many found in an enormous accumulation of nation-wide evidence dealing with the tenacity of the S-V.

"Our work is very strenuous but Goodyear S-V Solid Truck Tires give us remarkable service. They resist conditions that literally tear other tires to pieces. One dual seems made of iron because it has given us 50,000 miles and is still running." — Mr. William Winkler, President of World Motor Service, Chicago.

It remains to set down that whereas their most sensational long-distance scores have been made over good city pavements, they have also run up unprecedented mileage figures in cases where trucks travel outside of cities and encounter very indiffer-

ent roads and particularly bad unpaved areas.

Such evidence furnishes the all-important reason why Goodyear S-V Truck Tires are so broadly adopted in those classes of service for which the solid tire is best fitted.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

SOLID TIRES



On the Way Home With Corn Puffs

Foods That Are Like Confections

Corn Puffs are thin, airy globules, puffed from tiny hominy pellets.

They are sweet, because hominy is sweet. They are super-toasted, so they have a wondrous flavor.

Eaten dry, these flaky bubbles seem fairy-like confections. And children love them that way, or doused with melted butter.

Yet These Are Master Foods

Yet any Puffed Grain—Corn, Rice or Wheat—is the supreme form of that grain food.

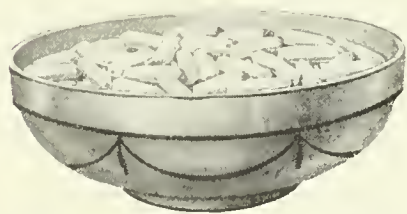
Every food cell is exploded, so it easily digests. Every atom feeds.

All are prepared by Prof. Anderson's process. All are the best-cooked grain foods in existence. Serve them to anyone, at any hour.

These are not tidbits. They are not made merely to delight the palate.

All their enticements are accidental. The object of the process is to make them perfect foods.

Yet they hold the topmost place among cereal food delights. Millions of children revel in them, morning, noon and night. And every child that doesn't miss much.



Serve like other cereals, or with melted butter. Or mix with any fruit.

Salt or lightly butter—like peanuts or popcorn—for children after school.



Float them in bowls of milk. No other morsels ever served in milk are nearly so enjoyable, or so easily digestible.

**Corn
Puffs**

**Puffed
Rice**

**Puffed
Wheat**

All Bubble Grains

**Each 15c
Except in Far West**

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1995)

here and not expected. The second time he said he was just passing on his way to the city and thought he would stop again. A very well-spoken gentleman, and we'd have thought nothing of it except that a few days later I caught a man I was sure was the same party, but dressed in rough clothes, sneaking across the veranda right there where you're sitting. When I called to him he ran as hard as he could, and Graves—he's the vegetable gardener—saw him leaving the property by the back way."

"It's hardly possible that a man who impressed you as a gentleman when you saw him at the door should have returned in disguise and tried to break into the house. The two things don't hang together, Antoine."

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Farnsworth, "it would be so much more delightful if that were true! Anyone in disguise is bound to be interesting. A disguise suggests most beautiful possibilities. And to be sought, asked for by a stranger!"

I could not be sure in the dim light of the veranda, but I thought I detected a white slipper cautiously reach out and touch a black one. At any rate, Mrs. Farnsworth lapsed into silence.

"Thank you very much, Antoine," said Alice. "It is very proper for you to tell me anything of any stranger on the property, but I see nothing here to be alarmed about. If the same gentleman calls again, let me know instantly."

"Very good, madame." And then, turning as though conferring upon me a part of his responsibility for the security of the premises: "It's a party with a limp; just a trifling limp, sir; you'd hardly notice it. It was worse the last time as he ran away. A smallish man, rather dark, with a little mustache turned up at the ends."

"I have noted all these details, Antoine," I replied; and again I thought there was a telegraphic exchange between the ladies, though this time a black slipper made the communication.

Torrence arrived in a moment, and nothing has ever given me keener joy than his shock of surprise at beholding Mrs. Bashford. As I introduced the ladies he was so overcome that he greeted Mrs. Farnsworth as Mrs. Bashford—a not unnatural mistake—and there was an embarrassing moment as I set him right. Having done this, I seated myself beside Mrs. Farnsworth that Torrence might be free to talk business to my aunt. I was devoutly grateful that he had not been present at the dinner table, for my own efforts to interest Torrence in anything but the most practical matters had always been highly unsuccessful, and the discussion of ghosts and witches would hardly have amused him. As Mrs. Farnsworth and I took up the recent movements on the western front I overheard Torrence putting all the resources of the trust company at Mrs. Bashford's disposal. It seemed almost a blasphemy to be talking of income and like matters to a woman like Alice Bashford!

THEY continued their conference for some time, but I got nothing out of Mrs. Farnsworth that shed any light on my aunt's history beyond what she had told me herself, which was precious little. Mrs. Farnsworth's talk was that of a cultivated woman. Her voice interested me unaccountably; the tones had all manner of shadings and inflections; it was curiously musical, but in speaking of the great war a passionate note crept into it that stirred me deeply.

"This has been a dark year for Alice," she remarked. "Mr. Bashford's death, followed quickly by that of her brother—an only son—piled a cruel burden of grief upon the dear child. She wants to go back to England to nurse the wounded, to do anything for our dear country, but I want to keep her here a little while until she can readjust herself. You must not think, Mr. Singleton, that she has no feeling; you have no idea of the depths of that child's nature; they are unfathomable! It is my task to encourage her in frivolity and the make-believe she loves—hence our absurdities at the table. She's the drollest child, but with wonderful un-

derstanding. And at times it's not easy to keep the divine spark of play alive in her heart."

The light of one of the porch lamps fell upon Alice's face as she patiently gave heed to Torrence's account of his stewardship. One of her hands gently stroked the terrier that lay quietly in a chair beside her. I was sure that his painstaking description of assets and market values was boring her. Once her voice rose in expostulation. Torrence, I judged, was suggesting that legal means could be found to expel the old Tyringham employees from the Barton property.

"Oh, never in the world! It was quite like Mr. Bashford to want to care for these people in their old age. And"—she laughed and turned toward me—"they can't be dislodged while Bob lives; and we don't want to part with him just yet."

I was glad to have him hear her address me in this intimate fashion. Torry always inspired in me a desire to shock him. He was trying to assure Alice that his only concern was to make her comfortable; he wished to save her from every annoyance and that sort of thing.

"I shall help Alice to break them in, Torry," I said, lingering upon her name for his special edification.

"Of course, Singleton," he replied. "I wasn't sure you meant to stay on. Pardon me, but I didn't—"

"Oh, it isn't that Bob has a right to stay," said Alice quickly; "Mrs. Farnsworth and I are hoping that he will like us well enough to share our exile on other accounts. We are so unfamiliar with everything American that it would be most unkind for him to desert us."

"I am engaging Mr. Singleton to explain American jokes to me," announced Mrs. Farnsworth. "Alice seems to get them, but I'm never sure."

IT was a part of Torrence's business to counsel widows, which he did like the honorable man he was, but as he rose to go presently, remarking that his wife would motor down to call shortly, I caught a glimpse of his face that indicated deep perplexity. I wanted to warn him that Alice Bashford was not an ordinary widow, who vexes officers of trust companies with foolish questions and is prone to overdraw her account, so I left when he did.

"I want to talk to you," he said nervously when we were outside. "I'll send the car ahead to the gate."

When the shrubbery cut us off from the house he stopped abruptly and seized my arm. "What do you make of it?" he demanded.

"Make of what?" I asked.

"That girl!" he exclaimed testily.

"If you insist, I must avow that she's adorable, nothing less."

"Don't be a fool! You knew Raymond Bashford much better than I did, and you know perfectly well he never married a young girl of that sort! Those women are playing a trick, and I'm surprised that you don't see through it."

"My uncle was a man of taste and a gentleman," I answered deliberately. "There's nothing in the least improbable in his being infatuated with a young woman of charm and wit like this girl. And it is hardly profitable or decent to speculate as to her interest in him. You mustn't forget that Uncle Bash was an unusual man, a man with whom a young girl might easily fall in love without reference to his age or money or anything else."

"I tell you it won't do," he insisted. "If either of those women at the house is Raymond Bashford's widow, it's the one who calls herself Farnsworth."

"You did your best to convict them of fraud the first jump out of the box," I said, laughing at the recollection of his confusion when I introduced him.

"My mistake was a natural one," he said defensively. "It's a game of some kind and no laughing matter, and it won't take long to find it out."

"You'll hardly go the length of having them arrested as impostors, Torrence—not without some data to work on!"

"Certainly not. You seem to be hitting it off with both of them, but I advise you to be on guard. Are you sure



Beauty that enriches Time

Westminster Abbey is the tomb of England's mightiest dead. Here lie the bodies of those men of genius whose lives have enriched Time with beauty and the world with their work.

And among these artists, poets, statesmen, is the name of Thomas Tompion, master clock and watch maker, whom England thought worthy to be buried here because, when he died, he left English clocks and watches the finest in the world and the admiration of his brother artists.

These Tompion Clocks were made over two hundred years ago. They are glorious examples of their maker's genius. Words are inadequate to describe their beauty and the loving craftsmanship that dreamed them into being.

And to keep alive this beauty that enriches Time Waltham has created clocks which, in every particular, honor these old examples of the clockmaker's art. To exquisite de-

signs Waltham has added two centuries of horological achievement, until now the Waltham mechanism in clocks and watches is famed throughout the world for accurate time-keeping.

To place a Waltham "Grandfather Clock" in your home is to enrich your possessions with beauty that will endure for generations. There is no gift comparable to it; as a piece of furniture its loveliness and utility increase with age. It is for you and your descendants a memorial and an heirloom.

Ask your dealer to show you one of these lovely Waltham Clocks. Its time-keeping is as unerring as the quiet hand of a Waltham watch upon the wrist of a hero in battle.

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

The Seal of
Dependable Performance

Trade Mark Registered
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Certified Service

This is the peak of truck achievement:

In no other truck are combined all the units to which engineers accord 100%.

But the sum of all motor truck experience—the convincing logic of actual service facts and figures—governs construction of the powerful Acme, the Truck of Proved Units.

Performance records show unmistakably the service excellence of Continental Motor, Timken Axles, and other Acme units. Thus, Acme claims to unit perfection are not mere "say-so." The engineering world backs them up—accords top rating to Acme Proved Units.

Each separate unit in Acme construction is a master product of the master manufacturer in a specialized field. These Proved Units are scientifically combined—built into the Acme Truck by Acme transportation engineers.

The Acme is built in four models—one ton; two ton; three and one-half ton; four ton. Each model is oversized in both capacity and dimensions. Study the list of Acme Proved Units. Know why each Acme model can be depended upon to deliver service far beyond the accepted standard.

Write for the Acme truck book, "Pointers to Profits."

Models: 1 to 4 Tons

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Cotta Transmission
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Pressed Steel Frame
Detroit Springs
Artillery Type Wheels
Eiseman High Tension Magneto
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Stewart Vacuum Feed
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Centrifugal Type Governor

PROOF

Our total hauling cost per mile by truck is 13¢—by team 32 1/2¢. With teams it costs us \$23.00 to load a car, with our Acme truck only about \$12.50. The truck has proved entirely satisfactory, and after operating it for more than a year, we believe we can do our hauling for 50% less this way than we can by team.

One day we hauled 672 cases of canned goods, weighing 70 lbs. per case from our factory to Woodside, Del., a distance of about 4 miles. We consider this a remarkable feat. We did not drive above 10 miles per hour, though we could have easily made 15 miles.

J. COLBY SMITH & SON
Tomato Packers
Willow Grove, Del.

ACME

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*The Truck
of Proved Units*

your uncle never sent you his wife's photograph? That would have been a perfectly natural thing to do."

"If I'd got a photograph, I should have headed for Japan, not for France," I replied, but I was thinking deeply. His line of reasoning as to the incongruity of the marriage was not so different from my own that I could sneer at his suspicions. Very convincingly, as became a practical-minded man, he expanded his views as to the unlikelihood of my uncle's marrying a girl but little beyond school age. I shrank from telling him that I didn't care a hang whether the widow was a fraud or not. If the two women who had settled themselves on the Barton estate were impostors, they were extraordinarily daring and clever. My attitude toward them was wholly defensive. If women of their quality were perpetrating a fraud, I was for giving them every chance, and I had no intention of allowing Torrence to spoil the unfolding of the conspiracy.

We were nearing a gateway where his car waited, and I saw several of the guard hanging about at a discreet distance. "Look here, Singleton," he said angrily, "you don't seem to take this business very seriously. You don't want to make the mistake of letting a pretty girl pull the wool over your eyes. If we're not careful, we're all of us likely to get into trouble." He lowered his voice and added tensely: "Those women are under suspicion of something more serious than an attempt to rob an estate. An agent of the American State Department called on me yesterday and asked embarrassing questions about Mrs. Bashford. Not a Secret Service man, you understand, or anything of that kind, but an important man in the State Department." "Of course you knew nothing to tell," I suggested as he beat the walk impatiently with his stick.

"I took a chance at lying to him about her expected arrival. I thought it only decent to have a look at the woman first. He told me nothing except that the British Embassy had made inquiries and that the matter was delicate and must be handled carefully."

"Was this inquirer lame—a small, dark man with a black mustache?" I asked, suddenly interested. "Such a person has been hanging about here, so the boys tell me?"

"Not at all! I may as well tell you it was Raynor—you probably remember him. He's a specialist in international law, and they took him into the State Department just after the Lusitania business. He's a gentleman and a good fellow—I've played golf with him a good deal—and I hated to lie to him. Of course with the whole United States back of him he can pursue his inquiries without my help; but I thought I'd see this woman before telling him she had reached America."

I CONFESS that I was a trifle dismayed by this. Raynor I knew slightly. Professionally and socially he stood high, and even without the prestige of his official position he was not a chap to sneeze at; but I didn't want Torrence to know I had any doubts as to the perfect authenticity of my uncle's widow.

"Oh, every transcontinental pilgrim is probably scrutinized closely these days," I remarked carelessly. "Mrs. Bashford has lost a brother in the war, and I haven't heard anyone talk more bitterly against Germany. And her companion certainly has no illusions about the Kaiser. You'd have to show me the proof to make me believe we're harboring spies."

"I don't like the business," he declared stubbornly.

"Let's do nothing foolish," I insisted. "If Raynor has reason to suspect either or both of these women, we'll hear further from him."

"I've put myself in a hole," he said angrily. "Of course I've got to advise him immediately that Mrs. Bashford is here. I promised to let him know as soon as I heard from her."

"Just wait a few days; I undertake to keep them under surveillance; you can put the whole responsibility on me. If they attempt to leave, I'll warn you

and Raynor instantly, but they have settled themselves as though they expected to spend the rest of their lives here. Remembering your visit the other night, you ought to be satisfied with the policing of the place!"

I TOLD him of Mrs. Bashford's adventures in reaching the house without convincing him that there was anything funny in her experiences, and he left on my promise to report to him daily at a given hour and instantly if anything unusual occurred. I told the guards to lock the gates and keep watch every night until further orders, and was nearing the house when Antoine arrested me.

"Pardon me, but I'd like to ask what you think of it, sir?" he asked hoarsely, falling into step.

"If you mean what do I think of Mrs. Bashford," I replied sharply, "I think she's quite charming and delightful and all anyone could ask in every way."

"It's her manner of speaking of spooky things, Mr. Singleton. It doesn't seem fitting in a widow and her so lately bereaved. And the older lady's quite as bad, sir. The maids tell me they keep talking all day about fairies and pretending they're queens and such like, and talking poetry to each other."

"Quoting poetry is a harmless amusement, Antoine, and believing in fairies and goblins is no crime. Such pastimes argue for sweetness and innocence of character."

"But the late master never indulged in such things, sir."

"He would have lived longer if he had! It was probably the poetry and fairies that attracted him to Mrs. Bashford."

"Yes, sir," he acquiesced with a gulp. "I suppose you're right, sir."

"You should be grateful to Mrs. Bashford for not bouncing you all for the row you made last night. It could be done; in fact, Mr. Torrence has suggested that legal means could be found for getting rid of you."

"That would be very sad, sir," he said humbly.

"Isn't Mrs. Bashford kind to you? Hasn't she taken pains to make you all feel at home?"

"Well, yes, sir. But she's taken Elsie back into the house, and there's no work for her, there being two women in the laundry already; and she's told me Dutch must be given his old place in charge of the poultry; and both being Germans, you will recall."

"It's just her kind heart, you idiot! You've all been spoiled; that's what's the matter with you. Elsie and Dutch are as law-abiding and honest as the best of you."

"It causes feeling; that's all, sir."

"It needn't cause it if you brace up and act like a man," I retorted. Then, sorry I had been so harsh, I added: "We must take good care of Mrs. Bashford, Antoine. It would be your old master's wish. It will do no harm to keep a guard at the house for the present in case your mysterious stranger turns up again."

He couldn't have failed to note my change of tone about the unknown visitor, but he made no comment.

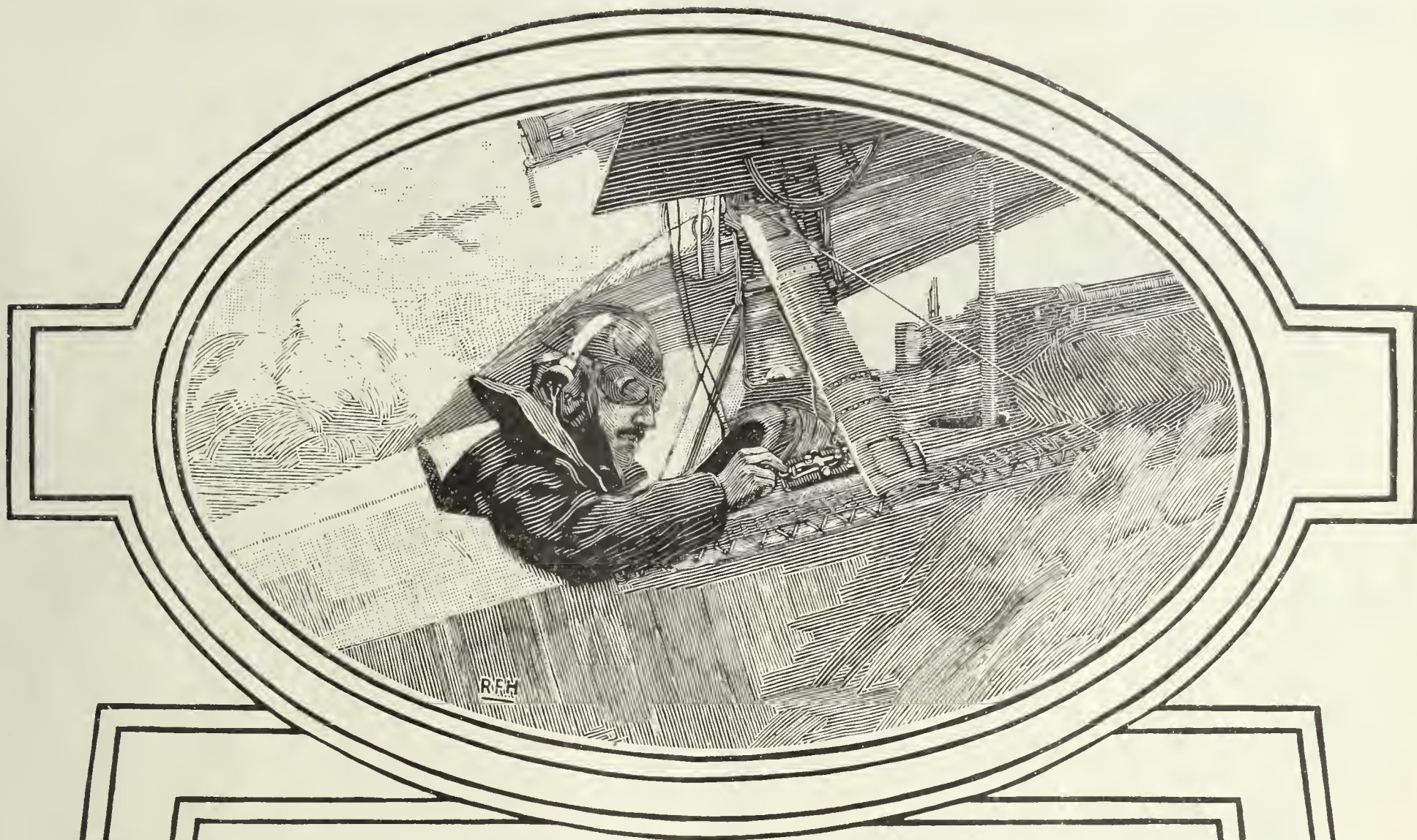
"The guard's set, sir; front and rear." "While there's no danger whatever, it's just as well to take no chances. Please tell the boys to send for me immediately at any hour of the night if they see any prowlers about."

"Very good, sir. But if you please, sir"—he had reached the garage and he lingered, fingering his hat nervously—"if it wasn't for the ladies talking about spirits, we'd all feel better, sir. It's creepy, sir, all the talk about witches and ghosts, no matter what names you call 'em by."

"You're far from being a fool, Antoine. Those ladies just play at believing in such rubbish. If they really believed in ghosts, you may be sure they wouldn't talk about it at table before strangers like you and me."

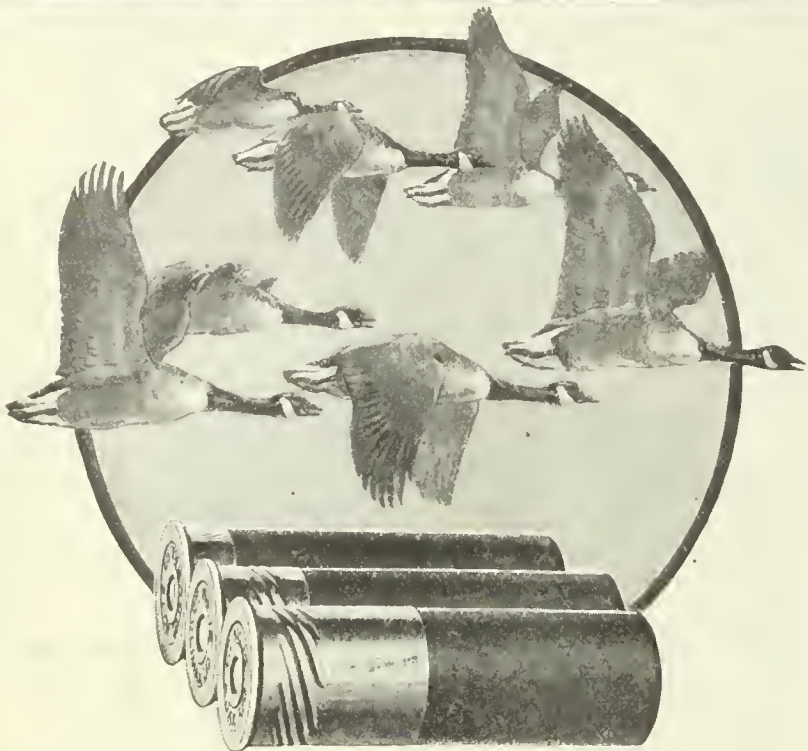
Though this seemed to impress him, a moment later, as I was drawing down the shades in my bedroom, I saw him running across the lawn like a frightened rabbit.

(To be continued next week)



Aviation wireless! Its *great speed* is even outmatched by the Mimeograph—for while the wireless is sending one message to one receiver, the Mimeograph will start hundreds on their various ways. Fast? While the Mimeograph duplicates the typewritten or handwritten page with a sharp exactness that practically makes every copy an original, its remarkable advantage is the *rapidity* of its execution. Simply click off the message on the typewriter and it is ready to print—five thousand an hour. Diagrams, illustrations, plans, etc., may be quickly traced on the same stencil—and duplicated in the one operation. Get new booklet “M” from A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—and New York.





Speed that catches them— punch that brings 'em down

Wild game often flies 5,000 or more feet per minute. To make sure "downs" you've got to have shot-shell speed and power. Speed that springs into action with the click of the trigger. Power that hurls the shot through the hide of the toughest game.

Speed and strength depend on primer as well as powder. If the primer has the

jump and force of lightning, it will drive the powder to the limit.

Test The Black Shell primer yourself. Empty out wads, shot and powder, and with primer alone shoot a quarter-dollar off your gun muzzle straight into the air. Try it with any other shell.

Then you'll know why The Black Shells shoot faster and hit harder.

THE BLACK SHELLS

Smokeless and Black Powders

The famous U. S. Metallic Cartridges which we make have won more official tests than all other makes combined. Rigid adherence to the highest standards of manufacture, and the accumulated skill and knowledge of fifty years, are concentrated on the making of all U. S. Ammunition, which is now universally recognized both here and abroad as the standard of accuracy.

General Selling Agents: National Lead Co., Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia; National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh; United Lead Co., New York; James Robertson Lead Co., Baltimore; Selby Smelting & Lead Co., San Francisco; Hingston-Smith Arms Co., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY, 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Would France Accept a German Peace?

Continued from page 9

child, may be understood when it is remembered that in times of peace and plenty the average Frenchman earns not more than \$350 to \$400 per annum, and that in small towns \$300 would be considered a fairly good salary—sufficient for maintenance of a family.

The French High Commission furnishes conclusive answer as to why it is so necessary for Americans to conserve wheat in every way. Between the years 1914 and 1918 France's wheat crop fell from 9,000,000 tons to 3,500,000 tons. The very life of the republic was at stake. Multitudes of farmers were imperatively needed in the army; other multitudes were needed in war factories. At present not less than 1,500,000 men are working in the war factories of France. It is a matter of satisfaction to know that the current wheat crop of France is better than crops of the past few years, but the need for large importations from the United States will continue as long as French wheat growers are fighting and dying on the battle field alongside American men in khaki; as long as other French farmers are working day and night in arsenals, gun works, munition plants of all kinds.

Only those who have sojourned abroad can realize how indispensable bread is to every French man, woman, and child, to whom it is literally the staff of life—the principal food to which all other is but secondary. Before the war began France used to have about 700,000 tons of wheat for bread each month, but at present she is using only 530,000 tons—about 25 per cent less. If any in France need bread, good bread and plenty of it, they are the hard-fighting soldiers. Formerly each soldier had 25 ounces of bread per day, but now he is cut down to 21 ounces; while men and women working at the rear have had their daily bread ration reduced from 25 ounces to 10 ounces. In order to save grain France has suppressed brewing, excepting in a part of the northeastern section of her uninhabited country, where the water is not safe for drinking purposes and beer is the everyday beverage of man, woman, and child. In that limited area barley is used in brewing—but only 25 per cent as much barley as formerly was used in that way. In order to save cereals for human consumption it is forbidden to feed them to cattle. This is why France has had to kill so many animals—and not only cattle. In the rear of army zones France to-day has only one-half as many horses as formerly, and many less sheep.

Industrial Transformation

INDUSTRIES needing wheat flour have been suppressed, including biscuit, cake, and macaroni factories, while restaurants are not allowed to sell any solid food except during certain hours, and only two courses may be served to anyone. Sugar consumption has been reduced by 49 per cent and varies from one to two pounds per month for each person. In the summer of 1916 there was no sugar at all for a period of several weeks. It is almost impossible, of course, to buy soap in France, and consumption of oils and fats has been reduced by 48 per cent. The French Government has not actually suppressed industries, but many have died out, owing to lack of labor and shortage of material, or necessity for taking over plants for war purposes. For instance, France has not produced a single ship for three years. French shipyards are busy making cannon and shells. During the first three years or so of war the question of ships and shipping was left to England; now, of course, the United States is taking giant strides in this direction. France has had all she could do in producing guns and munitions for her forces and the forces of her allies. So intensely occupied has she been in such matters that she has not attempted to keep at normal efficiency even the rolling stock of her railways. Locomotive works have been making artillery wherewith to blast the Hun out of conquered areas, out of overwhelmed

Belgium. At last reports France had 2,200 locomotives so badly used up that they could not be repaired.

So much for the brief, definite statements from the French High Commission to the United States, showing something of the effort put forth by France as a nation, and why the French Government, after all the sacrifice indicated, cannot consider peace terms until the objects are achieved for which this war is being fought—the complete obliteration of the Prussian "system" and Germany's potential ability to bring at some future time another overwhelming tidal wave of blood, destruction, rape, and loot upon peaceful peoples of the earth.

She Will Keep On

LET us turn now to other information, collated from official records by an eminent French publicist, Stephane Lauzanne, an infantry officer in the first Battle of the Marne, and later before Verdun; for many years chief editor of the great Paris newspaper "Le Matin," and at present in the United States on service of the French Republic. M. Lauzanne reminds us that instead of having been worn out and "bled white" at any stage of the war, France has been able constantly to contribute of her strength to the other allies, saving some of them from total extinction, as in the case of Serbia—for it was due to France alone that remnants of the Serbian army were saved from annihilation. French troops are fighting, and have fought, everywhere—in Italy, in central Africa, in Palestine, and in the Balkans. The loyalty, the faith, France has inspired among her colonies was shown by their instant response to her need for reinforcements during the first months of unexpected and savage onset by the Germans in 1914 and 1915. From Asiatic possessions of France came more than 60,000 native soldiers and military workers in a year and a half: men by the hundreds of thousands volunteered in Senegal, in Morocco, in the Sudan—Moroccans, Kabyles, and blacks coming to the Champagne and Lorraine fronts to fight side by side with poilus, while colonists of France in Algiers, Tunis, Morocco, and elsewhere strove with every nerve to send wheat, barley, sheep, and cattle to needy France.

Is such mighty and widespread effort in behalf of the Great Ideal to be nullified, wasted, obscured, and wrecked by crafty, blundering, utterly transparent proposals looking toward the "strong German peace" of which the Kaiser openly boasted year after year? The question answers itself. How would the idea of a German "negotiated peace" be regarded by that French officer at Verdun who, while running to transmit an order, was struck by a bullet in the eyes? Wholly blinded, suffering untold anguish, he kept on as best he could, trying to grope his way when his foot hit against an object on the ground—another man badly wounded. The blind artillery officer begged him for help.

"How can I help you? A shell has broken both my legs."

"What difference does that make?" shouted the blind man. "I am going to carry you on my back. My legs will be yours, and your eyes will be mine!"

He did so—and both went forward with that precious order which had to be transmitted.

France is mourning for her million and a half dead; for another million wounded, mutilated, seared, blinded; for a hundred thousand men and women and children early enslaved by order of the Imperial German Government and but recently repatriated—sent back to France, their homeland, as paralytics, lunatics, consumptives, and other physical or mental wrecks. But France still stands firm, her brow calm and untroubled, as she faces the future; realizing that she has suffered much, but willing, if need be, to suffer more—to sacrifice all, to the end that the world may be made safe from the overshadowing menace of that monster of central Europe.



Banish Dust Don't Scatter It.

In modern households you don't find the ancient feather duster or ordinary dust-rag. These old timers just swish dust from place to place—scatter it over a larger surface where it "isn't noticed." But it's there, germs and all. Up-to-date housewives keep furniture and floors spick and span and germ free this easy, sanitary, 3-in-One way.

Make a 3-in-One Dustless Dust Cloth

Pour a little 3-in-One on cheese cloth or any soft cloth. Let the oil permeate throughout and you have a perfect dustless dust cloth. Go over furniture the usual way. Every particle of dust and lint clings to the cloth and can be shaken outdoors. That's sanitary.

To restore the original lustre of piano, all fine furniture and woodwork, pour a few drops of 3-in-One on a cloth wrung out in cold water. Wipe small surface at a time. Then dry and polish with dry cloth, rubbing with the grain of the wood. Surface scratches, dirt, finger marks vanish. Furniture shines like new.

3-in-One is a pure oil compound, free from grease, acid or other injurious ingredients. Has over 30 uses in every home. 3-in-One is sold at all good stores in 50c, 25c and 15c bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

FREE A generous sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses. A postal brings both.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 165 ANW. BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Make a 3-in-One Polish Mop

Cut strands of ordinary twine mop about four inches from handle. Pour on some 3-in-One and let stand until it is evenly distributed. Then go over your hardwood and painted floors, oilcloth and linoleum. Every bit of dust and dirt is removed, surface scratches and scars obliterated. New look returns. Finish is preserved.

To Their Hearts

(Continued from page 13)

Despite this expenditure, the cost of food and incidental expenses for repairs, gas, electricity, the canteen pays a small rent to the Harvard Club and keeps out of debt. The reason that some of the best food in New York is served here is the commissary. She is a former graduate trained nurse and has much respect for wholesome food values. Asked what she considered the secret of the canteen's success, she answered: "Understanding what men like to eat. No flummaddies, but plain things well cooked."

If you were to stand in the store closet—provided with immediate supplies—which is near the cash-desk corner, it would be to gaze on flakily crusted pies, apple, peach, and cherry, that would make you forget that mother ever knew how to cook! The air is rich with the odor of the coffee bean. Here you find pound packages of coffee. A pound at a time, made in the percolator, gives two gallons and a half, or forty cupfuls. More than once have I seen the operation done over, because the commissary found coffee was being made with hot instead of boiling water! "They pay for it, they should have it right!" is her sharp reminder. Here in this storeroom also you find rows of tins of sweet crackers, packages of cereal, tea balls tied in gauze, waiting the individual cup: on the floor the big sirup jug; in the cellar, along with butter, eggs, and the staples, the flour for mixing griddle cakes.

"The way to their hearts—and more!" I say to myself.

A Small Return

I HAVE heard there are localities in the United States so exclusive that uniforms do not afford sufficient credentials to admit the wearers to local society. I do not believe this is so. If it is possible, the sooner the men can get back to New York, and other cities, where society is sufficiently sure of itself to give them a real welcome, and the girls do not have to worry much about meeting undesirable persons, the happier for the men destined to face something far less fragile than social values and social fears—and that partly for the sake of the women—all women—they've left behind them!

There is an unwritten code understood by most of the girls officially connected with the social diversion of soldiers and sailors. This code completely reverses the old order involving men and parties. Formerly the men entertained the girls; now it is the privilege of the girls to entertain the men—while they can. Personality does not enter in. It makes no difference that a boy drove a delivery wagon last year; he is a crusader now. A girl never turns a man away who wants to talk to her, no matter how long he may take or how dull he may be, except for one reason: necessity. And she doesn't fake the necessity! If a man asks to dance with her three times in succession, and his hair is mouse-colored and his grammar out of joint, she dances with him as if she enjoyed it.

We were talking, a marine and I, over this counter one night. He was from Texas. There was one point he was uncertain about.

"I've heard," he began haltingly, "that the women in places like this work without—work without—that none of them are paid!"

"Certainly," I answered. "We look at it this way: The men are standing their bodies, a living barrier, between us and destruction. Whatever we can do—it isn't much, by comparison, is it?"

I don't know why the explanation should have moved him. He dropped his head into the crook of his elbow, lifted at an acute angle on the corner of the show case.

"If *that's* the way the women feel," he replied, looking up after a little, his voice very quiet and a little hoarse, "there's nothing on earth we can't do for you!"



KOHLER

IS AN IDEA

Forty-five years ago the founder of this business was inspired by an idea—to build on quality alone.

Today that aim is exemplified not only by a great manufactory given to the making of a world-famed product; it finds expression also in a modern town whose interest is centered in developing and enhancing still further the Kohler idea.

Here that idea is a living fact. Through it Kohler has come to mean superiority in enameled plumbing ware. Headed by the famous Viceroy built-in bathtub, Kohler products have long won their way into the world's finest homes and institutions.

True to their ideals the worthy architect and plumber are in full accord with your preference for so excellent a line. They know there can be nothing better.

May we send you a really descriptive booklet with our compliments?

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Kohler Co., Kohler, Wis. *Shipping Point, Sheboygan, Wis.*

AND TWELVE AMERICAN BRANCHES

MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE



The Cough that Spoiled the Party

Hallowe'en. Surprise party. The guests are met in elaborate costume, and stowed away behind drawn portieres. S-s-s-sh. Here she comes. Everybody still. Wait till we get our masks on. The unsuspecting hostess brushes by,

not three feet away. And then—

A gurgle, a struggle, a cough behind the curtain. Somebody giggles. Someone else says "Hush". And then it's all off—she snatches back the curtains—finds them all unmasked—the surprise is spoiled!

It isn't fair to yourself or anybody else to go round coughing. The worst of it is, it's so unnecessary.

Smith Brothers S-B Cough Drops relieve coughing. And they often keep a cough from developing into a sore throat or cold. Keep a box in your pocket, another in your desk, another at home.

Pure. No drugs. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach.

One placed in the mouth at bedtime will keep the breathing passages clear.

Drop that Cough

SMITH BROTHERS of Poughkeepsie



Sparks Goes to War

Continued from page 11

I will stand on the bridge behind the captain with a queer-looking contrivance suspended from my neck. I am listening for orders from the flagship.

Our fleet obeys the admiral's radio commands as if the ships were soldiers marching into battle.

For example, the infantry officer might give the command: "Squads right—march!" Our flagship operator says mysteriously "B A Z D." Each of these letters means a complete word to me. So I tell my captain: "Bright alloy zenith date!"

That doesn't sound sensible, but the captain at once says to the wheelsman: "Stand by. Right rudder!"

IN another moment the flagship operator sends the code word for "Execute!"

"Full right rudder!" says the captain; and we swing to starboard.

While all of this is taking place—airplanes and destroyers sending us vital information regarding the enemy and the admiral lining us up for the fray—our enemy is doing his level best to confuse us. With those tremendously high-powered sparks I have spoken of he simply holds down his collective keys, thereby hoping to throw such a clamor into our receivers that we cannot hear our airplanes, our destroyers, or our flagship. This might be described as a sort of radio barrage. Such tactics are known in our profession as "jamming." And if we were not very resourceful the wireless barrage, or jam, might confuse us.

But we have several ways of fooling Fritz. Let us presume that before the jamming begins our admiral has already jockeyed his ships into battle formation. The only information we are anxious to receive now is last-minute news from our destroyer leader, relating to the enemy's strength, shifts, etc.

The operator on the destroyer leader immediately tries to send his signals on different wave lengths—all sorts of wave lengths, in endeavoring to penetrate the German hubbub. He is not unlike a man who, in a room crowded with people, all of whom are talking, pitches his voice variously in trying to communicate with a friend across the room.

But that is not our only method of breaking through the enemy's interference. We also have those queer wireless machines which transmit only under water. Besides, if it is daytime, we can use the wigwag, semaphore, and variously colored flags. At night we can use colored lights and blinkers. A blinker is a single very bright electric light which is winked by a telegraph key.

But supposing the enemy jammed us above water, under water, and the night were so thick or the smoke screen so dense that these visual signaling systems were made ineffective. What then?

We have a trump card up our sleeves—the wireless telephone. The enemy must jam us frightfully if our wonderfully perfected radiotelephones can't work through. On our new navy phones we can talk two thousand miles without exerting our voices.

I HAVE now taken you to the outskirts of the North Sea battle, and I will leave you there and let you figure out the conclusion for yourself.

My own imagination suffers from acute indigestion when I try to think of what will happen next. Hell will certainly break loose, with a battle in the clouds, a battle on the sea, and a battle under the sea all taking place simultaneously.

Airplanes will be battered out of the heavens. Submarines will be crumpled up like eggshells. Wonderful ships will be blasted into scrap iron. Personally I believe it will be the grandest and most terrible spectacle of the ages. And in trying to forecast the outcome I can only mention that we haven't built up the greatest, fightingest fleet in all history for purposes of idle amusement.

"First, Last, and Supper"

Continued from page 16

become desperate. "Let's go out and get some air where we can talk this thing over."

"I'm afraid I'd better not just now," she returned, glancing over her shoulder. "You see, I'm the hostess, and all the people aren't here yet."

"You've got an aunt here," said Noble. "And a married sister and a little niece. I saw 'em. They can—"

"I'm afraid I'd better stay indoors just now," she said persuasively. "We can talk here just as well."

"We can't!" he insisted feverishly. "We can't, Julia! I've got something to say, Julia. Julia, you gave me the first dance and the last dance, and of course sitting together at supper or whatever there is, and you know as well as I do that means it's just the same as if you weren't giving this party but it was somewhere else and I took you to it, and it's always understood you *never* dance more with anybody else than the one you went with, when you go with that person to a place, because that's the rights of it; and other towns it's just the same way; they do that way there, just the same as here; they do that way East and everywhere, because nobody else has got a right to push in and get more dances than the one the girl goes with, when she goes to a place with that one. Julia, don't you see that's the regular way it is, and the only fair way it ought to be?"

"What?"

"Weren't you even listening?" he cried.

"Yes, indeed, but—"

"Julia," he said desperately, "let's go out on the porch. I want to explain just the way I feel. Let's go out on the porch, Julia. If we stay here, somebody's just bound to interrupt us any minute before I can explain the way I—"

But the prophecy was fulfilled even before it was concluded. A group of loudly chattering girls and their escorts of the moment bore down upon Julia, and broke the tête-à-tête to flinders. Dislodged from Julia's side by a large and eager girl, whom he had hated ever since she was six years old and he five, Noble found himself staggering in a kind of suburb; for the large girl's disregard of him, as she shouldered in, was actually physical, and proved too powerful for him to resist. She wished to put her coarse arm round Julia's waist, it appeared, and this whole group burbled and clamored: the party was *perfectly* glorious; so was the waxed floor; so was Julia, my *dear*; so was the music, the weather, and the din they made!

NOBLE'S condition became frantic: His rights were outraged. Until the next dance began, every moment of her time was legally his—yet all he could even see of her was part of the top of her head. And the minutes were flying!

He stood on tiptoe, thrust his head forward over the large girl's odious shoulder, and shouted: "Julia! Let's go out on the porch!"

No one seemed to hear him.

"Julia—"

Boom! Rackety-Boom! The drummer walloped his drums; a saxophone belled, horns blared, and fiddles squealed. Hereupon blandly appeared a tall, authoritative man at least thirty-two years old, and all swelled up with himself, as interpreted by Noble and several other friends of Julia's, though this, according to quite a number of people (all feminine) was only another way of saying that he was a man of commanding presence. He wore a fully developed mustache, an easy smile, clothes offensively knowing; and his hair began to show that diplomatic scarcity on top which Julia felt gave him distinction—a curious theory, but natural to her age. What really did give this old Clairdyce some air of distinction, however, was the calmness with which he walked through the group that had dislodged Noble Dill, and the assurance with which he put his arm about Julia and swept her away in the dance.

Noble was left alone in the middle of the floor—but not for long. Couples banged into him, and he betook himself to the wall. This party, for him, was already ruined.

SOMETIMES, as he stood against the wall, there would be whirled to him, out of all the comminglements of other scents, a faint, quick breath of heliotrope, swirling on the air, and then Julia would be borne masterfully by, her flying skirts just touching him. And sometimes, out of the motley of all other sounds, there would reach his ear a little laugh like a run of lightly plucked harp strings, and he would see her shining dark hair above her partner's shoulder as they swept again near him for an instant. And at all times, though she herself might be concealed from him, he could only too painfully mark where she danced: the overtopping head of the tall Clairdyce was never lost to view. The face on the front part of that disliked head wore continuously a confident smile which had a bad effect on Noble. It seemed to him desecration that a man with so gross a smile should be allowed to dance with Julia. And that she should smile back at her partner, and with such terrible kindness—as Noble twice saw her smile, unmistakably—this was like a calamity happening to her white soul, without her knowing it. If she should ever marry that man—well, it would be the old story: May and December! Noble shuddered, and the music of the drums, horns, fiddles, bass fiddle, and saxophone seemed to have an evil sound. His face became so strained that several people, who had paused near him to take breath, found it more interesting to watch him than to dance again.

When the music stopped he caromed hastily through the room toward Julia, but she was in a thicket of her guests when he arrived, and for several moments Mr. Clairdyce's broad back kept intervening—almost intentionally, it seemed. When Noble tried to place himself in a position to attract Julia's attention, this back, moved too, and Noble's nose but pressed black cloth. And the noise everybody made was baffling—in order to be heard, Julia herself was shouting. Finally Noble contrived to squirm round the obtrusive back, and protruded his strained face among all the flushed and laughing ones.

"Julia, I got to—" he began.

But this was just at the climax of a story which three people were telling at the same time, Julia being one of them, and he received little attention.

"Julia," he said hoarsely; "I got something I want to tell you about—"

He raised his voice: "Julia, come on! Let's go out on the porch!"

Nobody even knew he was there. Nevertheless, the tall and solid Clairdyce was conscious of him, but only, it proved, as one is conscious of something to ease one's weight upon. His elbow, a little elevated, was at the height of Noble's shoulder, and this heavy elbow, without its owner's direct or active cognizance, found for itself a comfortable resting place; and then, as the story in progress of narration reached its conclusion, old Clairdyce joined the general mirth so heartily as to find himself quite overcome, and he allowed most of his weight to depend upon the supported elbow. Noble sank like feathers.

"Here! What you doin'?" he said hotly. "I'll thank you to keep off o' me!"

Old Baldy recovered his balance without being aware what had threatened it, while his elbow, apparently of its own volition, groped for its former support. Noble evaded, and pushed forward.

"Julia," he said. "I got to say some—"

But the accursed music had begun again, and horn-rimmed Newland Sanders already had his arm about her waist. They disappeared into the ruck of dancers.

"Well, by George!" said Noble. "By George, I'm goin' to do something!"

He went outdoors and smoked Orduma



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cigarettes, one after the other. Dances and intermissions succeeded each other, but Noble had "enough of that, for one while!" So he muttered.

Once Julia had told him that he was killing himself, smoking cigarettes. "All right," he said now as he bitterly lighted his fifth at the spark of the fourth—"I hope I will!"

"Lot o' difference it'd make!" he said, as he lighted the eighth of a series which must, all told, have contained nearly as much tobacco as a cigar. And, leaning back against the trunk of one of the big old walnut trees in the yard, he gazed toward the house, where the open window nearest him surged with splashing colors like a bright and crowded aquarium. "To her, anyway!" he added, with a slight remorse, remembering that his mother had frequently shown him evidences of affection.

Yes, his mother would care, and his father and sisters would be upset, but Julia—when the friends of the family were asked to step by for a last look, would she be one? What optimism remained to him presented a sketch of Julia, in black, borne from the room in the arms of girl friends who tried in vain to hush her; but he was unable to give this more hopeful fragment an air of great reality. Much more probably, when word came to her that he had smoked himself to death, she would be a bride, dancing at Niagara Falls with her bald old husband—she would only laugh and pause to toss a faded rose out of the window, and then go right on dancing. But perhaps, some day, when tears had taught her the hollowness of life with such a man—

"Yow-wow!"

Noble jumped. From the darkness of the yard beside the house, there came a grievous and savage howl, distressful to the spinal marrow, a sound of animal pain. It was repeated even more passionately, and another voice, one both hoarsely bass and excruciating falsetto in the articulation of a single syllable, was heard: "Ouch!" There were sounds of violent scuffling, and the bass-falsetto voice cried: "What's that you stuck me with?" and another: "Drag her! Drag her back in the house!"

These alarms came from the almost impenetrable shadows of a tiny orchard which stood between the house and the fence bordering the property adjoining. From the same quarter was heard the repeated contact of a heavy body, seemingly wooden or metallic, with the ground, and simultaneously an icy clinking. But high over all other tumults of the hidden conflict there rose a shrieking: "Help! Help! Oh, hay-yulp!" This voice was girlish. "Hay-yulp!"

Noble dashed into the orchard, and at once fell prostrate upon what seemed a log, but proved to be a large and solidly packed ice-cream freezer, lying on its side.

Dark forms scrambled over the fence and vanished, but as Noble got to his feet he was joined by a dim and smallish figure in white—though more light would have disclosed a pink sash girdling its middle. It was that of Miss Florence Atwater, Julia's newly thirteen-year-old niece, seething with furious agitations.

"Vile thieves!" she panted.

"Who?" Noble gasped, brushing at his knees, while Florence made some really necessary adjustments of her own attire. "Who were they?"

"It was my own cousin, Herbert Atwater, and that nasty little Henry Rooter and their gang. Herbert thinks he has to act perfectly horrible, now his voice is changing!" said Florence, her emotion not abated. "Tried to steal this whole ice-cream freezer off the back porch and sneak it over the fence and eat it! I stuck a pretty long pin in Herbert and two more of 'em, every bit as far as it would go." And in the extremity of her indignation, she shockingly added: "The dirty dogs."

"Did they hurt you?"

"You bet your life they didn't!" the stirred child responded. "Tried to drag me back to the house." She uttered a laugh which only her lack of years prevented from being truly sardonic. "By

the feet. I guess I gave 'em enough o' that!"

Then, tugging the prostrate freezer into an upright position, she exclaimed darkly: "I expect I gave ole Mister Herbert and some of the others of 'em just a few kicks they won't be in such a hurry to forget!" And in spite of his own gloomy condition, Noble was able, upon thinking over matters, to spare some commiseration for Herbert Atwater and his friend, nasty little Henry Rooter, and their gang. They seemed to have been badly outclassed.

"I suppose I'd better carry the freezer back to the kitchen porch," he said. "Somebody may want it."

"Somebody!" Florence exclaimed.

"Why, there's only two of these big freezers, and if I hadn't happened to suspect somep'm and be layin' for those vile thieves, half the party wouldn't get any!" And as an afterthought, when Noble had pantingly restored the heavy freezer to its place by the kitchen door, she said: "Or else they'd had to have such little saucers of it nobody would of been any way like satisfied, and prob'ly all the fam'ly that's here assist-ing would of had to go without any at all. That'd of been the worst of it!"

SHE opened the kitchen door, and to those within explained loudly what dangers had been averted, directing that both freezers be placed indoors under guard; then briskly rejoined Noble, who was walking slowly back to the front yard. She had grown calmer, and a romancing temperament, natural to her, was beginning to assert itself. Possibly, too, some influence of the Movies might be traced in her new mood.

"I guess it's pretty lucky you happened to be hangin' around out here," she said, and, as the recent facts became rapidly obscured by the view of them which she found it pleasant to take, she continued: "I guess that's about the luckiest thing ever happened to me. The way it looks to me, I guess you saved my life. If you hadn't chased 'em away, I wouldn't been a bit surprised if that gang would of killed me!"

"Oh, no!" said Noble, smiling. "They wouldn't—"

"You don't know 'em like I do," the romantic child assured him. "I know that gang pretty well, and I wouldn't been a bit surprised. I wouldn't one bit!"

"But—"

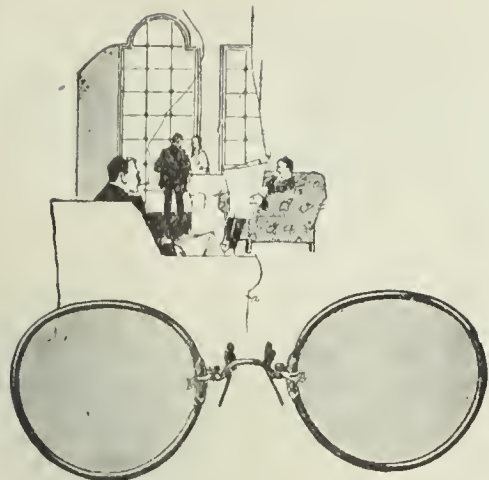
She tossed her head, signifying recklessness. "Guess 'twouldn't make much difference to anybody particular whether they did or not," said this strange Florence.

Noble regarded her with astonishment; they had reached the front yard, and paused under the trees where the darkness was mitigated by the light from the shining windows. "Why, you oughtn't to talk that way, Florence," he said. "Think of your mamma and papa and your—and your aunt Julia."

She tossed her head again. "Pooh! They'd all of 'em just say: 'Good ribbons to bad rubbish,' I guess!" However, she seemed far from despondent about this; in fact, she was pleased not only with her position as a young girl saved from the power of ruffians by a rescuer in genuine evening dress, but also with the ability she was showing to conduct a conversation with an actual adult grown-up young man whose voice had quit changing years and years ago—and he, moreover, Noble Dill! For Florence had long known intervals when she thought of Noble Dill with a strange fondness; she was as peculiar in her own way as her grandfather was in his. "I bet if I died, they wouldn't even have a funeral," she said. "They'd prob'ly just leave me lay."

The curiosities of the human mind are found not in high adventure: they are everywhere. Never for a moment did it strike Noble Dill that Florence's turn to the morbid bore a strong resemblance to his own recent visions of gloom. He failed to perceive that the two phenomena were produced out of the same laboratory jar—and were probably largely chemical, at that.

"Why, Florence!" he exclaimed. "That's a dreadful way to feel. I'm sure your—your aunt Julia loves you."



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"Oh, well," Florence returned lightly—"maybe she does. I don't care whether she does or not." And now she made a deduction, the profundity of which his condition made him utterly unable to perceive. "It makes less difference to anybody whether their aunts love 'em or not than whether pretty near anybody else at all does."

"But not your aunt Julia," he urged. "Your aunt Julia—"

"I don't care whether she does than any other aunt I got," said Florence. "All of 'em's just aunts, and that's all there is to it."

"But, Florence, your aunt Julia—"

"She's nothin' in the world but my aunt," Florence insisted, and her emphasis showed that she was trying hard to make him understand. "She's just the same as all of 'em. I don't get anything more from her than I do from any the rest of 'em."

HER auditor was dumfounded, but not by Florence's morals. The cold-blooded calculation upon which her family affections seemed to be founded, this aboriginal straightforwardness of hers, passed over him. What shocked him was her appearing to see Julia as all of a piece with a general lot of ordinary aunts. Even trying to comprehend so impossible a point of view gave him a muffled feeling about the brain. Helplessly he muttered again:

"But your aunt Julia—"

"There she is now," said Florence, pointing at the window nearest them. "They've stopped dancing for a while so's that ole Mister Clairdyce can get a chance to sing some'm. Mamma told me he was goin' to."

Dashing chords sounded from a piano invisible to Noble and his companion; the windows exhibited groups of deferentially expectant young people; and then a powerful barytone began a love song. From the yard the singer could not be seen, but Julia could be: she stood in the demurest attitude. No one needed to behold the vocalist to know that the scoundrel was looking pointedly and romantically at her.

Dee-urra-face that holds soswee tasmile for me,
Wair yew nah tmine how darrrk the worrrl dwoood be!

To Noble, suffering at every pore, this was less a song than a hateful bel-lowing; and in truth the confident Mr. Clairdyce did "let his voice out," and never felt more exhilarated than when he shook the ceiling. The volume of sound he released upon his climaxes was impressive, and the way he slid up to them had a great effect, not indoors alone, but upon Florence, enraptured out under the trees.

"Oh, ain't it be-you-tifull!" she murmured.

Her humid eyes were fixed upon Noble, who was unconscious of the honor. Florence was susceptible to anything purporting to be music, and this song moved her. Throughout its delivery from Mr. Clairdyce's unseen chest, her large eyes dwelt upon Noble, and it is not at all impossible that she was applying the tender words to him. just as the vehement Clairdyce was patently addressing them to Julia. On he sang, while Noble, staring glassily at the demure lady, made a picture of himself leaping unexpectedly through the window, striding to the noisy barytone, striking him down, and after stamping on him several times, explaining: "There! That's for your insolence to our hostess, Miss Atwater!" But he did not actually permit himself these solaces; he only clenched and unclenched his fingers several times, and went on listening:

Geev a-mee yewr ra-smile,
The luv va-ligh TIN yew rise,
Life coood not hold a fairrerr para-dise.

Geev a-mee the righ to luv va-yew all the while,
My worrrlda for AIV-vorr,
The sunshigh NUV vyewr ra-smile!

The conclusion was thunderous, and as a great noise under such circum-



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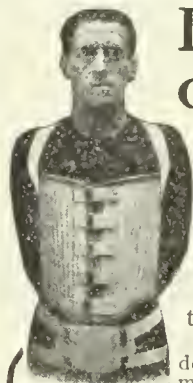
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stances is an automatic stimulant of enthusiasm, the applause was thunderous too. Several girls were unable to subdue their outcries of "Charming!" and "Won-derful!" for a moment or two after Mr. Clairdyce had begun to sing the same song over again as an encore.

When this was concluded, a sigh, long and deep, was heard under the trees. It came from Florence. Her eyes, wanly gleaming, like young oysters in the faint light, were still fixed on Noble; and there can be little doubt that just now there was at least one person in the world, besides his mother, who saw him in a glamour as something rare, exquisite, and elegant. "I think that was the most be-you-tifull thing I ever heard!" she said fervently; then, marking a stir within the house, became more practical. "They're starting refreshments," she said. "We better hurry in, Mr. Dill, so's to get good places. Thanks to me, though, there's plenty to go round."

She moved toward the house, but, observing that he did not accompany her, paused and looked back. "Aren't you goin' to come in, Mr. Dill?"

"I guess not. Don't tell anyone I'm out here."

"I won't. But aren't you goin' to come in for—"

He shook his head. "No, I'm going to wait out here a while longer."

"But," she said—"it's refreshments!" "I don't want any. I—I'm going to smoke some more, instead."

She looked at him wistfully, then even more wistfully toward the house. Evidently she was of a divided mind: her feeling for Noble fought with her feeling for "refreshments." Such a struggle could not endure for long: a whiff of coffee fragrance conjured her nose, and a sound of clinking china witched her ear. "Well," she said, "I guess I ought to have some nourishment," and betook herself hurriedly into the house.

Noble smiled a smile of bitter determination, and lit another Orduma. He would follow the line of conduct he had marked out for himself: he would not take his place by Julia for the supper interval—perhaps that breach of etiquette would "show." And this incomplete verb "show" was not completed by Noble. He could see Julia no longer—she was out of range from the windows near where he dallied—but he imagined her to be in a state of disturbance, asking everywhere: "Hasn't any one seen Mr. Dill?" Yes, perhaps she realized a little, now, of what she had done. And he thought of her as biting her lip nervously, growing a little pale, perhaps, and replying absently to sallies and quips—perhaps even having to run upstairs to her own room to dash something sparkling from her eyes, and, maybe, to look angrily in her glass for an instant and exclaim: "Fool!" For Julia was proud, and not used to being treated in this way.

He felt the least bit soothed, and, lightly flicking the ash from his Orduma with his little finger, an act indicating some measure of restored composure, he strolled casually to the other side of the house and brought other fields of vision into view through other windows. Abruptly his stroll came to an end.

THERE sat Julia, flushed and joyous, finishing her supper in company with old Baldy Clairdyce, Newland Sanders, George Plum, seven or eight other young gentlemen, and some inconsidered, adhering girls—the horrible barytone sitting closest of all to Julia. Moreover, upon the very moment of Noble's shuddering halt to gaze upon this merry and congenial group, the orchestra, out in the hall, thought fit to pay the recent vocalist a sickening compliment, and as a preliminary to renewed dancing they began to play "The Sunshine of Your Smile."

Thereupon, with Julia herself first taking up the air in a dulcet soprano that stabbed one listener through the last inch of his vitals, all of the party, including the people in the other rooms, sang the dreadful song in chorus, the beaming Clairdyce exerting such demonic power as to be heard tremendously over all other voices. He had

risen for this effort, and to Noble, on the ground below the window, everything in his mouth was visible.

The lone listener had a bitter thought, though it was a longing, rather than a thought. For the first time in his life he wished that he had adopted the profession of dentistry.

Geev a-mee the right to luv vo-yew all the while,

My worrrrida for AIV-vorr,
The sunshigh NUV vyeuvr ra-smile!

The musicians swung into dance music; old Baldy closed the exhibition with an operatic gesture (for which alone, if for nothing else, at least one watcher thought the showy gentleman deserved hanging), and this odious gesture concluded with a seizure of Julia's hand. She sprang up eagerly; he whirled her away, and the whole place fluctuated in the dance once more.

"Well, now," said Noble, between his teeth—"now, I am goin' to do something!"

His resolution was taken then and there. He had been well brought up; he had never touched intoxicating liquor in his life; but there are times when the process of smoking oneself into a decline involves too great tedium.

HE turned his back upon that painful house, walked out to the front gate, opened it, passed through, and looked southward. Not quite two blocks away there shone the lights of a corner drug store, still open to custom though the hour was nearing midnight. He walked straight to the door of this place, which stood ajar, but paused before entering, and looked long and nervously at the middle-aged proprietor, who was unconscious of his regard, and lounged in a chair, drowsily stroking a cat upon his lap. Noble walked in.

"Good evening," said the proprietor, rising and brushing himself languidly. "Cat hairs," he said apologetically. "Sheddin', I reckon." Then, as he went behind the counter, he inquired: "How's the party goin' off?"

"It's—it's—" Noble hesitated. "I stepped in to—to—"

The druggist opened a glass case. "Aw right," he said, blinking, and tossed upon the counter a package of Orduma cigarettes. "Old Atwater'd have convulsions, I reckon," he remarked, "if he had to lay awake and listen to all that noise. Price ain't changed," he added, referring humorously to the purchase he so mistakenly supposed Noble wished to make. "F'ten cents, same as yesterday and the day before."

Noble placed that sum upon the counter. "I—I was thinking—" he began. "I want something—" He gulped.

"Huh?" said the druggist placidly, for he was too sleepy to perceive the wildness of his customer's eye or the strangeness of his manner.

Noble lighted an Orduma with an unsteady hand, leaned upon the counter, and inquired in a voice which he strove to make casual: "Is—is the soda fountain still running this late?"

"Sure."

"I didn't know," said Noble. "I suppose you have more calls for soda water than you do for—for—for real liquor?"

The druggist laughed. "Funny thing: I reckon we don't have more'n half the calls for real-liquor than what we used to before the State went dry."

Noble breathed deeply. "I s'pose you probably sell quite a good deal of it though, at that. By the glass, I mean—such as a glass of brandy—or whisky—or something kind of strong like those things. That is, I sort of supposed so. I mean I thought I'd ask you about this."

"No," said the druggist, yawning. "It never did pay well—not on this corner anyhow. Once there used to be a little money in it, but not much." He roused himself somewhat. "Well, it's after twelve. Anything you wanted 'cept them Ordumas before I close up?"

Noble gulped again. He had grown pale. "I want—" he said abruptly, then as abruptly his heart seemed to fail him. "I want a glass of—" Once more he stopped and swallowed. His shoul-

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His fighting equipment, his bayonet, gas-mask and ammunition embody every known advantage and improvement—American ingenuity has profited by all the past experiences of our allies and the enemy as well. He has every possible advantage over the enemy in both defense and aggression. In all the history of the world no soldier has been so well equipped, so well taken care of as the American soldier.

As a result, even with battle losses included, the death rate in the American army is not materially greater than in most American cities. The great majority of American soldiers will return stronger and more vigorous in body and in mind than when they joined the army.

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If you let him feel that you are discouraged, that you are afraid for yourself or for him, then he will be downcast and heavy-hearted.

If you let him feel that you are happy, that you are getting along well, that you are full of hope and courage, then he will be happy and stout-hearted—a mighty fighter in attack or defense.

So write him newsy, cheerful letters. Tell him the pleasant, treasured bits of gossip from home.

That is the one thing that you must do for him—and for your country.

That is one thing above all others that you can do to hasten the end of the war and victory for America and the right.

That is the one thing that we ask of your wisdom, your loyalty—that no one else can do.

For it is the high spirit, the dauntless courage, of the American soldier that is winning this war—for you.

Do your part to maintain this spirit, this courage!

And by your bravery, by your game-ness, help to KEEP THE KAISER ON THE RUN.

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ders drooped; and he walked across the store to the soda fountain. "Well," he said, "gimme a chocolate sundae."

The thought of going back to Julia's party was unendurable, yet a return was necessary on account of his new hat, the abandonment of which he did not for a moment, during all his depressions, consider. But he did not return at once. About halfway, as he walked slowly along, he noticed an old horse block at the curbstone, and sat down there. He could hear the music at Julia's, sometimes sounding faint and far-away, sometimes loud and close at hand. "All right!" he said, so bitter had he grown. "Dance! Go on and dance!"

WHEN finally he reentered Julia's gate, he shuffled miserably up the walk, his head drooping, and ascended the steps and crossed the porch and the threshold of the front door in the same manner.

"Noble Dill!"

He lifted his head. Julia stood before him. She was as lovely and jubilant as the music that burst out just then into "Poor Butterfly." Yet there was astonishment in the black-sapphire eyes as she gazed at the crushed figure before her.

"Noble Dill!" she exclaimed.

As for Noble, he was unable to speak: his dry throat refused the office; he felt that he would never be able to speak to Julia again, even if he tried.

"Where in the world have you been all evening?" she cried.

To his faint surprise, this made him able to speak, though in a voice but weak. "Why, Jew-Julia!" he quavered. "Did you notice that I was gone?"

"Did I notice!" she said. "You never came near me all evening after the first dance! Not even at supper!"

"You wouldn't—you didn't—" he faltered. "You wouldn't—you wouldn't do anything all evening except—except dance with that old Clairdyce."

Her eyes opened wide. "But don't you see?" she cried. "Don't you see I had to keep him in a good temper, so he'd help to make my party a success?"

"How?"

"So he'd sing," this beautiful and Christian liar replied. "He might have got cross and wouldn't sing." And now her voice was made of honey and rose leaves. "You don't think I'd rather dance with him, do you, Noble?"

He fell back a step, sparks seeming to crackle round his head. He choked.

"What!" he said.

The scent of heliotrope enveloped him; she laughed her silver-strings laugh, and radiantly lifted her arms toward Noble, whose dazed heart stood still. "It's the last dance," she said. "It's yours! At least, you asked me for it. Don't you want to dance it with me?"

TO the eyes of people unable to see, Noble hopped upon a waxed floor and upon Julia's little black slippers and ankles; he was bumped and bumping everywhere; but eyes that could have read Noble's eyes might have known that really he floated in Elysian ether, immeasurably distant from earth, his hand just touching the bodice of an ineffable doll.

And a few minutes later he was on his way home, his new hat on the back of his head, his stick swinging from his hand, a semifragrant Orduma between his lips, and his condition precisely that sweet condition in which he had walked to the party.

No echoes of "The Sunshine of Your Smile" haunted his memory—that lover's little memory fresh washed in heliotrope—and if he had been able to remember anything in the world previous to this last dance with Julia, it probably would have been his impromptu couplet of the early evening:

Oh, years so fair; oh, night so rare!
For life is but a golden dream so sweetly!

His mother always woke up when he unlocked the front door. "Get to bed soon, dear," she called from the upper hall. "What sort of a time did you have?"

"Just glorious!" he said—and believed it.



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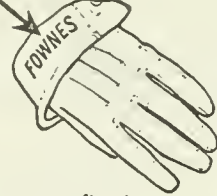
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Business in War Time

EDITED BY THE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT OF COLLIER'S

No. 17: What About Electricity in the Home?

THE Society for Electrical Development has asked us to devote one of these business pages to telling about the fuel economy that the use of electricity effects. Especially its use in the home.

Upon investigation we find the facts well worth the telling.

For now it is late October and the fuel problem is upon us. The justification of every pound of coal used comes under searching scrutiny. And as Dr. Garfield pointed out in these pages of COLLIER'S six weeks ago, although coal production has attained a mark which it has never reached before, we are still short some 35 million tons. Fuel must be conserved in every possible way.

Be patient while we quote a few figures:

The generally accepted figure for the coal produced last year is 640 million tons.

Of this vast total

158 millions went to the railroads.
205 millions to industrial uses.
132 millions for domestic use.
82 millions to coke ovens.
24 millions for export (bituminous only).
22 millions to electric central stations.
13 millions to steamships.

So you see of the total produced only 22 millions went to the central stations—the plants where electricity is "manufactured." Now 22 millions, of course, is no insignificant figure, but the percentage of the total seems insignificant; it is less than 3½%.

In the United States, 12,545 cities, towns, and communities were supplied with light, heat, and power from central stations. Some of these stations had hydroelectric power; but the majority of them were electric central stations. In other words, from that less than 3½% of the coal produced, more than half of 12,545 cities, towns, and communities were supplied with light, heat, and power. Consider this in relation to the fact that there are in this country some 1,250 towns with more than 5,000 population.

The use of electricity is the wasteless way of using fuel. Take an electric range in comparison with the old-fashioned kitchen range. When the coal is burned in a range it is estimated that only about 2% of the heat units goes actually in the food; the other 98% is wasted in smoke and gases which go up the flue or heat the surrounding atmosphere. Electrical heat, on the contrary, is much more efficient because it is concentrated. The heat is where you want it when you want it; it is localized; and it can be turned off or on when required, and not wasted when it is not required.

The average coal range uses from 1,000 to 2,000 pounds per month; the average electric

range uses current produced from 575 pounds.

Now let us consider the humble sadiron. It ceases to be humble when you take it in the aggregate. For five million electric irons alone have been sold in this country of which more than a million have been sold during the past

You all have seen the slogan displayed in your local newspaper: "Men for War—Women for Work."

Women are taking men's places in all sorts of industries. They are expected to take men's places wherever possible. And yet the labor of the household must be done.

Many households nowadays are finding it impossible to get servants, many others in the general movement for economy are releasing servants so that they may go into various war industries where women are employed or to take the place of men in shops, on street cars, in factories.

And think of the value of the labor-saving electrical devices in these households. Electricity becomes their "Automatic Servant."

Electricity is the modern and scientific way of conserving fuel and labor. The central station can burn a much cheaper grade of coal than you can in your own range or furnace. It has the necessary equipment to burn this cheap coal so that the maximum amount of value is obtained from it. Besides, it centralizes the transportation of coal, does away with all the wasteful carting of coal throughout a city or town from one house to another. It also does away with all the back-breaking drudgery of carting coal and ashes in the home.

Just let us point out to you another instance of the saving that electricity can effect. The railroads this year will require 166,000,000 tons of coal, which is more than all the coal required last year for domestic use. Electrification of the railroads would save two-thirds of the coal now used in steam locomotives, or over 100,000,000 tons of coal a year.

Modern civilization is tending more and more to centralization of supply. The household is supplied from centers where production is carried on in a large way, where production is standardized, and where manufacturing costs are lowest because of these reasons. It is impossible to imagine the average American family making all its own clothes, as well as weaving the cotton and wool from which the clothes are made. It is equally impossible to imagine this same family constructing its own furniture or, unless the family is a farmer's family, supplying its own food. No, the clothes, the furniture, the food, and innumerable other articles come from a central source of supply. And when we, all of us, get our heat, light, and power from a central supply, it will mean that real fuel conservation has been attained.



Electricity in the home in itself means fuel conservation, but even so conservation should be practiced in the use of this most economical form of light, heat, and power consumption. And the shortage of metals means that a person should make his present electrical appliances last as long as possible before buying new ones

year. The average electric iron uses only 22 pounds of coal each month. Compare this with the coal the old-fashioned range requires on "ironing day." Each scuttle of coal contains 20 to 30 pounds and nearer 30 than 20. How many scuttles do you have to feed the range when you have to keep it red-hot practically all day?

It is the same way with other electrical devices: washers require less than 7 pounds of coal a month; vacuum cleaners 8 pounds; percolators 10 pounds.

And there is another angle to this talk on the use of electricity in the home: labor-saving.

Collier's

THE INTERNATIONAL WEEKLY



Yeoman
(Female)
U.S.N.R.F.

NOVEMBER 9, 1918

VOLUME 62 NO. 9

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Montague Glass

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H. C. Witwer

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Arthur Ruhl

"The C. O. Goes to School," an article on the training of American staff officers in France

Meredith Nicholson

The third chapter, entitled *"A Fan,"* of the new comedy-romance, *"Lady Larkspur"*

William A. Wolff

"The Things Unsaid," a story in which pacifism didn't win

Also in this issue: *"Our Big Gun Corps,"* by Col. C. B. Blethen; *"Would Belgium Accept a German Peace?"* by Henry Rood; *"Modern Couriers,"* by Joseph Brinker; *"The Bonfire in the Hills,"* by Ralph Stock; Editorials, etc.

Give for Your Boys Over There



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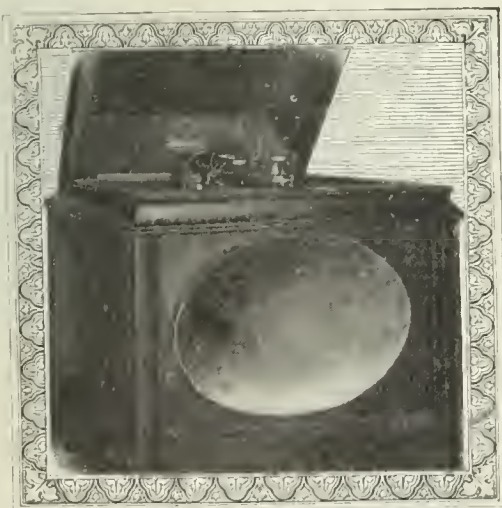
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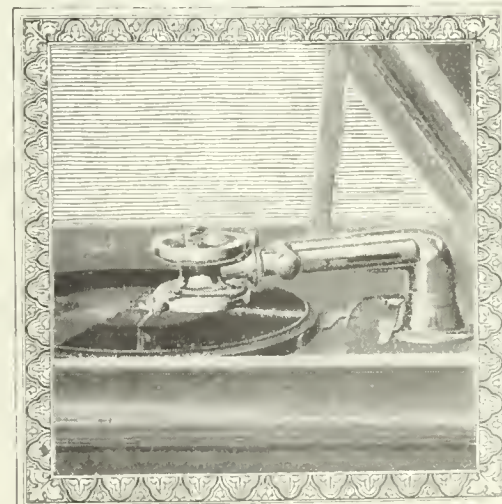
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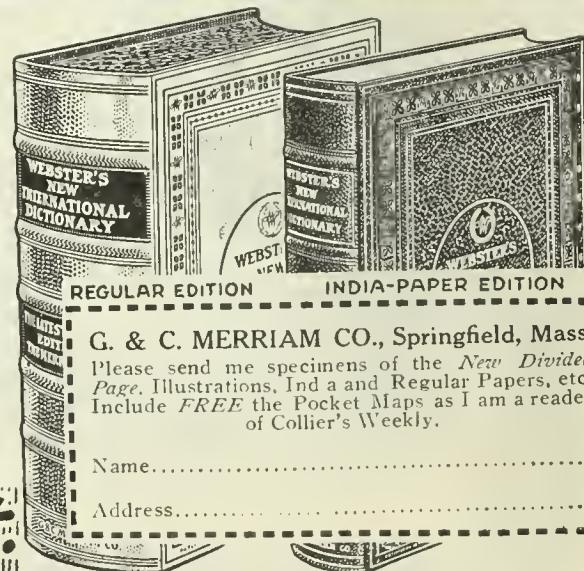
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The First Day of the First American Battle

BY WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THIS is a story of the first day of the first offensive of the First American Army in France. As the world knows, prior to September 12, 1918, the American soldiers had been fighting in France for several months to some considerable purpose, but always as detachments with and under the French or British. The First American Army was not organized until August. Immediately after its organization France became noisy with rumor as to where and when it would first strike. A correspondent in Paris could walk for an hour on the boulevards, or put in the same length of time in any popular café, and learn from twenty different people exactly where and when the first battle would occur.

Next to the question of where and when we would strike the most popular form of discussion was this: How would we function as an army? The individual American fighting man had made good. What about the American army as an army? There was no lack of pessimists to prophesy initial failure. The most incorrigible optimists achieved no greater certainty of success than hope uncomfortably seasoned with fear. In the second week of September the majority of the American war correspondents were vegetating in a town on the Marne grumpily reporting the uninteresting clean-up of the battle that flattened out the Soissons-Rheims salient and wondering when the big show was to begin.

On the morning of September 11 word came for us to move. Some twenty or more of us were bundled into staff cars and we learned that we were bound for the much-bombed city of Nancy in Lorraine.

Hours across France over a country dotted with graves and through towns made famous for all time in 1914 by the First Battle of the Marne! Late in the afternoon we encountered and passed miles of American ambulances purring along eastward. Grim prophets they were of the tragic inevitable. It was near to sundown when an American sentry by a small bridge stopped us to look at our passes and we knew that we were in the battle sector of France occupied by the First American Army in the World War.

Americans then from there on—Americans by the roadside—Americans in all the many villages. Into the old city of Toul just at dusk we ran past a long line of American heavy artillery crunching up a muddy hill road in tow of

huge, loud-roaring tractors into the foggy mystery of a rainy night, and—to us—then unknown battle area.

Always at our right along the dark road from Toul to Nancy we could hear and vaguely see the line of American ammunition trains, artillery, and machine gunners that we were constantly passing. It was then that we began seriously to consider the possibility of the attack beginning the following morning, and it was then that the rain through which we had been riding for an hour began to feel unclean upon our faces. For rain means mud and mud is ever the stupid, effective enemy of the attacking force. Then

into Nancy, a city of darkness where no light may show because enemies constantly ride the night sky above and any illumination is a target. Out of the night and rain into an excellent hotel miraculously intact, though ringed about with the tragic wreck of noble buildings upon which destruction had screamed down from the heavens for four mad years. A press officer met us in the dim-lit lobby as we were going in to dinner.

"The general will see you in his room at nine o'clock," he told us, "and explain the operation."

We knew that meant business the next morning, and the sound of that cursed rain beating down in the dark street became a savage and sinister threat in my ears. We crowded into the general's room and formed about a map pinned on the wall, a map elaborately marked with colored lines. It was a map of the Saint-Mihiel salient, that ugly wound in the side of tortured Lorraine that was made four years ago. We knew then that what had just been accomplished by the French and Americans in the Soissons-Rheims salient was to be attempted in the Saint-Mihiel bulge. We knew then for the first time where the First American Army was going to strike.

The barrage was to begin at one o'clock in the morning. It was to be laid down by a concentration of guns as heavy as any ever gathered in a similar space on the western front. The infantry was to go over at five o'clock in the morning behind a rolling barrage. The general stood by the map on the wall and carefully explained it all to us. It was very like any teacher of geometry calmly explaining any problem on any blackboard to any class in any school.

Mr. McNutt gives us an intimate view of the great thrust of the American army at Saint-Mihiel—the thrust that was expected for weeks, and yet when it came, managed somehow to catch the Germans napping. McNutt's next article will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITOR.

Northeast of Saint-Mihiel a refractory wagon blocks a whole column



The salient was an open pair of pincers. The job was to shove the tips of those pincers together. If they succeeded in getting the tips together, the boches would be out of luck. That was all. It was very simple. The American division on the extreme right of the salient was to make a holding attack. That is, they were to advance very slightly—just an inch or so it was on the map—and maintain liaison with the force on the left that would be busy shoving one jaw of the pincers over. The American force near the tip of the opposite jaw was to move in two or three inches—on the map. The force rather thinly holding the rest of the salient was to make a couple of strong raids and then more or less wait around for the pincers to close; sort of hang around to pick up the pieces, as it were.

The advance of the various active divisions on the left and right tips of the salient—the divisions that were to shove the ends of the pincers together—was marked out on the map in lanes. For the first phase of the first day's objective they were to go forward to such and such a line—a matter of about two inches on the map. They were to make that advance under division commanders. Then the corps commanders were to take up the direction of the show and the divisions were to go on to the objective of the first day—a line on the map some two inches farther along—at which time the commander of the army would take charge. Then they would proceed for two or three inches more—on the map—to the objective of the second day. When they got there the jaws would be closed, and what followed could come to us only from the lips of the future.

We were to have supremacy in the air. Of that we were definitely assured. Our aviators would take the offensive in the morning, guard their own observers, shoot down the boche observers, machine-gun the German troops, and bomb behind the lines.

It was not, we learned, to be quite all our own show. The French would help us in the air and somewhat also in the line. But where hitherto we had been helping the French in operation, in this battle they would help us. We had fought with them, and now they were fighting with us, fighting as a small part of the American army as we had fought as a small part of theirs.

After the general had finished his explanation of the operation we arranged about press cars to take us out in the morning to the front—only twelve miles distant at its nearest point—and went downstairs. It was raining harder than ever, and a rising wind was wailing loudly through the dark streets. Certainly the weather man was working for the boches that night!

"They're Off!"

AT five minutes to one, with Don Martin of the "Herald," I went outside and stood in the streaming dark, straining my ears to catch the first battle cry of the First American

Army. Out of the wet night from the north there came a single, dull boom that sounded like a distant blast of dynamite.

"They're off!" said Martin.

beating pulse, a sound like a thousand faint, rolling echoes of that first far solitary boom that we had heard.

The horizon became fitfully lit with faint, flickering flashes of pale, ghostly light that was like the far play of heat lightning on a summer night. The murmur of sound grew to a low rumbling, rolling growl, emphasized every few seconds with a far and faint-heard but deeply thunderous roar.

The barrage was on!

The American artillery was talking to Germany!

The First American Army had spoken the first word of its propaganda in denunciation of German militarism through the eloquent mouths of its guns.

At two-thirty in the morning I lay down in my room in the hotel with the low, sinister note of that fiery speech sounding in my ears. At three-thirty I turned out to hear it yet booming down through the night. By four o'clock, when we went out into the rain and dark and crawled into our car, the sound of the barrage had come to seem to us as one of the elements, like the rain or the wind.

Out of the dark city, then, we went over country roads and through peaceful villages. A way on the horizon the barrage was sounding like the combined far play of a thousand thunderstorms, and we, but a few miles distant, rode through sleeping towns that, but for the incessant waves of sound that surged through the narrow streets, were no more indicative of war than any little town in Indiana at that same hour.

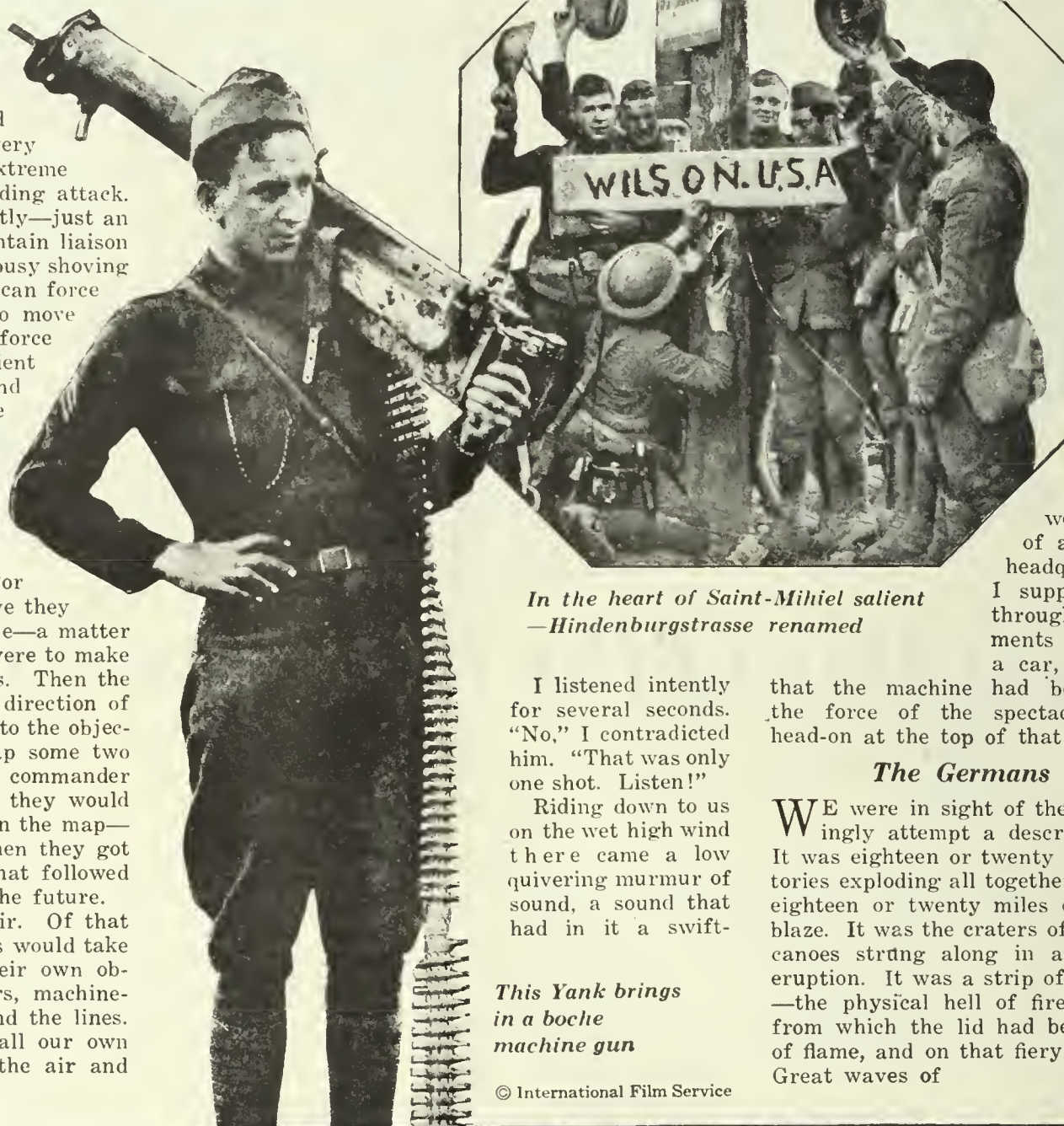
It lacked but a few minutes of five o'clock—the zero hour—when we sped up to the crest of a steep hill near a corps headquarters and stopped short.

I suppose the chauffeur went through the customary movements necessary for stopping a car, but I remember feeling that the machine had been abruptly halted by the force of the spectacle into which we ran head-on at the top of that hill.

The Germans Call for Help

WE were in sight of the barrage line. I hesitatingly attempt a description of its appearance. It was eighteen or twenty miles of ammunition factories exploding all together and incessantly. It was eighteen or twenty miles of blast furnaces in full blaze. It was the craters of the world's greatest volcanoes strung along in a line and all in violent eruption. It was a strip of the literal hell of legend—the physical hell of fire and brimstone—a strip from which the lid had been lifted. It was a sea of flame, and on that fiery sea a storm was raging. Great waves of

(Continued on page 42)



In the heart of Saint-Mihiel salient—Hindenburgstrasse renamed

I listened intently for several seconds. "No," I contradicted him. "That was only one shot. Listen!"

Riding down to us on the wet high wind there came a low quivering murmur of sound, a sound that had in it a swift-

This Yank brings in a boche machine gun

© International Film Service



A barrage is like eighteen or twenty miles of ammunition factories exploding incessantly

Abe and Morris Come Across

In Which Potash and Perlmutter Discuss the United War Work Campaign

BY MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

"I DON'T know, Mawruss, because naturally some people will say: 'Why should I give to the Y. M. C. A.?' or 'What have I got to do with the National Catholic War Council?' or even some of them—you can't tell—might even got a prejudice against giving money to the Jewish Welfare Board," Abe Potash observed to his partner Morris Perlmutter after Morris had suggested that the people would fall over themselves to subscribe to the United War Work campaign, and that raising \$170,500,000 for the Y. M. C. A., the K. of C., and the Jewish Welfare Board, as well as for the other war-work activities comprised in the campaign, could be done almost instantaneously, or—so to speak—in a drop of the bucket.

"Maybe with some people, yes," Morris admitted, "because when it comes to paying over money, the only institution some people ain't got a prejudice against is the receiving teller's cage of a first national bank, y'understand, but the way I look at this here United War Work drive, it is like General Pershing's drive in France. Anybody which wouldn't subscribe to it because it is 70 per cent Y. M. C. A., 20 per cent K. of C., 10 per cent Jewish Welfare Board, and so forth, wouldn't approve of the French town of Schlemiel being taken by American soldiers because it was done by 70 per cent Protestants, 20 per cent Catholics, and 10 per cent Hebrews, or whatever the proportions was. Furthermore, anybody which wouldn't fight in the United States army because it is awfully mixed up from a religious standpoint ain't suffering from religious prejudice, Abe, but from cold feet, and anybody which wouldn't subscribe to the United War Work campaign for the same alleged reason—no matter what religion he thinks he belongs to—ain't a religious crank, Abe. He's a combination of a tightwad and a traitor."

"Well, I wouldn't get excited about it, Mawruss," Abe said, coming around to Morris's viewpoint, "because the number of people which has got religious prejudices against a Protestant soldier boy getting warmed up in a building run by Catholics and seeing a good show put on by Hebrews, or vice versa, must be about one-thousandth of 1 per cent of the whole country, and that would be big already. Furthermore, Mawruss, when an American boy puts on a soldier's or a sailor's uniform, y'understand, a way-up expert could no more tell by looking at him from the outside whether he is a Catholic, a Protestant, or a Jew, as whether he is a tenor, a barytone, or a bass, and also, Mawruss, they don't care, Mawruss, because since May, 1917, the people of the United States in or out of uniform has only had just one religion, Mawruss, and that is: to win the war, and practically everybody belongs to the orthodox branch of that religion too."

"Say! With me the only kind of prejudices I got is prejudices in favor of any organization which is going to do something to make the American soldiers more comfortable over here or in France," Morris declared, "which up to a year ago whenever I heard it a Salvation Army band, I used to think that there should ought to be a new crime put on the statute books to be punished a little bit less than murder and a little bit more than arson, by the name *Cornet Playing in the First Degree*, but nowadays whenever I hear the Salvation Army, even close up,

I think of the way them good people is handing out the coffee and doughnuts to the soldiers in France, and it sounds to me like the Boston Symphonies or the Philharmonics."

"I give you right, Mawruss," Abe said, "and more people than you got a change of heart that way too. Take novels, for instance, and up to a year ago I used to get the same opinion like a lot of other busi-

"Anybody which wouldn't subscribe to this United War Work campaign because it is 70 per cent Y. M. C. A., 20 per cent K. of C., 10 per cent Jewish Welfare Board, wouldn't approve of the French town of Schlemiel being taken by American soldiers because it was done by 70 per cent Protestants, 20 per cent Catholics, and 10 per cent Hebrews," says Morris Perlmutter.

ness men that the only books a young fellow should ought to take any interest in was a cash book, a day book, a ledger and a journal, and in a way I was right, Mawruss, because when a young feller is selling pants for a living he don't need to take his mind off of it after business hours by reading in novels a lot of nonsense where a poor artist holds off for four hundred pages from asking the millionaire's daughter to marry him, y'understand, because the damn fool is too proud, understand me. But when our boys on the other side comes out of a cold, muddy

trench with nothing to look forward to but going back into it again, Mawruss, if they can get any comfort out of reading such *machshovos*, y'understand, then I am in favor that the poor artist should hold off for *six* hundred pages even. And if the American Library Association, which is supplying them soldiers of ours with books, ain't got enough of them *meshuggeneh* novels in stock, they could draw on me for the price of a couple of dozen—just so long as I don't have to read them myself, that's all."

"And how far do you think a couple of dozen books is going with three million soldiers?" Morris asked. "Besides, the American Library Association ain't only giving them young fellers novels to read. They are giving them books of philosophy, history, and books about every science from astronomy to zoology."

"And they expect a soldier is going to forget his troubles by reading from astronomy and zoology?" Abe exclaimed.

"OTHER people forgets their troubles that way, so why shouldn't soldiers?" Morris asked. "Which it is already an exploded idee that soldiers is different from anybody else. Just because a young feller puts on a soldier's or a sailor's uniform, Abe, don't change his disposition none."

"Did I say it did?" Abe inquired.

"I didn't say you did say you did," Morris hastened to assure him, "but the way to look at this here proposition of raising money for the United War Work campaign is to imagine what *you* would feel like if you should suddenly put on a uniform and become a soldier, which nothing is impossible, Abe, because fellers as old as you and

older is serving in the Austrian and German armies, Abe."

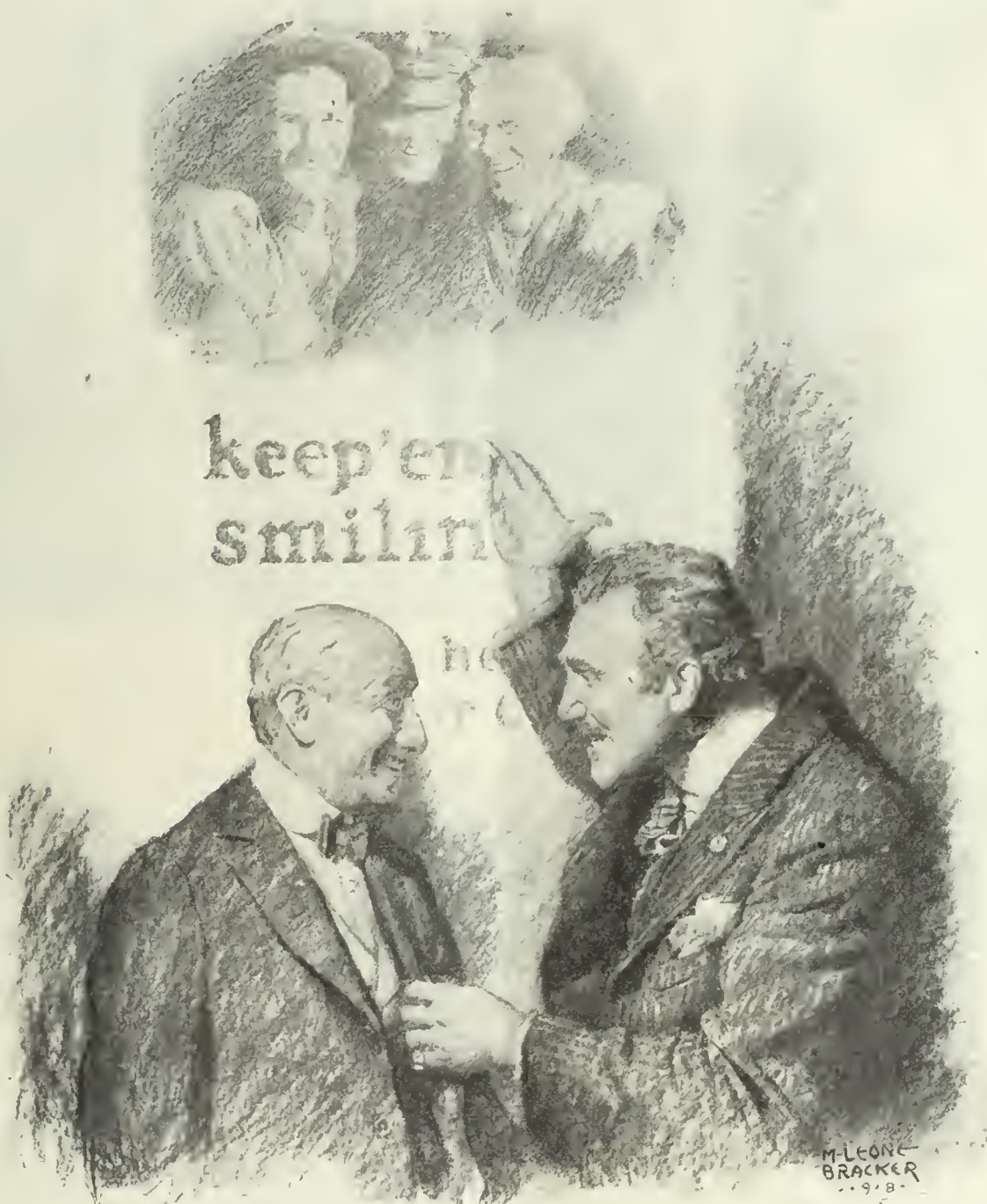
"Well," Abe commented with a shrug, "if I got to go, I got to go."

"Sure you would got to go," Morris agreed, "and while you would be probably glad to go—"

"What do you mean—*probably*?" Abe interrupted. "I would be just so glad to go as any other man of my age, which, believe me, Mawruss, when a man has got to leave a good home and go to war, it ain't a case of how glad he feels, but how cheerful he can act."

"That's just what I am driving into, Abe," Morris said, "so we would suppose that you are arriving at the camp after you said good-by to your wife and family, and even if it would be a case of so soon as the century sees you he would holler: 'Front!' and a bell hop takes your grip, which it *isn't* the case, all the bell hops in the world couldn't relieve you of that lump which you carry as excess baggage somewhere between your larynx and the pit of your stomach. Also if the sergeant in charge of the desk, or whatever they have in camps where the new arrivals register, would say to you: 'I can let you have a nice room and bath somewhere around two and a half,' which he wouldn't say nothing of the kind, because I doubt if generals have a room and bath in training camps, Abe, you would still feel awfully rotten about leaving Rosie. Am I right or wrong?"

"But that wouldn't got nothing to do with my courage, Mawruss," Abe protested, "because I feel just so rotten about leaving (Continued on page 52)



"In such a big cause, I ain't got no prejudices against even a partner"



"I hate war," he said to Dot with a savage vehemence. "And I hate this war above all wars"

The Things Unsaid

BY WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE Stantons were having a party. In itself that wouldn't be worth recording. They were always giving parties. Their friends said that Jimmy and Dot were always looking for excuses to give parties; that that was why they went around looking so absent-minded half the time. They had a wonderful place; there probably isn't such another place in New York for a party. It's an old house, in a side street, near Fifth Avenue, just above Washington Square. And for five years making that house as nearly perfect as a house could be was the main occupation in the lives of both the Stantons. Finding that house was the real reason she married Jimmy, Dot used to say. They were engaged in an informal sort of way, and they went house hunting. But until they found the house, Dot said afterward, she really wasn't thinking any more seriously of marrying Jimmy than she had been of marrying any of the other men—there'd been three or four—to whom she had been engaged.

It was a wonderful house when they first saw it. And after they had made a real start in making it over it was—well, it was an ineffable house! From the street it looked like a lot of other old New York houses. You saw pink-pressed brick and white windows and green shades; on a bright day in spring it was delightful to regard it and to nod to its promise of cool spaces within, untouched by the sun's heat. You went into a hall ordinary enough, but wide and gracious; you saw, stretching up above you, a staircase that turned invitingly. There was a little nest of a room that opened into the hall from the side and gave upon the street; a room that bade you linger for a moment; a room that tempted many a visitor, learning that Dot or Jimmy was not home, to wait for their return.

But you had to go beyond the hall to reach the house itself. You might be taken, on past the stairs, through a little door. And if you were you found yourself upon a narrow balcony with a railing cunningly wrought. You looked down and up then:

down to the floor of a great studio, up to its high ceiling. You saw a huge room, and beyond it entrancing glimpses of a garden, varying with the season. You might see rioting masses of color when flowers were in bloom; you might catch a vision of sunlight upon snow. Always there was light: light that poured in, revealing the beauties of that room.

Toll had been laid upon all the world and upon the artists of all time to make that studio the thing of beauty that it was. You cannot gain, from any words of description, a true measure of its beauty. Were a catalogue made of every object in it, still you would not know. You might be told of rare lamps, of paintings, of bits of jade, of hangings into which the soul of the East had been woven. Your eyes might see, in their fancy, the Tanagra figurine that Dot had found, the perfect bronze of a Greek dancer that was Jimmy's greatest pride. But you would not have that room!

UPSTAIRS and down, that house was perfect. It was a thing that these two had made; it had filled their lives for the five years of their marriage; it was their contribution to life and to the city and the time in which they lived. They loved it, and every inch of it; every room in it was eloquent of their love.

You don't make such a house for yourself; of course the Stantons wanted to have parties. And they knew all sorts of people. They weren't artists themselves, either one; they were—artistic. Dot played; she didn't play quite well enough. She had had a year or two abroad; in the end she had shrugged her pretty shoulders. After all! So she must have said. She went far enough with her piano to learn the sort of drudgery that playing well enough involves; to understand something of the tremendous renunciation of an interpretative art. Jimmy was clever with a pencil; there had been a time when he had been fairly serious about painting.

So far as he was concerned, it came to this: If

he had had to make a living—if he hadn't had, always, all the money he needed—he might have been a fairly good illustrator. He would never have been in the first rank; he lacked absolutely the vital thing that would have put him there. But he too went far enough to lose any illusions with which he set out. He could amuse himself and some of his friends with what he could do. He felt that that was enough. And he and Dot satisfied one another immeasurably; there never were two people who had a better time.

They had the house, of course. It kept them busy. It supplied pretexts for mad journeys, in search of something they needed for an odd corner. It did for them what a child does for some married people. They never grew tired of it, because it grew, just as a child grows. It was never the same. And they were always arranging the most delightful surprises for one another and scheming to get one another out of the way, so that the surprise might be the more complete.

So that was the house in which the Stantons were having a party!

WESTLY was there that night, with his new wife, frowning a little, as he often did. The war had hit him hard. It is difficult to be a leader of radical thought, and especially a self-appointed leader, in time of war. Westly faced the problem of making a living. His magazine didn't pay; wasn't supposed to pay. But now the people who had been paying Westly for writing smart, rather flippant, essays were fighting shy of him. The Stantons had made rather a point of having him; Jimmy was thinking already of how to induce Westly to take some help. And there were other writers, and a painter or two, and young Lesca, the newest violinist. But there weren't as many of the sort of people who do things as the Stantons usually gathered, and there were more men and women who, like themselves, did nothing much but play. (Continued on page 24)

Plain Water

Being the Further Adventures of Ed Harmon, First Lieutenant, A. E. F.

BY H. C. WITWER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER AND ARTHUR W. BROWN

VIVELA, FRANCE.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, I have gone to work and become the bouncin' father of the greatest little kid you, I, or anybody else ever laid a eye on. He turned out to be a boy and Jeanne and me is no doubt the proudest couple in the world outside of Gen. Foch's or any doughboy's parents. He is only a couple of weeks of age, but as bright as a electric light, and whilst he ain't much to look at right now, neither was Napoleon the first two weeks, hey, Joe? If he don't get some hair pretty soon, I will no doubt have to stake him to a wig, but Jeanne claims if I will only let him alone he will have his own hair in due time, together with teeth and the like.

Joe, he is a dead ringer for me outside of havin' no hair or teeth, although Jeanne claims it's like lookin' in a mirror when she looks at him. This war's corespondent and the trained officer from Plattsburg come around to see him with presents and the like, prob'ly tryin' to make themselves solid with me. Well, Joe, the Plattsburg guy says he don't look much like his father and the war's corespondent says he don't blame him, and if it hadn't of been for Jeanne I would of trimmed the both of them!

Joe, it took me quite a time to make up my mind what to name him because I wanted to get somethin' classy when I did pick it out. The war's corespondent says why don't I name him after some famous man, and I says all right I will call him Ed Harmon, Jr. Well, Joe, Jeanne claims that one Ed in the family is ample and she will call him Raoul after her brother, and I says why not call him Shorty Harmon and be done with it and we can change it when he gets bigger. Joe, Jeanne couldn't see that either, so I begin to cast around for some swell name like a actor or the like claims is his own, and I come across a magazine which had a big ad for some collar company in it. Joe, the guy which named them collars must of been the same bird which christens all the Pullman cars, apartment houses, golf courses, and Fifth Avenue hotels. They was a lot of high-class names like "De Luxe," "Amagassett," "Delancey," "Nonpareil," and etc. Well, Joe, I was hesitatin' between namin' the infant "De Luxe Harmon" or "Nonpareil Harmon," either of which is class, when Jeanne says she ain't gonna name no child of hers after no collar, and anyways she's got a name already picked out for him. I says what is it, and she tells me "Wilson Harmon," which is after the President and not the whisky. Joe, and we're gonna let it stand at that for the time bein', because there is a combination that can't be beat! The two best guys in the world, hey, Joe?

Joe, the war's corespondent says that's great, only it will be confusin' in after years to the boy, havin' to change his first name every time a new president is elected so's to keep up to date. Well, I can't help it now, Joe, and anyways he can always find out who's president by callin' up the newspapers and etc., hey, Joe?

Well, Joe, I am callin' him Bill already, which is short for Wilson, and he's got a pair of lungs on him which would make a lion quit like a dog. The first time he seen me he knowed me right away, and what does he do but put his fat little arms around my neck and let forth a giggle. And that's the way it goes all the time now, Joe. Whenever he is yellin' murder, all I got to do is pick him up in my arms, and I am the same as laudanum to him, Joe, because he shuts right up and sleeps.

Joe, Jeanne is as proud as prohibition with a new State and she ain't got nothin' on her folks either. Joe, they stand around and bounce him up in the air, which is tough on his stomach, and talk to him in French. They ain't no wonder he's cryin' half the time because they say "Google-ooo!" and stuff like that to him, like he was a simp or somethin', and that's enough to get anybody sore, let alone a newly born infant, hey, Joe? From the attention they give me, you'd think I was simply a friend of the family instead of the infant's old man. Every time I pick him up they say look out, I'm liable to

The lady yegg went
ravin' insane over every
dress Jeanne put on



hurt it, and don't hold him like he was a suit case or leave his head roll around on his neck. Joe, all Jeanne does is just look at me and smile, and if she was a good-looker before you oughta see her now. Oh, boy!!! Joe, she looks as good to me as interest does to a loan shark.

Well, Joe, the captain told me to get ready as soon as possible for another boat ride, because I have been picked out to go back to the Land of the Free and give the guys in the cantonments a idea of what they gotta do when they get in the Big Show over

This is the first of a new series of Ed Harmon stories. The next one, "A Midsummer Night's Scream," will be published in an early issue.—
THE EDITOR.

here. Of course, I am tickled silly at the chance to gaze upon sweet old Broadway once again, but at the same time I hate to leave here whilst they is still so much doin'. No doubt Pershing and Foch has got the game sewed up tight or they would never take a chance and send me to the showers whilst they was more innin's to play.

Joe, I went over and broke the news to Jeanne as gentle as possible. I says: "Well, good-by. They is a chance that I will never lay a eye on you again!" "Edouard!" she says, holdin' fast to my baby. "What now has come to us?"

"Nothin' much," I says; "only the Germans has threatened to call off the war unless Pershing takes me outa the trenches so's it'll be a little more even for them. I am about to set sail for America!"

"Mon Dieu!" she remarks. "What then will become of the future of Jeanne and little Weelson?"

"Search me!" I says. "See a fortune teller. However, I—"

"Viola!" butts in her brother, the well-known French ace from the aviation dept. "What have we here? You would go away and abandon to themselves alone mon petit Jeanne and the infant of the most charming?"

"Shut up!" I says. "You oughta be on the board of pardons—you never let nobody finish a sentence! If you would of gimme a chance, it was quiverin' on the tip of my tongue to say that I'm gonna take Jeanne and Bill with me."

"Edouard, mon chéri!" hollers Jeanne—and presents me with a kiss the like of which was never had before by nobody.

"Ha! That is most magnificent!" says her brother, which would of did the same only I fainted and made him miss.

"Da, da, da, da, da, da!" remarks my baby and busts his bottle on a chair so's to hold up his end.

"Je serai enchantée!" says Jeanne, bouncin' the infant up and down—"je porterai ma robe de soie!"

"Listen!" I says. "You know full well that I ain't got no idea what that stuff means. For all I know, "Vive la France!" means "What time is it?" in English. I have gave you a workin' knowledge of the English language, and you know enough of it for common daily conversation between a married couple. If you—"

"Avec plaisir!" she says. "Know I well the English, chéri, but the French is a language very spread, and after the war has end everybody will speak nothing of the else. But it shall be as you wish, Edouard, mon brave, what I have say to you is this:

(Continued on page 31)

The C. O. Goes to School

Making Staff Officers for the American Expeditionary Force

BY ARTHUR RUHL

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THERE is one picturesque old town of which I said nothing in writing recently of American "islands in France." It is an ancient city on a hill, with walls mostly useful of late years as a place on which tourists might lean their elbows while they admired the view. But the walls and hill which once kept barbarians away also shut out railway trains and other distractions, and it is this cloistered spot which we have made the seat of our Staff College and School of the Line.

There are other schools round about, ranging from a big officers' training camp to schools for tanks and carrier pigeons, but the Staff College is the most novel and from a narrowly professional point of view, if from no other, the most significant. It is significant because here we are supplying our new army with what it lacks most—officers trained for staff duty. And it is novel because, having only a handful of such officers and needing hundreds, we had to improvise them, so to speak, overnight. Commanding officers themselves have had to go to school again, and colonels with eagles on their shoulders and young reserve officers just out of home training camps grind over the same problems and sit side by side, listening to lectures, on the same wooden benches

Office Men

WHEN, with great excitement and beating of drums, a division was mobilized at San Antonio a few years ago during the Madero revolution, it was the first time in our country that any such number of troops—that particular division, under

a tropical setting, the traditions of Indian fighting. But warfare in which scores of thousands, let alone millions, of men, had to be moved quickly from this place

Running an army is much like running a big business. Just as a corporation trains young men to be heads of departments, office managers, traffic managers, sales managers, and so on, so the Staff College trains men to do the thinking and planning upon which the officers in the field act. It is such a training school of American officers in France that Arthur Ruhl describes in this article.—THE EDITOR.

to that, without colliding with similar masses engaged in the same operation—this was something of which few had theoretical and none practical knowledge.

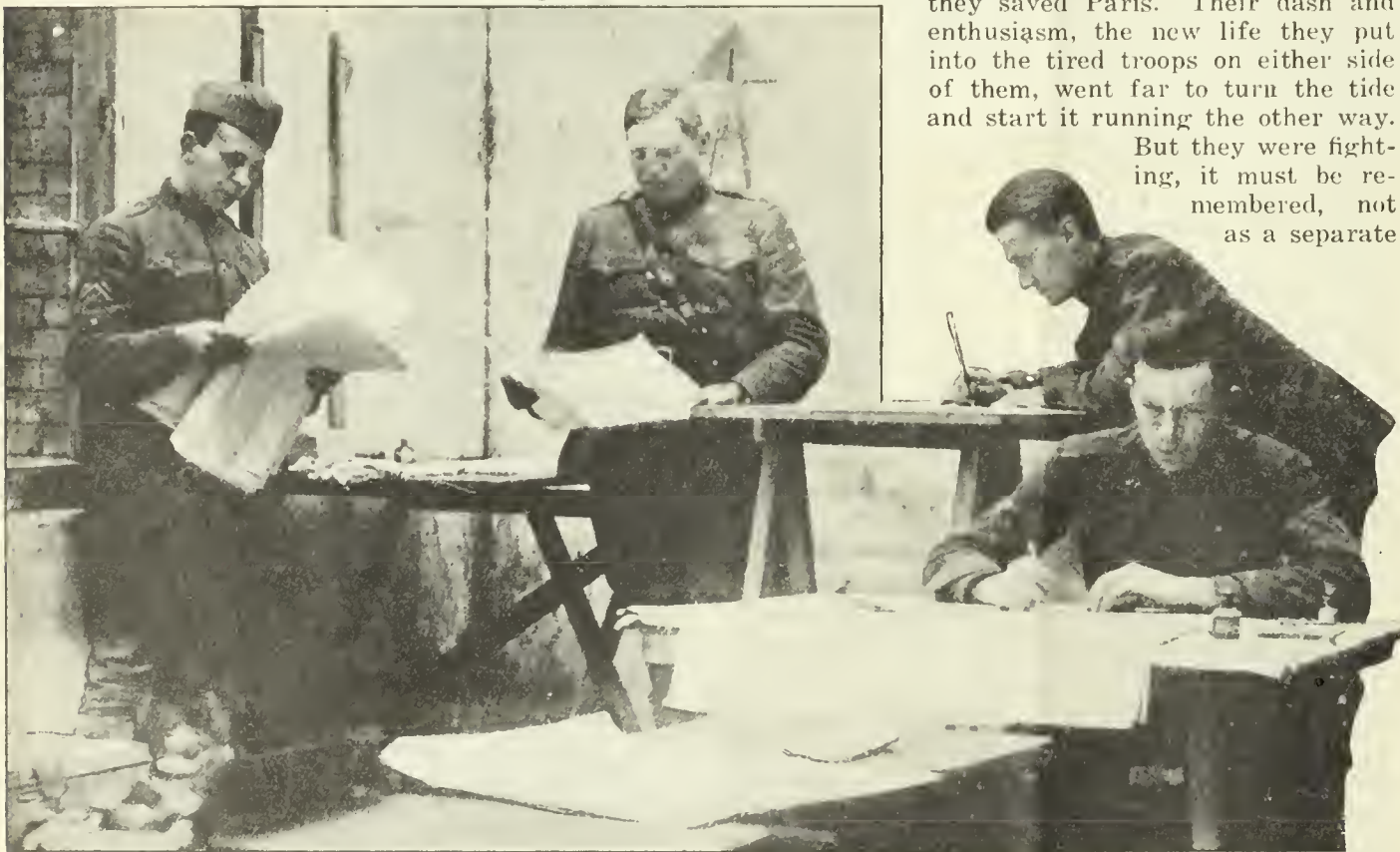
Personal courage, patriotism, dash, initiative, and the ability to command men were only of secondary use for this particular task.

What was needed was a large body of trained specialists, having all the details of army machinery at their finger tips—the enemy's as well as our own—speaking the same technical language, and trained in the special technique of making the dispositions necessary to carry out in detail a general plan—traffic managers, statisticians, and strategists, in short, rather than fighters in the ordinary sense of the word.

This lack was felt as soon as our troops went into the line in France. The men were superb—there was nothing they wouldn't do, however tactically unwise, from charging machine-gun positions, head on, like a bull charging an express train, up or down. The younger officers, as ready as their men, made up in keenness and the ability to "catch on" what they lacked in experience. It is not yet the time to measure the full significance of what they did in the Second Battle of the Marne, but it is scarcely too much

to say that, one way or another, they saved Paris. Their dash and enthusiasm, the new life they put into the tired troops on either side of them, went far to turn the tide and start it running the other way.

But they were fighting, it must be remembered, not as a separate



Hundreds of airplane photographs are studied and their information transferred to military maps

strength, numbered about 20,000 men—had maneuvered together since the Civil War. Only a few regular-army officers, who had served abroad as military attachés, had even seen a division maneuver. Many were commanding units smaller than corresponded to their rank, and many of those who had their proper units were commanding them for the first time. There had been the little engagements of the Spanish War, the long-drawn-out work of making order in the Philippines, which continued largely, in

army, as we shall be fighting largely from now on, but as a part of the French army. The staff work down to the division—the army and corps staff work—was done by the French.

It might be well here to suggest what staff work is and is not. It does not consist, as the old-fashioned battle paintings might lead some still to think, of sitting a handsome horse in a brilliant uniform behind one's commanding officer, looking down from some convenient hilltop on the smoke of battle.



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Photographed at all heights and angles, tricky problems of foreshortening must be worked out

There is no smoke of battle nowadays, and no glittering staffs looking down from hilltops. Staff officers are office men, and most of them are likely to see even less fighting than newspaper correspondents. They are shut up in some more or less remote headquarters, with papers and figures without end, and it is their duty—decidedly unpicturesque—to reduce the live human units of the fighting force to their simplest abstract terms and clearly and coolly and with as nearly perfect accuracy as possible to move these abstractions about so that none shall interfere with another and each shall arrive at the point at which it can be most useful at the appointed time.

Computations and Correlations

ON a certain day, for instance, at a certain time, along a certain sector of the front, there is to be a general attack. At x -hour minus 15 minutes the artillery will open a violent and intensive bombardment. At x -hour plus 15 minutes the infantry will move forward to attack. But before this moment comes—a moment that has been whispered about and waited for for weeks—an incredible amount of work must be done. From prisoners captured in raids made for that purpose, and from other sources, the Intelligence Section—one branch of staff work—must have learned the strength and disposition of the enemy forces. Hundreds of airplane photographs have been studied, patched together, and their information transferred to military maps. Here are the trenches, the wire, the probable machine-gun nests, the battery positions; there the ammunition dumps, the roads, rail and otherwise, the various headquarters, the reserves. All this and much else comes under the head of Intelligence—what is called in army jargon "G2." "G1" attends to supply; "G3" to operations.

All three sections must work out the endless details and correlate them, down to the estimated number of shells of a certain caliber needed to take a certain position.

You read every day, for instance, of attacks in which twenty or thirty divisions take part. A division in this war is a mere card in a pack—it can be "used up" in a day. Yet just what does it mean to "fling" a division into an attack? Divisions vary in size in the different armies. An American division, larger than those in the other armies, numbers about 27,000 men—26,000 soldiers and 944 officers. There are four infantry regiments, of 3,700 men each—about 12,000 actual "bayonets." There is a machine-gun battalion, a brigade of field artillery, consisting of two regiments of light rapid-fire guns—"75's"—one regiment of heavy guns—six-inch howit-

zers or "155's"—and a trench-mortar battery. There are the engineers and their train, a field-signal battalion, the headquarters and military police, the ammunition train, a supply train, with rolling kitchens and water wagons, a sanitary train with its trucks and ambulances. With the intervals required in France, this variegated procession would stretch along the road for a distance of twenty-seven miles.

Regular Grinds

IN actual service a division does not, of course, move along one road like a gigantic circus procession. It does not assemble in one definite spot and move from there to some other definite spot. It is scattered, under cover, over a whole countryside. Passing through it along the main highway, you would see, here and there, only a few hundred troops. As it takes its place in the line, moving at night or under cover so far as possible, the infantry units go to positions farthest forward; the artillery to other positions farther back over a wide stretch of country.

The headquarters must be in a place reasonably undisturbed and yet within easy communication of the whole. The ammunition dumps must be near the various units drawing on them, the field dressing stations close up, the regimental hospitals farther back, the motor transport must keep its line of communication open and not only bring supplies up but have a safe way out if there is trouble. All these various places must be picked, and the necessary orders given, and men, guns, and supplies must be moved along roads, already more or less crowded with other trains, so that they will not collide or hold each other up. And they must do this, not on roads or through woods, open and quiet as they are on a map, but under fire, or at any moment likely to be, from the enemy artillery or airplane raiders, not to speak of the fact that an unexpected success may permit the enemy to break through the line and throw out calculations altogether.

Each of the divisions included in the attack must make these plans, they must be coordinated with those of the corps, the corps with those of the army. All this is, of course, the mere A, B, C of the problem, and leaves out of consideration the strategy—the why and wherefore—of the movement, and the tactics—the actual fighting itself—through which the strategical designs are carried out. It is work which doesn't show from the outside, which wins no medals for bravery, which is not reported in the papers, and yet work on which the efficiency of any army largely depends.

Officers who suggest fitness for staff work are recommended for the school—the class numbers about

150 after it has been shaken down—they are tried for a time, and if they do not seem likely to catch on are sent back to their units. First-class line officers might make poor staff men and vice versa. The sort of officer who can take his men "over the top," capture a machine-gun nest, mop up a captured village, might be wasted in staff work. There are ex-football men or baseball players who might make superlative infantry lieutenants who could not keep awake through a staff college lecture. There are ex-traffic managers or department-store buyers or college instructors, who, with a comparatively brief intensive military training, might be made very useful as staff men.

Because of this fact, and because of our lack of staff officers, the personnel of the Staff College is unexpected enough. I happened into the lecture hall just as the class was coming out. The first man I ran into was a young reserve captain who, when I had last seen him in Vera Cruz in 1914, was a correspondent for one of the New York papers. Right behind him were two regular-army colonels. One I had last seen in Paris in the autumn of 1914, with the other I had spent several days on the Russian front in 1917, when he was serving as one of our military observers. The young ex-reporter invited me to dinner, and at his mess—the student officers are billeted generally in private houses—there were two more regular-army colonels, a Plattsburg captain who had been a State senator two years ago, and another young reserve officer whose previous condition of servitude, while not described, was suggested by his easy talk on the upkeep of touring cars and the advantage of having one's horses looked after by British grooms. In another house I found a former Harvard crew captain and another Staff College man who had formerly been one of the younger associates in a great dry-goods business. At breakfast in my hotel a former Republican State chairman sat opposite me, taciturn as ever, and alongside him two young reserve men, cheerfully asking the world in general what the French might mean by "*Comme-ci-comme-ça!*"

The lecture room where the staff students spend a good deal of their time is like any college lecture room at home, though a bit plainer—a

blackboard, a lecturer, rows of wooden desks. But in the bearing of the students themselves during a lecture there was a noticeable difference. That lofty tolerance varied by amused disdain with which the free-born American undergraduate is wont to receive the outpourings of the race of professors had undergone a remarkable change. They were actually concentrating on what he was saying, they were going to talk it over afterward, and if their own opinions were wrong to find out why. They had been studying ever since breakfast and they were going home to study more that night. In short, they were what any spirited American undergraduate would promptly dismiss as "grinds."

The most important part of their work, which includes various sorts of talks and conferences, is the "map problems." A situation is given exactly as it would come in actual battle. An attack, for instance, like that already mentioned, is to be made. Here is the map, with the disposition of forces, this the general plan, such and such the objectives. As corps or division commander, what action would you take and what would be the necessary orders? The students, working sometimes alone, sometimes in groups duplicating as near as possible an actual staff, with representatives of the three sections of Intelligence, Supply, and Operations, work out the whole scheme, including the necessary maps.



The Intelligence Section, one branch of staff work, secures military information from the prisoners



Some of the photographs taken from the air are plain enough—this one, for example, of the old Hindenburg Line, with its acres of wire and its reserve and communication trenches to the rear

The solutions are criticized, not only by the instructors, but, after being exchanged, by the students themselves, so that a regular-army man may have his plan picked to pieces by some young reserve officer, and vice versa. These criticisms cover such questions as: Are all units accounted for and properly employed? Are all orders, diagrams, tables, etc., in such form and so expressed as to make a good working solution? Is there any collision of troops or trains, or undue congestion? Is cover properly used? Are staff arrangements complete and workable? In general, is the solution workable and sound?

Staff Material

WITH the younger men it is, at first, a case of learning to swim by being thrown into the water, but on the whole they seem to hold their own. There are things which regular-army men do instinctively, in which reserve officers are likely to go astray. They have had their years of discipline, and think naturally in terms of the system according to which any order proceeds down the line from the general to the particular. They know how general and how particular to be, and do not, for instance, give a theoretical order for a battery of seventy-fives when, in actual practice, the order for the battery would come from the regimental (Continued on page 48)

Would Belgium Accept a German Peace?

BY HENRY ROOD

WITH 96 per cent of her total area under the steel-shod heel of a remorseless and despotic enemy, with approximately 90 per cent of her population held in virtual captivity by the huge German military machine which overwhelmed her without warning in the summer of 1914, all that is left of tiny Belgium still stands firm and unafraid.

On Saturday, September 28, her army of possibly 150,000 men actually started an offensive against the German veterans facing her. This little army has held a sector of the western front said to be longer, in proportion to the troops holding it, than any other held by the Allies.

The Belgian Government still has its seat at Havre, which the King visits on errands of state when he can leave his troops in the field. The national affairs are conducted primarily by a council whose members resemble ministers without portfolio. Foreign legations are still maintained throughout the world excepting in enemy countries.

Thousands upon thousands of civilian Belgians, who escaped capture when the Hun descended on their little land, are still making guns and ammunition in Belgian factories, erected and operated in France and in England. While Germany has not a single one of her vast colonial possessions left, Belgian capital and brains in the Belgian Congo are producing great quantities of gold, rubber, petroleum, and other valuable raw materials; in the last year Belgium has taken 30,000 tons of copper out of that rich colony.

Belgium's Duty

THE picture presented by heroic Belgium, in the autumn of 1918, is sublime. The annals of mankind, ancient or modern, scarcely contain its equal. And it is reflected from official documents provided by M. Emile de Cartier, Belgian Minister at Washington. This documentary evidence, as well as comments thereupon by M. de Cartier and his legation staff, give convincing reasons why Belgium, like France, will never consent to a "negotiated" peace, or any other "German settlement." Belgium has given up all but the shreds of her national existence. She has suffered too much, sacrificed too much, to consider anything short of smashing the Hun so thoroughly that he can never again hope to repeat the horrible orgy of blood in which he has bathed half the world. In the eyes of Belgium, anything short of this would be supreme folly. Rather than a "negotiated" peace with the international outlaw, Belgium would fight on to her last man, to the last square foot of the little territory left her, and, if need be, make the final sacrifice—her complete blotting out as a national entity. But that this tragic possibility would ever be hers, Belgium has not believed for an instant; and now she sees the dawn of a day of peace and liberty. No wonder Belgium feels that, with this now certain and steadily approaching, all she has borne is worth while. And what has she done in the world conflagration? If you ask the King, the Queen, or the Belgian Minister at Washington, the reply will be brief and simple: "Belgium has tried to do her duty."

Nothing more, unless you press for details; then you are referred to official documents, showing con-

cretely some of the things little Belgium has gone through, some of the things she has accomplished, while "trying to do her duty." And certain of these sacrifices, certain of these achievements, should be kept in mind by an American public which for many months has heard little about them.

When Germany smashed her way into Belgium, that fateful day in August, 1914, the Belgian field

Belgian frontier; while the first British Expeditionary Force was being hurriedly ferried across the Channel and getting under way on French soil. No man can tell what might have happened had the little force of 30,000 Belgians at Liege failed in the hour of crisis, confronted by 130,000 picked Prussians, armed as no other soldiers ever had been armed before. Again, on the Yser, from October 16

to October 30, 1914, a force of 48,000 Belgians, worn out by two months of incessant fighting, had to withstand a terrific onslaught by German hordes determined to reach Calais. Supported at the outset by only one brigade of French marines, the Belgians had to hold a line of twenty-two miles against an onrush of 100,000 fresh German troops aided by 350 guns. The Belgians had been asked to hold out for two days, and actually did hold out for a fortnight. At the end of six days French reinforcements arrived, and eight days later the battle was over, the enemy having been ejected by Franco-Belgian counterattack. The Belgian army had been reduced from 48,000 to 32,000 bayonets—but the Germans had left 40,000 men dead among the fields of the Yser. These are samples of the Belgian fighting spirit.

German Occupation

THERE is no large city in that little corner of Belgium which is still free, but there are a number of small villages. As, however, all are within reach of German artillery, the civilian population generally has moved elsewhere: to Holland, France, England, etc., so that at present only about 10,000 noncombatants reside in "Free Belgium." And it is next to impossible to maintain channels of communication with the 7,000,000 Belgians still under the control of German soldiers in the occupied regions. None the less, information occasionally is smuggled through, despite the terrors and penalties of the German military censorship. No attempt will be made here to recount the shocking and hideous atrocities on helpless Belgians, systematically perpetrated by command of the Imperial German Government, and carried out to the full by fiends in the shape of German soldiers. They are known to all the earth, and never will be forgotten unless human memory ceases to function. But other sacrifices made by Belgium may be recalled in order to under-

stand why she never, under any circumstances, would consider a peace short of complete surrender by the Kaiser's remaining hordes. Now what are some of the deeds of piracy Germany has inflicted on "occupied" Belgium?

All of the 7,000,000 Belgians in that invaded region are in virtual captivity. More than 100,000 men, women, and children of fourteen and over have been deported—enslaved and sent to Germany as slaves—while a very considerable number have been compelled by force to work under German overseers behind the German lines, within a few miles of the front trenches, facing the armies of England or France, under constant danger from shell fire and in utter defiance of the provisions of international law as well as the usage of civilized nations.

Between August, 1914, and March, 1917, German troops had seized from their (Continued on page 50)

Drawn especially for Collier's by Lucien Jonas



"Don't cry, granny, we'll build you a better chimney out of stones from German castles"

army numbered 117,000 men. For ten days, at Liege 30,000 Belgian troops under General Leman held a force of 130,000 Prussians under Von Emmich—a miracle of resistance, on a front of thirty miles, which succeeded in inflicting heavy losses on an

"Would England Accept a German Peace?" by Mr. Rood, with facts and figures furnished by the British Government's Bureau of Information, will appear in next week's issue.—THE EDITOR.

enemy four to five times superior in number. This obstinate resistance by Belgian troops at Liege retarded the general German advance by at least ten days—during which the French General Staff had opportunity to throw additional forces toward the

The Bonfire in the Hills



A Bizarre Tale of Vatau—
an Island in a Tropic Sea

BY
RALPH STOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY C. B. FALLS

"I'M going over to the Martins'. Coming?" Raynor shook his head and picked up a six-months-old magazine.

Nesbit turned to go, but paused at the top of the veranda steps. He seemed about to say something, then evidently changed his mind and, taking his pony's reins from the waiting boy, swung into the saddle and cantered easily down the beach road.

Raynor watched him go, a diminishing splash of white against the all-pervading green of the coconut groves. He was faultlessly dressed as usual. His gaiters were a tone study in burnt umber. The cut of his drills was the last word from the source of all such words. Yet there was nothing of the "dude" about him; he knew just how far to go. He was a pleasant fellow too, good-natured, youthfully enthusiastic, and hard-working; indeed, all that could be desired in the way of a partner. Yet Raynor hated him.

It is often a good deal more unpleasant to hate than to be hated. Raynor, with his essentially easy-going, tolerant nature, found it so. As an emotion he had always regarded it as a vulgar lack of control peculiar to melodramas, penny dreadfuls, and neurotics; a species of abandon happily foreign to his own placid nature. And here was the thing fastened upon him, consuming him like a fever.

The sensation alarmed him by reason of its novelty. Even now, as he watched Nesbit's retreating figure, he could hardly credit the intensity of his own feelings. He only knew that this estimable youth set every nerve in his body on edge, every muscle aching to lay hands on him. If this were not hate, what was it? Raynor asked himself the question, and answered it with a mirthless laugh.

"I'm going over to the Martins'. Coming?"

Raynor found his lips moving in contemptuous mimicry of the boy's brisk utterance. *Of course* he was going over to the Martins'. What more natural than that the most presentable white man in a radius of a hundred miles should find pleasure in the society of the only woman in the world? For Frances Martin was that to Raynor. He knew it now, when it was too late. After seven years of living beside her, watching her grow up, it had taken Nesbit—Nesbit!—to open his eyes.

"I'm a weak fool," he told himself savagely. "Old enough to know better. I must take hold of myself." And for the rest of the evening he tried to give himself over to the accounts.

BUT with the morning, and Nesbit's appearance at breakfast, sleek, pink-cheeked, cheerfully loquacious, Raynor knew that the flame within him was beyond his control.

"Stunning girl, Miss Martin. . . . Like a whiff of home. . . . Does a fellow good. Why don't you come?"

Nesbit's remarks were punctuated by large mouthfuls of papaw. He had not been long enough in the islands to be tired of the stuff. The mere smell of it nauseated Raynor.

"I'm going to have a look at the young trees in the southeast block this morning . . . sensitive grass getting a hold. . . . And what about the main track? Doesn't it want more brush? The last rains . . ."

So he prattled on of affairs on Vatau.

"What's up, old man?" he asked suddenly.

Raynor looked up to find the boy's eyes searching his across the table.

"Nothing. Why?" he answered evenly.

"Seemed to me you've not been fit lately," Nesbit rambled on. "Not yourself, somehow. We were only saying last night you stick to it too hard. You want a change."

Raynor pushed back his chair and went over to the veranda doorway. "Very kind," he muttered. "Whom were you discussing me with?"

"Miss Martin. She notices things."

"Does she?" Raynor stared out into the glare of the compound with puckered eyes. For one wild moment he wondered if he ought to tell Nesbit, tell him and have done with it. What was a man supposed to do when he hated? Tell the truth—that he was childish, unreasonably jealous, and that on this account either he or his partner must go? Nesbit would have just cause to laugh at such a suggestion; and if he laughed—if he laughed—Raynor's right hand gathered itself into a fist.

He became aware that Nesbit was standing beside him, still talking.

" . . . Why not? You've earned a holiday if ever a man has, and it'd set you up. See something besides coconuts and niggers for a bit; that's what you want. And I do believe I could run the place or I wouldn't suggest it. . . ."

Holiday! They wanted to get rid of him now. It was perfectly natural. Raynor turned with a forced grin. "Thanks," he said, "but I'm all right."

Nesbit gave him a puzzled look, then turned abruptly and ran down the veranda steps. Raynor heard him shouting lustily for his horse boy.

A FEW hours later he returned, and Raynor instantly noticed a change in him. His pink cheeks seemed to have faded a trifle, and there was a tightness about his mouth. At dinner he hardly spoke until the house boy had left them to coffee and cigars; then he leaned back in his chair and said: "I think I ought to tell you; I hit a coolie to-day."

"Really?"

Raynor looked unimpressed. He rarely looked otherwise.

"Yes, and I feel beastly about it."

"Did he deserve it?"

"Yes."

"Then why feel beastly about it?"

Nesbit ground the butt of his cigar thoughtfully into the tray.

"I don't know," he said. "I ought not to, but it was like hitting a kid, somehow. He simply crumpled up and lay there looking at me. Not an ounce of resentment or fight in them, as far as I can see."

Raynor's mouth twitched. "But then you must remember, you don't see very far—yet," he said quietly. Nesbit looked up. "What do you mean?"

"I mean you make a great mistake if you think they can't fight; and they bear malice longer than most people. Their methods are different, that's all."

Nesbit drew a deep breath. "Can't help it," he said. "I should do the same thing to-morrow. I can't stand by and see a live thing tortured, especially a horse. He was—oh, it was beastly. He's sirdar of the gang too."

"Sirdar? Did you do it in front of the others?"

Raynor was leaning over the table.

"I did it there and then," Nesbit answered bluntly.

"I saw red. Yes, come to think of it, there were others there. Why?"

Raynor leaned back in his chair.

"Why?" Nesbit repeated. "Do you mean you wouldn't have done the same?"

"Not quite," said Raynor. "I should have got him alone, I think. You see, being sirdar, he was rather a nut in his own estimation. Now he's nothing. His authority and dignity are gone."

"And a mighty good job!" exploded Nesbit.

"Perhaps. But he won't forget it."

"I don't want him to."

"Then that's all right," said Raynor, and pushed back his chair.

WHAT he expected happened the next day. Nesbit came in specially to tell him about it.

"That fellow's deserted," he said.

"Yes," said Raynor.

"You mean you knew he would?"

"Yes."

There was a short silence, during which Nesbit flicked the toes of his riding boots with his crop.

"I wish," he said presently—"I wish you'd open up a bit more, Raynor. You don't help a fellow much by answering in monosyllables. You know these gentry. What ought I to do about it?"

"Do?" Raynor crossed his elongated legs and stared up at the corrugated iron roof. Behind his head his fingers were tightly interlocked. "Let him rip; he's no use to us now, anyway. Make the next-best man sirdar—and don't worry. Remember you're in the islands; nothing matters."

"I don't agree with you there. I want to do the best I can for Vatau."

"You are."

Nesbit gave a short, spontaneous laugh.

"Thanks," he said; "you've got the neatest way of ticking a fellow off I've ever come across. I wish, while you're about it, you would tell me some more. It clears the air."

"I will," said Raynor. "All this business of the sirdar doesn't matter a whoop to me or to Vatau. There are lots more sirdars where he came from; but—I should keep your eye skinned for a bit."

"You think . . ."

"I know the fellow. He was a fakir or something before he lost caste by coming to the islands. The others were scared to death of him. Nasty customer to run foul of."

Nesbit still flicked the toe of his boot.

"Is that all?" he asked after a pause.

"Yes, that's all."

"Thanks."

NESBIT levered himself out of the chair and went into the bungalow. Raynor knew it was to change for an evening at the Martins'. Frances would meet him at the veranda steps, and they would sit and talk of everything under the sun but the one thing that occupied both their thoughts. There would be some music—Frances had a sweet, small voice—and there would be a cold supper, and more talk on the veranda, and Frances would look like a moon sprite, and Nesbit would look like—like an exceedingly desirable young man, with his hair carefully bay-rummed and brushed back over his head in a way that Raynor particularly loathed. It was all perfectly natural. A great golden moon climbed the blue-black vault of the sky, bathing Vatau and the wide Pacific in gentle radiance. Raynor still sat on the veranda, staring down the beach road that his partner had taken. (Continued on page 18)



Lady Larkspur

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ONE AND TWO

Bob Singleton returns, after two years' service, to Barton; his uncle Bashford's widow, "Aunt Alice," young and amazingly pretty, also arrives there with her companion, Mrs. Farnsworth. They find the estate thick with mysteries, the servants organized as "troops"; a small, limping man hanging around; Torrence, a trustee of the estate, warns Singleton that Raynor of the State Department is inquiring about Alice for the British Embassy. Singleton makes time, however, to read "Lady Larkspur."

THE morning mail brought a letter from Searles acknowledging my congratulations on his play. While my enthusiastic praise pleased him, he was very scornful of my suggestions about available stars, and seemed even more depressed than when he talked to me.

"It's impossible for me to plan other work. 'Lady Larkspur' ate the soul out of me. I'm done; finished, clean out of the running. There's only this to report. I had a letter from Dalton saying he had asked at the hotel where he sent the script of 'Lady Larkspur' to know whether Miss Dewing had sent a forwarding address. He had to see the manager before he got any satisfaction, but he did learn that her accumulated mail had been called for by some one whose identity was not disclosed. Of course this isn't much to hang a hope on, but if that play is what I think it is and Miss Violet Dewing ever reads it she's going to jump for the telegraph office the moment she finishes the last act. I have no plans

for returning East; the folks at home let me do as I please, and it's a relief to be in seclusion where I hear nothing of the doings of Broadway. I hope your ancient globe-trotting aunt still lingers in the Far East! Keep the ink flowing, son. That novel ought to be well under way when I get back."

The tale I had begun seemed utter trash in comparison with the story of Alice Bashford, in which, much against my will, I had become a minor character. I had rather prided myself on my ability to see through a plot in the first chapter of the most complicated mystery story, but there were points in this unwritten tale that baffled me.

I kept away from the house until dinner time, when I was received quite as an old friend by Alice and Mrs. Farnsworth. The table talk was of Celtic poetry, and proved less disturbing to Antoine than the previous night's discussion of ghosts.

Their day had been spent, they explained, in a further examination of my uncle's Japanese loot, and they had taken a long walk beyond the estate's boundaries and were enthusiastic about the landscape.

"It's so beautifully peaceful all about here," Alice murmured. "I feel that I never want to move again."

"That's a real tribute to America," Mrs. Farnsworth remarked; "for Alice dearly loves new scenes. She inherited a taste for travel from her father, who put some new places on the maps, you know."

Chapter Three: A Fan

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

I didn't know and I wanted to ask questions about Alice's father, but as though anxious to frustrate such inquiries my aunt asked how close we were to the place made famous by Israel Putnam's spectacular escape from the British. She had read the story and would motor to the scene, she declared. It was quite clear that there were chapters in her life that were not to be opened for my perusal. No sooner had I caught a glimpse of a promising page than the book was politely closed. A curtain hung between the immediate present at Barton-on-the-Sound and other scenes and incidents of the girl's life; and Mrs. Farnsworth was equally detached from any tangible background. It seemed that I might meet them daily for the rest of my life in this same friendly fashion without adding a particle to my knowledge of them.

I became alert immediately when, as we rose from the table, Alice said, with the air of asking an unimportant favor:

"We were speaking last night of a man who has been asking for us here. His visits have alarmed the servants, but there is nothing to fear from him. You know"—she smiled at Mrs. Farnsworth—"it's rather he who seems to fear us; that, at least, is our impression, though we have no idea why he should do so. Still, it's rather good fun to find yourself an object of special attention and to be

followed, even pursued. We've even led him on a little, haven't we, Constance?"

Mrs. Farnsworth laughingly admitted that they had led the gentleman on a trifle, "but with all circumspection," she protested.

"We saw him first in a shop at Tokyo, and later were surprised to find him crossing on our steamer. We threw him off in the Canadian Rockies, where we stopped for a day, and eluded him in Chicago, where he was evidently lying in wait for us."

"Delightful!" I exclaimed.

"But please don't get the idea that the man annoys us," interposed Mrs. Farnsworth. "You've seen enough of us perhaps to understand that we enjoy little adventures. The man pretends to be interested in Mr. Bashford's art treasures. Antoine's story about the disguise is rather against that; but we will give him the benefit of the doubt. What we are hoping is that something really amusing may come of his persistent pursuit. With you and the army of servants here we feel perfectly safe; so we're for giving him every chance to show his hand."

"He is the Count Giuseppe Montani," continued my aunt, "who represents himself as a connoisseur—a lover of the beautiful."

"The mystery is solved! It is easy to understand why he has haunted the place."

"Yes; quite easy. Count Montani is very anxious to see the porcelains."

"I wasn't referring to the pottery; but I shan't press the matter."

"I advise you not to; your remark was highly improper from a nephew to an aunt. I have told you nearly all I know of this Italian gentleman. I am going to ask a favor. He telephoned from Stamford this afternoon to know whether we had arrived; and I bade him call to-night. I should be glad if you would remain until he leaves. I should like to know what you make of him."

"Certainly," I assented, pleased that she had taken me into her confidence and deeply curious as to the Italian connoisseur. What she had told so frankly and plausibly did not, however, touch upon the matter of the interest shown by the American State Department in my aunt's arrival at Barton, which troubled me much more than the antics of the Italian who had followed the women across the Pacific.

COUNT MONTANI arrived shortly and was received in the drawing room. The ladies greeted him with the greatest cordiality. As he crossed the room I verified the limp and other points of Antoine's description. His bearing was that of a gentleman; and in his very correct evening dress he hardly looked like a man who would disguise himself and attempt to rob a house. He spoke English all but perfectly and proceeded at once to talk a great deal.

"I was sad when I found I had so narrowly missed you at Seattle, and again at Chicago. You travel far too rapidly for one of my age."

His age might have been thirty. He was a suave, polished, sophisticated person. Nothing was more natural than that he should pause in his travels to call upon two agreeable women he had met on a Pacific steamer. Possibly he was in love with Alice Bashford; this was not a difficult state of heart and mind for a man to argue himself into. She was even more strikingly beautiful to-night than I had thought her before. She was again in white—it was only in daytime that she wore black—and white was exceedingly becoming to her. As we talked she plied listlessly a fan—a handsome trinket of ostrich plumes. A pretty woman and a fan are the happiest possible combination. There is no severer test of grace than a woman's manner of using a fan. A clumsy woman makes an implement of this plaything, flourishing it to emphasize her talk, or, what is worse, pointing with it like an instructor before a blackboard. But in graceful hands it is unobtrusive, a mere bit of decoration that teases and fascinates the beholder's eye.

With all his poise and equanimity I was distinctly conscious that Montani's dark eyes were intent upon the idly swaying fan. I thought at first it was her hands that interested him as they unfailingly interested me, but when, from time to time, she put down the fan his gaze still followed it. And yet there was nothing novel in the delicate combination of ivory and feathers. I had seen many fans that to all appearances were just like it. Once, as she picked it up and lazily opened it, I saw him bend forward eagerly, then, finding that I had noted his eagerness, he rose, pretending that a brass screen before the fireplace had caught his eye and asked

whether it was not a Florentine production, which shook my faith in his connoisseurship, as I had bought the thing myself from a New York brass worker who had made it to my order.

MONTANI spoke of the porcelains. "Oh, to be sure! They don't show to best advantage in electric light, do they? But I can have a few of the prize pieces taken into the dining room," said Alice.

Mrs. Farnsworth had excused herself to finish a letter, and from my chair I could see her head bent over the big desk in the library. Alice rang for Antoine, and I followed her into the hall to offer my aid.

"Oh, don't trouble," she said. "Antoine can do anything necessary. Yes; thanks; if you will turn on the dining-room lights."

I was gone hardly half a minute. When I reached the drawing-room door Montani had crossed the room to the table on which Alice had dropped the fan and was examining it closely. He faced the door, and the moment he detected me exclaimed carelessly: "An exquisite little bauble! I am always curious as to the source of such trifles. I was looking for the maker's imprimatur. I know a Parisian who is the leading manufacturer of the world. But it is not his, I see."

As we stood talking of other things he plied the fan carelessly as though for the pleasure of the faint scent it exhaled, and when Alice called us he put it down carefully where he had found it.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"I know. You mean dear old habeas corpus!"

He really did seem to know something about ceramics and praised the pieces that had been set out on the table with lively enthusiasm. One piece, as to whose authenticity my uncle had entertained serious doubts, Montani unhesitatingly pronounced genuine and stated very plausible reasons for his opinion.

On the whole, he was an interesting fellow. When he had finished his inspections he lingered for only a few minutes and took his leave, saying that he was spending the night at an inn near Stamford.

"Well," said Alice when the whirl of his machine had died away, "what do you think of him?"

"A very agreeable gentleman," I answered. "If he doesn't know porcelains, he fakes his talk admirably."

"And as to fans—" suggested Mrs. Farnsworth.

I had not intended to mention Montani's interest in Alice's fan, and the remark surprised me.

"Oh, I saw it all from the library," laughed Mrs. Farnsworth. "My back was to the door, but I was facing a mirror. The moment you and Alice went into the hall he pounced upon the fan—pounced is the only word that describes it. He concealed his interest in it very neatly when you went back."

"Fans are harmless things," said Alice. "My father bought this one in Paris about three years ago, and it has never been out of my possession except to have it repaired. There's a Japanese jeweler who does wonderful things in the way of repairing trinkets of every kind. I left it with him for a few days. I can't tell now which panel was broken, he did his work so deftly."

I took it from her and balanced it in my fingers. It was a beautiful piece of workmanship with the simplest carvings on the ivory panels.

"He couldn't have seen it anywhere before to-night," observed Alice musingly. "In fact, I hadn't used it at all for a year. It was really by mistake that my maid put it into my trunk when I went to Japan. I didn't want to risk breaking it again in my trunk, so I've been carrying it in a hand bag. The last day we were in Tokyo I think I had it in our sitting room in the hotel, to make sure it wasn't jammed into the trunk again. We had a good many callers—a number of people came in to bid us good-by, but I'm sure Count Montani was not among them, and it would have been impossible for him to see it at any other time."

"Oh, there is nothing disturbing in the count's interest in the thing," said Mrs. Farnsworth with an air of dismissing the matter. "If it were a jade trinket inscribed with Chinese mysteries, you might imagine that it would be sought by some one—I have heard of such things—but Alice's fan has no such history."

"We weren't very hospitable," said Alice. "I might have asked Count Montani to dinner with us to-morrow night; and we might even have put him up for the night in this vast house."

"Not with Antoine on the premises," I exclaimed. "Antoine is convinced that the man is what we call in America a crook. And Antoine takes his responsibilities very seriously."

WHILE I was breakfasting at the garage the next morning Antoine appeared and, waiting until Flynn was out of hearing, handed me a slip of paper.

"That's a New York automobile number," he said. "It was on the tag of that machine the party came in last night. I heard him saying, sir, as how he had motored up from the Elkton Inn at Stamford. Visitors from Stamford would hardly send in to the city for a machine."

I bade him wait while I called the Elkton by telephone. No such person as Giuseppe Montani had spent the night there or had been a guest of the house within the memory of the clerk. Antoine's chest swelled at this confirmation of his suspicions.

"If the man returns, treat him as you did last night—as though he were entitled to the highest consideration."

"He won't come back—not the same way," said Antoine. "He mentioned the Elkton just to throw you off. The next you hear of him will be quite different."

"You mean he'll come as a burglar?"

"That's what's in my mind, Mr. Singleton. Everything seems very queer, sir."

"Such as what, Antoine?"

"The widow has been telegraphing and telephoning considerable, sir."

"There must be no spying upon these ladies!" I admonished severely. "All the people on the place must remember that Mrs. Bashford is mistress here, and entitled to fullest respect." (Cont'd on page 38)



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WHY THIS ISSUE IS LATE

BECAUSE of a strike of feeders and pressmen, general throughout the publishing business and not sanctioned by the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union, this issue of COLLIER'S is late in getting to you. Also, because of this interruption, it seems at the moment that the next two issues will be delayed. We regret this exceedingly and trust that our readers will be lenient in this emergency, which was brought about by causes beyond our control.

As it was possible for us to print and circulate only a few thousand copies of last week's COLLIER'S, we are adding to the regular contents of this issue the leading features from the November 2 issue.

Those of our subscribers who failed to receive a copy of last week's COLLIER'S will have their subscriptions extended.

The World Against Them

THE scorn with which the German note of October 21 was received in every Allied country ought to convince the German people, if anything will, of the guilt of their leaders. After years of fighting, nations are apt to entertain a heightened respect for each other. Recrimination ceases; language becomes formal. Even the victor is tired of war—a little less tired than his adversary, but still elated at the prospect of an honorable peace. "We have got to forgive them some time," said a Northern statesman during our Civil War. But in Germany's case forgiveness is out of the question, for the present at least. The first real overture for peace from Berlin awakened a storm of passionate indignation in every one of the countries involved, and in no place was the demand for its rejection more vigorous or unanimous than in the United States.

Why should this be so? It is that civilization has been shocked to its very foundations by the hideous methods adopted by the Germans in the conduct of the war. That is the thing that stirs the hot wrath of even the most peaceful, and strengthens them in the determination that they will treat with Germany only when Germany's gun is on the ground and Germany's hands are in the air.

It is impossible to make even a guess at the state of mind of the men who are preparing Germany's peace defense and who have already begun to protest that "German honor" must not be assailed by the charge that her military commanders have carried on the war without regard to the accepted principles of civilized nations. Do they imagine the world is blind, that men who have seen their fellow men poisoned and burned, unarmed citizens shot down, and women carried into slavery cannot bear witness to these villainies? They plead "military necessity" as an excuse for the plundering of French towns. But so was the shooting of Belgian hostages in the autumn of 1914 a "military necessity." So was the introduction of gas warfare a "military necessity." It was a "military necessity" to sink the *Lusitania* and a "military necessity" to kill Miss CAVELL. But the civilized world recognizes no such necessity as an excuse for crime. We know what happens to the necessitous individual when he goes out with a pistol to relieve his necessity. While German partisans were protesting the humanity of German methods the newspapers printed this piece of German irony from the "chief of the German political department at Brussels" to Cardinal MERCIER, of all persons in the world:

You are, your Eminence, the incarnation of occupied Belgium. You are its venerated and heeded pastor. It is, then, to you that the Government general and my local government have charged me to announce that when they vacate your territory they will spontaneously set free deported Belgians and political prisoners. They will be, in part, free to return to their country on Monday.

This declaration is of a nature that will fill your heart with rejoicing. I am all the happier to make it to you in that I could not have lived four

years among the Belgians without esteeming them and without appreciating their patriotism at its true value.

And while Dr. SOLF was demanding that accusations that boats' crews had been torpedoed be submitted to a "neutral commission," the papers printed the report of the British Seamen's Union, giving twelve instances where defenseless sailors were destroyed.

While it remains true that you cannot indict a whole people, it is equally true that you can indict individuals who act for the people. We have a notion that the panic which has seized the German official class may be traced to the fear of individual punishment for the men who issued and executed the commands for the inhuman performances of the last four years.

An Army of Charlie Chaplins

"WHY, they're exactly like people!" The French rubbed their eyes and stared again at the doughboys who had just come among them. "They don't throw food at each other! They haven't tried to shoot up the town! Look at them, will you, walking around so quietly. There's some mistake. We know all about the Americans. Didn't we see them long ago with our own eyes in their Wild West show? And don't they make us giggle every Saturday night at the cinéma?"

It is a fact, we are assured, that the good French people were expecting an American army of Buffalo Bills and Charlie Chaplins!

A Race of Robber Barons

WE can trust the American doughboy to prove to the French people that we are not a race of Charlie Chaplins; but it is a more delicate task to overcome the prejudices which have been taught to the educated French by their own literary leaders, for example, by PAUL BOURGET in his "Outre Mer," written twenty years ago and still quoted. The ruthless robber baron who has all these years been stalking about in the French mind as the true American business man is a considerably less real, if more terrifying, figure than BUFFALO BILL. Who could draw more effective weapons against him than a French silk manufacturer who had the temerity to move his plant bodily from France, where he found business conditions old-fashioned and vexatious, to Hazleton, Pa., and to take his place with pride among the most progressive of American business men? It was M. JEAN L. DUPLAN who furnished COLLIER'S Paris editor with the above glimpse of the movie American. It is this M. DUPLAN who is endeavoring to lay forever the ghost of the literary American who has frightened the French merchant so effectually that he has gone to South America, to India, to China, to Poland, but never to our shores. M. DUPLAN adjures France to save herself economically. After her long servitude to tradition, and her recent losses in man power, she must apply to her rich resources and to her native ability both American machinery and American efficiency. There could be no better proof that foresighted Frenchmen like M. DUPLAN are indeed bringing about a rapprochement between our two peoples than that his book, which he calls "Lettres d'un vieil Américain à un Français," has had an extraordinary sale; and that this unliterary work of a man of affairs has in the last few weeks been crowned by that museum of tradition, the French Academy—quite the first book of the sort to be thus noticed. M. DUPLAN conceals his identity as the author, pretending that he has merely translated the letters from an anonymous original in English. If the Frenchman has been kinder to our life and our character than an altogether honest American could be, he merely challenges us to make good. American men of affairs should be quick to grasp the unparalleled business opportunity which he opens up. Only thus can they dispose of the prejudice against them which M. DUPLAN has so gallantly shaken, and so make the most of their chance. For a beginning we can indorse the invitation to America which he has made in our name to French young men of promise. If there are certain things which we can teach Frenchmen, we can only be the richer for contact with their intellect, their taste, and their sympathetic culture.

A World Protectorate

ONLY when we grasp the double implication of a League of Nations is it possible to comprehend why the idea should have laid so strong a hold on the mind of President WILSON as to become the first item in his program of peace and reconstruction. One might go so far as to say that the league, which presses closest on the attention of responsible statesmen, is not primarily a league of great nations, but a league for the protection of small nationalities. America went into the war for an ideal, but Americans are still rather shy in the presence of "idealism." And to a great many of us, in all frankness, this scheme of a confederacy of powers, each surrendering part of its sovereignty before entering into a perpetual truce of God, may seem too abrupt a leap into the Golden Age. Whether so sharp a curb on nationalism is possible, whether it is even desirable, is debatable and debated. The thing certainly smacks of "idealism."

But it is not idealism that underlies the second conception of the league as a device for the governance and protection of small nationalities. It is a question of necessity. The problem which the nations will face with the advent of peace will not be merely to make the world better than it was before 1914, but to save it from sinking into greater perils than those which made Germany's crime possible. Germany's opportunity in 1914 was the Balkans. The end of this war, the very realization of many of the aims for which the war is being fought, will leave Europe and Asia filled with Balkan tinder, in the form of a brood of new, aspiring, and therefore conflicting small nationalities. Russia alone marches at the head of a sizable family: Finland, Ukrainia, Courland, Lithuania, Esthonia, Livonia, the Caucasus. Even if we suppose these former lands of the Czar's Empire reunited as a group of federalized republics, the new ties will be so loose as to make them, to all intents and purposes, separate nationalities.

But a more formidable list follows: Poland; Czechoslovakia, or the northern Slavs; Yugoslavia, or the southern Slavs; Dardanelia; Armenia; Palestine; Arabia; Turkey, removed to Asia Minor; Persia, restored.

Middle and western Europe and Asia Minor, when the principle of nationalities has been vindicated, will look like an enormous gerrymander. If difficult frontiers work for international trouble, the situation will be full of dynamite. And within each of the new nationalities plenty of high explosive will appear in the form of "minority" nationalities. Czechoslovakia will have its German minority; Poland its Russians and Jews; Yugoslavia its Italians; Dardanelia its Turks; Palestine its Arabs; Armenia its Turks, and Turkey its Armenians. Difficult as it is for any new nation to learn how to walk, how will it be with these small nationalities stumbling on in a geographical maze, each with its own "minorities" dragging it down?

The League of Nations as a policeman among the big nations may or may not be an idealistic dream, but the League of Nations as a traffic cop and truant officer for the small nationalities comes very close to being a necessity, not only for their own protection, but for the comfort and ultimate well-being of their elders.

That is how the problem apparently presents itself to Mr. WILSON in its most immediate form.

Political Metallurgy

SPEAKING of the scarcity of certain metals in the Central Empires, it is interesting to note that in the year 1797 the poet COLERIDGE closed a letter to a friend with this suggestion: "If the House of Commons would but melt down their faces (it would greatly assist the copper currency), we should have brass enough." Some German ought to translate that for the benefit of the Reichstag, the Hohenzollern family, and all such. It's the only way they can help LUDENDORFF (who needs help).

A Peaceful Remark

THE mental ages of man are about three: First, when he does not think (sometimes terminated by graduation); second, when he thinks fairly exclusively of himself (sometimes terminated by marriage); and third, when he thinks chiefly of his family (terminated by whatever ends his worries).

Note for Mr. Schwab

ONE way to get some of the backward shipyards busier on their job might be to set them riveting up a few 12,000-ton mail boats to carry Christmas and other packages to our boys in France. Those ships ought to go through in record time.

Commonplace

THERE'S nothing unusual in this story. It's just another humble item of evidence that our army, like all good armies, derives its power, not only from the genius of leadership, but also from the self-sacrifice and devotion in the individual fighting man.

He is a dispatch rider with the —th Division. Once his motorcycle was blown from under him by H. E., another time shrapnel pierced his tank and set it on fire. Finally, as he was tearing along a road in the Saint-Mihiel salient, a German aviator swooped down and got him with his machine gun. He was hurled into the roadside and lay there, not dead, but feigning death, while the German swerved back to have a look, then soared away, thinking he had done a good job. (Aviators are specially instructed to pursue and "fix" dispatch riders.) The American was limping down a Paris street, just out of hospital, when our correspondent stopped to talk with him. "I've put in five months out there in about the most dangerous service there is," he said. "Why, they send out three riders at intervals with an important dispatch, and it often happens that only one man gets through! Now that I've been wounded I've got the chance to be assigned to Hospital No. 1 here for the rest of the war. But I wouldn't feel right if I took it. They need good dispatch riders. As soon as I'm able to ride *I'm going back.*"

Fireproof

IT is hard to light a cigar in Paris. The matches go out as soon as you strike them. The Parisian has accepted the fact resignedly as just another petty vexation of war. But now, voilà, tout s'explique! The French Government, in a laudable desire for economy, sold the timber of several condemned barracks to the matchmakers. Nobody remembered that about ten years ago the timber in these barracks had been very thoroughly fireproofed.

Bonds or Taxes

THE fundamental fact about these Liberty Loans was stated by the Speaker of the House of Representatives: "If people will not buy bonds, they will pay taxes!" Lend or pay is all the choice UNCLE SAM can give you. When the period of the fourth loan drive was mostly gone some towns in our Federal Reserve district had subscribed nearly twice their quota, while others had pledged less than one-tenth of theirs. The slogan "Double the Third" flared up on every billboard, but it was not clear that any means of putting it into effect existed. Selling bonds should be a matter of exact knowledge. If these drives are to be replaced, as has been rumored, by a policy of continuous sale, that policy must be based on records, not rhetoric. Stump speeches, fifty-dollar kisses from pretty patriots, brass bands, and all other means of inspiration are hardly definite enough for financial results. Money must be had from the sources where money is. Our country has tax records and commercial and banking records equal to or better than those of any other great power. These are the instruments for a really national loan policy. All this knowledge must be brought together, sifted, compared, and used. Our army does not speechify or guess for its results, but bases ordering on knowing. This does not mean doing everything from some one overgrown central authority, but it does mean using all the facts available. Selling bonds can be helped by luck and pep, but it depends on knowing precisely how. That is the only way to back up our victorious armies, and we should by this time have learned our national financial discipline. If we have not, it must be replaced by drastic financial authority. There is no alternative but defeat, and that our country will not have.

The Truth Will Out

EVEN in the midst of war the study of some important matters of peace is carried along rather notably. For instance, one W. M. GALLICHAN has written a very wise book on "The Psychology of Marriage," which centers around Sir JAMES PAGET's observation that "all husbands in the higher civilized states need to be taught conjugal behavior." (Cheer up, Sir JAMES, some of them get rather a good deal of instruction!) The author's main contribution, or thesis, is that "love is the joy of life as well as the source of moral feeling," and he agrees with HAVELOCK ELLIS that "marriage is the art of love, and an art must be learned." These things are true, and yet—there is that old gulf between knowing and doing, and every one of us must bridge it or fail of happiness. When things are fully governmentalized there will no doubt be a Federal Bureau for the Prevention of Marital Infelicities, and those who do not live serenely ever after will be dealt with on a severe plane. Until then the problem is one's own, and most of us need all the wisdom we can get.

November 9, 1918

The Bonfire in the Hills

Continued from page 13

A shadow fell against the compound wall, and it moved, very slowly, very steadily. There was nothing visible to cause it. Raynor watched it absently. It had appeared out of deeper shadows, and after moving a few yards it dissolved into others beyond. Raynor sat quite still, staring at the place where it had been. A dog? A prowling bush pig? He knew it could not have been cast by either of these. Then, in a flash, he knew. For some reason he was quite sure about it, yet he still sat motionless. The shadow was working round the compound to the back of the house. Presently it would return. It would drift across the same patch of moonlight, because it was impossible to do otherwise, and vanish as it had come. And in the meantime? It would get into Nesbit's room somehow. It was probably there now. It would take some small, intimate thing of his—a shirt, a pair of pajamas—and make a bonfire of it for fun up in the hills. Raynor had lived in the land of shadows and knew their ways. But he did not move. What was the use? If he caught it—which was very unlikely—it would only cringe and protest that it had returned to Vatua because it found life empty elsewhere, and there would be no proof to the contrary. Besides, what healthy, uninitiated white man would take a bonfire of his pajamas seriously? It needed an island degenerate like himself to do that.

So Raynor argued with himself, and, with strange thrills of alternate guilt and exultation, watched the shadow creep back along the compound wall and vanish, as he had predicted. The next day Nesbit had a touch of fever. It was his first, and, according to Raynor, long overdue.

"It'll probably be pretty stiff," he told Nesbit while dispensing the quinine; "you'd better turn in and get it over."

Nesbit laughed,

almost scared to go to sleep. Has it ever taken you like that?"

Raynor nodded.

"It's always that wretched sirdar. People's faces change into his, and then they start doing things. Beastly vivid. Ever had your maiden aunt with a coolie's face chasing you into a fire?" Nesbit giggled.

THE next day Frances Martin called. Raynor had constantly wondered how long it would be before she came to find out why Nesbit had not been over lately. Naturally she did not say this was the reason of her visit, but Raynor knew it, and took a savage pleasure in not mentioning his partner's name and watching catlike for the result. There was a vague unrest in her usually serene gray eyes, and more than once he caught them turned upon him wistfully.

"Where is Mr. Nesbit?" she asked him presently.

The words were like the cut of a whip to Raynor.

"He's sick," he said; "fever."

"Bad?"

"Pretty bad. It's left him weak."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

Raynor felt the frank gray eyes searching his face. These two knew one another with an easy intimacy only possible to dwellers in the wilds, and it was awkward sometimes. The direct question left him momentarily speechless, and meanwhile he knew that Frances was reading the answer in his face.

"Oh, Jim," she said with infinitely gentle reproach, and, rising, went straight through the living room and knocked on Nesbit's door. A weak voice answered her and she went in, closing the door softly after her.

Raynor sat staring stonily before him, picturing it all—Nesbit's smile of pleasure, the sympathy in Frances's eyes. To-morrow she would have flowers in the room and bring him turtle soup of her own making. And Nesbit would sit up in bed with bay-rammed hair and blue silk pajamas. And day would follow day, and there was only one end to it all—the perfectly natural, desirable end, unless—Raynor's head turned slowly toward the hills.

Frances came to him on the veranda with grave eyes.

"He's so weak," she said; "he ought to be mending now, and he isn't. There's something the matter, Jim."

Raynor nodded, but he could not bring himself to meet her eyes.

"Can nothing be done?" she added in a troubled voice.

"Nothing more than is being done," Raynor answered. "He's young, strong, everything that's wanted—he ought to pull through."

Frances came nearer. Her hand touched his arm.

"You're not well, Jim."

"I?"

"Yes. You know, it's no good pretending with me. Won't you tell me what's the matter?"

"I would if there were anything to tell," he lied. "I'm all right. Your patient's in there."

Frances stood looking at him with her frank, all-seeing eyes, and Raynor inwardly cursed the silly quivering of his lips.

"There's something behind all this," she went on slowly. "I wish you'd tell me, Jim."

Raynor turned swiftly. The words came in spite of himself.

"Has Nesbit asked you to marry him yet?"

The sound of them grated on his own ears. Already he was ashamed of them. What childish impertinence! Would she laugh?

Frances Martin did not laugh. She had fallen away from him, and stood with flushed face and shining eyes.

"Yes," she said.

"Good," muttered Raynor with a forced grin, and left her standing there.

What an exhibition! He dared not think about it. Something must be done, and done quickly.

NESBIT lay with wide-flung arms and closed eyes. He was pitifully weak, and steadily growing weaker. Raynor felt his pulse to satisfy himself on the point, and stood for a moment looking down on the dying man. Yes, there was something behind it all, as she had said, but who would believe him if he told them what it was? Why should he tell them? Why should he do anything? He did not know.

He wondered vaguely as he made the necessary preparations. He wondered still more as he fought his way upward through the primeval jungle of the hills. He even found himself hurrying on this absurd mission, and haste had always been his pet abomination.

From time to time coolies had deserted from the plantations, and now formed a small community of outcasts in the hills. Reports had come in of their movements, but no one troubled about them. It takes a good deal to trouble the true islander.

Raynor went straight to the source of the most likely of these reports, and, after a shockingly curtailed interview with a self-important *buli* [chief], set out with a couple of guides.

It was now that he truly cursed himself for a fool. Round jagged peaks of volcanic rock, along dizzy ledges, through matted jungle where the heat hung like a moist blanket, sweating, straining—for what? He cursed, and struggled on.

There came a point where the guides refused to go farther. The *turaga* [gentleman] would shortly come to a clearing, they said. The place was *tapu* [forbidden]; strange things had been seen and heard there. Not that they were in any way afraid, but—

Raynor understood, and went on alone. Toward evening he found himself peering out from a lantana bush on nothing more impressive than a dilapidated grass house, and a few thin-shanked coolies moving about it. Then, on the far side of the clearing,

he saw a thin ribbon of smoke rising (Continued on page 50)

Every muscle tense with the exercise of superhuman will power!

swallowed the quinine with a grimace, and rode out to the southeast block, with the result that before evening he was carried in on a litter.

"I feel such a fool," he complained with a weak smile.

"You are," said Raynor curtly, doubling the quinine dose. "You stay under that 'bar' until I tell you to get up."

"Right-o," stuttered Nesbit weakly between chattering teeth.

The attack was no more than was to be expected. It was bound to come, and bound to run its course, Raynor told himself. But as day succeeded day and there was no change, his glance had a knack of wandering in the direction of the hills.

Then, quite suddenly, the fever left Nesbit. It had burned itself out, but left him a very cinder of his former self.

"I have such rotten dreams," he told Raynor. "I'm



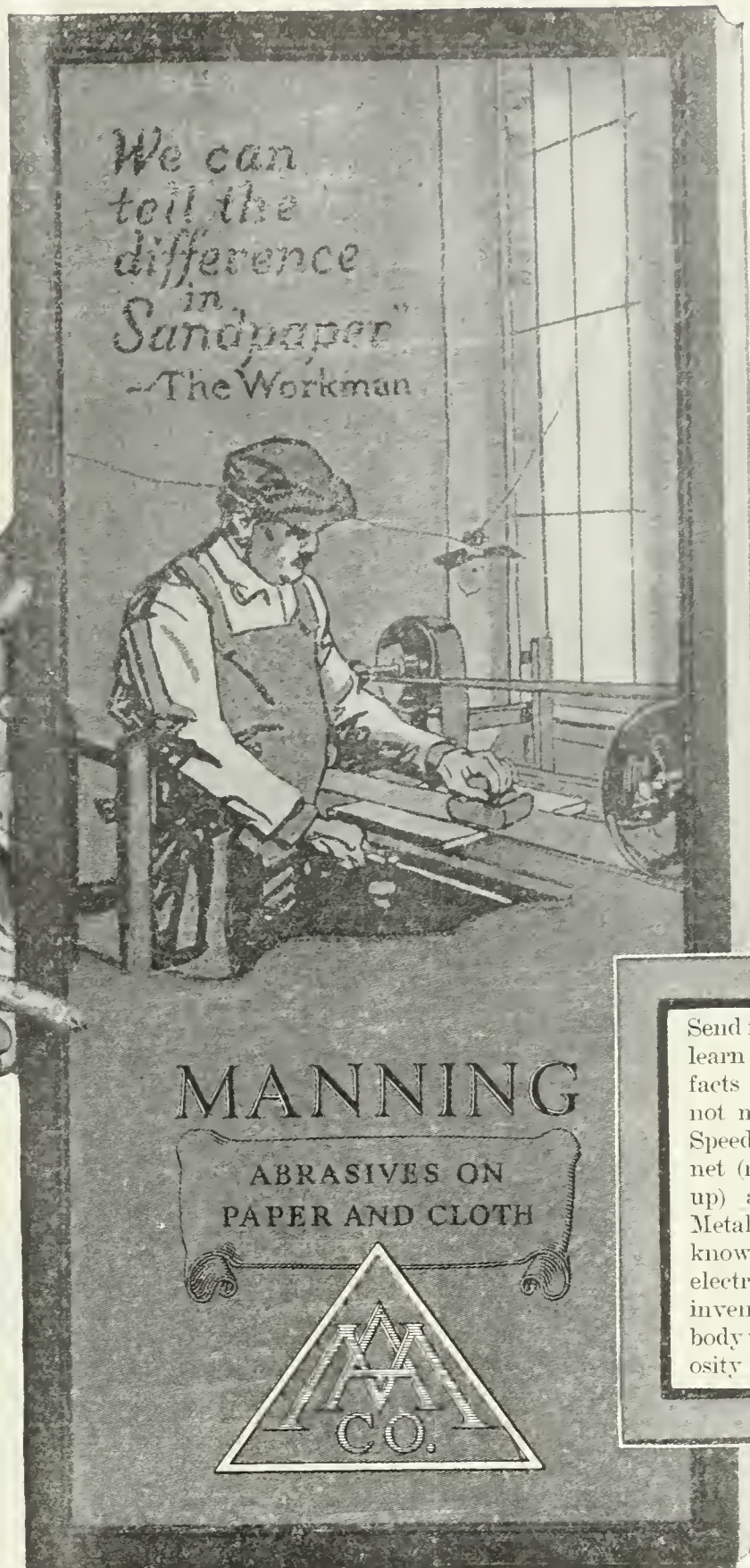
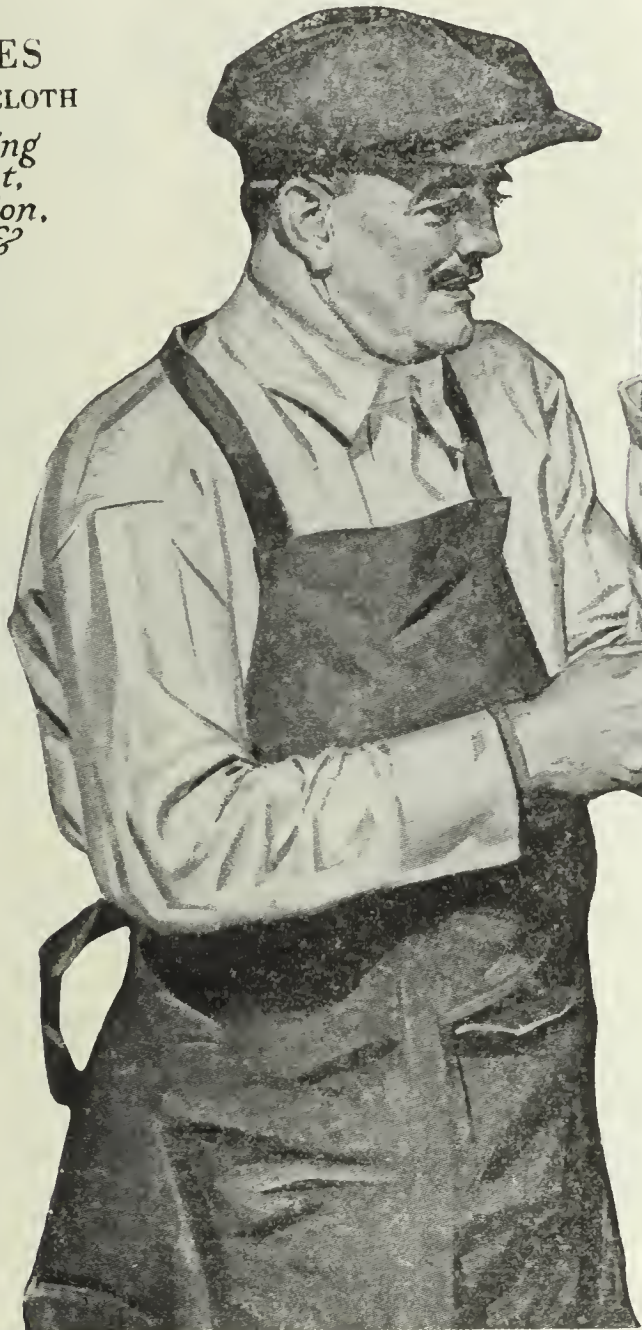
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Our Big Gun Corps

The Home Guard Finds Its Place Abroad

BY C. B. BLETHEN

COLONEL COAST ARTILLERY, U. S. A.

IT'S a long stride—that step from San Diego to Metz. But the Coast Artillery Corps of the United States army made it, and made it in just about two jumps, taking its contingents from the rims of the continent in the first jump and from everywhere in particular and nowhere in general in the second. That the corps temporarily lost its function of coast defense in the process is either important or of no consequence, depending upon one's mental attitude. It didn't lose its legal name, because it would take an act of Congress to accomplish that, but it divorced itself from the great guns on fixed mounts and hastily but securely married itself to the mobile family, adopting a new name derived from the wife's side, "The Big Gun Corps."

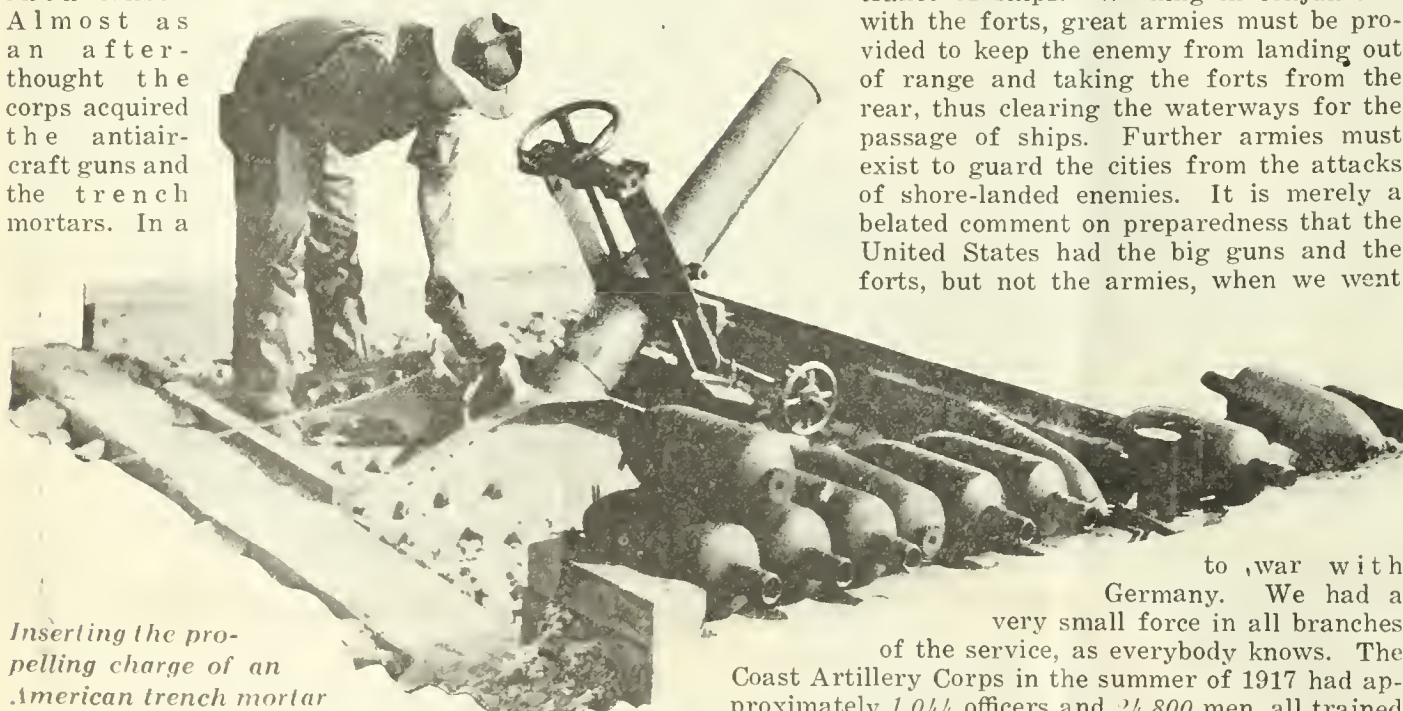
The change was as startling as it was sudden. Long before it became certain that the United States would be dragged into the Great War, the officers of the Coast Artillery began to get uneasy. Members of the aristocracy of the army though they felt themselves (just like the Doughboys and the Yellowlegs and the Engineers, you know), there wasn't any way the coast defenses of the United States, with their great forts and huge guns, could be transported, transferred, translated, or otherwise telegraphed or mailed to the battle fields of France. So many a wire was pulled in shamefaced and sheepish fashion. Many a Coast Artillery officer lay awake nights pondering schemes of transfer to field artil-

What do you know about our heavy artillery? And its need of men? And the opportunities it offers for the right kind of men to jump into commissions? Active service too! Colonel Blethen tells about it in this article.
—THE EDITOR.

lery, infantry, or any other gravel-agitating branch of the mobile forces that would be bound to get across the great water just as soon as Uncle Sam got so mad he couldn't stand it any longer. But funnier than that was the fix of the National Guard contingents of Coast Artillery. They had to get recruits—what could they promise the newcomers? A safe haven behind the thick walls of fortresses thousands of miles from the real war? How should they look upon men seeking enlistment? Were all such potential draft dodgers? R. K. says that's another story—including the tale of the wonderful militia regiments that sprang to war strength merely on the veiled promise that the Coast Artillery might have the handling of big guns on the other side.

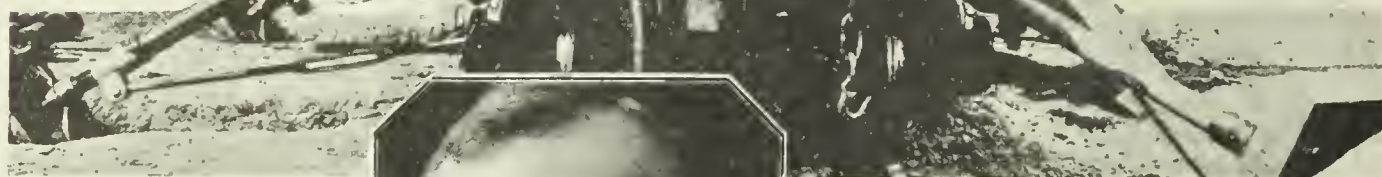
Finally the glorious news came. The Coast Artillery was given practically all guns above three-inch caliber.

Almost as an after-thought the corps acquired the anti-aircraft guns and the trench mortars. In a



Inserting the propelling charge of an American trench mortar

An American 8-inch rifle on its railroad carriage



second, one might say, from the once dignified but now lowly position of a "home guard," the Coast Artillery was transformed into army artillery—into the Big Gun Corps—into "the force that blasts the road for the American armies in France!"

The normal function of Coast Artillery is, I say, that of a home guard. Contrary to popular fancy, the coast defenses or chains of forts do not guard the coast lines. Rather do they hold the entrances to harbors. It would be nearly impossible physically to build enough forts and manufacture enough guns and ammunition for them and provide the gunners where-with to prevent an invader from landing upon our shores. The whole theory of coast defense rests on preventing the enemy from using ports and harbors. To accomplish this the big guns are mounted in forts which are placed where they will prevent the entrance of ships. Working in conjunction with the forts, great armies must be provided to keep the enemy from landing out of range and taking the forts from the rear, thus clearing the waterways for the passage of ships. Further armies must exist to guard the cities from the attacks of shore-landed enemies. It is merely a belated comment on preparedness that the United States had the big guns and the forts, but not the armies, when we went



Major General F. W. Coe, Chief of Coast Artillery

© Harris & Ewing

to war with Germany. We had a very small force in all branches of the service, as everybody knows. The Coast Artillery Corps in the summer of 1917 had approximately 1,044 officers and 24,800 men, all trained

to the heavy-artillery game, all aching for the chance to start a high-explosive peace argument with the Kaiser. In addition there was the Coast Artillery National Guard, 700 officers and 19,500 men. During the summer of 1917 these National Guardsmen were called into the service of the United States. Immediately they were merged into the Coast Artillery Corps. Coming in as battalions and regiments, on August 1, 1917, they were discharged as National Guard and drafted into the army. Their officers became officers of the Coast Artil-

lery Corps, which at that time had no regimental or brigade organization. Their regiments became each so many companies of the coast defenses of New York, or Puget Sound, or wherever they were sent.

Soon the War Department decreed the organization of regiments of heavy artillery for service in France. The first brigade to cross was composed entirely of regulars. This was in August, a year ago. Thereafter, until the National Guard was entirely used up, the regiments were composed nearly half and half, regulars and militia. A typical organization was, to use its proper title, the "Sixty-third Artillery (C. A. C.)." Just one-half of this regiment was drawn from the National Guard. The noncoms and first-class privates of the other half were drawn from the regulars; the privates were taken from the best of the recruits and drafted men. The senior officers were, of course, regulars, and as many regulars as could be spared from the tasks of the future were assigned as captains. Some majors, captains, and lieutenants were drawn from the National Guard. All the others came from the officers' training camps—almost straight from civil life, which is a point for emphasis, as will be made clear hereafter.

Although all officers of National Guard and training camps were supposed to be thoroughly informed in the intricacies of the service of heavy artillery, schools for intensive instruction were organized in various forts. To the great Coast Artillery School at Fort Monroe hundreds of officers, regardless of rank, were sent for review and test. The ranks of regulars and militia were combed for officer material and every lively youngster or hard-bitted noncom of promise was sent to special training camp for transformation into lieutenant or captain.

The draft poured into the forts and was trained. Great guns! How we did drive those men! And how we are driving their successors of to-day! The regiments commenced to seep overseas long before the boches could have guessed that our potential big gunners had even commenced to absorb their primary lessons. Greater and greater became the demands of a certain calm gentleman at the head of things in France. Faster and faster was the work of organization sped along—and, thank God! I might almost say, better and better became the regiments!

The point was soon reached, it will be obvious, that our slender store of trained regular officers and men was exhausted. Gone too was the National Guard contingent and their officers, who, in times of peace, had trained themselves for just this emergency. And still we had

(Continued on page 45)



New York and the "Royal"

New York, big business, careful buying—they all go together. The New York Life Insurance Company knew that typing in insurance forms required a typewriter possessing the accuracy of a perfected mechanism and a flexibility approaching as near as possible that of the human hand. Stiff working machines meant the loss of separate minutes aggregating thousands of lost hours annually.

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"Compare the Work"

Modern Couriers

BY JOSEPH BRINKER

"NEITHER Snow Nor Rain Nor Heat Nor Gloom of Night Stays These Couriers from the Swift Completion of Their Appointed Rounds." This inscription is chiseled in the frieze of the great Pennsylvania Station Post Office in New York. It is the appreciation of Herodotus for the old Greek mails in 450 B. C., when it took sleek, trained-to-the-minute athletes sixteen hours to carry messages in sixteen relays on the 125-mile run between Athens and Sparta.

It held true through the period of the establishment of the first Royal Post, founded by Louis XI on June 19, 1464, and later largely extended by Charles IX in the period up to 1565. It also held true in Great Britain, whose first postmaster, Sir Brian Tuke, was appointed in 1533. In those days the royal orders required that the post should travel at the rate of not less than seven miles an hour in summer and five miles an hour in winter, although in June, 1635, historical records show that letters were being carried by carriers or foot posts sixteen or eighteen miles a day. The 320-mile journey from London to Edinburgh was performed in seventeen days.

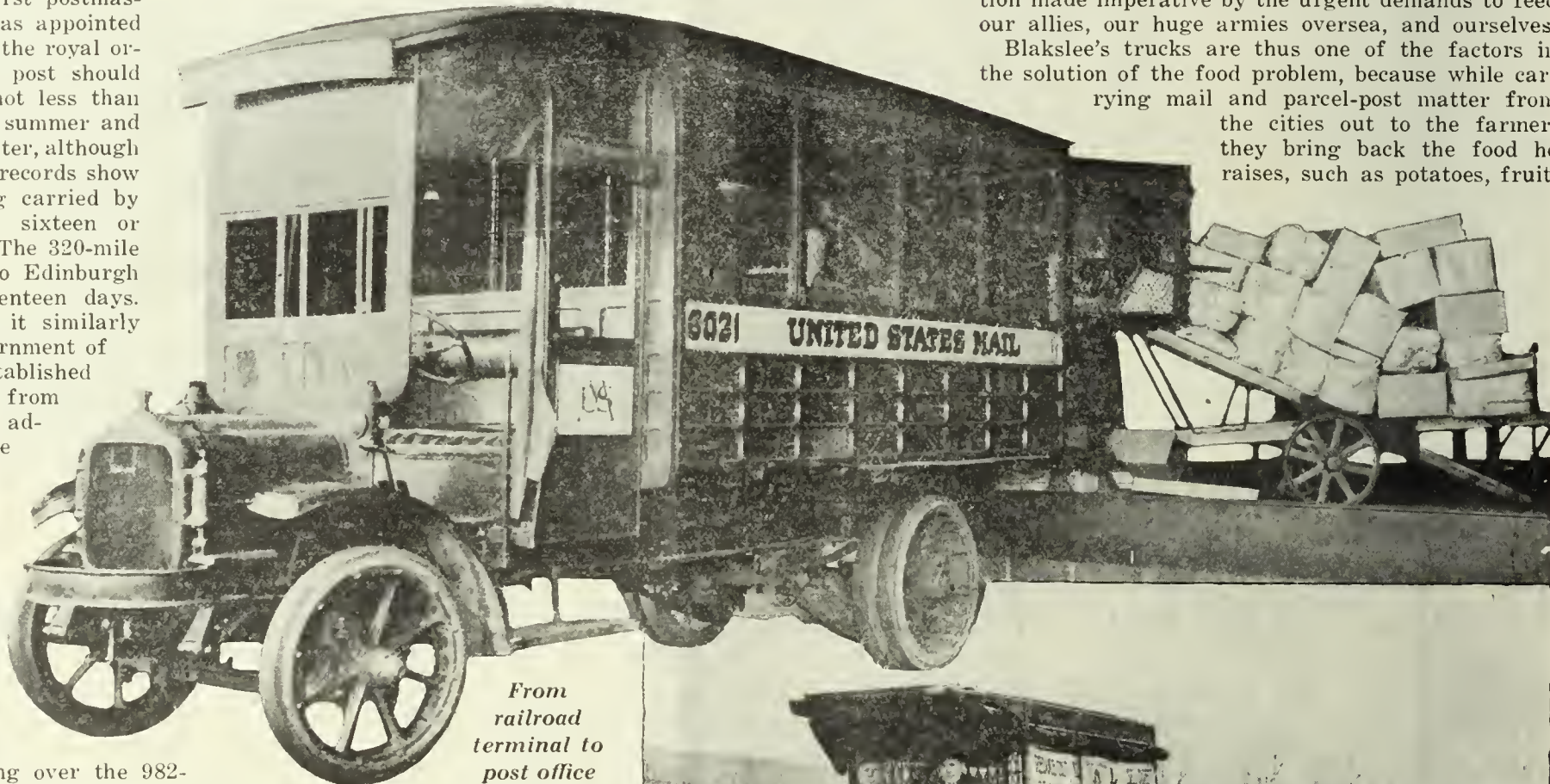
In our own country it similarly held true after the Government of New York, in 1672, established "a post to goe monthly from New York to Boston," advertising "those that bee disposed to send letters to bring them to the secretary's office, where, in a lockt box, they shall be preserved till the messenger calls for them." Thirty years later the monthly post had become a fortnightly one. It is many steps forward to the twenty-hour mail trains now running over the 982-mile route between New York and Chicago at an average rate of almost fifty miles an hour!

But, strangest of all, Herodotus's appreciation is more prophetic of the future than it was of the days between 450 B. C. and the present twentieth century because a brand-new means of transportation, the motor truck, has entered the field and has become the

The third of Mr. Brinker's articles in this series, "Trains of the Roads," will be published in the November 30 issue.—THE EDITOR.

thing should not be done, but very few who can prove why it ought to be done."

His critics at first said that motor trucks were unreliable and inefficient, their average speed being but ten to twelve miles an hour, as compared with an average train speed of thirty miles an hour, and, even if they were both reliable and efficient, could



From
railroad
terminal to
post office

not be operated because of the lack of roads in the country areas and congestion in the city streets.

But Blakslee's trucks are not competing with the railroads. They are supplementing them, for trucks are not confined by two steel rails, but can go into a thousand or more sections of the United States where there are no rails and where there is little possibility of laying tracks for many years to come. For instance, there is no present rail transportation between Baltimore, Md., and Solomons, Md., or between Washington, D. C., and Leonardtown, Md., and there are over a thousand similar localities east of the Mississippi River. Besides, the delays in our present handling of mail do not occur while the mail matter is on the railroad trains, but in the transference from the collection points to the trains and afterward from the points at which it is thrown off the trains and carried to the addressee.

It is in these two gaps that the motor truck has become the modern courier, able to travel 100 or more miles a day and to reach out into sparsely settled territory and give a daily mail service where heretofore it has been weekly, and where, in some cases, there has been no direct mail service at all.

Blakslee's complete understanding of his task has enabled him to divide the motor-truck work into two distinct fields, one in the cities hauling the mail matter between the various stations and the railroad terminals, and the other, out in the country, delivering and collecting between the stations in the small towns and the farmers in the rural territories.

In both of these classes of work Mr. Blakslee has proved so conclusively that the motor truck has such great possibilities for the economic development of the nation that every reader of this article, be he office boy or bank president, should back Mr. Blakslee's plan for the utilization of close to 100,000 motor trucks in city and rural work by the end of 1920.

There is a particularly good reason for rushing the introduction of more trucks into the rural service at this moment because these trucks form the missing link between the decrease in our farm labor supply diverted directly or indirectly into the prosecution of the war and the need for maximum food production made imperative by the urgent demands to feed our allies, our huge armies overseas, and ourselves.

Blakslee's trucks are thus one of the factors in the solution of the food problem, because while carrying mail and parcel-post matter from the cities out to the farmer, they bring back the food he raises, such as potatoes, fruit,



Assistant Postmaster General Blakslee plans to utilize 100,000 of these speedy motor trucks in city and rural work by the end of 1920

live chickens, and other food products. By providing sure transportation which is more reliable, cheaper, and quicker than by rail or express they enable the farmer to stay on the farm and produce food. Instead of the farmer having to drive his products several miles to the nearest town or railroad, and thereby be away from his work for several hours every day, the post-office rural motor truck makes it possible for him to mail his goods at his front door. In reality his front door becomes his shipping platform.

Truck Profits Mean New Roads

UNCLE SAM can afford to give this direct service better than any commercial user of trucks because he, and only he, can carry first-class mail. At three cents an ounce, first-class mail brings in a sum equivalent to a rate of \$3,000 a ton. Just think of it, \$3,000 a ton! There are about fifty letters to a pound, thus giving a revenue of \$1.50 a pound or \$3,000 a ton, multiplying \$1.50 by 2,000 pounds to the ton. It is self-evident that a truck costing \$20 to \$30 a day to operate need only carry a small amount of first-class mail to make it pay its expenses and give a handsome profit besides. If you do not think handsome profits can be made for (Continued on page 46)

POSTAL RECEIPTS FROM MOTOR-TRUCK ROUTES

	Receipts for 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th class	Operating expenses	Profit
Philadelphia, Pa.	\$2,705.25	\$3,605.77	†
Atlantic City, N. J.	6,837.07*		
Baltimore, Md.	33,604.82	3,554.74	\$30,050.08
Solomons, Md.	10,281.00*		
Washington, D. C.	40,655.04	4,700.83	35,954.21
Leonardtown, Md.	9,069.25*		
Washington, D. C.	23,135.34	4,056.84	19,078.50
Baltimore, Md.	3,861.25*		
Baltimore, Md.	19,972.22	3,056.28	16,915.94
Lancaster, Pa.	6,439.88*		
Philadelphia, Pa.	28,717.67	6,367.37	22,350.30
Washington, D. C.	11,772.93*		
Savannah, Ga.	1,064.64	808.81	255.83
Statesboro, Ga.	314.96*		
Columbus, Ohio.	2,362.76	977.34	1,385.42
Zanesville, Ohio.	1,042.25*		

Totals, Jan. 1 to May 31, 1918.	\$152,217.74	27,127.98	125,089.76
Totals for June, 1918†	49,618.59		

* Month of June.

† Loss, \$900.52

‡ Totals for June based on reports received from June 1 to 15.

modern courier of the mails. Its introduction into the work of carrying the mails has been slow, and is due to the persistence of Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Blakslee. His task has not been an easy one, and he has had continually to complain that "there are scores of people who can prove why a



TO PREVENT a coal famine it is estimated that 720,000,000 tons must be mined this year and delivered to consumers—60,000,000 tons a month.

"There is now a Fisk Tire for every motor vehicle that rolls."

MOTOR TRUCKS can do their part to prevent a coal famine by making quick deliveries from the yards to householders.

TRUCKS cannot afford to lose time. Every minute and every mile counts.

GOOD TIRES prevent delays—

DEPENDABLE TIRES are built to wear, and meet the rugged conditions encountered in actual use.

FISK SOLID TIRES are dependable. When you need truck tires—buy FISK.

FISK SOLID TIRES

The Things Unsaid

Continued from page 8

Although they weren't altogether like the Stantons, they hadn't brought that sort of living down to the art that it was for Dot and Jimmy.

This party was a celebration. A Stanton party really needed no special reason for being, but Dot and Jimmy made rather a point of having some excuse whenever they asked more than three or four people to come in; it seemed more amusing. And this time they were celebrating Jimmy's passing of the ordeal of his draft questionnaire. Word had come from the Draft Board; Jimmy was in Class 2 A.

"And that means he won't be called at all!" said Dot exultingly. "The war'll be over, everyone says, long before they go outside of Class 1. And can you imagine anyone being a worse soldier than Jimmy would be? Even if he believed in war at all—"

There were people there who didn't respond to that note. Even Westly scowled.

"I hate war," he said to Dot with a savage vehemence. "And I hate this war above all wars. I fought against it when we were drifting into it. I don't believe in conscription. But we've got it. And I'm damned if I can see why, if anyone's going to be drafted, Jimmy shouldn't be!"

Dot shrank from his sheer brutality. You had to accept that, of course, together with all the other things that made Westly what he was, if you wanted to take the man at all. But she was resentful.

"Jimmy's married to me," she said. "I need him. There are lots of men who ought to go first. And he filled out his blank. He answered all their questions. He didn't try to evade anything."

"Well, I don't like your party," said Westly plainly. "I resent it. Can't you see that I've got to? I preach against the sort of thing it symbolizes—if I mean anything, it's just because I don't want to see Jimmy Stanton giving parties like this while Tony Paretti, down in Macdougall Street, starts for Yaphank."

But most of the people at the party entered into its spirit, and were delighted because Jimmy wasn't going to be drafted. Some of them had been at an earlier party too, which Dot had arranged the day the drawing of the numbers had first been given out, the day when Jimmy had drawn some number up in the ninth thousand, which seemed to mean, then, that he wouldn't be reached until about eight million men had been called ahead of him. It was a splendid party; the people who weren't altogether happy about it went home early, naturally, and the ones who stayed danced and had a tremendously good time.

Still, whether because of Westly or because Jimmy himself didn't altogether take to the idea, there was a little cloud over the party. Two or three times Dot looked at him, puzzled at first, and she wasn't troubled. And she wasn't sorry when the last people went home, which wasn't at all the way she usually felt.

"Nice party?" she asked Jimmy.

"Best ever," he said. And he was enthusiastic too; he'd had a good time, as he always did. "And still—"

They looked at each other.



You would have seen them disappear, his arm about her

"Westly," he said. "Hang it—I don't know, Dot! I don't agree with him about the war. I thought—I guess I thought we ought to go in. After the *Lusitania* anyway—we all did, you know. Remember—"

She remembered. Friends of theirs had been on the *Lusitania*; not people they had known awfully well, to be sure, but still friends. Somehow it wouldn't have seemed so impossible for Jimmy to go to war then as it did now. As things were now, going to war had become, for her, a dreadfully cold-blooded thing. And there were the war pictures, and things people said about England and France; tales of men hurt in ghastly, unthinkable ways. She had visions of horrors that turned her sick.

"Parties, you know—"

Jimmy was thinking aloud, in a way. He wasn't exactly talking to her.

"We're pretty futile, Dot! I mean—it doesn't seem very real. I—well, I feel queer when I see chaps in uniform. I—I'm so damned useless! I'll go into a club and ask about some chap. And he'll be training somewhere, or in France, maybe. And fellows go tearing off down to Washington. They're in the thing. There's old Bellew. He finished a poster for Hoover this afternoon. Made a sketch to show me the idea. You know—if I'd kept my hand in, I might have been able to do some of that stuff. What the devil good am I, if you come down to it?"

"Jimmy!" Dot stared at him. She was rather frightened. This sort of thing wasn't like Jimmy. "Jimmy! Do you want to go?"

"No, I'm damned if I do! I might as well be honest about it—with you, anyway! But—I guess I wish I did want to go!"

For just a moment a lot of artificial things vanished. There was stark understanding in the eyes they turned upon each other.

"It's so beastly!" he broke out with a shudder he couldn't repress. "It's so damned dirty and degrading and—oh, I don't know—futile! You go over there and you live in filth, and lice crawl over you and get in your hair, and you rot in stinking water and never get really to do anything, as likely as not!"

"You wouldn't be any use, Jimmy!" she cried. "You'd just be wasted! And you love beauty and all the things about life that are being destroyed over there. You—you're not useless, Jimmy! How about the young painters who might have had to take jobs in stores if you hadn't believed in them and helped them to get a start? And that book of Hulbert's? You got it published when you guaranteed the publication cost. And you know what people say about that book—that it's done more good than anything that's come out in years!"

He shook his head.

"I don't know, Dot," he said. "I'll swear I don't. I'm a sort of Mæcenas—yes! But am I as much good to the world as Westly's wop down in Macdougall Street going off to Yaphank to take his chances?"

She couldn't answer that question. She didn't even try to answer it. That talk died down and away, and in the morning they both talked with the most resolute determination of other things. It was as if, almost, they had made a treaty. They might have stumbled upon the subject again; a thousand things a day must have brought them to the verge of a resumption of that shattering discussion. And yet for months they never crossed the line that they had drawn by that secret and subtle treaty they had made.

Odd, dreadful silences inevitably took the place of the words they either would not or could not exchange. They were never prolonged. But they would come upon that thing they must not touch upon at the most unexpected times. They would turn a corner of talk and find the specter of it blocking the road, and stare at each other with frightened eyes for a moment before they turned and fled away.

They took refuge from the fear that had haunted them, ever since their moment of frankness, in a new gayety. There were more parties than ever; madder, more riotous parties. Bad things were happening to Jimmy Stanton. For the first time people had a chance to say that he was drinking a good deal. And a certain sort of woman attracted him as that sort never had before. It wasn't only Jimmy. There was something feverish about his wife too. An odd, sinister process of degeneration affected them both.

It didn't go unnoticed. But it wasn't understood. Westly might have come close to understanding. But Westly had dropped out of things. Parties saw him no more. You might have found him, once in a great while, late in the evening, downstairs in the Brevoort. It was a pity. Cynic he might be, as many called him, but Westly held the key. And he would have known that what ailed the Stantons was more than the breaking down of certain fibers of body and soul that a life lived without a purpose entails. And certainly he, who had loved their house as they had loved it, would have marked, and marked with understanding, the way the house had stayed unchanged through those feverish months. He would have known, as the others who came to the parties did not, that not for months had any room been changed, that the endless, creative process that had made the house had come to its end.

ALL the time Jimmy Stanton must have felt that an end was coming. He must have known that, one way or another, there would be some resolution of the strident chord that the war had struck in his life—and, for that matter, in his wife's. They

were living, indeed, as they had lived; the sort of existence they had wasn't worthy of the name of life. It was unreal; it was like open country under the lurid light before a storm. One by one the props he found fell away. He and Dot resisted the war; they fought against its overpowering, mastering influence upon them and their whole environment. It was she, rather than he, who plunged really into the mad whirl their life became; she who challenged the grim reality that had drowned the world.

There was something



"Jimmy! It's killing me to see you like this! Boy—can't you yield to it?"

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gallant about her. You might have resented her attitude, her fierce struggle against a thing to which nine-tenths of her old world had surrendered. But if you had seen her looking at Jimmy sometimes, when he was not aware of the regard of her eyes, if you had seen the fierce, hungry look she had— You must have given her some tribute too, no matter how you blamed her. This too Westly would have understood. He was an adept in seeing such looks as Dot flung, half ashamed, half defiant, at Jimmy, and in appraising them and understanding them. And he would have seen, and he might even have tried to force the knowledge upon her, that she was losing him. It was true, you know; her world was in ruins about her, and some part of her knew it, even while all her conscious self clamorously denied and fought and grasped at the shadow of what had gone.

THE end came abruptly; what Jimmy and Dot both called the end, at least. There was no softening warning. Warnings there had been; talk of a new classification, of changes in the application of the draft law. But for Jimmy these warnings had lacked imminence. And, indeed, it took no change in the law to settle matters for him; the accident that had placed the house in one block rather than in another served. His particular draft board, called upon to supply a certain number of men, could not do so from the men it still had in Class 1. Half a dozen from the next class were called, and Jimmy was one of them.

He winced when he opened the notice. For just a moment the color left his cheeks. And as he looked at Dot a tenderness that he had not known since the first days of their marriage, when the house had been each morning a new delight, came over him. They had come in, very late, from a party; it had taken the severe, official terms of the notice to steady him. She looked at him.

"Jimmy!" she said. "Jimmy—" He nodded. "They've sent for me," he said. Something had happened to his voice; it was pitched high; it was curiously hard too, and like the tone of a bell of some strange, base metal. "It—it's a bit sudden—"

She couldn't speak. And as he looked at her eyes, wide, tragically fixed upon him, he shook his head, as a swimmer shakes his head when he comes up from a dive.

"All right!" he said. "Nothing to do about it—I'm not the only one, Dot. Got to see it through. No use whining—"

"Jimmy!" she cried. "You don't want to go?"

He stared at her. "Don't want to go?" he said, repeating her words almost stupidly. It was as if he were trying to get her meaning clear in his own mind; as if there might be two interpretations of her question. "No! I don't want to go!"

He was vehement, suddenly. "But I've got to go!" he cried passionately. "Don't you see? I've got to. They haven't asked me if I want to. They're just going to take me. I can't let them drag me, kicking. I've got to play the game."

"Yes," she said. Her voice was lifeless; the word went crashing down. And she flung herself upon him and began to cry. She cried, and great, racking sobs tore her, and he held her, and tried to soothe her, and led her at last, with the sobs still racking her, slowly up the great staircase until, had you been there in the hall, looking up, you would have seen them disappear, his arm about her, her head sagging down toward him, and her body still racked by her sobs.

IN just a week Jimmy was gone and Dot was left alone with their house. Jimmy, playing the game, compelled by forces he had never thought of consciously, made his impression instantly. He stood out among the recruits who appeared with him at camp; it would have been mightily to his discredit if he had not. Good food had fed him always and his ancestors for generations. He had been taught from his

infancy to keep his body sound and clean. He had had opportunities that neighbors of his from Macdougall Street, from tenement houses west of Sixth Avenue, had lacked. In a week he had a corporal's stripes; two weeks later he was a sergeant, and his company commander had recommended him for training as an officer in the instruction camp that was about to begin.

"You fellows are life savers, Stanton," his captain told him. There are moments of frankness, of real communion, in the new American army that would shock men reared in the old tradition. "We get a few in every draft—chaps who waited to be called instead of volunteering. And you'll make better officers than if you hadn't had the time in the ranks."

Jimmy saluted and left the captain's tent. He didn't know what he thought. The first few days had seen him caught up, a bit above himself, touched by a spiritual exaltation that was fading now. Retreat on his first night, with the regiment drawn up, and the flag slipping slowly down as the band played; snatches of talk that he had heard in the tongues of Babel; the eyes of Frenchmen, assigned to the camp as instructors; these things had come close to digging a new channel for his mind. But now, although he fought against it, the old stark horror was reasserting itself.

The day that his captain had told him he was to go to the training school pure chance had thrown him into the way of seeing a damnable thing, a shattering thing. Three English officers, immaculate, superb, were walking abreast. And suddenly the one in the center shrieked. As Jimmy looked at him he fell to the ground; he groveled. He made such noises as an animal in pain and terror might have made, and his face was a mask of horror, livid, grotesquely distorted. The other officers struggled with him; Jimmy and other soldiers ran up to help; a doctor appeared.

"Poor old Teddy," said one of the Englishmen when an ambulance had come. "Shell shock, you know. Thought he was all right. S'pose he never will be, though. He'll come out of it nicely by to-morrow, doctor. Something reminded him, I s'pose—"

Jimmy went away, swaying from side to side. It is not good for a man who has dabbled in the mysteries of Freud, after the manner of Greenwich Village, to see such sights as that.

THE second time that Jimmy had leave to go back to New York and his wife and his house, Dot marked a change in him. He had relaxed. He was possessed by a lassitude utterly strange to him; he seemed to be held in the grip of utter weariness. She had a party for him; he nodded, dully acquiescent, when she suggested it.

"Only don't let them talk to me about the work and the war," he said. "I can't stand it, Dot."

She could see, anyone must have been able to see now, the disintegration of the man Jimmy Stanton had been. He was being resolved into his elements. The delicate balance was out of adjustment; the tenuous cohesion that had held him bound was broken. Jimmy, as he had been, could not endure the roughness, the harshness, that this new life demanded of him. His fiber was too fine, too delicate. And he was resisting the coarsening process. The struggle tore him, left him the weary, heavy-eyed man who had to force himself to greet his friends.

"Oh, Jimmy!" Dot cried out his name passionately when they were alone. "Jimmy! It's killing me to see you like this! Boy—can't you yield to it?"

"I've tried!" he said. "Dot—you'll never know how I've tried!"

And suddenly she went to him and put her arms about him. "I love you," she said. "Jimmy—"

He patted her shoulder. But his lips on hers were cold. "Good night," he said. "I'm tired. I'm always tired."

His leave was short. The next day he was back in camp. And there it was the same. Mechanically, no fault was to be found with him. He had the in-

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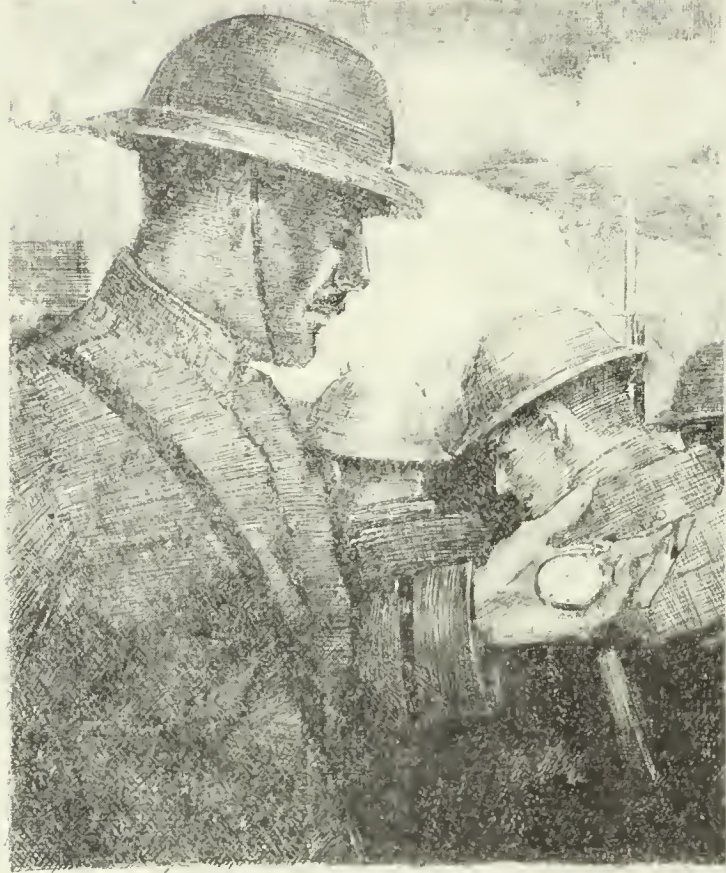
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telligence to execute, unerringly and unfailingly, every order that was given to him. But his eyes were without life, and there was no spirit in him. Officers assailed him, damned him, sought to encourage him by praise to reveal the qualities that it was certain he must have. It was no use. Failure stared him in the face. It was not of such stuff that officers were made.

And all the time he lived through days and nights of horror. One night he came close to killing himself. It was after his first drill with the bayonet. An English officer, soft-voiced, drawing, tapping a little stick against his thigh, had told them what they must do. Before them, swaying in the light wind, had been the sandbags they were to disembowel. But as the Englishman spoke he endowed those sandbags with life. For every man who crouched, waiting, those bags became Germans, became men of one race with those who sank the *Lusitania*, who raped women and dropped their bombs upon school-houses filled with children.

They waited, like dogs in leash, with that soft, drawing voice lashing them as whips could not have done. And then, at the word, they sprang forward. Hate was in their eyes; a snarling sound rose from their throats. They leaped toward the swaying bags.

The steel of their bayonets flashed in the sun as they stabbed and hacked. Primitive cries, such snarling cries as men must have used when they fought with bare hands to kill their food, beat upon the still air above the practice trench. Only Jimmy was silent, doing his work with skill, but with the surgeon's skill, and not with the killer's lust.

Until that night Jimmy had slept well. But then he lay for hours awake. About him men moaned; once one shrieked, in the grip of an evil dream, and in the moonlight Jimmy saw him, as he started up and sat up straight, looking about him. But then he laughed and lay down and slept. And Jimmy lay still, staring straight up, and saw things that were the harder to see because his eyes were waking eyes and not those of a dream. Twice he was on the verge of rising. Each time he was arrested. And quite suddenly, just before dawn, he turned on his side, and went to sleep, and was still sleeping, as a child sleeps, when the reveille sounded.

It was a month later when he had leave again. And now, when he went back to his wife and his house, there was a gold bar upon his shoulder. His commission had come, and in the camp officers were congratulating Jimmy's first captain upon his discernment and wondering what it was that had happened to transform him, to put the spirit into him and his work that had brought him triumphantly through his period of training.

DOT was waiting for him in their house. And when she saw him she caught her breath, and her hand went to her heart.

"Jimmy!" she said. "What's happened? You—I don't know you—I feel as if I'd never seen you before."

He tried to laugh, but the laugh was strangled in his throat.

"I'm going to tell you," he said. "I think I can."

He told her of the drill with bayonets, and of the drawing British officer, and of the black night.

"I saw myself destroying men," he said. "Gutting a man, as I gutted sandbags! And—oh, I suppose I saw some Germans doing it to me too. And it seemed to me I couldn't stand it. I was

going to kill myself. Twice I was ready to do it, and something stopped me. And then I went to sleep. And in my sleep I died."

DOT'S lips moved. They framed a cry. But no sound came from them.

"I'm dead," said Jimmy. "Every bit of me that counted or mattered. Every bit of me that was real—that you knew, or anyone. My body doesn't matter, you see. That's what this war has taught us in this damned world. They can take our bodies. But, by God, they can't take our souls! Mine's gone. It's dead. It died that night. So nothing matters now. That's why I made good when they were ready to send me back to my company."

This body of mine's got to go on until a bullet or a shell settles its business. It won't take long when I get over there. But it won't matter either. Nothing matters."

"Don't I?" There was an agony of pleading in her voice. "Oh, Jimmy—dear—this is worst of all! Don't I matter?"

He stared at her reflectively. "No," he said. "I'm sorry, Dot, but you don't! It's rotten for you. You're right. It's the worst of all, for you. But I don't seem to be able to lie. And—I think you helped to kill me."

She said nothing.

"I began to die before they took me even," he said. "When we were trying to cheat this thing. When we thought we could evade it—we! Do you remember a night when we talked—when we started to talk? If we'd had that talk out—if we'd reached some place where there was light! But we were afraid, both of us, I suppose. And then the night I got word, and all you wanted to be sure of was that I didn't want to go—that I didn't want to leave you!"

"Was that all I wanted to know?" she said. "I don't remember just what I said, Jimmy."

"Oh, I'm not blaming you!" he cried. Passion rang in his voice. "We dug the grave I'm lying in together in all the years we had. But I ought to have wanted to go—and you ought to have wanted me to want that. It was the only chance there was to save the me that's dead now—dead forever! Can you understand how dead I am? If I were still alive, and if I were killed to-morrow, something that's dead now might go on living. But now it can't—"

"Jimmy!" said his wife. "Wait. We—we've never been able to talk since that night when we wouldn't go on. I've known it too. Did you think I was just thinking of myself all the time? I wasn't, Jimmy. I—oh, I wanted you to want to go—I did want it. I never wanted anything so. And I loved you so that I couldn't tell you. I was so afraid. And I loved you so—how could I shame you if you couldn't want to go—how could I tell you it was that I wanted? It was you I loved—not some one you ought to be—just you—my man—"

"But—" he said. He swayed as he stood looking at her, like a man reeling under a blow. "But—I couldn't know—"

"You know now!" she cried. "Dead! Jimmy—you've never lived as you are living now! We—both of us—we're living for the first time. And the life that we've found—Jimmy—we've got to pass it on. You—you've got to go on living. Your—your son must have this house when we are gone. Jimmy—my husband—"

His arms caught her as she swayed toward him. They crushed her to him.

Next week—

Lieut. ARTHUR McKEOGH

the first to get back to America from

"The Lost Battalion"

writes his own story of how he carried the message of Major Whittlesey through the enemy-infested Argonne to headquarters—and reestablished communications.

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"On the German Heels"

which tells of the everyday incidents and adventures, as well as the battles, of our men as they follow close upon the German retreat.

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in New York, Chicago, etc., etc.

A fact:

From railway news stands sales reports received by us last month, the following extracts are printed as evidence that—with a large part of the traveling public, at least—the preference for Fatima is equally strong, East and West:

NEW YORK—Pennsylvania Terminal: "Fatima remains by far biggest seller"
NEW YORK—Grand Central Station: "Fatima outsells any other brand"
CHICAGO—Park Row Station: "Fatima is the leading seller"
CHICAGO—Union Station: "Fatima leads all other high-class brands in sales"
CHICAGO—La Salle St. Depot: "Fatima is best seller among the better brands"
PHILADELPHIA—Broad St. Station: "Fatima is second best seller"
ATLANTIC CITY—Reading Station: "Fatima is biggest-selling cigarette"
ATLANTIC CITY—Penn. Station: "Fatima is best seller"
CINCINNATI—Grand Central, Penn., B. & O. Depots: "Fatima outsells all other brands"
DETROIT—Union Depot: "Fatima still leads all other brands in sales"
DETROIT—Michigan Central R. R. Station: "Fatima sales are highest"
Trains of N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. System: "More Fatimas are sold than any other cigarette"
BUFFALO—N. Y. Central Station: "Fatima is largest-selling cigarette"

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By V. K. CASSADY, B. S., M. S., *Chief Chemist*

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We have made a soap which multiplies itself in lather 250 fold. One-half gram—a mere bit—suffices for a shave. A single tube supplies 152 shaves. That's a unique attainment. It means abundant lather from a touch of soap. Once men were quite content with soap hardly one-third so prolific.

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Every hair of the beard has an oil coat. This lather instantly emulsifies that oil. Then the beard—a horny substance—quickly absorbs water. It absorbs 15 per cent of water within one minute after lathering, as proved by laboratory tests. And that makes a wiry beard wax-like.

This achievement alone cost us 18 months of effort. And we tried out 130 formulas.

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This lather is creamy and tenacious. It maintains its foamy fullness for ten minutes on the

face. Thus it doesn't need replacement. Such durability in lather used to be undreamed of. It means lasting lubrication for the shave.

This lather is also a lotion. It contains palm and olive oils. So the tenderest face requires no other application.

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Within one minute the beard absorbs 15% of water, and the horniest beard becomes wax-like.

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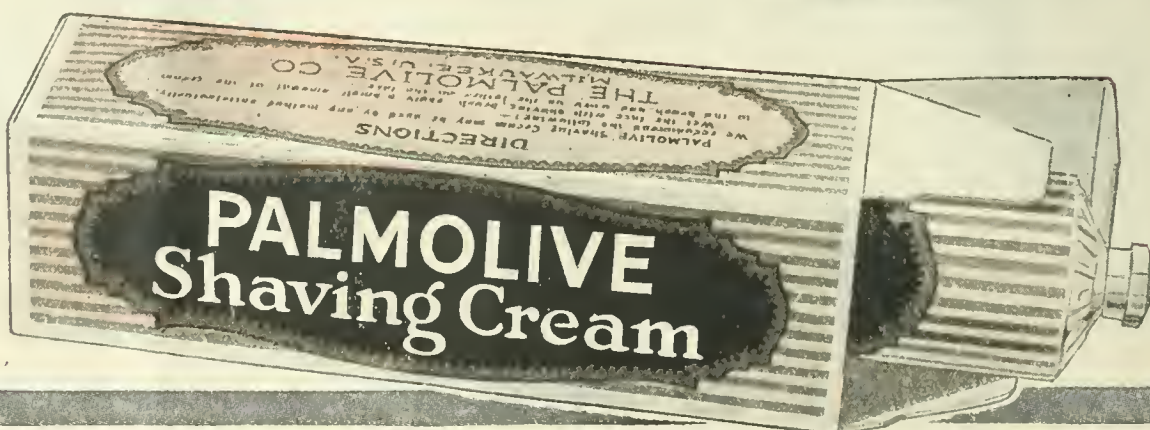
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Tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

Large Size
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(Continued from page 9) 'I am of the delight to go to that America, but *je porterai ma robe*—'

"Gimme it in English!" I hollers.

"Very of the well," she says with a innocent smile. "It is then thus, as you would say it: Hell! I have not of the clothes with which to cause those sensations in that America, such as would delight the heart of my husbands. But with the thousand francs I would take myself then to Madame Joly at Paree and Oh of the boys! When you should stare at Jeanne then, you would shout: 'Viola! But I will instruct the universe that she is of the kid considerable!' *N'est-ce pas?*"

With that, Joe, she stops outa breath, and if you could of seen her cute little face all flushed up with the excitement of gettin' that off, you'd of got outa breath too—from lookin' at her! "I will instruct the universe!" Joe, get that? Oh, lady!

Well, Joe, a thousand francs is somethin' like two hundred bucks in real money, but what is that between man and wife, especially a wife like Jeanne, hey, Joe? And then again, Joe, this here trip back will practically be our honeymoon, and I am gettin' a chance to have the same without goin' to Niagara Falls or Atlantic City, like all the hicks does after they have staggered away from the altar or the alderman. So I says the followin':

"All right, honey! Pack up my baby and etc. and get ready to go to that Paree. I will cable over to the U. S. for some of the jack I saved whilst playin' baseball, and we will grab off a trousseaux that will dumfound Europe! They won't be no moan from me if you scatter even five thousand francs to the dress-makers, because they is nothin' too good for the wife of his excellency First Lieutenant Harmon."

Well, Joe, Jeanne went wild with joy, and why not, and claims she is almost glad the boches started the war on account of it havin' brung me to France!

Yours truly,

First Lieutenant EDWARD EDISON HARMON.

(Joe, I hope I can be home in time for the world series, but as long as the Giants ain't in it, it won't be much to look at, hey, Joe?)

A ENGLISH PORT—by the name of London.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, we are on our way to the *Etats Unis*, which is French slang for New York, and expect to get the boat to-morrow if the guys in the steamship office ain't liars. Congress or President Wilson or Pershing is payin' my way back free and first cabin, but I had to kick in with two hundred berries so's Jeanne and my baby wouldn't have to ride on the rudder. Well, Joe, we got a swell flat on this ship. I seen a picture of it, and if half of it is true, I'll be satisfied. The layout is made up of a bath, bedroom, and drawin' room, and is knowed as a bridal sweets. Well, that's us, Joe, and I know why it is called that. It is because when a man gets married he has gone to work and put his head through a bridal, and from then on his wife leads him here and there like a horse. As far as the drawin' room is concerned, I won't have no use for it, because we never had no artist's blood in our family, and all I ever drewed was my breath and wages. But maybe Jeanne is there with the brush and paints and will entertain me by drawin' pictures whilst we are goin' across.

Joe, before I left the front the other officers gimme a dinner, and for dessert I was presented with nothin' less than a gold wrist watch which the trained officer from Plattsburg had captured from a squarehead captain in the heat of fightin', when anything goes. The war's correspondent which had my picture printed in the "Associated Press" let forth a speech, windin' up by sayin'

it will sure be a tough war after I have gone, because they will be no more laughs till I come back. Well, Joe, then they was a lot of other guys took advantage of a lifetime opportunity and made some speeches themselves, and I was wishin' I had brung along my gas mask, even though practically all of them said things about me which would of made you, for instance, swell-headed. Joe, they didn't bother me, though, because they only mentioned half the things I done, anyways.

Well, Joe, it was only natural, after all that, that them guys would call on me to give a speech, so's the thing would be a success, and I got up amidst the wildest applause and four shells from the German trenches. Neither of 'em rattled me, but they was nothin' much I could say except thanks for the blowout and the like and tell the boys to be good and don't stay out late and etc. till I come back. Joe, they wasn't satisfied with that, but claims I have got to tell them what I think of the war and how long it will last and etc. So I says I thought the war was pretty fair so far, and I had no kick comin', but I didn't know when it would be over to the minute. I says I hoped Germany wouldn't quit on me till I come back, because I wanted at least one crack at the Crown's Prince which wears the Kelly with the skeleton's head and bones on the front of it. Well, I says, I had often wondered in the privacy of my bunk why him and his old man wore them hats with signs on them like they is on a bottle of carbohic acid, but I knowed now why they did it. It is simply because both them guys is poison to the whole world, but we got a antydote for 'em in the shape of cold American bay'nets and hot lead, and I think the Cubs is a cinch in the world series, because who couldn't trim the Red Sox?

Well, Joe, I was a riot and knocked 'em off of their seats, although I got a assist in that part of it from a bomb which made good outside the dugout just then and all but buried the banquet alive. They was nobody hurt, only dirty, and I blew after shakin' hands all around twice and swearin' to Heavens I would write all of 'em letters and etc. when I hit New York, if I ever did.

Joe, I got another surprise from that tough bunch of doughboys which was under me and which was knowed as "Jeanne's Roughneck Assassins." They all drewed up at attention, and Slugger Weir, which is now a corporal and which I once had to knock kickin' so's to get proper respect and the like from

him, salutes and hands me a pocketbook. As long as it wasn't the first of April I opened the thing, and, Joe, it was full of francs, and they must of been over fifty bucks in it. I asked him what it was all about, and he says the bunch has chipped together and they want me to stake myself and Jeanne to a travelin' bag in Paris to remember them by. If they is any change left over after them French Jesse Jameses gets through with me, I am to grab off somethin' for my baby. He says he is sorry they couldn't of give me the bag instead of the dough, which doin' that looked like Third Avenue, but they was no stores of any account in No Man's Land and they was so busy right then they simply couldn't get away nowheres else to do no shoppin'.

Well, Joe, you could of knocked me over with a tank, and for a minute I didn't know what to say. To see them babies goin' over the top you wouldn't think they was a soft spot in their systems, but that only goes to show you can't never tell what a guy is from lookin' at him. In citizen's clothes Foch looks like a well-to-do retired millionaire, but when he gets inside a uneyform—oh, lady!! Well, Joe, I fin'ly managed to thank 'em and prob'ly made a mess out of it on account of my Adam's apple gettin' loose from its moorin's and tryin' to choke me the while. Anyways, they presented me with three cheers and says they will make me proud of 'em before I come back, and I took it on the run before I broke down and cried like a hysterical baby and then they would of been off of me for life!

Joe, I will buy a travelin' bag, whatever that is, outa my own pocket and tell 'em I got it with their hard-earned dough. The money they give me I will buy cigarettes with and send 'em all some, and I would of done that anyways.

Well, Joe, me and Jeanne and my baby went up to Paris that night and the next day started out to help the storekeepers over a tough year. Joe, if you ever get wed, which is hardly possible, be sure your fair young bride has got her trousseaux herself before you drag her to the license bureau. I'll tell the world, or instruct the universe, as Jeanne says, that them guys took me like we took Cantigny! They ain't nothin' a girl ever wore, from a hairpin to a opry cloak, left in Paris. I bought 'em all! You know, Joe, when a man goes shoppin' he prob'ly buys himself a two-buck hat, and after lettin' the salesman devil him into buyin' maybe a coupla extra collars or the like, he's through for the day and does all the rest of his shoppin' over a counter which has got to be wiped dry every few minutes or you'll get your elbows wet. Well, Joe, it's slightly different with a woman, especially one which is a boss good looker and is runnin' wild for prob'ly the first time. She starts in usually with buyin' a ice-cream soda on the first floor and winds up by fightin' with the manager over the price of the builidin'!

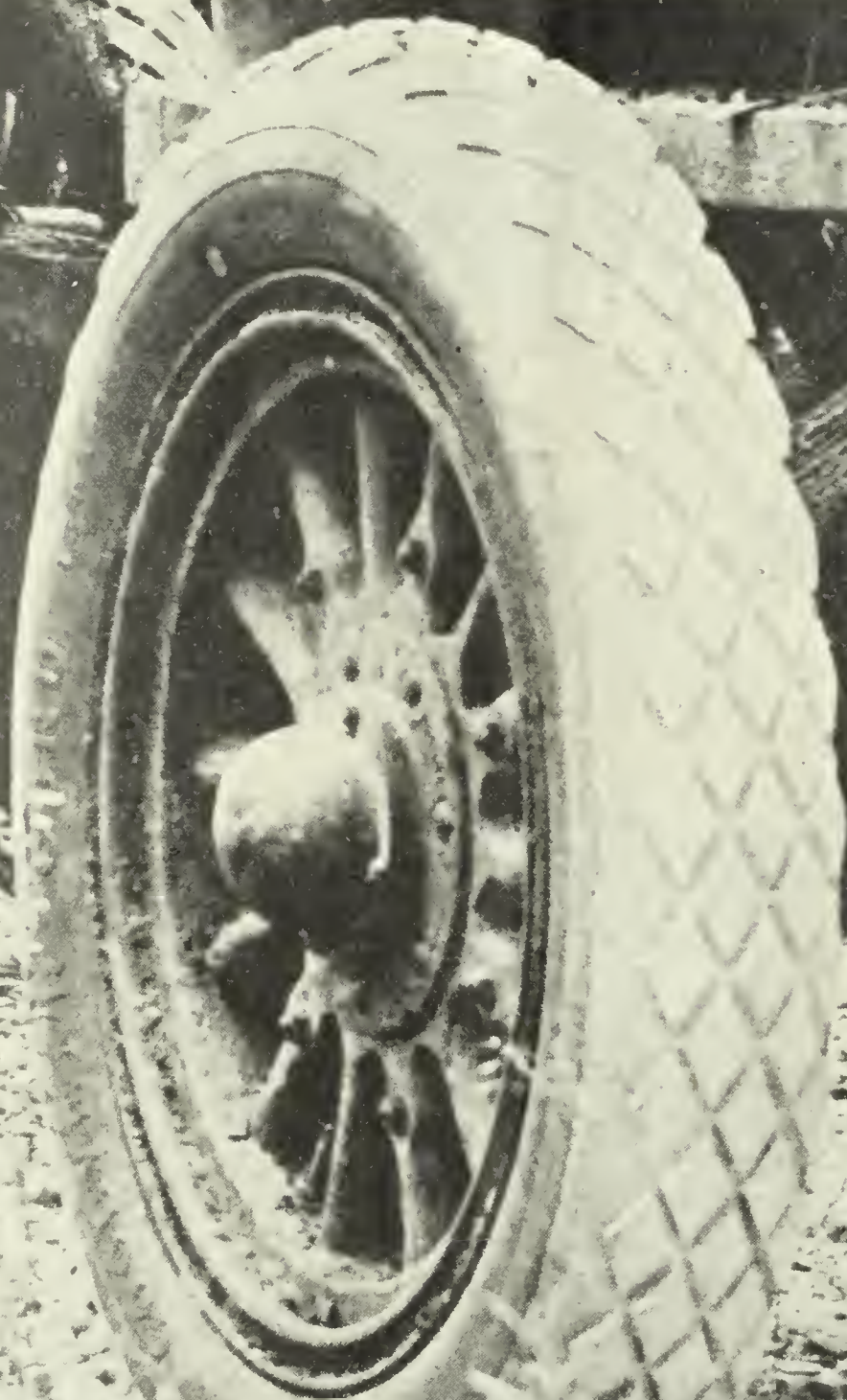
Joe, we went into this Madame Joly's, which is a steal from them French shops on Fifth Avenue, except that the owner is really French. These guys sells dresses, and the cheapest one is worth a garage full of Rolls-Royces. First they paraded a lot of swell-lookin' dames across the floor, each wearin' a different lay-

out, and any one of 'em would hold up traffic if she ever strolled down Broadway. I was havin' the same kind of a time that a bald-headed guy does at a floor table in the Frolic, and these dames all grinned at me like a wolf. Jeanne happens to glance over my way, and the show was closed then and there. The dames was sent to the showers, and Jeanne tries on the stuff herself. The lady yegg that run the place was there with the old oil and went ravin' insane over every dress Jeanne put on. The higher the price was the noisier she got and when Jeanne

(Continued on p. 34)



"Shut up!" I says. "You oughta be on the board of pardons—you never let nobody finish a sentence!"



Photograph of 36 x 6 Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tire used on trailer which carries three-ton loads of logs for M. P. Mickler Lumber Co., Thonotosassa, Florida

Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Hauling Logs On Air

WHIRRING along under unwieldy and dead-weight loads of giant logs, Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires have decisively proved their worth in lumber hauling in Florida.

Unquestionably there is little else in heavy hauling duty which is more arduous or trying than the grind of transporting huge timbers from the woods to a sawmill over a slippery sand trail.

Such conditions are encountered at Thonotosassa where the Mickler Lumber Company employs two $\frac{3}{4}$ ton International trucks with trailers, all Goodyear-shod, to carry log loads averaging three tons over a four-mile route, three-quarters of which measures a hard pull through deep sand.

Former attempts to negotiate this particular distance regularly with solid tire equipment were abandoned after many delays caused by the inability of this type of tire to secure traction in the soft ruts.

And these trucks and trailers, with Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires bearing the brunt of the work, have permanently replaced two four-mule teams which, pulling loads of

two and one-half tons, made three round trips a day over the route described.

Contrast, then, the immense improvement in hauling speed and volume accomplished by these pneumatic-equipped motor transports which travel at a 15-mile-an-hour rate over the bad trail and make nine round trips each day.

Their record totally eclipses all previous experience on the route, putting any consideration of even partial solid tire equipment out of the question and representing the delivery of 54,000 pounds a day as against 15,000 pounds with the mules.

Despite this immense increase in the work the expense of running each truck and trailer has been only five dollars a day higher than the former cost for each mule team, so that logs are now delivered for considerably less than half the previous figures.

Thus Goodyear Pneumatic Truck Tires, known as most economical on long hauls, have proved a distinct economy on these very short hauls and further emphasis is given to their tough construction which withstands the bad road conditions and the splinter-littered sawmill yard.

*"Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires have enormously reduced our hauling costs under conditions that make the use of solid tires practically impossible."—
M. P. Mickler Lumber Co., Thonotosassa, Florida.*

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

CORD TIRES

Today's Gasoline

*Less volatile product
raises a new lubricating problem*

Present day gasoline is less volatile than that formerly sold. It does not readily saturate the air in carburetion. Combustion of the explosive mixture is less complete.

This risk results: Liquid gasoline may be drawn into the cylinders and combustion chambers. The use of the carburetor choker valve to start the engine aggravates the trouble.

Once in the cylinders and combustion chambers, the gasoline tends to thin out the lubricating oil. As the pistons move up and down the gasoline tends to cut away the oil film on cylinders, pistons and piston rings.

On the compression stroke this liquid gasoline is forced down past the piston rings—into the crank case.

The amount of gasoline which reaches the crank case and mixes with the lubricating oil depends largely upon the correctness of the lubricating oil used. Oil must form and maintain a thorough piston-ring seal to prevent the escape of the fuel charge and liquid gasoline past the piston rings into the crank case.

To withstand the cutting effect of present-day gasoline, your lubricating oil must be of the highest quality and of the correct body. The Chart at the right specifies a grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils for your car which fills both these requirements. The use of the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils will give you scientific protection against premature thinning out of oil in your crank case.

If you have not read the article on pages 19 and 20 of the booklet "Correct Lubrication," it will pay you to send today for a copy. This book contains valuable data in authoritative articles prepared by our Board of Engineers.

Address our nearest branch.



Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. If the dealer has not the grade specified for your car, he can easily secure it for you.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

Domestic Branches:

Detroit	Chicago	Minneapolis
Boston	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh
New York	Indianapolis	Des Moines
Kansas City, Kan.		

Correct Automobile Lubrication How to read the Chart

The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for engine lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A". "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic, etc. The recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers and represents our professional advice on Correct Automobile Lubrication.

AUTOMOBILES	1918 Models		1917 Models		1916 Models		1915 Models		1914 Models	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Abbott-Detroit (8 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Allen	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Apperson (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Auburn (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6-38 & 6-39)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6-39B) (Cont'l)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Autocar (2 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Briscoe (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Case	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chalmers (6-40)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6-30)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet (8 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (F A)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cole (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dart (Mod C)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (2 & 3 1/2 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Detroit Brothers	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dodge Brothers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dort	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Empire (4 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Federal (Mod S-X)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Special)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Fiat	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Ford	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hal-Twelve	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Haynes (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Super Six)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hupmobile	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kelly Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
King (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Com'l)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kissel Kar. (Mod 48)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lexington	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lippard Stewart (Mod M)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Mod MW)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
McFarlan	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Nadison (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer (22-70)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moline-Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
National (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Com'l)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6-36)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6-38-39)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6-40)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Patterson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pathfinder (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Peerless (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce Arrow (Com'l)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Regal (8 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Renault (French)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Riker	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Saxon (4 1/2 ton)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Selden	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Simplex	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns-Knight (8 cyl)	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vellie (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (2 & 3 1/2 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Westcott	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
White (16 valve)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Willys-Knight	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Winton Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

Electric Vehicles:—For motor bearings and enclosed chains use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" the year round. For open chains and differential, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" the year round.

Exception:—For winter lubrication of passenger cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic" for worm drive and Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for bevel gear drive.

Plain Water

Continued from page 31

tried out one that cost five hundred francs this dame went hysterical with praise. The air was full of "Charmant, charmant!" and then all the models commence to dance around, wavin' their hands and shoulders and yellin' "Très bien!" and the like. Well, they says I was lucky to have such a pretty wife, and I says so was they, otherwise I never would of come in there and what's the bad news and be done with it. I got a bill that sounded like the German casualty list the day the marines was introduced to them, and I blowed before they tried to sell me the Ethel Tower.

Well, Joe, that's the way it went all day. We turned into a street which was prob'ly called "Pinochle Avenue" because one store was No. 250 and the one right next to it was 300. I seen a colored guy comin' out of the next place, and I guess that was No. 400 on account of spades bein' double. Anyways, the same wild scenes was had everywhere we went, and by five o'clock my bank roll was yellin' for the cops. Jeanne staked herself to enough hats, dresses, shoes, stockin's and—well, she also got a lot of lace stuff and the like which is advertised in the subway and shouldn't be, and the customs guys is gonna have a field day when we hit New York.

Just as we was gonna leave Paris, Joe, Jeanne asks me if I ain't gonna get nothin' for myself. Well, I thumbed over the wreck of my dough and says yes, and we went in and bought a pack of cigarettes.

Well, Joe, even if I did spend a lotta dough I ain't gonna get insomnia on account of it. I done it for Jeanne, and if you could see her in some of this stuff—well, you wouldn't think I was no sucker, anyways! Yours truly,

First Lieutenant EDWARD EDISON HARMON.

(Jeanne sends her love, Joe, but don't kid yourself; she's only doin' it outa common politeness.)

ON BOARD OF A SHIP.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, we are now dashin' over a prominent ocean on the same ship I come over here on as a doughboy, but, oh, boy, what a difference they is now! On the way over I traveled in the hole of the boat like a cattle and did my dreamin' on the deck, but now I am a officer and livin' like a chorus girl. I have got the swell flat here you ever seen in your life, and Jeanne and my baby is tickled silly with it. First, they is the bathroom, and you can get either fresh- or salt-water showers, if the thing would only work, and then comes the bedroom. Well, it has got swell carpet on the floor and a big brass bed and a couch and chairs and runnin' water which was such a fast runner that it must of run clean off the ship, because I can't find it. Then they is life preservers up on a rack where a guy would have to be champion high jumper to get at them, and electric lights and etc. But, Joe, the principal thing is buttons. They is more electric push buttons in this place than they is uneyforms in France. They are all over the rooms, and even if you fall under the bed or the like when the ship hits a bump they will be a button there so's you can ring for anything you want. They ain't no limit to what you can ask for, because you don't get nothin' anyways. They is a sign in the room that says ring once for the steward, twice for the stewardess, and three times for the waiter. I suppose five rings will bring the captain on the run and six a whale or the like, hey, Joe?

Well, Joe, the drawin' room turned out to be nothin' less than a parlor with swell furniture, some more of them buttons, and a lot of books layin' around called "B. & O. Express Service between New York and Points West" and "Delightful Cruises for \$500 and Up," and hot stuff like that. I'm figurin' on usin' the room for a stud-poker court or a pinochle links if I meet up with any gamblers on board.

I was lucky to get Jeanne's passport

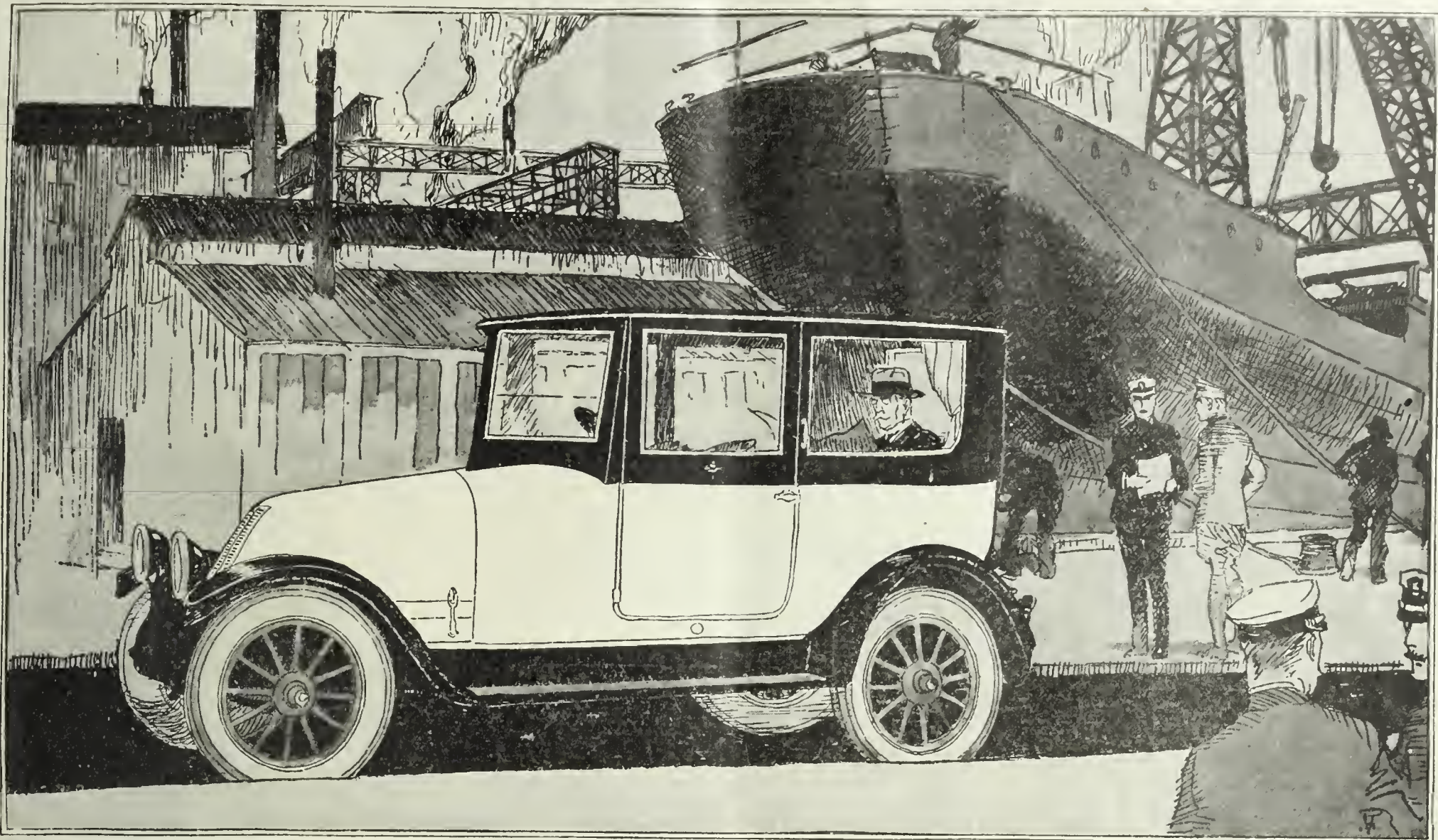
in time, because they have just passed a new law that officers' wives is not allowed to travel with 'em either goin' across or comin' back. Well, Joe, I suppose they done that because the Government thinks that after a man has just come from the war he is entitled to a little rest and peace, etc., hey?

Well, Joe, bein' on a ship goin' across the ocean a guy would naturally get the idea he was on the water wagon, but such is not the case on this ship Joe. They is more saloons here than they is Irishmen in Dublin. First comes the dinin' saloon, then they is the ladies' saloon, the readin' saloon, the men's saloon, and the main saloon. Well, Joe, this saloon stuff is all camouflage at that, because they ain't no bartender ever sets foot over the door of any of 'em. They are all full of tables, chairs, and books and money hounds called stewards, and all you can get in 'em is seasick. They don't even know how to spell it right, because the signs says "Salon." The real gin mill is hid up in the smokin' room, and you can get a bottle of so-called beer up there very reasonable—that is, it don't cost no more than a quart of wine would in New York.

But, Joe, this don't bother me none, because I ain't had a swallow of alcohol in so long that for all I know a rye highball is made of jelly. I quit fightin' booze when I started fightin' the Kaiser, and both them things was the best things I ever done! I ain't gonna let forth no temperance lecture, Joe, because you never could drink anyways and used to get a bun on from readin' a beer sign outside a saloon, but you wanna get ready to kiss old kid booze fare-thee-well. They are goin' through the rye now like we're goin' through the squareheads, and in about one more year the bartenders will all be workin' in Huyler's and askin' you if they is enough chocolate in your sundae, instead of what will you have on the side.

Well, Joe, everybody on the ship is wild over Jeanne and my baby. Every time they come up on deck and sit down you'd think they was runnin' a crap game, they is so many people gets around them. The women all goes hysterical and claims they can hardly believe that such a beautiful little girl like Jeanne, which don't look a night over seventeen, can be a mother, and can they take the baby for a minute? The men all says I am a lucky dog and should be proud of my family, as if I was goin' around knockin' em, or somethin'. Well, I went and hired a stewardess to mind my baby so's Jeanne would have three seconds to herself now and then, not that they's anywhere to go, and what does Jeanne do but fire her. She says she wouldn't let nobody look after my baby but herself, and I must be unhuman to even think of it. Well, Joe, I ain't jealous of my baby, or nothin' like that, but I must say I am bein' made to feel that I ain't the only onion in the hash right now.

JOE, havin' nothin' else to do, and as Jeanne seems to think that about seven minutes' conversation a day is about enough for me, I went up to the smokin' room. Well, Joe, that is some place and is well named, because all the guys which is in there must of hit up the pipe or somethin', from the stories they tell each other whilst sittin' around the tables. They seems to be somethin' in the air of a smokin' room that makes terrible liars outa the most ordinarily honest guys on earth. They have all had more adventures than Robinson Crusoe—in their minds—and don't hesitate to tell 'em. In half a hour I had met three guys which had been torpedoed between twenty and thirty times, one bird which got shipwrecked on a lonely island and was captured barehanded by cannibals, two guys which had box seats at the Russian Revolution, and a guy which was on the *Lusitania* and walked around helpless on the bottom of the ocean for hours, till picked up by a taxi or



THE FRANKLIN CAR

And the Present-Day Standard of Motor Car Service

Frequently special conditions give new significance to old facts. And *now* is the time when conditions give added importance to the long established economy facts of the Franklin Car—a steady day-by-day delivery of

*20 miles to the gallon of gasoline—
instead of the usual 10*

*10,000 miles to the set of tires—
instead of the usual 5,000*

For when the Nation is geared to tremendous effort, the aid of an efficient automobile can do much to bring about the vitally necessary economy of gasoline and tires.

The simple Franklin facts speak for themselves.

If all cars were as efficient as the Franklin, on the basis of its daily performance, the automobile owners of the country would save this year 400,000,000 gallons of gasoline and would cut their tire bills \$192,000,000.

For sixteen years the Franklin Car has delivered an economy consistently ahead of the times. Besides this performance in the hands of owners, it has won every prominent official economy test ever held.

Moreover, the Franklin depreciates 50% slower than the average car—an important fact today when conditions demand that motor cars give longer service than ever before.

Its ability to render this remarkable economy and long life is due to engineering principles involving the simplicity of Direct Air Cooling, Light Weight and Resilient Construction, as opposed to water cooling, heavy weight and rigid construction.

The Franklin Car delivers a war-time motoring service simply because the Franklin Company has held true to the principle that the main object in owning an automobile is transportation, with the greatest comfort, safety and reliability—at the least expense.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

*Orders for Franklin Cars for post-war delivery will
be filled in the order of their receipt by our dealers.*

"You can tell a real patriot by the way he works -Full-time work by both employers and wage earners will win the war."—W. B. Wilson, U. S. Secretary of Labor.



Duofold Health Underwear

You get the outdoor warmth and health protection of Wool without any of the skin irritation—because all the wool is on the *outside* of the fabric in a thin outer layer.

You get all the indoor comfort of soft cotton without taking the risks of catching colds due to cotton underwear. The thin layer of cotton on the *inside* of the fabric is smooth, soft on the skin.

The two layers are interknit every half inch. Together they are *lighter* in weight than the fabric of all-wool winter underwear required to give equal warmth.

The Air Space between layers ventilates body and garment.

Perspiration is absorbed from the inner cotton layer by the outer wool layer which quickly evaporates it. Thus the garment remains soft, fresh and dry—and the danger from colds, due to winter perspiration, is greatly reduced.

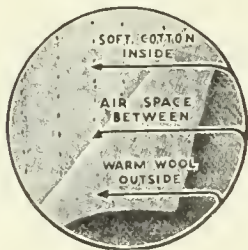
It is a fact that in Duofold you are warm enough outdoors in the severest weather and thoroly comfortable indoors even in overheated rooms.

Made in garments for Men, Boys, Women, Children and Infants—at good stores mostly everywhere.

Duofold Health Underwear Co., Mohawk, N.Y.

New York, 846 Broadway Chicago, 424 S. Wells St.

National Underwear Standards: "Duofold" for cold weather; "Rockinchair" for warm weather.



A two-fold fabric

**Warm Wool Outside
Soft Cotton next to
Skin**

Air Space between

**Warmth—Comfort
No Wool Irritation**



somethin'. Well, Joe, before them guys got half through I was in a trance, and I went down and told Jeanne all about the time I went to the North Pole and almost died from heat prostration, and she opens her eyes and says she never knowed I was such a adventurer, and I says neither did I till I went up to the smokin' room.

WELL, Joe, I went back there again to-night, bein' a glutton for punishment, and everybody was wearin' their life preservers on account of us still bein' in the war zone. I carried mine in my hand, because, if I wore it, it would hide too much of my First Lieutenant's uneyform. Naturally, wherever I go they is a epidemic of twisted necks, because if I do say it myself they is worse-lookin' guys than me workin' as models. Then, again, I have got some wounded stripes, Joe, and they's so many medals pinned on me that I look like one of them catsups or mustards which is by special appointment to the king, or the like.

Well, they is two guys sittin' alone in a booth, and they invited me in and introduced themselves and says what am I gonna have? I says I ain't drinkin' a thing, thanks, and one guy says he's sorry, but he don't think they is any rye on the boat. Well, I explains that I don't care for no alcohol whatsoever, and besides I think it's nutty to buy some guy a drink every time you have one, not that I'm tight, or the like. When you go to buy a suit of clothes and happen to meet a friend outside the store, you don't ask him to come in and have a suit with you, do you? Suppose you did ask him and he said all right and took a couple of silk shirts for a chaser, hey? Well, this guy says that's a good argument, and he never looked at it that way before, but he has had a rough day with the ocean and etc. and needs a drink like a race horse needs legs, not havin' had one for twenty-four hours. The steward is down to dinner, and they won't be nothin' doin' for a half hour, and it's all he can do to sit still. He's got on a life preserver he brung with him from England, and it's nothin' less than a inner tube from a flivver. He claims it's got the others all beat to death, and he could hold up a dozen men in the water, if he had to, with it if anything happens. I says I will look for him if we get torpedoed, but if he ever got a blow-out whilst wearin' that in the water it would certainly be tough, because they is so few garages in the Atlantic. Well, Joe, he begins to laugh, and pretty soon we was all tellin' jokes and the usual smokin'-room lies and etc., and all the time this guy which wanted the drink is gettin' more nervous and wishin' the steward would get through eatin' and come up and save his life.

He asks me how was the Battle of Cantigny, Joe, and I says terrible noisy, and he sees I don't wanna brag about myself, except maybe to tell him how I got the medals, so he asks me if I ever heard the boys singin' "The Eddystone Light" in France. I says no, but, then, that don't mean nothin', because I have missed a lot of things in my time and didn't even see the Battle of Gettysburg. Well, he says he was over there entertainin' the boys, and he sung that and it went big. He says it's a old sailor's hymn, and he could sing it better if he had on oilskins and a chorus dressed like old fishermen in back of him, because he not only sings, but acts it. I don't know whether he claimed he wrote it himself or not, Joe, but we was in the smokin' room at the time, so he prob'ly did. Well, I says I'll fall and let's hear it, and he says he'll do what he can whilst waitin' for the steward, and with that he starts it off. Joe, it goes like this:

*My father kept the Eddystone light.
He married a mer-my-aid one night;
Out of the match came offspring three,
Two was fish and the tother were me.
Dum, dum, diddle, diddle, dum, dum,
dum!*

*When I was but a boyish chip,
I was put in charge of the old lightship;*

*I kept the lamps well filled with oil,
And I played seven-up accordin' to
Hoyle.*

*Dum, dum, diddle, diddle, dum, dum,
dum!*

*One night when I was trimmin' the glim,
I was singin' a verse of the evenin'
hymn,*

*I saw by the light of the signal lamp
My mother out there so jolly and damp
Dum, dum, diddle, diddle, dum, dum,
dum!*

*I went to the window and shouted ahcy!
There was mother asittin' on a buoy,
Meanin' a buoy for ships what sail,
Not the kind what's a juvenile male.
Dum, dum, diddle, diddle, dum, dum,
dum!*

*A sailor, a sailor, oh, there's no such life
what's led on shore
As the life what's led where the oceans
roar!*

WELL, Joe, toward the end of this ballad this guy gets a little loud, and he was swingin' his arms around and goin' "Brrrr!" to imitate the wind which was supposed to be ragin' whilst he sung this. Everybody in the smokin' room was watchin' and listenin', and right before he got finished the steward come in. When the song was all done with everybody clapped their hands and yelled for more except the steward. He stood there frownin' and stickin' up his nose, and then this guy sees him and hollers: "Come hither, James—I perish for liquor!"

Well, Joe, the steward puts his finger to his lips and says "Sssh!" and then he comes over, walkin' very stiff: "I cannot serve you, sir, thank you!" he says, with ten cents' worth of ice on each word.

"Why not?" bellers the singer. The steward bends over and lowers his voice, and it's even colder.

"I think you've 'ad a bit enough, sir," he says. "What with wavin' about your arms like a bloomin' windmill, if I may say, and raisin' your voice with regard to the somewhat odd adventures of your parents, it's quite shockin', thank you!"

"Had a bit enough?" says this guy, kinda dazed. "What the—you're crazy! I haven't had a drink all day, and I'm as sober as a judge. I'm an actor, and I was simply entertaining my friends with a little song."

"I've seen so many of them!" remarks the steward. "Splendid gentlemen they was until they got in their cups. I would suggest, sir, a cold bawth, a dish of hot tea, and a bit of a nap. Shall I ring for your bedroom steward?"

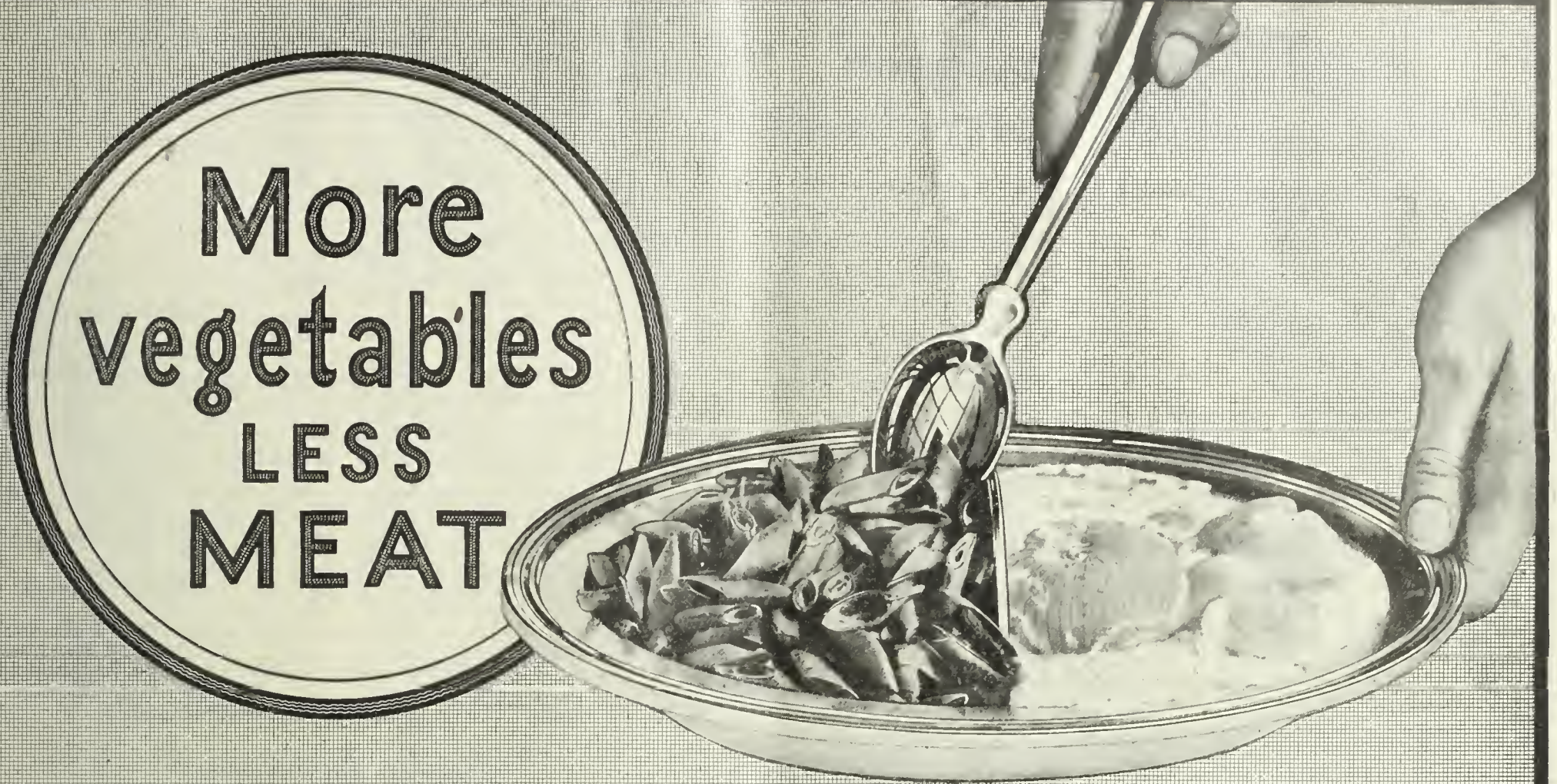
"I wanna Scotch and soda, you big stiff!" hollers this guy, red in the face.

"I shall 'ave nothink further to do in the matter," says the steward. "But I may say that it will be necessary for you to leave the room if you persist in being violent!"

With that he walks away and leaves us flat.

Well, Joe, I thought I would develop the hystericals from laughin'. This guy which hadn't had a drink all day, and was as sober as I was, couldn't of got no booze in there if he had offered the Woolworth Buildin' for a gin rickey. For all I know, he ain't got one there yet! So, Joe, if you ever come over in a smokin' room, do all the lyin' you like but lay off singin'!

JOE, I happened to look at the bottom of my soup plate at dinner the other night, and what I seen there all but took away my appetite, if that's possible. Joe, it says "Made in Germany" on it, and I at once took the plate and hurled it overboard, much to the surprise of everybody else which was eatin' at the time. The purser wanted to know what was the trouble, and I told him, and he's English, Joe, and he gets red in the face and says I done quite right. He orders every dish on the ship searched for that mark, and them which had it on went to the sharks. Joe, they is only one place where that trade-mark ought to go, and that is on the war, which if it was stamped "Made in Germany" would be absolutely right!



EAT more vegetables—less meat. You'll feel better, and help the Government, besides.

Here are two you can't beat—new string beans perfectly cooked in butter, and new creamed onions. You don't need meat.

How the cooking brings out their flavor! Cooking helps everything. Just try Lucky Strike Cigarette—it's toasted.

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE



SAVE the TIN-FOIL from
Lucky Strike Cigarettes
and give it to the Red Cross



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INCORPORATED

The champion worry-chaser

WHEN a pipe smoker gets to worrying, he has the answer right in his pocket. Worry simply can't stand up and make a fight against the steady, comfortable puff-puffing of a good pipe filled with good tobacco. A fellow's thoughts begin to run smooth and steady. He sees things their right size.

To get the champion worry-chaser on your side, you just get a



Wellington

THE UNIVERSAL PIPE

The W.D.C. triangle trade-mark has been the sign of supreme pipe value for more than 50 years. It is not only on every Wellington, but also on pipes that we make of every other style, size and grade. Grade for grade, price for price, there is no better pipe made than a W. D. C.

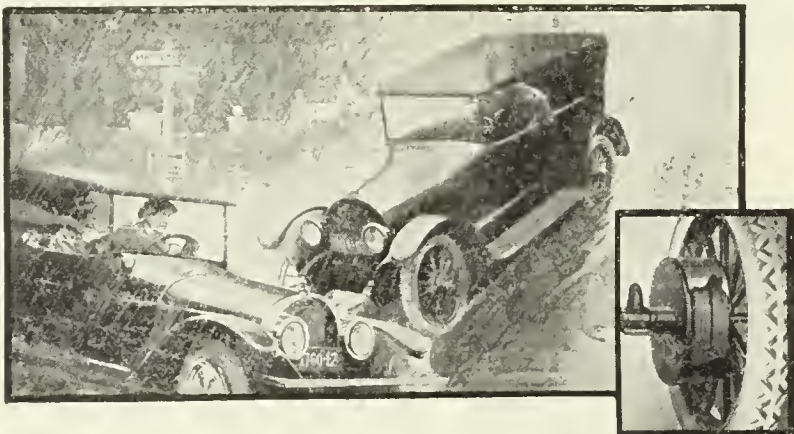
You will take a lot of pleasure in your Wellington. It has a well that catches all moisture and tobacco crumbs. There is no wheezing or bubbling. No tobacco comes through into your mouth. All you get is clean, cool, dry smoke,

which the top opening in the bit sends up away from your tongue.

The bowl of every Wellington is expertly made of genuine French Briar, seasoned by our own special process so that it breaks-in sweet and mellow. It is guaranteed against cracking or burning through. No wonder the Wellington is the most popular pipe in the world!

All good dealers sell Wellington Pipes in many sizes, shapes and grades from 75c up. Get one. You will be glad you did it.

WM. DEMUTH & CO., New York
World's Largest Pipe Manufacturers



How moisture affects ordinary brake lining

DO your brakes take hold too quickly after the car has been out all day in a driving rain? If they do it is because the dampness has worked in, causing the brake lining to swell. Brakes that are swollen from moisture are never dependable. Today after a rain-storm they "grab" and take hold too quickly. Tomorrow, after they have dried out, they act more slowly. Brakes that swell from moisture wear out quickly.

Why Thermoid resists moisture

Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining is Grapnalized—an exclusive process which resists moisture, oil and gasoline. In addition

to being Grapnalized, Thermoid is Hydraulic Compressed. This makes it uniformly hard.

Over 40% more material and 60% more labor are used in the manufacture of Thermoid than in any woven brake lining.

Support the Brake Inspection Movement and have your brakes inspected today.

Every foot of Thermoid is backed by Our Guarantee: Thermoid will make good—or WE WILL.

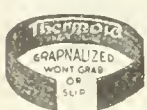
Thermoid Rubber Company

Factory and Main Offices
Trenton, N. J.

Thermoid Brake Inspection Chart

At speed of	A car should stop in
10 miles per hr.	9.2 ft.
15 "	20.8 "
20 "	37 "
25 "	58 "
30 "	83.3 "
35 "	104 "
40 "	148 "
50 "	231 "

Will your car do this?



Makers of "Thermoid Crocid Compound Casings" and "Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints"

Well, Joe, we have reached New York Harbor without bein' torpedoed or nothin', but I can't help it, and pretty soon we'll be passin' the Statue of Liberty. Joe, then will come Broadway, and I feel so happy I could yell out loud with joy, only that smoke-room steward which used to be a valet to a duke has got me buffaloed. Joe, the trip across was great, and we was well protected, and I only got seasick once and that was the day we left England. I am just gettin' over it now. Jeanne and my baby stood the voyage like they was born in the navy, but they was quite a lot of people which would of got Hoover's goat from the way they wasted their food in the rough weather.

Joe, I have just seen the wireless news, and it says the Red Sox grabbed off the first game of the world series from the Cubs on account of Babe Ruth makin' the Chicago guys check their bats at the entrance to the park. Well, that guy is there, and if I was pitchin' now him and me would no doubt be the leadin' twirlers of the year, hey, Joe?

Joe, we are just passin' the Statue of Liberty now, and I got my hat off, and I am so choked up that I can't write no more. Look at all I have done since I last seen that old girl and what I have been through and etc. Joe, they are all yellin' now, and some of the women is cryin', and the like, with joy because we got back safe, and I have showed it to Jeanne and made my baby wave at it. Well, Joe, I am sayin': "Hello, old girl,

I am sure glad to see you, and you are lookin' fine! You look so good to Ed Harmon that he's goin' back as soon as he can trim the stuffin' outa that rough-neck Kaiser, which by this time knows he made the mistake of his life when he tried to get fresh with you. Old girl, you got about ten million big brothers, and when that guy tried to kid you, he done somethin'!"

Say!—you big stiff, I am off for life! A guy just come alongside with some magazines and newspapers, and I drew one called COLLIER'S, and the first thing I see is "From Baseball to Boches," whatever that is. Well, I figured it was some dope on the world series, and I begin to read it, and here it's nothin' less than all the letters I have wrote you! What d'ye mean by that, hey? I wrote you them letters in confidence and not to be give to no magazine so's all the world could find out my intimate doin's, and the like. A guy which would pull a thing like that would put carbolic in a infant's milk, and I'm gonna find what camp you are at and, oh, boy! Joe, you will wish them squareheads had got me, I'll tell the world!

Yours with rage,
First Lieutenant EDWARD EDISON HARMON.

(Joe, listen. No doubt you got a good piece of jack for them letters, and if such is the case I want 50 per cent or your right arm. It's up to you which I get!)

Lady Larkspur

Continued from page 15

He had hardly gone before Torrence had me on the wire to hear my report and to say that Raynor had left Washington for a week-end in Virginia.

"That let's us out for a few days, but I'll have to report that Mrs. Bashford is at Barton the moment I learn that he is back in Washington."

I assured him that nothing had occurred to encourage a suspicion that Mrs. Bashford was not all that she pretended to be. The day was marked by unusual activities on the part of the waiters and bell hops. Instead of the company drills to which I had become accustomed they moved about in pairs along the shore and the lines of the fences. I learned that Antoine had ordered this, and the "troops" were obeying him with the utmost seriousness. The "service" on the estate was certainly abundant. It was only necessary to whistle and one of the Tyringham veterans would come running.

In spite of the complete satisfaction I had expressed to Torrence as to the perfect integrity and honest intentions of the two women, the curiosity of the American State Department and the visit of Montani required elucidation beyond my powers. At dinner they were in the merriest humor. The performances of the little army throughout the day had amused them greatly. "How delightfully feudal!" exclaimed Alice. "Really we should have a moat and drawbridge to make the thing perfect. Constance and I are the best protected women in the world!"

We extracted all the fun possible from the idea that the estate was under siege: that Alice was the chatelaine of a beleaguered castle, and that before help could reach us we were in danger of being starved out by the enemy. They called into play the poetry which had so roused Antoine's apprehensions, and their talk bristled with quotations. Alice rose after the salad and repeated at least a page of Malory, and the Knights of the Round Table having thus been introduced, Mrs. Farnsworth recited several sonorous passages from "The Idyls of the King." They flung lines from Browning's "In a Balcony" at each other as though they were improvising. The dazed air of Antoine and the waiter who assisted him added to the general joy. They undoubtedly thought the two women quite out of their heads, and it was plain that I suffered greatly in Antoine's estimation by my encouragement of this frivolity. Mrs. Farnsworth walked majestically

round the table and addressed to me the lines from Macbeth beginning:

*Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and
shalt be
What thou art promised,*

while Antoine clung to the sideboard listening with mouth open and eyes rolling.

Later, in the living room, Alice sang some old ballads. She was more adorable than ever at the piano. It was a happiness beyond any in my experience of women to watch her, to note the play of light upon her golden head, to yield to the spell of her voice. Ballads had never been sung before with the charm and feeling she put into them; and after ending with "Douglas, Douglas," she responded to my importunity with "Ben Bolt," and then dashed into a sparkling thing of Chopin's, played it brilliantly and rose, laughingly mocking my applause.

I LEFT the house like a man over whom an enchantment has been spoken and was not pleased when Antoine blocked my path: "Pardon me, sir." "Both my pardon; what's troubling you now?" I demanded.

"It's nothing troubling me, sir; not particularly. If you give me time, I think I'll grow used to the poetry talk and playing at being queens. It's like children in a family I served once; a French family, most respectable. But in a widow, sir—"

"God knows we ought to be glad when grown-ups have the heart to play at being children and can get away with it as beautifully as those women do! What else is on your mind?"

"It's about Elsie, sir." I groaned at the mention of Flynn's German wife. "I'm sorry, sir; but I thought I should report it. It was a man who came to see her this afternoon. You was out for your walk, and Flynn had taken the ladies for a drive, so Elsie was alone at the garage. This person rode in on the grocer's truck from the village, which is how he got by the gate. As it happened, Pierre—he was a waiter at the Tyringham, a Swiss, who understands German—had gone into the garage for a nap; he's quite old, sir, and has his snooze every afternoon."

"He's entitled to it," I remarked; "he must be a thousand years old."

"From what he heard Pierre thought the man a spy, sir. He wanted Elsie to steal something from the house, it was a fan he wanted her to take most par-

THE PEOPLE'S FILMS ABOUT THE PEOPLE'S WAR

PRESIDENT WILSON stated the case correctly when he said, "*This is the People's War!*"

The people have a right to first-hand information about their war—hence The Committee on Public Information.

The Division of Films is a part of the Committee on Public Information.

It is, therefore, a strictly Government institution, organized to manufacture and distribute the Government's own films produced for the people of these United States and their Allies.

Its mission is the presentation, through the medium of motion pictures, of Government activities, especially America's preparation for and participation in the war.

And so it comes about that while the present generation of Americans cannot possibly visualize our Civil War, they can actually see what is going on abroad today, and future generations will be able to visualize, correctly, America's part in the great World War.

Although the Division of Films has been in existence less than a year, it has been markedly successful in realizing its aim—which is to give the

people films of their war. It has already exerted a tremendous influence in bringing the war home to millions of Americans in cities, towns and villages, and in giving them a more intelligent appreciation of what the Government is doing to help win the war.

Never before has a film organization produced films with so universal and so extraordinary an appeal.

No film organization ever enjoyed so exceptional an opportunity for obtaining material in a given field.

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The pictures secured by the Division of Films tell stories that are of vital interest to every American.

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THE PEOPLE'S FILMS

The Division of Films

Is the people's Division of Films and these are the people's own films:

Productions Up-to-date

^{distributed by}

Official War Review (weekly)—Pathé

"Pershing's Crusaders"—First National Exhibitors

"Our Bridge of Ships"—General Film Co.

"America's Answer"—World Film Corp.

"Under Four Flags"—World Film Corp.

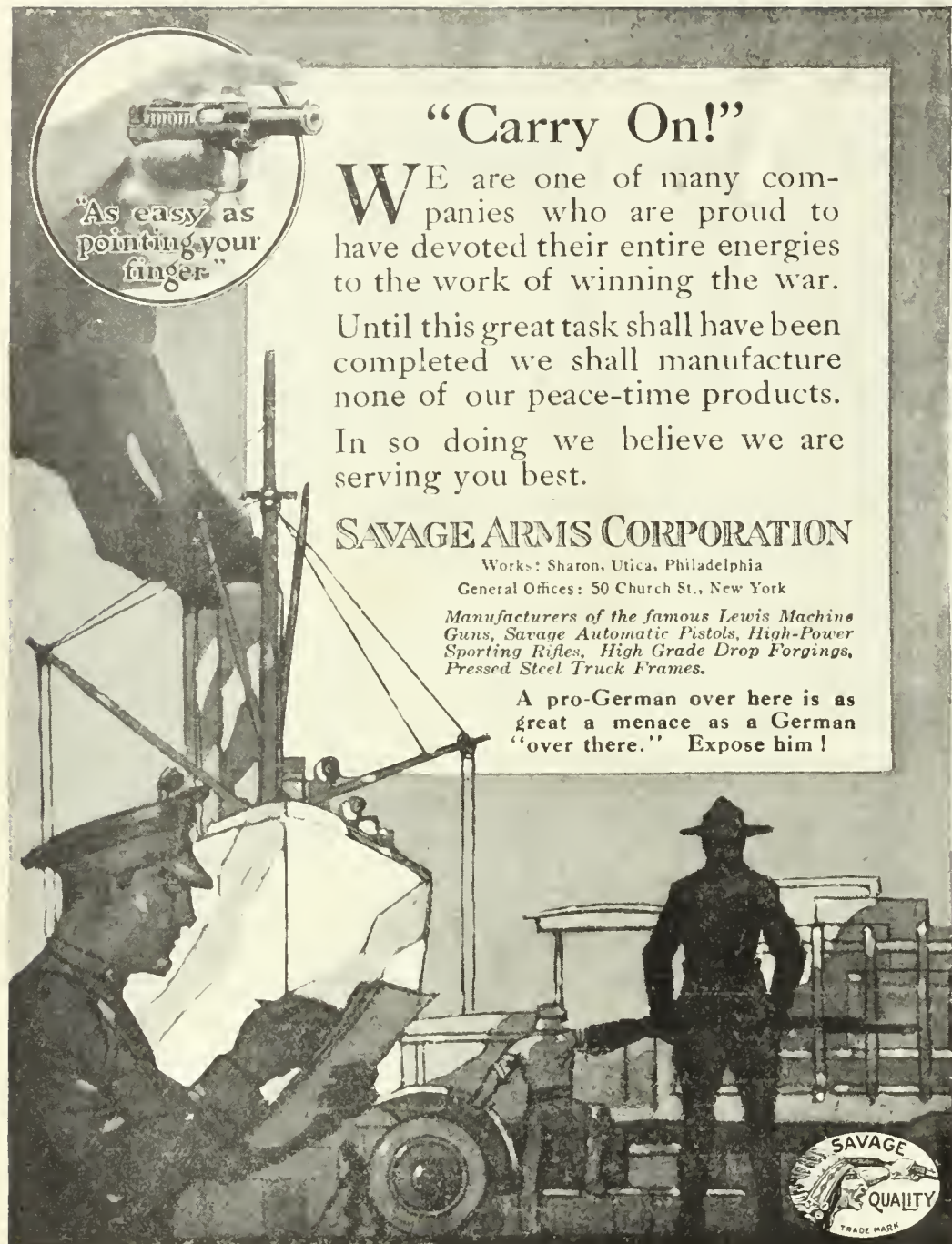
The Bureau of War Photographs is a department of the Division of Films.

The Division of Films also directs the great War Expositions presented by U. S. and Allied Governments.

PRESENTED BY

COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION, George Creel, Chairman

Through The Division of Films, Charles S. Hart, Director, Washington, D. C.



"Carry On!"

WE are one of many companies who are proud to have devoted their entire energies to the work of winning the war. Until this great task shall have been completed we shall manufacture none of our peace-time products. In so doing we believe we are serving you best.

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION
 Works: Sharon, Utica, Philadelphia
 General Offices: 50 Church St., New York

Manufacturers of the famous Lewis Machine Guns, Savage Automatic Pistols, High-Power Sporting Rifles, High Grade Drop Forgings, Pressed Steel Truck Frames.

A pro-German over here is as great a menace as a German "over there." Expose him!

SAVAGE QUALITY

ticular, and it was to be done soon, today if she could manage. It was for the love of the Fatherland that he wanted her to do it. Did you notice, sir, that Mrs. Bashford didn't have the fan to-night? Not that one she carried last night."

I had noticed that she had substituted a tiny Japanese fan for the one that Montani had inspected so eagerly. When I spoke of the change she had said the other was too precious for everyday use, and she meant to keep it locked up.

"I hate to bother you, sir, knowing you—"

The mention of the fan had brought me to an abrupt halt. I resented having the thing thrust at me in the ecstatic mood in which I had left the house, but the visit of the German-speaking stranger was serious, and Antoine knew that his story had startled me. He told me further that the man had carefully outlined to Elsie just how she could take advantage of her freedom of the house to appropriate the fan when the ladies were out and the servants off the second floor. She was to be paid for her assistance; two hundred dollars had been promised; even more had been suggested. Elsie and the stranger had left the garage and passed out of earshot before Elsie fully consented; but Pierre had given Antoine the impression that she would make the attempt.

"It was to be for the Kaiser, for Germany," declared Antoine bitterly. "And she was to be careful about Flynn. I always thought Flynn was straight—I did indeed, sir!"

"I think Flynn and his wife are both honest, but we'll take no chance. Warn the guards to be careful. We don't want Elsie to get the idea that she's being watched; so tell the men to keep away from the garage. I'll keep an eye on the Flynns. You go home and go to bed. . . ."

THE deep calm of the country night had settled upon the shore, and the Flynns' quarters were perfectly tranquil. It didn't seem possible that an international episode was in process of incubation in that quiet neighborhood. I began to think that the general distrust of the German woman by her associates might be responsible for Pierre's story. But, viewed in any light, I had a duty to perform. If Elsie had visited the house and purloined the fan, she would be very likely to get rid of it as quickly as possible, and I determined to keep watch. I drew the blinds, got into my dressing gown and, reinforcing the lamp shade with a newspaper to deaden the light, proceeded to read.

It was on toward one o'clock and I was dozing when a sound roused me. A door on the Flynn side of the hall creaked; there was silence, then I heard furtive steps on the stair. I snapped out my light and peered out of the window just as Elsie's robust figure disappeared into the shadows. I was about to follow when the creaking of the Flynn door was repeated. In a moment another peep through the shade showed me Flynn himself, and he, too, quickly vanished. Here was a situation indeed! If Elsie was keeping tryst with her co-conspirator of the afternoon and her husband was spying upon her, a row of large proportions was likely to result at any moment. I leaned from the window as far as I dared, and saw the woman close to the wall at the farther end of the building. The scene was well set for trouble, and I was wondering what I could do to avert a disturbance and the exposure of the foolish woman when the whole matter was taken out of my hands.

"You fool! You scoundrel!" she bellowed in German. "That you should think me a plaything to commit a robbery for you! That I should steal from my mistress to satisfy you, you piece of swine flesh!"

I had often heard Elsie vocally disciplining her Irish husband and knew the power of her lungs and the vigor of her invective, but she seemed bent upon apprising the whole commonwealth of Connecticut of the fact that she was vastly displeased with the person she was addressing, who was cer-

tainly not Flynn. Amid sounds of a scuffle and the continuous outpouring of billingsgate the light over the garage door flashed on suddenly and disclosed Flynn in the act of precipitating himself into the fray. Elsie had grasped, and was stoutly clinging to a tall man who was trying to free himself of her muscular embrace. Her cries meanwhile included some of the raciest terms in the German dictionary and others—mouthfuls of frightfulness—that I didn't recognize.

When I reached the open Flynn was dancing round the belligerents like an excited boxer, occasionally springing in to land a blow; and all the while Elsie continued to address her captive and the world at large in her native tongue. Flynn was rather more than sixty, and Elsie was not much his junior, while the invader was young and agile. The man had loosened one arm and drawn a revolver with which he was pounding Elsie in the face. I knocked the gun from his hand with my walking stick and shouted to Elsie to let go of him. Her shouts had roused the guards and, hearing answering cries and the beat of hurrying feet on the walks, he redoubled his efforts to escape. I had hardly got my hands on him when with a twist of his body he wrenched himself free and sped away in the darkness.

I hadn't gone far in pursuit of him before I tripped over the skirts of my dressing gown and fell into a bed of cannas. This would have been less melancholy if Flynn, hard behind, hadn't stumbled over me and, believing he had captured the enemy, gripped my legs until I could persuade him to let go.

The lights now flared on all the walks and driveways, and Antoine was bellowing orders to the guards to surround the sunken garden. I surmised that the fugitive, surprised by the attack, had lost his bearings and was now far from the boundary wall back of the garage from which presumably he had entered the grounds. With the Sound cutting off his exit beyond the residence, there was a fair chance of catching him if Antoine's veterans were at all vigilant.

I found Antoine, armed with a club and swinging a lantern, majestically posed at the nearer entrance to the garden. With a swallow-tail coat over his night shirt and his nightcap tipped over one ear, he was an enthralling figure. As he strode toward me his slippers flapped weirdly upon the brick walk. "There's somebody in the garden, sir," he whispered huskily. "The troops has it surrounded." No general in all history, reporting in some critical hour the disposition of his army, could have been more composed.

"You have done well, Antoine. Shall you intrench until morning or go over the top now?"

"As you say, sir. It's better you should take charge."

I walked round the garden and found his men well distributed but exceedingly nervous. "It's a bit suspicious, sir, that he broke for the garden," remarked Antoine.

"He broke for the garden," I answered, "because his line of retreat was cut off and he had to go somewhere."

"It's queer, though, sir, when Dutch has been sleeping on the long bench down there by the fountain. You know how we feel about him, sir, he being of that race."

"Dutch told me he was camping in the tool house," I answered.

"The boys drove him out, sir, and he took to the garden."

"Nasty of the boys, I should say. If that interloper should murder him—"

A YELL rose from the midst of the garden, followed by a crash and an instant later by a splash that interrupted another yell. I snatched Antoine's lantern and ran down the steps toward the scene of commotion. When I reached the circular pool the jet was still playing gayly, but the waters on one side were in furious agitation. Two men were rolling and tumbling about as though bent upon drowning each other. I swung the lantern over them just as Dutch got upon his feet, gripping his antagonist by the collar. He flung him



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backward over the stone curbing of the pool and fell upon him in the walk with a swish of wet garments. The guards from the outer edges of the garden had clambered down and they gathered about us as I began questioning Dutch.

Dutch, undoubtedly enjoying his victorious encounter, was tearing open the prostrate captive's collar to give him air and with his knees clamping the man's body was disposed to delay the story of his adventures to increase its dramatic effect.

"It happens this evenin'," he began, spouting water, "that I seen Elsie, who's been sneakin' me meals to the old stables, an' she says to me: 'Dutch,' she says, 'they's all ag'in us here, callin' us Huns, an' we gotta show 'em we's good Americans,' she says. An' she tole me a feller been to see 'er 'at wanted 'er to rob the house fer 'im, he thinkin' 'er likely to do ut fer love o' the Kaiser. She said as 'ow Flynn an' 'er would nail 'im when he comes to-night to git a fan she's promised to lift fer 'im. She said that'd prove she wasn't no Dutchwoman and recommended if I got the chance to do the same. I thought nothin' wuz goin' to happen an' wuz sleepin' on the bench here in the garden when the hollerin' at the garage woke me up. I sits quiet, listenin' an' this guy drops in to the garden an' wuz crawlin' past me bench an' I pinches 'im. He wuz fer havin' a fight, an' we knocks over one of the big urns an' lit in the tank. He says it's a thousand bones an' ye turn me loose, he says, an' I soused 'im ag'in fer that."

The man was still choking from the sousing and Dutch turned him over and pounded him vigorously on the back, assisted by Zimmerman, the obliging valet, who had seized the occasion to show his hand on the side of the Allies. "Shall I telephone for the Barton police, sir?" asked Antoine, shivering in the night air.

This obviously was the thing to do, but I feigned not to hear the question while I debated the matter. It was plain that many things relating to the capture were veiled in mystery: that if Mrs. Bashford and her companion were involved in an international tangle and had in their possession something that vitally concerned the nations at war, common chivalry demanded that I handle the arrest of Montani's agent in such manner as to shield them. I was thinking hard and in my perplexity even considered sending a messenger for Torrence; but he was already suspicious and would be very likely to telegraph Raynor that Mrs. Bashford was at Barton. To invite the attention of the American State Department to the increasingly complex situation would not be giving my aunt the chance I meant she should have to clear herself.

THE captive had got upon his feet and stood dazedly staring at us. He refused to answer my questions, even when I suggested that if he could give a satisfactory account of himself he would be released. He only doggedly shook his head. When I asked if he had been hurt in his bout with Dutch he smiled and extended his arms in denial. He was a very decent-looking fellow, blue-eyed and smooth-shaven, who seemed to accept his plight with a degree of good humor.

I decided that as nothing would be gained by sending him to the Barton calaboose that night, I would take the risk of holding him until I had groped my way through the maze of befuddled circumstances that surrounded him.

"Get some dry clothes for this man and lock him up in the tool house. Be sure he has blankets, and you'd better give him some hot coffee."

The captive manifested relief at my decision and broke his silence to thank me, which he did in very good English. His submissiveness only deepened my perplexity, but I couldn't help laughing as he walked away surrounded by the "troops," with Dutch leading the way—Dutch fully conscious that he had vindicated himself and disposed to be rather disdainful of his comrades.

I hurried to the house, where I found

Alice and Mrs. Farnsworth ministering to Elsie, who had been taken there by their order. Elsie, sharing with Dutch the honors of the night, lay on a davenport, where she had received first aid. Alice rose from her knees as I entered, gathering up strips of bandages, and turned to me laughingly.

"Elsie's injuries are not serious; merely bruises in the face. There will be no scars, I'm sure. We'll keep her at the house for a few days until she's quite fit again. Surely anyone who has questioned Elsie's loyalty ought to be satisfied now."

"You certainly managed it very cleverly, Elsie. We're all very grateful."

Elsie, her face covered with bandages, acknowledged my thanks by wiggling her foot.

MRS. FARNSWORTH said she would put Elsie to bed. Now, I thought, Alice would make some sign if she knew anything that would explain Montani and the prisoner in the tool house. But the whole affair only moved her to laughter. She seemed less a grown woman than ever in her white robe. My efforts to impress her with the seriousness of the attempt to secure the fan only added to her delight.

"How droll! How very droll! You couldn't possibly have arranged anything that would please me more! As you say in America, it's perfectly killing; it's delicious!"

I suggested that the holding of a prisoner without process of law might present embarrassments.

"I know," she cried, clapping her hands joyfully. "You mean dear old *habeas corpus*! The sheriff would come and read a solemn paper to you and you would have to hie you to court and produce the body of the prisoner. That would be splendid!"

"It wouldn't be so funny if—"

I was about to say that the humor of the thing would be spoiled somewhat if she were made a witness and there proved to be something irregular about the fan which had caused all the trouble, but I hadn't the heart to do it. To spoil such merriment as bubbled in her heart would be cruel—an atrocity as base as snatching a plaything from a joyous child.

"Constance and I so love the unusual—and it is so hard to find! And yet from the moment I reached the gates of these premises things have happened! Nothing is omitted! Strange visitors; fierce attacks upon our guards, and still the mystery deepens in the wee sma' hours, and heroes and heroines at every turn! To think that that absurd little 'Dutch' was asleep in the garden and really captured the spy or whatever he is! But you are a hero too! You shall be decorated!" She walked to a stand and pondered a moment before a vase of roses, chose a long-stemmed red one and struck me lightly across the shoulder with it. "Arise, sir knight! You should have knelt, but to kneel in skirts requires practice; you could hardly have managed in that monk's robe."

I couldn't be sure whether she was mocking me or whether there was really liking under this nonsense. I was beyond the point of being impatient with her. I was helpless in her hands; she would do with me as she willed, and it was my business to laugh with her, to meet her as best I could in the realm of folly.

"You must go!" she exclaimed suddenly. "Constance will be calling down the stairs for me in a moment."

"To-morrow—" I began. The wistful look she had at times came into her eyes as she stood in the center of the room, playing with the flower.

"To-morrow," she repeated, "and then—to-morrow!"

"There must be endless to-morrows for you and me," I said, and took the flower from her hand. The reverie died in her eyes, and they were awake with reproach and dismissal. At the door I looked back. She hadn't moved, and she said, very quietly, but smiling a little: "Nothing must happen to make me sorry I came. Please remember!"

(To be continued next week)

How to End Film On Your Teeth

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First Day of the First American Battle

Continued from page 6

flame surged through the night, rolled to heights in the sky, broke in flying crests of fiery spray, and sank from sight to be followed by yet other red billows, from the tops of which a lacy spume of fine fire showered up and burned the night. Looking at it, I thought of a world in process of birth or disintegration.

I looked at my wrist watch. It was five o'clock. And up ahead of me there scores upon scores of thousands of American boys were scrambling out of the trenches that had been the painful home of the Allied troops for four slimy, bloody years, and streaming out across that desolate strip of waste that ceased forever to be No Man's Land as their feet redeemed it, yard by yard, legging it across to the shore of that sea of flame that was raging over the German lines.

I looked and saw the line of that red, roaring sea begin to recede. In military parlance, the barrage was lifting. It was moving on as the men moved forward. And then, up from the midst of that receding sea, up from the dreadful depths of that moving hell in the night ahead of us, a bewildering profusion of rockets soared up into the wet sky. There were red rockets that made a high curving line of fire against the background of the night and exploded into a lovely spray of winking, slow-floating lights. There were greenish-white parachute flares that sat high in the air for a minute or more, clearly lighting up the ground beneath. There were white rockets of but a single ball of fire and yet other white rockets of eight or more balls of fire that showed in the night yards apart in a perpendicular position so that they looked like a string of huge, luminous pearls hung in the sky. These rockets were S. O. S. signals from the boche lines. The First American Army was on its way for the first time, and the Germans in its path were calling for help.

Breakfast Before the Battle

THERE was a moist, gray hint of dawn in the eastern sky when we moved on a mile or more to corps headquarters. I expected to find great activity there. I thought to see dispatch riders racing in and out of the little village, couriers dashing in and out of the barrack buildings in which the corps officers were located, and the corps officers intent over maps or hurriedly receiving and sending messages. For in that corps headquarters, mind you, was located the directing brain of more than a hundred thousand American soldiers who were out there in the rain and mud of that dismal dawn, slogging over the fields and scrambling through woods, at that moment writing in action the first page of the history of the First American Army in France.

We rolled into the little village. Absolute quiet prevailed there. By a company kitchen in the partial wreck of a one-story stone building there was a line of sleepy doughboys, with their mess kits, waiting for their breakfast. For any evidence of interest they showed in the near-by battle they might as well have been in a training camp back in the States. A lone and bored-looking M. P. was in sight at the crossroads. We asked him for G2—which is the intelligence department of a staff—and he directed us to a dark one-story barrack building on a near-by hill among some small houses and trees. We found the door marked G2 and went in. It was dark in there and quiet. Absolutely quiet! A sleepy orderly pried himself loose from a chair with evident reluctance and in a whisper asked us what we wanted. We wanted to see the staff colonel in charge.

"The colonel's asleep," the orderly whispered.

We asked then for a certain lieutenant of the staff.

"He's asleep." The orderly yawned.

"Well, who's here that we can see?"

The orderly stretched and yawned again.

"Everybody's asleep," he said wearily. It was like having gone through a door expecting to enter a crowded dance hall and finding oneself instead in an empty church! One of the most momentous battles in the history of any American army was just under way, and here, where was the directing brain of more than a hundred thousand American soldiers in the battle, there was the atmosphere of a country hotel at three o'clock in the morning!

Time for a Little Nap

WE heard a stir in a room near by, and the orderly went to investigate. A moment later he returned and beckoned us in. A sleepy lieutenant was half sitting up on a cot by a table on which was a field telephone.

"Hello, fellows," he greeted us, yawning. "Quite a party on, hey?"

"Sure is. How's everything going?"

"Why, all right, I guess," the lieutenant said, seemingly surprised at the question. "What time is it? Five-forty? Well, the infantry ought to be pretty well on its way by now. Hi-hum! Gee! I'm tired."

"Well, is everything going all right?" I repeated stupidly. I had in mind those scores of thousands of Americans ahead there in the half light of the wet morning, plowing over into the unknown against fortifications that had stood all assaults for four years.

Again the lieutenant's face expressed surprise and a certain degree of uneasiness.

"Why, I suppose," he said. "You heard of anything wrong?"

"No."

The expression of uneasiness vanished from his face.

"We'll be getting reports back from the infantry before long now," he went on casually. Some barrage, isn't it? If they keep this up, there won't be many prisoners. Must be chewin' 'em up pretty fine over there."

"Think the boche knew where the attack was coming?"

"Oh, he knew there was an attack coming, but he didn't know when or where." He was silent for a moment, listening to the mighty voice of the American artillery. After a little he chuckled.

"They know now all right."

"Did the boche artillery come back at us much around one o'clock when our barrage started?"

The lieutenant rubbed his eyes sleepily and ran his fingers through his tousled hair. "I don't know," he said as he sat up and swung his feet to the floor. "I went to sleep about that time."

To sleep! At the moment of the beginning of the great battle!

"You see, we've been working night and day here for a long time," the lieutenant explained. "When the show started and we had a chance to get a little nap we were all pretty well tucked out."

The Weather Against Us

AND then I began to understand. The brain had done its work. The barrage that began at one o'clock and the events that immediately followed were well-ordered results of the work of that brain.

Everything had been planned out and nothing left to chance. The brain had constructed a great machine for the performance of a certain task and touched the button that set the machinery in motion. It was known certainly that the machine would do its work and there was no reason for the brain to worry. The quiet that prevailed about that corps headquarters was the quiet of an easy conscience, the peace resulting from the knowledge of a job thoroughly done. I knew what the American fighting man could do. At that moment I began to be optimistic about what the American planning man could do. I knew that the American soldier was among the best, and there in that quiet headquarters the morning of the first battle I began to believe that the American army, as an



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army, was to approximate the glorious record that the individual American fighting man had made for himself.

The buzzer on the telephone by the lieutenant's foot sounded. He took up the receiver.

"Hello. Yes. Peking. Canton? All right. What's that? Good stuff. Yes. Good-by."

He hung up the receiver and began drawing on his boots.

"We've taken Richcourt," he said casually as he tugged at the straps. "Everything going right according to schedule."

We had taken a town held by the Germans for four years, and the announcement was as casual as that.

"Too bad it's raining," I ventured.

The lieutenant stopped pulling at his boot strap and scowled. "Oh, damn the rain!" he said viciously.

The weather was the one thing on which the brain that built the machine so thunderously and perfectly operating out there in the fields and woods ahead of us had been compelled to gamble. And the weather was against us that historic morning.

It was near to full daylight when we wandered out again into the fitful rain. There was a high wind blowing and the gray world was roofed with a fast-flying scud of torn cloud, through which shone occasional patches of blue sky. From appearances the day might prove to be one of continuous downpour or come off clear and fine with the high wind fast drying the difficult ground over which the infantry was passing—that ground that had been but a few insignificant inches on the map the night before in the comfortable hotel room in Nancy when the general was explaining our objectives, and was so many weary, difficult, dangerous miles this moody morning when the men with the guns and bombs were negotiating it!

We went up a side street and stopped at a company kitchen in a stable yard to wait while our driver got a bite to eat. Distance was dulling the violence of the receding barrage, but the village still shook to the thunder of its voice. A hundred or more doughboys were squatted about the stable yard busily partaking of breakfast from their mess tins. I listened carefully for comment about the great battle. There was none. In ten minutes I did not hear one soldier mention the great battle that was in progress so near by. Finally I mentioned the subject to a tall, solemn soldier who was intently destroying a bacon sandwich.

"Barrage last night was a wonderful sight, wasn't it?" I said.

"Huh?"

"The barrage. Wonderful sight."

"Oh, I didn't see it. I turned in along about eleven o'clock, an' it didn't start till later."

"I guess you heard it, didn't you?"

"Lord, yes! Darn thing kep' me awake for half an hour!"

"It was one of the greatest barrages ever laid down."

"Zat so? Phew! They got a crust to call this stuff coffee. It's nothin' but ditch water with some kind o' brown mud in it."

"Wonder how the boys are making it up there just now?"

"Oh, all right, I guess. You know this bacon wouldn't be half bad if the blinkety-blank cook would try to make food out of it instead o' sole leather. Look at it! I think he tanned it instead o' cookin' it!"

I gave it up! The most impressive thing about the American soldier is the obstinate way in which he refuses to be impressed. After a few actions he's consistently bored with the whole war. I feel that if you were to take one of them suddenly to heaven he'd walk past the celestial gate, and after a casual and not particularly enthusiastic look about the place say: "So this is that heaven I've been hearing about, huh? Well, do we chow?"

The Airplanes on Guard

WE started out then off to the left and up toward the receding front. Along the road on either side was evidence aplenty of what the mud meant

to us. Never a hundred yards but there was a truck abandoned in the ditch, a truck filled with munitions that certainly were sorely needed. It had begun to look as though it might clear, and at every view of an American truck that the mud had trapped I voiced a fresh prayer for a dry day.

After a run of some three kilometers we got stuck in a traffic jam and stayed there for half an hour. A large plain in front of us was spouting flame. The guns were invisible. We could see only the winking short-lived yellow flashes. In the large it was exactly like watching at dusk a meadow filled with fireflies. It was a wonderful picture, but we could read in it no news of how the battle was going. I was in a car with Martin of the "Herald" and James of the "Times," and several thousands of miles away in New York were a considerable number of American citizens wondering what the American army was doing. If James and Martin stayed stuck in that traffic jam, those citizens would be short of the information to which they were entitled. We were up on the battle front with the guns, but we didn't know what was happening and had to go back to find out, so we wormed out of the congestion and took a road to the left leading to another corps headquarters.

As we sped away on this road I became conscious of a new note in the clangorous harmony of the battle roar. It was a subordinate note, but insistent.

I looked aloft to find the instruments producing it. The rain had stopped for the time and the cloud roof was well shredded by the high wind. Buzzing along up there among the tattered clouds rode the winged cavalry of modern war. There were dozens of planes in sight. Singly, by threes and in larger formations, they were patrolling the windy sky. They ducked across the blue from cloud to cloud. They were high and they were low. They were flying toward Germany and back from Germany. They were flying back and forth up and down the line, observing and guarding off enemy craft, and they were flying back and forth in back of the line bombing and machine-gunning the enemy on the ground. Of all the planes in sight that morning not one was boche! With the generous and considerable aid of the French we owned the air on that memorable 12th day of September. We had a No-Trespassing sign in the sky and plenty of watchmen to see that it was obeyed.

The First Prisoners

THE next corps headquarters to which we made our way was in a large and intricate cave. We passed down an incline into a narrow corridor from which small dugouts opened off on either side. We located the G2 dugout in which was a very calm major smoking a cigarette.

"Everything moving along fine, boys," he said casually. "We've taken all our objectives so far and joined up with the line on our right."

A colonel came in as he was talking and stood behind us.

"How about prisoners?" I asked.

"Taken two hundred and eighty that I know of. They're on their way in now."

"Two hundred and eighty prisoners coming in already!" the colonel exclaimed. "Why, say! By George! This begins to look pretty good. Why, say—"

The major tried to be very military and stop it, but in spite of him a delighted grin leaked out and spread over his features. "Oh, boy!" he said.

"Just one more thing, major," I said as we moved toward the door. "Has there been very heavy resistance thus far?"

"Very little," he said brusquely. "It hasn't been much more than a morning walk so far."

I went outside minus any very great elation.

"The boche has simply evacuated the salient," I said to Martin. "He's just pulled out and gotten away clean with everything."

"Looks that way," Martin agreed rather glumly. "If that's the case, I suppose all that ammunition we shot away this morning was wasted."

"Either that or they are retiring to a second or third position in the salient

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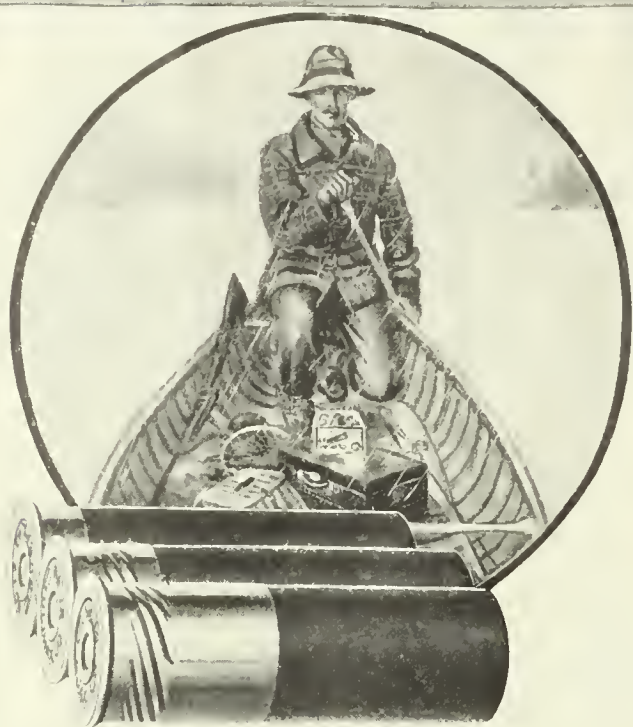
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Some of the

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and the battle hasn't really begun yet."

That was the way we felt about it then there at headquarters. We felt that it was a more or less empty victory. We rode back to the corps we had first visited and found the same general line of reports there at eight-forty. Everything seemed to be going all right, and there was little resistance. There was a report of some prisoners coming in. They didn't know how many. At that time it seemed like an anticlimax. When we got into the car for a speedy trip back to Nancy for James and Martin to file their stories, I had the feeling that the show was more or less of a flivver; that the boches had successfully withdrawn beforehand and left us reaching around blindly in an empty bag. On the way back we passed a regiment of infantry going in. We stopped by one company resting along the road, and found that they were from a Western State.

"You been in the line before?" I asked a typical doughboy sitting on the bank. "Only in a quiet training sector," he said.

"Pretty hot up where you're going now," I suggested.

He looked up and squinted out across the country in the direction from which the sound of the guns was coming.

"Ye-e-e-s?" he drawled finally. "Pretty hot, hey? Well, I reckon we can make out to add a little mite to the temperature when we get up there. I reckon!"

"This Looks Like a Clean-Up"

BACK to Nancy then. The impression of an anticlimax was increased by the appearance of this city only twelve miles from the battle front. Everything was going on as usual. The people were out casually shopping, lolling about in the cafés, going through the customary routine of their daily life in their customary way. Distance had so muffled the sound of the guns that the ordinary small noises of the city silenced it altogether, and there was nothing to suggest a battle in progress near by.

Out again then after the initial dispatches had been filed. It was a period of alternate rain and sunshine, a capricious fall hour that wooed one to lazy dreams. We rolled along for some miles parallel to a bewitching green canal, and for the time I absolutely forgot about the battle in my enjoyment of the scenery. The scenery was there, and the battle was not. Moreover, there was no hint of battle to mar the scenery. True, there were soldiers casually coming and going along the roads, and occasionally we passed a rumbling truck train. But there was nothing in the movement to suggest other than an ordinary American training sector such as may be found in many sections of France. We, who were on the spot at the time, were dazed. I know I felt much like a man who had been fearsome, confronted with a horde of phantom enemies in a nightmare, and waked to smile idly at the remembered bad dream.

As we drove up the hill to the nearest corps headquarters a two-seater airplane coming from the front volplaned down toward us. We could see the observer in the rear seat standing up and looking down over the fuselage. As the plane buzzed over us not more than two hundred feet above the observer swung his arm and a small white object with a two-foot linen tail sailed out behind the speeding plane and came to earth like an arrow. An orderly picked it up and sprinted with it to headquarters. It was a report from the front not ten minutes old. It would have taken a foot runner the entire day to collect the material in that report and return with it; it would have taken a dispatch rider on a motorcycle hours; it took the airman minutes, and as the orderly picked up the message the plane above was banking around and heading again for the battle line. Planes are more than the eyes of the army in a war of movement. They are the means of communication as well. The army that owns the sky holds a short and certain mortgage on the earth below.

Up over the crest of the hill, then, and I let out a whoop of joy at the most

surprising and gratifying sight I have ever witnessed. Out there in the open field on that hilltop, guarded by a few bored American doughboys, were more than two thousand German prisoners!

"Good Lord, man!" I gasped to Martin. "This doesn't look like a successful evacuation. This looks like a clean-up!"

A Pigeon Brings a Message

WE hurried across the field and had a close-up look at the big batch of prisoners. They were not a bad-looking lot—far from being third-raters—and certainly there was nothing detected in their appearance. Rather otherwise. They were laughing and joking among themselves and calling out gleefully to newly recognized acquaintances.

I was struck by the fact that they presented no evidence of having been in a battle. They did not look weary. They were neither muddy nor mussed up, and I saw no wounded among them. I spoke of this to a colonel who was superintending their classification.

"Why wouldn't they look fresh?" he growled. "They haven't lost as much sleep or worked as hard as I have—let alone fighting. Our artillery kept them down in their dugouts, and when our fire lifted and they came up, our first wave was over and beyond them, and they surrendered like sheep."

"Well, colonel," I said, "this boche who surrenders this way can't be the same boche who made the great drives of last spring. What's the answer? Is he beginning to break up?"

"Draw your own conclusions," the colonel answered.

At the headquarters I found that the corps had taken some three thousand prisoners. The corps to the left had taken a like number. On the mid-afternoon of that first day our infantry was occupying positions marked as the first phase objectives of the second day. In places our men had advanced nine kilometers. The artillery of two divisions had already advanced seven kilometers and was beyond the line planned for the infantry at that hour. A pigeon had just arrived with a message saying that the forces shoving over the left jaw of the pincers were operating on schedule.

The F. A. A. Makes Good

THERE had been very little fighting during most of the astonishing advance. It had been what is known in military slang as a "dry battle." Yet out there in the field on the hilltop were thousands of captured German soldiers to discredit the theory that the boches had executed a well-planned evacuation. I began searching about headquarters for the answer to the puzzle—and found it.

The First American Army in its first battle in France had made good! Paste that up over your desk! It had made good! The American army, as an army, had taken its place alongside the American fighting man as a fighting man.

The battle had been a dry one because the First American Army, in its first battle in France, had outthought the boche. Early on that first day, in a captured German headquarters, there was found a German intelligence report to the effect that the much-talked-of American offensive against the Saint-Mihiel salient was a joke, and that all that need be expected was a couple of strong raids. The boche meant eventually to evacuate the salient under pressure, but he did not mean to be knocked out—as we knocked him out—and he did not mean to leave in our hands the thousands of prisoners that we took.

The truth is that we hit him when he wasn't looking. We slammed him on the jaw with a hard right, when the worst he expected was a light left on the nose. The First American Army in France won its first battle in France with very little fighting because the operation was well planned and well executed. The American military planning man had stepped into place alongside the American military fighting man.

It was the complete, well-ordered, quiet, matter-of-fact success of the operation that had so puzzled us who were on the spot that day. We felt that it was too good to be true.

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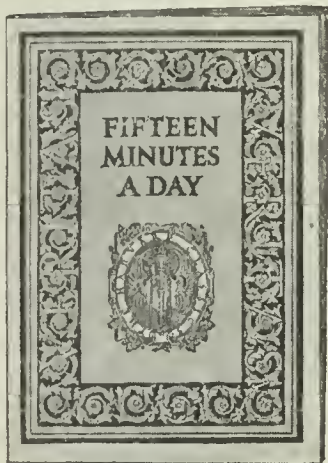
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I rode back to Nancy that night in a daze intermittently broken by periods of elation. I rode back stirred by the awesome feeling that during the day I had witnessed the beginning of the end of German military power. The end, mind you, may be far distant. What struggle the boche will make on his own frontiers no one knows. But, however distant the end may be, I felt certain there in the field on the evening of the historic 12th of September that I had witnessed definite evidence of the beginning thereof.

I have written this hastily in the days immediately following that first day of complete victory, between many trips through the redeemed territory. The operation is yet so young that I may not write details which will later be available for publication, nor designate organizations deserving of all credit. I have attempted here merely to give my impressions of that first momentous day as they came to me; the story of the first battle of the First American Army in France as I got it in the course of those initial astonishing hours on the 12th day of September in this the new year of our new national birth.

Our Big Gun Corps

Continued from page 20

to produce more regiments for the Big Gun Corps. Some retired artillery officers were called back; many of the first officers to go oversea were brought back to train the draft and new officer material. The last process, by the way, has become a permanent system. Regiments flow outward; officers with service abroad are replaced by new material and come back to these shores as organizers and instructors, only ultimately to return again to France.

Have I made it plain that the heavy artillery is constantly making new officers? That is the principal object of this article. The draft is combed with the utmost care for men who have the germ of command. If they have, perchance, a working acquaintance with trigonometry, right then they acquire an almost perfect title to a commission. They are sent to Fort Monroe post-haste. There it takes but three months to turn out a lieutenant—and if a man has been a leader of men in business life, his promotion is almost too swift to keep track of.

The Big Guns

BUT before I get too far astray, I want to describe the work of the Big Gun Corps, both here and abroad. Our coast defenses still exist, on eastern and western coasts. The forts are used as training centers and organization points. Of course the big guns of the forts are right at hand for preliminary training with heavy artillery, so here two purposes are served. The officers and men learn the theory and practice of the big-gun game, and there is always in existence a force which can turn instantly to the task of harbor defense in the almost ridiculously remote event of an enemy raid. Of course this force is constantly changing. Officer and man, there is seldom a case where four months' service isn't the limit.

To us, as I said above, is assigned a wonderful variety of weapons. We have the anti-aircraft. We have the trench mortars. We have the six-inch, seven-inch, eight-inch, ten-inch, twelve-inch, and even bigger rifles. We have howitzers of every size, tremendous mortars, twelve-inch, fourteen-inch, sixteen-inch in bore. These weapons are mounted and transported in every conceivable way. Anti-aircraft guns mostly travel by truck; trench mortars may travel by truck, by hand, or by railroad. Rifles, howitzers, and mortars may be mounted on wheeled carriages or upon railroad trucks. They may be drawn by steam engine or by gasoline tractor. And, needless to say, we have some engines of destruction which will be in France by the time this article is published, the like of which the Kaiser's generals have never dreamed.

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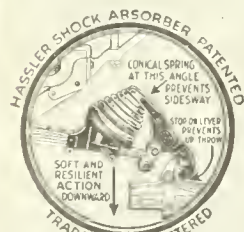
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and fighting of the units which handle such diverse weapons is too much for extended description. The enlisted personnel requires about every kind of technical expert one can think of excepting opticians and navigators. Clerks, stenographers, blacksmiths, automobile drivers and mechanics, locomotive and truck drivers and repair men, railroad trainmen, radio operators and experts, telephone and telegraph operators, linemen and experts, wagoners, cooks, mechanical draftsmen, and bookkeepers. I have left several classes out—oh, yes—motorcyclists and several hundred varieties of soldiers, cannoneers, and small-arms experts.

Our officers don't need to know all of the trades listed above. Principally they have to know two things—that they can command other men and, of all things in the world, trigonometry. That is, they have to know these two things first. We can teach them gunnery and, when necessary, ballistics. But we can't teach the average man to command men unless he has it in him when he begins. And we haven't time to teach trigonometry. We can and do give courses in review to men who, because of the lapse of years since college days, have become rusty on mathematics because of the lapse of years since college days.

We can guarantee to give a man back his trigonometry if he's ever had it.

Which I trust is plain enough hint that commissions can still be obtained almost straight from civil life by men who have not yet been called into the service if they have the two essentials named. If a man is in a deferred classification for any reason other than physical disability, he can try for a heavy artillery commission, and, if he fails, he will be returned to civil life. The path is open too to those in Class 1, who are sure to be called sooner or later, but such men remain in the army as privates or noncommissioned officers if they fail to obtain commissions. Every effort is being made by the Big Gun Corps to secure the right kind of men. Young men are wanted of course, but particularly do we want men above thirty-one. While nothing can be promised in advance relative to promotion, the man capable of holding a big command in private life need have no fear of remaining long a second lieutenant.

Every fort near either coast, every coast-defense command, every artil-

lery district headquarters is engaged in the search for likely Americans who have a bowing acquaintance with our old school friend "Trig." I could not say how many applicants apply by letter or in person every day to the artillery school at Fort Monroe, Va., and to the office of the Chief of Coast Artillery, Ordnance Building, Eighteenth and E Streets, Washington. This news has gone abroad more than a bit—that officers are still wanted in heavy artillery, antiaircraft, and trench-mortar service.

Putting the Act in Active

IT is exasperating how little known the Big Gun Corps is. The very night I write this a United States senator has said to me: "Let's see, your branch is a part of the Field Artillery, now, isn't it?"—the Field Artillery being a crackerjack branch of the service that didn't actually hurt, but it did bring pain the other day when a former business associate apologized because his son didn't go into the Coast Artillery when he had a chance, saying, to let me down easy: "You know, he is very anxious for active service abroad!"

Active service abroad! Active service! Great jumping big guns and little trench mortars! Listen, you who ought to be commissioned officers today—

The Big Guns Corps hits the Hun from every angle and wherever he may be, or however he may travel. If he goes by air, our Archies tag him. If he digs him a trench, our little mortars smite him. Does he mass his troops? Our howitzers and smaller rifles mow him down with high explosive. Does he build strong point or fort? Our whaling big mortars drop half-ton and ton projectiles from seven miles up in the air to wither the hopes with earthquake and complete annihilation. Does he draw his lines far-flung across the way we must go on the journey to Berlin town, then our great rifles, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five thousand yards back—yea, Brother Boche, even from farther back than that! our great rifles, whose kin we petted in our home forts, turn to their task—the task of blasting the road that Pershing would travel!

Active service?

Well, if the Coast Artillery Corps didn't put the act in active, I don't know who did!

Modern Couriers

Continued from page 22

the Government by these motor trucks, besides giving the farmer first an excellent mail service and then a direct, quick, and reliable outlet for his goods, study the figures for eight such routes from January 1, 1918, to May 31, 1918, and for June, 1918, as presented in the table on page 22. They show a net saving of \$125,089 over a five months' period, or at the rate of \$300,000 profits a year for eight routes, or an average of approximately \$37,500 a year on each route.

Based on these figures, the Post Office Department has already laid out a network of 4,000 miles of new parcel-post routes which extend from Portland, Me., to New Orleans, La. Sixty trucks are now in use on fifteen of the routes already established. The routes cover 2,311.06 miles, involving a daily travel of 2,622.20 miles, or close to 1,000,000 miles a year.

But, most remarkable of all, Mr. Blakslee has proposed to the National Legislature that he spend half of his truck profits for the building of the roads over which his motor trucks will run!

A survey of the possible through or connecting routes east of the Mississippi River indicates approximately 7,500 miles of such routes to be covered, of which at least 5,000 miles would be essential to a successful motor-truck service. It is assumed that a similar mileage would be necessary west of the Mississippi River, although no definite survey has as yet been completed.

Engineers of the Post Office Depart-

ment estimate that 5,000 miles of permanent roads, exclusive of bridges and municipal streets already completed and not included in contemplated construction, would cost about \$20,000 per mile, using every possible economical method of construction, including convict labor where available, prisoners of war, and local road-making material. Thus the entire 7,500 miles would cost about \$150,000,000, and 5,000 miles approximately \$100,000,000.

One thousand of a possible 5,000 trucks operating on such a highway system east of the Mississippi River should earn, based on the figures above and which were obtained in territories where keen competition exists from other available means of conveyance, \$40,000 each per year, or a total of \$40,000,000 yearly. Approximately \$5,000,000 should be deducted from the \$40,000,000 income for the cost of truck operation, \$10,000,000 for the cost of indirect transportation of mails to and from the routes and \$5,000,000 for extensions and additional services. The remainder, or \$20,000,000 a year, could be applied to the construction and maintenance of a national highway system which would be used not only by the Post Office Department trucks but by all commercial trucks as well.

Direct Service

TEN thousand truck routes, each earning \$40,000 a year, would produce an income of \$400,000,000 per year, or more than the total annual postal revenues at this time! There are 60,000

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rural and star routes in operation in the postal service to-day, so that the 10,000 postal truck routes would not be an unusual or startling number. If each route transported but 100 pounds of first-class mail daily, or one-fortieth of the average capacity of the Post Office trucks, the revenues would be \$45,000 per year. Out of the 10,000 possible routes, at least 1,000 can be located where the income will not interfere with the existing postal revenue.

The surplus earnings of those 1,000 routes would in due time build and maintain the proposed national highway system, regardless of what mailable matter might be diverted to motor-truck routes. Such diversions would occur only because of the more direct collection and delivery provided or by reason of short distances via the truck routes as compared with long detours through transfer points by rail or water.

As an example of the direct service which the trucks can render, one of the vehicles recently covered the 171 miles between Lancaster, Pa., and New York City in ten hours and carried 1,000 day-old chickens in addition to 520 pounds of butter and a miscellaneous load of 480 pounds of other dairy products. All of these goods were carried as parcels post and at regular parcels-post rates, and the trip involved only two operations between the original producer and the customer, whereas in the ordinary course of affairs at least fourteen individuals have to handle an egg between the time the egg leaves the chicken and its arrival on your breakfast table.

On the truck trip only six individuals touched it, thereby eliminating eight handlings, all of which tends to reduce the cost of food distribution. The weights for parcel-post matter are now very liberal, the maximum weight being 70 pounds. This admits of a bushel of potatoes, 62 pounds, or a crate of eggs, 52 pounds.

Another example of truck saving is shown on the 55-mile run between Oxford, Pa., and Philadelphia, where, before the truck was put into service, it was necessary for mushroom growers in the Oxford territory to ship their goods a total distance of 120 miles to get them to Philadelphia, only 55 miles away.

Trucks Versus Tubes

REMARKABLE as has been the work of the rural post-office motor trucks, those in the big cities have given an equally good account of themselves, and it is but a matter of one or two years before every large city in the United States will have its Government-owned and Government-operated trucks running between the stations and its various terminals and, furthermore, doing it quicker, cheaper, and in a more reliable manner than ever before. Already close to 1,000 trucks are in use in eighteen of the largest cities of the United States, among them New York, Chicago, Detroit, Indianapolis, Nashville, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Washington, D. C., Buffalo, Boston, and Brooklyn. There are 155 Government-owned-and-operated trucks in use in the city of New York alone.

These vehicles are giving a service unequalled by any other means heretofore employed, even including pneumatic tubes. Motor trucks at the beginning of the year were saving the Post Office Department \$320,000 annually on mail routes not less than 50 miles in length, according to a report of Postmaster General Burleson. As an example of reliability, the motor trucks engaged in mail haulage in Philadelphia were scheduled to make 384,526 trips during 1917, and of these there were only 132 failures, or one failure to every 2,913 trips.

While the continuance of the use of pneumatic tubes has been much in the public eye during the present year because the decision for the renewal of contracts to the private tube owners came up for consideration, the Post Office Department has been steadily perfecting its system, and adding more and more trucks. The system has been so worked out that street congestion plays a very small part in truck operation, even in large cities like New York and



Unarmed Arms of the Service

Men from the battle front who have been holding the line for months and years complain of the monotony of war. The soldier's life in the trenches soon ceases to be a novelty and becomes a tedious routine.

The morale of the army is of supreme importance and the greatest military authorities of the world are enthusiastic in their praise of the organizations which make it their business to keep the soldier in good spirits.

This work, like that of the Signal Corps, has been more highly developed in this war

than ever before. Huts for amusement, comfort and recuperation of the fighting men are in the trenches as well as behind the lines. The unarmed workers go about their duties under shell fire as coolly and as self-forgetfully as the telephone men of the Signal Corps who are frequently their neighbors, and who keep intact, often under a hail of bullets, the indispensable lines of communication.

It is for us who remain at home to support these unarmed heroes to the utmost, with our gifts, our labor, and our unbreakable morale.



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C. O. Goes to School

Continued from page 11

commander, who, in turn, would be fitting his own dispositions with the more general ones of the commander next higher up.

On the other hand, there are occasional older men who are still thinking of war in terms of General Custer, and the flexibility of their minds has not been improved by years at drowsy army posts "counting beans." The young men have nothing to unlearn, they are thoroughly aware of their shortcomings, intensely serious in correcting them, and they bring to the job all the quickness and ability to concentrate which they have needed in the rough-and-tumble competition of civil life.

Toward the end of their course some of the staff students go out to divisions engaged in maneuvers, and act as umpires in problems in the solution of which they have already been coached. Others are attached for a time to various staffs, where they help in the work that comes up from day to day. The instruction is largely given by American officers who have previously completed the course, assisted by French and English staff officers and other American officers detached from active duty for the moment and sent back to give the benefit of their recent experiences at the front. Those who successfully finish the course are assigned generally to the staffs of various units.

War's Curriculum

THE School of the Line, which helps to give this ancient city the air of a college town, is, of course, for training, not in the abstractions of staff work, but in tactics and the details of actual fighting. It is an officers' training camp d'élite, a kind of graduate Plattsburg, while the Staff College is a sort of enlarged and vitalized Leavenworth.

Young officers who have seen service at the front are sent back here to correlate their scraps of experience and brush up on the new ideas in the various phases of their work. Here, taken at random, were some of the things they were studying:

German methods of attack; defense of a village; tactical use of tanks; sanitation; trench mortars; small cavalry patrols; gas instruction; flank patrols; defense of a convoy; "cleaning up"; camping a division; regiment in attack and in defense; liaison in the attack; halt and camp for the night; consolidation of a position; reconnaissance patrols; regiment as part of a larger force in attack on consolidated position; attack on machine-gun nests, followed by demonstration of same



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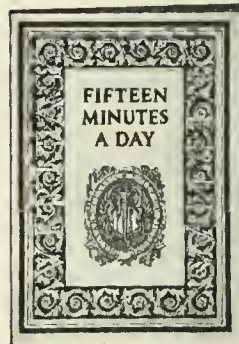
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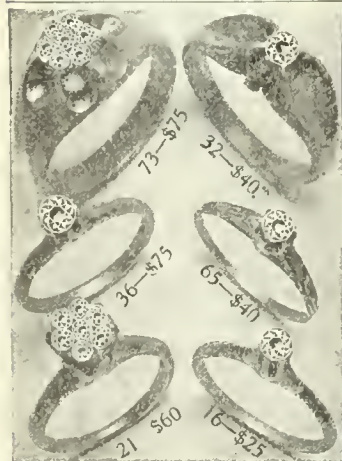
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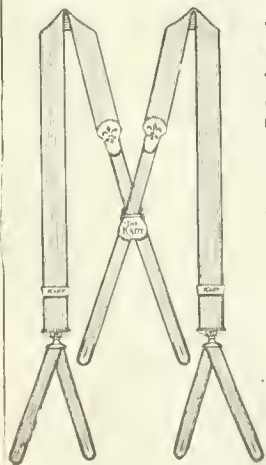
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problem at Infantry Specialists' School, and so on.

There are map problems here, as in the Staff College, but of a tactical rather than strategical nature. You are, for instance, marching along a certain road—actual roads in the neighborhood are sometimes used—when shells begin to fall in the road two hundred meters ahead. At the same time, from the wood, three hundred meters ahead and to the left—all such points are accurately shown on the map, of course—machine guns open fire.

The "Quick and the Dead"

WHAT do you do, and what orders do you give? Similar problems are given in officers' training camps at home, but they have a different sort of bite here, where both pupils and instructors may both have just come from the front and when every student officer knows that everything he can learn to-day may mean saving the lives of his men and himself to-morrow.

In one of the classes into which I looked they were working over airplane photographs and transferring the information they revealed to military maps.

Some of the photographs are plain enough—a railway and station, for instance. Wire entanglements, on the other hand, show only as bands of light shadow, sometimes hard to recognize. Well-concealed battery positions may scarcely show at all. The photographs have been taken at different heights and angles, moreover, and rather tricky problems of foreshortening must be worked out before the positions shown can be accurately spotted on a military map.

On the experimental gas chamber, about which floated the rather pleasant, fruity odor of chlorine, was a sign in big letters: "Hold Your Breath Means Hold What You've Got." That is to say, when a gas alarm comes, don't try to take a long breath before putting on your mask and be half gassed in doing it. Hold what you have and wait for the rest until you can pull it through the mask. And there was the further reminder that in gas attacks there were only two kinds of people, the "quick and the dead."

Sorting Prisoners

IN the courtyard student intelligence officers were questioning real German prisoners. A squad of bored Germans, who had to line up and answer the same questions twenty or thirty times over, was kept for that special purpose.

"Mr. Jones!" called out the instructor, and out of the schoolroom, pencil and notebook in hand, came a young second lieutenant.

He stepped in front of the squad of prisoners, looked as knowing as possible, and gave an order in German.

Instantly the prisoners, who had done the same thing a dozen times already that afternoon, scrambled this way and that, their heavy boots scratching the gravel as they snapped to "Attention!" hands at their sides. The time was limited, and when it was up the student was cut off whether he had finished or not. His general bearing, promptness, and resource were "points" in this test rather than the quality of information obtained. Each had his own method, and the results were as different as different turns in a music hall.

One picked out a prisoner at random, asked him his unit, told him to stand aside, and then ordered all the others of the same unit to line up with him. He was nowhere near done when time was called.

Another, more workmanlike, spotted a German noncommissioned officer in the group, gave him the order, and the Feldwebel promptly had his comrades going through their paces like a house afire. [The nearest American rank to Feldwebel is sergeant major. Actually, however, the Feldwebel is an officer who is of a grade between the commissioned and noncommissioned ranks, and performs special duties.] "There's something doing when those fellows



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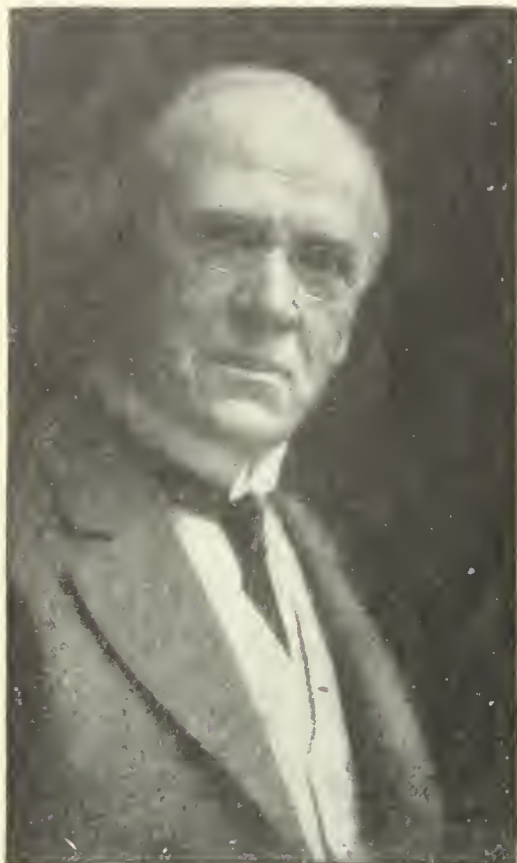
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Everyone should know when and what to eat, for when an epidemic such as Spanish Influenza appears, those who have lived properly will have power to resist disease influences. Those who are enervated from wrong habits and who become sick should know the danger of eating under such circumstances. For information read

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Man to be well must be separated from his bad habits that enervate, after which lost energy is returned and full health restored and maintained by right eating. The body will stay normal if properly cared for, and when sick, nothing cures except nature aided by the correction of bad habits.

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Philosophy of Health
DENVER, COLORADO

get an order!" remarked the captain-instructor.

One of the prisoners, oddly enough, had been among a group I recalled seeing the day he was captured outside a division headquarters east of Fère-en-Tardenois, a domesticated-looking man of middle age, who spoke a little English, which he said he had not studied in nineteen years and had almost forgotten, and in peace times kept an electrical supply shop.

When each student had finished his turn the prisoners were mixed up again, another candidate called, and the performance repeated. The questioning for military information—a task requiring more deftness and detailed knowledge than this mere preliminary sorting of the prisoners—was to come another day.

The Power Behind

THE Staff College, with the Line School, the Officers' Training Camp, and the various specialists' schools in the neighborhood, make up the most

important of the American school centers in France.

Many of those sent to the Staff College itself would doubtless prefer to return, after finishing the course, to the combat units from which they were recommended.

As staff officers they will become office men of a sort, instead of soldiers in the field, and deal with abstractions instead of actual men and horses and planes and guns.

But it is harder to get good men for that kind of duty than for everyday work in the line, and while the chance of promotion is less, the work, if done as it ought to be done, is honor enough in itself.

And it will be staff work on which the real effective strength of our army of to-morrow, of the actual men and horses and planes and guns, will largely depend.

Mr. Ruhl's next article dealing with the American Expeditionary Force will appear in an early issue.

The Bonfire in the Hills

Continued from page 18

from the ground, so thin that it dispersed before reaching the tree tops. It was enough. After half an hour's circuitous approach he found what he expected, a smoldering bonfire of cloth wrapped in green banana leaf. Beside it squatted the late sirdar of Vatua, motionless as a stone image, his face upturned, his eyes transfixed as though gazing through space on another world, every muscle tense with the exercise of superhuman will power! He had sat there for days and nights—how many, he alone knew—while the bonfire smoldered, and Nesbit grew weaker. When it had burned itself out, it was his belief that Nesbit would die. Who knows?

Raynor shot him cleanly through the heart.

HE reached Vatua toward the evening of the next day. Frances was sitting beside Nesbit's bed, and put her fingers to her lips as Raynor came in. "He's easier," she whispered. "He's slept for twelve hours—without dreaming, I think."

"Good," muttered Raynor, and his hand instinctively closed on a charred scrap of cloth in his pocket, all that remained of the bonfire in the hills. "Don't worry; he'll get better now."

Frances followed him out on to the veranda.

"Where have you been, Jim?" she she asked.

Raynor stared down at his tattered, mud-besmeared ducks like a guilty child.

"Mucky job," he said. "Must leave the place shipshape."

"Leave it?"

"Yes, I'm selling out to Nesbit."

He filled his pipe, pressing home the tobacco with the leisurely motion of his thumb that the girl beside him knew so

well. "I'm sick of Vatua. Want to see cool rain and some of the other things worth having."

Frances said nothing, but sat looking out over the Pacific with her serene eyes.

"You ought to do well," Raynor went on meditatively, between puffs. "Vatua's all right, and Nesbit's all right. Keep him up to looking after the southeast block; with care it's going to be the best on the place. Oh, and the steam drying; McCullochs have complained about the last shipment; nasty, sarcastic; say that their copra's got to be cured, not parboiled. They'll want pink ribbons tied round it next; but there you are—"

Something caused him to stop. It was a pity, because he felt that he was doing rather well; but there was that in Frances Martin's face that made it impossible to go on.

"My dear Jim," she said, looking him full in the eyes, "what are you talking about?"

"You and Nesbit, Vatua—I thought a few tips—" Suddenly he leaned forward and grasped her wrist. "You said he had asked you to marry him," he jerked out.

"Yes, but that doesn't say I'm going to," she answered quietly.

His grasp tightened.

"Frances, don't play with me; I can't stand it."

She turned her head at that, and looked away over the palm groves. Her lips moved slowly.

"I've never played with you, Jim," she said.

Raynor stared foolishly.

"You mean— It doesn't seem possible—"

Frances smiled into his eyes.

"You needn't believe me if you don't want to," she said.

Would Belgium Accept a German Peace?

Continued from page 12

Belgian owners 180,000 horses and mules, according to German figures; the best mares and stallions were sold in the markets of Cologne and Düsseldorf as spoils of war. Enormous quantities of grain were likewise seized, nearly all of this property without any payment whatever. Cereals, vegetables, milk, cattle, sheep, rabbits, wheat, potatoes—nothing was overlooked by the invading hosts. From Liege alone 20,000 horses were looted. On February 25, 1915, the "Münchner Neueste Nachrichten" stated that even that early the whole profit realized by the Germans behind the western front might be placed at \$500,000,000; and constituted a "magnificent victory for Germany." An engaging picture—as of a six-foot ruffian stealing a stick of candy from a helpless child after he has knocked

the child down and has broken a limb or two in order to discourage protest!

The extraordinary prosperity of Belgium prior to the war was due in large part to her rich coal deposits; 150,000 Belgian mine workers produced 25,000,000 tons of fuel, all of which was used at home; and Belgium was known as "the workshop of Europe" because of the multitude and variety of her manufacturing industries. As soon as possible the Germans systematically set to work to wreck the more important industries, of which Germany long had been insanely jealous, planning by their physical ruin to leave a clear field for Germany's factories in future—when her ambitious and successful industrial rival had been put down and out permanently. This is a point not always understood by Americans, who usually

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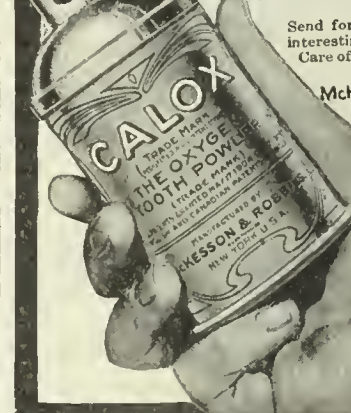


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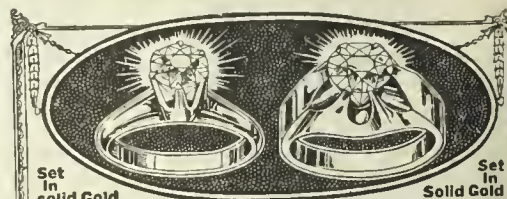
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think Germany had but one object—a military object—in invading Belgium and enslaving its people while ruining their industries. As a matter of fact, "military necessity," as evidenced by the "scrap of paper," did come first; but of almost equal importance, in German eyes, was the utter ruin of Belgium's industries. The coal mines seized, and miners forced to work, the Germans calmly sent the Belgian coal into their Fatherland—and let the Belgians freeze as well as starve. As recently as the summer of 1917 there was still a little fuel for Belgians themselves, and at the pit head it cost from \$6.25 to \$7.50 per ton. But last winter Belgians whom the Germans permitted to live in Brussels had to pay from \$50 to \$60 per ton for their own coal—when they were allowed to have any.

Hand in hand with destruction of Belgian industrial plants has gone the ruin of public and private woodlands by the Hun invaders. In the Ardennes region whole forests have been destroyed, this damage being wholly distinct from shell fire, incendiarism, etc., or reasons of military strategy. It is part of Germany's systematic program to raid the economic resources of the Belgian nation for the carefully planned purpose of eliminating competition in future years. Agriculture, mines, forests, animal husbandry, mills, shops, factories—nothing escapes the Hun invader; loot, spoliation, destruction everywhere, in order that he may have a clear field for his own industry and commerce during peaceful decades and thereby achieve an "economic conquest" of the world which refuses to submit to military and political subjugation.

"War Contributions"

DURING the present year a Belgian lawyer escaped from the invaded area of his country and brought data as to conditions there. A statement of his recital is furnished by the Belgian Legation at Washington, and it says that between 1913 and April, 1918, a pound of meat had risen in price from 35 cents (American money) to \$2; a pound of butter from 35 cents to \$3.50. From 1913 to 1917 bacon had risen from 50 cents a pound to \$2.50; a quart of milk from 10 cents to 50 cents; eggs from 24 cents a dozen to \$3; sugar from 6 cents to \$1.60 a pound; and potatoes from 1 cent a pound to 25 cents. Before the war began an average family of two adults and two children could live well by spending \$230 a year for food. The same family to-day would have to spend more than \$1,200 for the same food. As a result of German rule and German Kultur in Belgium there are now in excess of 100 per cent more cases of tuberculosis among Belgians than prior to 1914. The Belgian mortality rate in the invaded areas has risen from 8.5 per thousand to 19.20, and the birth rate has decreased from 17 per thousand to 13.7—a ghastly revelation, vividly picturing the hellish thoroughness with which human health has been undermined in an innocent, pitiable little land.

When the forces of the Kaiser took possession of Belgium his man Von Bissing imposed on the occupied territory a "war contribution" of \$8,000,000 per month. On November 20, 1916, this was increased to \$10,000,000 per month, and on June 10, 1917, the German pirate still further increased the sum to \$12,000,000 per month. Up to June 10, 1918, the total of these forced "war contributions" had amounted to \$398,000,000, to which must be added \$43,000,000 levied on separate towns and provinces—making a grand total of \$441,000,000 up to June of the present year wrung out of the Belgian people.

To Her Last Man

EVEN the Red Cross did not escape the voracious rapacity of the German savages. A part of the Belgian Red Cross work with the Belgian army has been performed on the Yser; and it was for this particular work that early in 1915 generous Americans gave about \$150,000 through Mme. Depage, who was among those whom German assassins murdered on the *Lusitania*. Another portion, however, had remained



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in active operation for relief work with- in the invaded areas.

It was in this same *Lusitania* year, 1915, that the German oppressors commanded the Belgian Red Cross within the German military lines to devote its activity to a work called "Aid and Protection to Women, by Employment." Mindful of their charter, the Belgium Red Cross refused.

When this was reported to Von Bis- sing, then Governor General of Bel- gium, on April 14, 1915, he ordered the Belgian Red Cross to turn over all its property, money, and archives to Count von Hatzfeld, and upon receiv- ing prompt refusal he lost no time in carrying out the order by military force. The International Red Cross Committee lodged formal protest against this law- less, unwarranted, and barbaric action.

In spite of the awful conditions forcib- ly imposed during four years, the Belgians, even in the occupied areas, steadfastly continue their forms of gov- ernment as far as they are permitted to do so. Undeterred by the over- shadowing presence of the Hun, they refuse to give up their freedom of spirit, no matter in how many respects their freedom of action and of speech is forbidden. At present the most poignant regret of these 7,000,000 cap- tive Belgians is that they are not allowed to know what is happening in the great world outside their sealed borders. Formerly aircraft occasionally dropped leaflets telling the Belgians that the Entente Allies were still fight- ing and dying for the cause of human liberty which they represent; that new resources were being found; that they must keep up their courage.

But of late months even this mode of communication has ceased. Occa- sionally, however, an exhausted army pigeon, bringing back a message, can be captured without discovery, and then the Belgians know what is going on in Europe, Asia, and America.

If the Germans Were Here?

IT is difficult for an American to visualize the situation of the Belgian people, because their country is so small—its total area being less by almost a thousand square miles than that of Maryland. And as for "Free Bel- gium," it is only one-third the size of Rhode Island. [Mr. Rood's article was written before the capture of Roulers.]

Let it be repeated that 96 per cent of Belgian territory, and 90 per cent of the Belgian people, are under the merciless control of German invaders. If corresponding conditions prevailed, relatively, in America, the Kaiser's armies would be in absolute posses- sion, would be committing robbery and loot, rapine and brutality of every kind, in all but one of our commonwealths. The German sword would be dealing out death, and worse than death, throughout the entire United States excepting the State of California, and even there would be in occupation of the northeast corner—Siskiyou, Modoc, and Lassen Counties. And the entire American people would be in captivity excepting a number approximately equal to the population of New Eng- land and New Jersey, while more than 1,250,000 innocent, law-abiding Ameri- can citizens (men, women, boys, and girls of fourteen and over) would have been deported as slaves for the Teu- tonic taskmaster.

Is it difficult to understand why Bel- gium would fight on, accepting even national extinction, rather than sub- mit to any kind of a "German peace"?

Abe and Morris

Continued from page 7

her when I am going on the road for a couple of weeks, making only big towns with first-class hotels."

"That's just what I am saying," Morris continued, "so how much more rotten would you feel if you would be going to make such towns as Metz, Mainz, Frankfurt, and Berlin with a line of popular-priced hand grenades?"

"I would be tickled to pieces," he said. "But not for the first twenty-four hours after arriving in camp," Morris

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declared. "And even for the first few weeks even, you wouldn't be in such high spirits that you would be able to think of a cup of homemade coffee without not only your mouth watering but your eyes watering also."

"Say!" Abe protested, "with me, I get homesick at the heart, not at the stomach."

"You ain't no difference from anybody else, Abe," Morris continued, "which when a man goes into the army from a good home, y'understand, not only he gets homesick from the heart and the stomach, Abe, but he also gets homesick for a tiled bathroom, steam heat, hot and cold running water, his Saturday night pinochle game, and even in a case like yours, Abe, you might go so far as to get homesick for your partner."

"Oser!" Abe exclaimed.

"But aside from his friends and family, Abe," Morris went on, "there ain't nothing that an American soldier is likely to get homesick for which them United War Work fellers wouldn't supply him with so long as he is in a training camp, and which they also could supply him with once in a while in France also. In fact, Abe, when you consider what the United States army is going to do to occupy your time during business hours as a soldier, and what the United War Work people has got fixed up to make you comfortable in your off moments, I ain't a bit worried about how you would come out."

"I know you ain't," Abe agreed, "and you wouldn't be not if you thought I was going into a front-line trench tomorrow."

"I would be just so much worried about you as you would be about me," Morris retorted, "which I bet you I could lay rotting in a German prison camp for years already and you wouldn't got to take so much as five grains of asperin for the sleep you would lose over it."

"Why should I?" Abe said. "The Y. M. C. A. would look after you, and maybe the Knights of Columbus and the Jewish Welfare Board also. Besides, if you feel that way about it, now is the time to provide against such risks. Don't wait till you are actually in Ruhleben, or wherever the prison camp might be. To-day yet while you have got the money, Mawruss, pay every dollar you can afford to the United War Work campaign, because it don't make no difference if it would be fifty cents or five hundred dollars, it is a premium of insurance against your getting homesick, discouraged, cold, or hungry when you go into the army."

"I don't need such insurance," Morris replied, "because you know as well as I do, Abe, with the bad eyesight and varicose veins which I got it, there ain't no chance in a million that they would take me into the army, so therefore whatever I would give to the United War Work campaign, would be for your sake, Abe, and fellers like you."

"Don't do me no favors, Mawruss," Abe said. "Believe me, if they are going to take a feller on the uptown side of fifty like me, Mawruss, you couldn't bank too much on them bad eyes and varicose veins neither, which I bet yer many a feller has gone over the top already wearing spectacles and a pair of elastic stockings, so if you are going to contribute to this here War Work campaign, Mawruss, don't hesitate to come across with just as big a sum as if you would be going to be benefited by it personally in the next six months."

"Say!" Morris said. "I am not going to give to this here United War Work campaign with any idea of getting my money's worth out of it. I am going to contribute the way anybody else would do it—for the sake of the American soldiers and sailors of every kind and description—and that means a Mohammedan, a Buddhist, a relation, or a stranger."

"And how about a partner?" Abe asked.

"When it comes to contributing to such a big cause like the United War Work campaign," Morris concluded, "I ain't got no prejudices against even a partner."



The New Method places confidence as the basis of control



Scolding and whipping are relics of the Barbarous Ages

Right and Wrong Methods In Child Training

MANY loving parents with the best interest of their children at heart are unknowingly committing nothing less than a crime against their little ones because of the methods they use in training them in the way they should go.

Not only do these methods fail in their immediate purpose, but they work an irreparable harm in their effect on the child's future success and happiness.

Abraham Lincoln, perhaps our greatest American, once said: "All that I am and all that I ever hope to be I owe to my mother." Great men before and since Lincoln have in the very same way given the big share of credit to their parents—and how truly they spoke!

The trouble has always been that we have never given any really scientific study to the question of child training—we have not searched for the cause of disobedience, the cause of wilfulness, the cause of untruthfulness and of other symptoms which, if not treated in the right away, may lead to dire consequences. Instead we punish the child for exhibiting the bad trait, or else "let it go." As a result, we do the child an actual wrong instead of helping it. What we should do is to attack the trouble at its source.

Confidence the Basis of Control

The new system of child training is founded upon the principle that confidence is the basis of control.

Under this new system children who have been well-nigh unmanageable become obedient and willing, and such traits as bashfulness, jealousy, fear, bragging, etc., are overcome. But the system goes deeper than that, for it instills high ideals and builds character, which is of course the goal of all parents' efforts in child training.

Physical punishment, shouted commands, and other barbarous relics of the old system have no place in this modern school. Children are made comrades, not slaves; are helped, not punished. And the results are nothing short of marvelous.

Instead of a hardship, child training becomes a genuine pleasure, as the parent shares every confidence, every joy and every sorrow of the child, and at the same time has its unqualified respect. This is a situation rarely possible under old training methods.

And what a source of pride now as well as in after years! To have children whose every action shows culture and refinement, perfect little gentlemen and gentlewomen, yet full of childish enthusiasm and spontaneity withal!

Results Without Friction

To put in practice these new ideas in child training, strange as it may seem,

takes less time than the old method. It is simply a question of applying principles founded on a scientific study of human nature, going at it in such a way as to get immediate results without friction.

The founder of this new system is Professor Ray C. Beery, A. B., M. A. (Harvard and Columbia), who has written a complete Course in Practical Child Training. This Course is based on Professor Beery's extensive investigations and wide practical experience, and provides a well-worked-out plan which the parent can easily follow. The Parents' Association, a national organization devoted to improving the methods of child training, has adopted the Beery system and is teaching the course to its members by mail.

Nothing Else Like It

Membership in the Parents' Association entitles you to a complete course of lessons in child training by Professor Beery. These lessons must not be confused with the hundreds of books on child training which leave the reader in the dark because of vagueness and lack of definite and practical application of the principles laid down. It does not deal in glittering generalities. Instead, it shows by concrete illustrations and detailed explanations exactly what to do to meet every emergency and how to accomplish immediate results and make a permanent impression.

No matter whether your child is still in the cradle or is eighteen years old, this course will show how to apply the right methods at once. You merely take up the particular trait, turn to the proper page, and apply the lessons to the child. You are told exactly what to do. You cannot begin too soon, for the child's behavior in the first few years of life depends on the parent, not on the child.

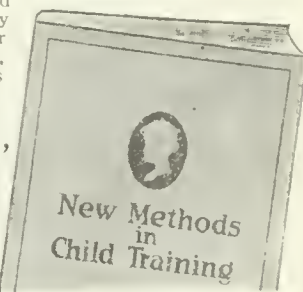
This Book Free

"New Methods in Child Training" is the title of a little book which describes the Parents' Association and outlines Professor Beery's course in Practical Child Training. The Association will gladly send a copy free on request.

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Business in War Time

EDITED BY THE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT OF COLLIER'S

No. 18: How Has War Affected American Business Mentally?

AFTER the war is won this world that we live in is going to be a much smaller place than any of us have ever realized it could be. It is going to be a small world and yet it is going to call for bigger men. And by that I mean bigger mentally.

It is going to call for business executives who can see beyond the corner of Main and Market Streets, who can see clear across the continent and back again, and past the waters that formerly isolated us—clear past them to South America and Asia and Africa and the remotest corners of this little world of ours.

In a way American business has been preparing for this. It has been growing up to it. Twenty years ago most business was local; it was confined to the territory within easy traveling distance of its sales representatives. But in the twenty years preceding the war many businesses became national in scope. And when President Wilson decided, in April, 1917, that we must enter the war he not only made America international in its influence upon world politics; he made it international in its trade influence—and its trade opportunities.

For the past four years, many of us in America have been feeling and thinking more intensively than we have ever been forced to feel and think before. We have all partaken, even though remotely, in the war's suffering and sacrifice. Do not think for one moment that I am trying to suggest that we have in any degree suffered and sacrificed to compare with the way the men have who, on the battle field and in the horror of the trenches, have given everything that life holds most precious. But within all of us has been planted a pale reflection of their agony. And something of our meannesses and our pettiness has been burned away.

So in this new and smaller world which is opening to American business, a certain type of business executive is called for—the type of executive who sees the humane side of things, who sees that the purpose of his business is to serve the community, the nation, the world, more than its purpose is simply to pile profits upon profits. This is not sentimentality. There should of course be profits. No business can continue very long or, for that matter, be of any service very long without profits. But these profits should be fair profits—and fairly earned.

Fortunately, of course, we have already many business executives of this type. But the point is that in the new era of business there will be little room for executives of any other type.

Remember, too, that labor will be more intelligent than ever before and must be more

intelligently dealt with. Labor, too, during these four years of war has been forced to think more intensively than ever before.

The other day in crossing a ferry I talked with a man who worked in a munitions plant, worked with his hands and the sweat of his brow. We talked about the war. And he told me many things from his point of view. That morning the newspaper headlines had exulted in the surrender of Bulgaria. And he talked about that. And Serbia. And France. And he said something, laughingly and contemptuous, about the Bolsheviki. He showed that the whole world had recently revealed itself to his gaze. Can you imagine any average American talking about international problems before the war set us to thinking about them and considering them daily?



What are we going to do about it?

A little later I talked to an executive of the company who employed that munitions worker. And he, too, was thinking about world problems. He was thinking about them, not only in connection with his own business and adjusting his business to their demands, but he was also thinking about them in a bigger and broader way.

"It must be remembered that this war was commercial in origin," he said, talking very earnestly and quietly. "Germany wanted her 'place in the sun.' She wanted 'freedom of the seas.' This was for the further commercial expansion of the German Empire and the welding into a solid unit the outposts she had established in every civilized country. Her enormous scheme of a commercial expansion was restricted by her limitations in

resources, the smallness of her territory and her secondary position as a naval power. The Monroe Doctrine also constituted a hindrance to her exploitation of South America. It was the hope and expectation of her military leaders that the great war, started when she was ready and when no one else was ready, would gain for her supremacy over all the obstacles that confronted her and would leave her first with the commercial domination of the world, and, as a result, the ultimate political domination.

"Her submarine warfare has been conducted not merely for the purpose of stopping the shipment of troops and supplies to her enemies but also to reduce the available competitive ship tonnage for the period after the war. The minimum she will strive to obtain at the final peace conference will be the control of raw materials sufficient for proceeding with her scheme of commercial expansion.

"Foreseeing her inevitable withdrawal from northern France with its great store of raw materials, she is bending every effort to secure and retain the control of Russia, which is perhaps the world's greatest undeveloped storehouse of raw materials.

"But what has happened to Germany's dream of world domination? It is gone—or almost gone. Instead of that, we find the Allied and democratic nations in the position which Germany demanded for herself.

"And because America has not been required to pay such a terrific price for victory as the other Allied nations have had to pay, America is able to face this situation, much richer in money and supplies and materials than any of her allies. For a time America will have everything that every other nation needs and must get for its mere existence. We will, for the time being, be in control of

the world. Then will come the true test of America's measure as a world power. Then the world will know whether democracy and high ideals and fair dealing are simply phrases with us—or performances. What are we going to do about it?"

And what are we going to do about it? What are we planning now to do about it? There is no doubt but that the war has widened the horizons and broadened the visions of many of us. But has it done this to enough of us? To all of us? Are we preparing ourselves for the opportunity that is coming to American business? Are we right mentally to conduct this business fairly and with honor?

The answer to these questions is an answer that we must soon give to the world.

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R. R.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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NOV 22 1918

NOVEMBER 16, 1918

VOLUME 62 NO. 10

NOTICE TO READER.—When you finish reading this magazine, place a one cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas. No wrapping—No address. A. S. BURLISON, Postmaster General.



"The Lost Battalion"

The story of how it was "lost" and "found," by Lieutenant Arthur McKeogh, Major Whittlesey's adjutant

James Hopper

"On the German Heels," the first of a series of three articles on the big American drive

Meredith Nicholson

The fourth chapter of "Lady Larkspur," entitled "Pursuing Knights"

A Gentleman's Game

A story by Guy W. Norton, in which "Snowball" Johnson discovers that college football isn't entirely a matter of higher education

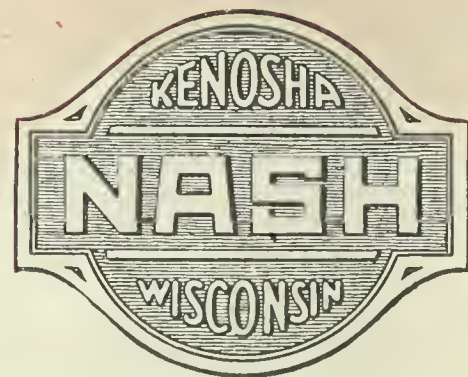
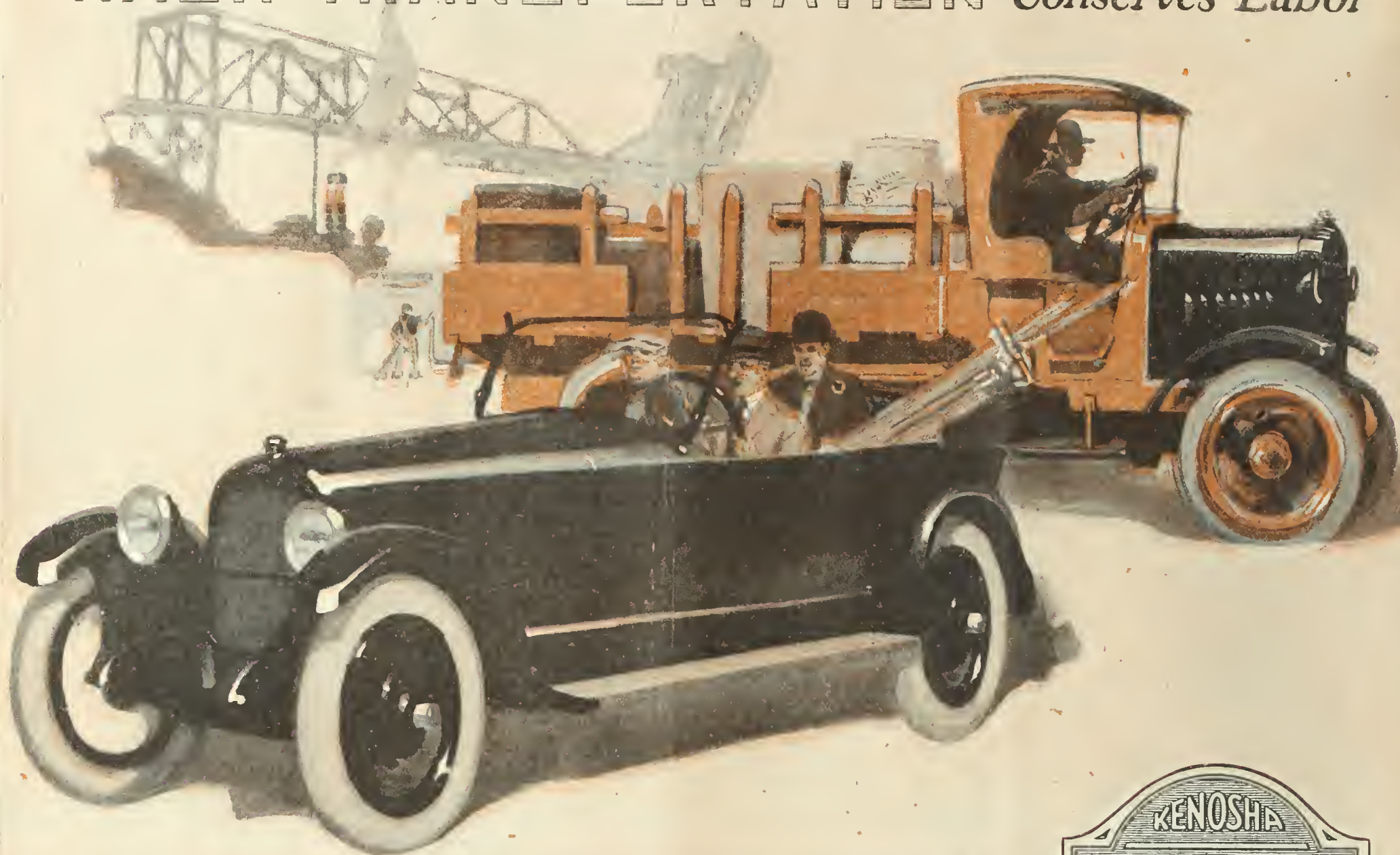
Howard Brubaker

"A Tangled Web," another story of the irrepressible Ruby and the twins

Also in this issue: Photograph pages, Editorials, etc.

Give for Your Boys Over There

NASH TRANSPORTATION *Conserves Labor*



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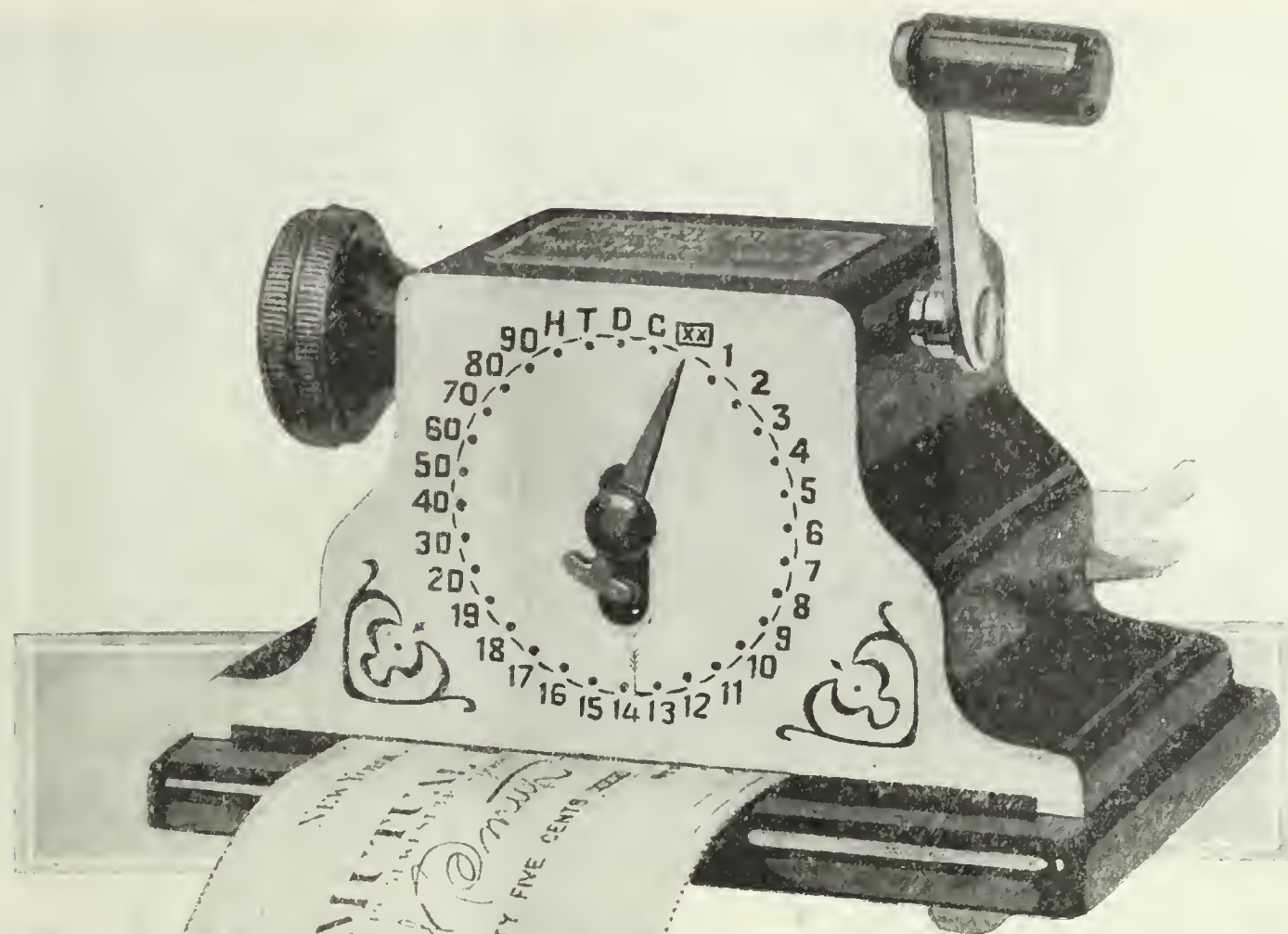
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

New York: 416 West 13th Street. London:
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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 16, 1918

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“The Lost Battalion”

BY LIEUTENANT ARTHUR MCKEOGH

“WHY, you're the adjutant of 'The Lost Battalion'!” The embarkation officer at Hoboken, whom I had seen last at Camp Upton, backed away from me in wide-eyed amazement as we stood in the salon of a certain fast army transport, just docked.

The unaccountable surprise was mutual.

“The *which* battalion?” I demanded. “Two weeks ago I was adjutant of the First Battalion, 308th Infantry. We had been advancing for four days into the Argonne Forest when Major Whittlesey sent me back to regimental headquarters to let them know our position and get assistance, but—”

“Well, that's what I'm telling you,” he interrupted with an indulgent smile. “Your battalion was lost in the Argonne. While you've been crossing the ocean the war correspondents have made your outfit famous the country over as ‘The Lost Battalion.’”

Like an erratic machine gun, I sputtered questions at him. And presently I was again dumfounded by learning that for four days after I had given the colonel our map coordinates—that is, our exact location—and had seen men, ammunition, and rations started forward, for four whole days our haggard little command had held out! I knew nothing of this because upon reaching the regimental dugout, after twenty-four hours of crawling through the wilderness, I was given orders at once to get to the seacoast. As I contemplate now the stand made by those New York boys my amazement and admiration know

no bounds. The achievement seems beyond the bounds of human endurance. It was at five-thirty on the morning of September 26 that the barrage was lifted from the German front-trench systems and began its riotous creeping toward their rear. Promptly at five-thirty, without scaling ladders, or any sort of aid to egress except a few holes kicked into the parapet, we climbed over—climbed over into a sea of fog. Such fog as was there has never elsewhere enshrouded the earth, I'm convinced. It was so heavy that a man ten feet away was invisible.

Now, I know the Adirondacks and the Berkshires; and I have read of the Civil War field of the Wilderness. But compared with the Argonne Forest they are as polo fields. We went through such rank growth that there was always danger of losing the man ahead, although he was almost within arm's length. Vines clasped your neck and roots entwined your feet till you were prisoner of untamed Nature. And with it all the fog hung persistently over the valley. It must have been nine o'clock before we reached the first boche trench, the Ludwig. As we neared it I saw the major reach for his automatic. The trench had been quite deserted, however. With my trusty wire cutter I snipped its intact telephone wires. As we headed north along a communication trench a maze of elaborate firing, support, and reserve trenches ramified at our sides. No boche, however; although signs of his recent occupancy were not wanting. Apart from a half-hearted



FIRST TO GET BACK TO AMERICA
FROM “THE LOST BATTALION”

So rapid was the advance of the now famous “Lost Battalion” through the dense Argonne Forest that the Germans were able to get behind it, cut its communications, and surround it. Lieutenant McKeogh was selected by Major Whittlesey to carry a message back to headquarters and reestablish communications. In this article he tells his own story of how he crept and ran and fought his way back so that the Lost Battalion might be “found” again.
THE EDITOR.



A "cushy blighty," as the Tommy puts it

dousing with light artillery, we met no resistance until we had taken our corps objective that day. Then began the first of many engagements with machine-gun nests. Our casualties were negligible at nightfall. And we had taken some prisoners. We made battalion headquarters in a row of luxurious boche huts that night, a settlement called Karlsruhe; they were built of concrete and elephant iron, whitewashed spotlessly inside and fitted with comfortable cots, chairs, and tables. Lacking plain water, we enjoyed Herr Kommandant's mineral water. He had left several cases of sealed bottles.

Two Miles Into Bocheland

OUR second day's tussle with the undergrowth and saplings of the Argonne was even more strenuous than that of the first. And, in addition, it was now that we began encountering something like real opposition. An idea may be had of the complexity of the enemy positions from the fact that when we had penetrated to a depth of a little more than a mile we had passed over twelve trench systems, which, with support and reserve trenches and boyaux, may mean twoscore individual cuts. We bivouacked that second night in trenches long unused by the boche and overgrown with bushes that were ready-made camouflage.

Progress being satisfactory, we anticipated reaching the mouth of a ravine on the third day. Our trench maps showed it to be thickly infested with *laagers*, or boche barracks. The Second Battalion, under Major Kenneth Budd, had joined up with us, and plans were to send two companies of each battalion forward on each side of the ravine. So that the so-called Lost Battalion was really composed of two companies of both organizations.

It was what the communiqués conservatively call "stubborn resistance" that we met along a narrow-gauge railway track as we advanced. There seemed to be half a dozen nests scattered about. And from their emplacements they were throwing out "flying pigs" as well—a type of trench-mortar projectile that adds nothing to the average doughboy's peace of mind.

Along the relay posts of runners, dropped off as we went forward, ammunition and ration parties reached us about noon. It should be explained, perhaps, that in order to maintain communication with regimental headquarters, groups of two or three runners fall out of the column as it advances into strange territory; they constitute posts, each with a number, along which messages are carried forward

or backward, Post No. 3, for example, relaying a message between Posts Nos. 4 and 5.

Probably half a dozen times we ran into a series of machine-gun nests. Each time it meant patient maneuvering and casualties. And each time, after our boys had bombed the occupants out, they retired to another set of strongholds.

At one place we came to a small cemetery, and as I left a runner post there some one indulged in the grim jest that here, surely, we would find more nests. But we passed it without a shot. Later I was to find a probable reason for the boches' silence there.

Nearing nightfall a consultation over maps satisfied us that we were within a hundred yards of l'Homme Mort, just south of the army objective. Before dark it was necessary to organize a position and dig in against counterattack or artillery fire. We had been subjected to some fire from Austrian 88's—the mean "whizz-bangs"—but their range was wild. We took up a square formation, for attack from any side, and the men promptly went to work on their funk holes. A funk hole is two or three feet deep, and, if there be time for the digging, long and wide enough to hold one or two men, outstretched; a little parapet is thrown out in front, and frequently the diggers burrow under it for overhead protection. Sometimes the implement used—when the infantryman lacks his pack shovel—is a mess-kit cover, a boche helmet, a bayonet, finger

nails—anything, according to the stress of the moment.

There was an unmistakable spirit of elation throughout our bivouac that night. Rain came in a downpour, though, and since we were traveling light, without coats, blankets, or slickers, not one of us but felt that his whole body was wrapped in iced towels. Canteens had not been filled for more than two days, and in that time, our reserve rations already consumed, no one had had more than a few mouthfuls of food. Smoking was out of the question and conversations were in a half whisper. But with it all the men were cheery, for they knew they had pene-

trated nearly two miles into Bocheland since the morning of the attack.

As adjutant my first concern was to get word of our whereabouts back to the regimental P. C. (poste de command) with a request for rations, ammunition, and pyrotechnics for liaison with our aviators. One message went by runner, a duplicate by pigeon; the bird started for the German lines, and I don't know now if it ever got back.

By dawn—it was September 29—we had had no messages from the regiment. Then, having started another message along the relay line, I learned from a runner on the cemetery post that he had just brought in his partner, wounded by a machine gun, he said, that played directly across our line of communication.

Majors Whittlesey and Budd decided to send five Chauchat teams—viz., fifteen men, with five of the French light automatic Chauchat rifles—to the cemetery to engage the machine guns. With eight of my runners I was put in command of the party. I took written messages to the colonel, requesting, among other things, that communication be maintained from the rear.

The bivouac was Post No. 13. At the head and tail of the column I had placed Chauchats. We moved carefully, because machine-gun fire could be heard in various parts of the woods. We had not reached Post No. 12 when my rear Chauchat spat a burst of half a dozen shots.

I went back and found a German lieutenant writhing in the grass. A German-speaking Chauchat gunner asked him for me how many guns there were at the cemetery and how they were disposed.

"He says there are about seventy Germans out in little sniping parties in this part of the woods, but he doesn't know about the cemetery guns."

Examining his wounds, I saw that he could not live long. Two men had started carrying him back to the camp when rifle shots at the head of the column took me there. Quinn, a runner on Post No. 12, had just dropped a boche, and stated that he saw two others running away.

The "Kamerad" Stunt

CAUTIOUS as was our approach toward the cemetery, it was physically impossible to go noiselessly through all those twigs. The boche heard us, and yelled out something in which I caught the word "Kamerad."

"This is cheering," I thought. "We'll take that bunch prisoners and suffer no casualties."

So I scurried back along the line, which I had halted and ordered flat, to find the Chauchat gunner-interpreter. We drew closer to the rustic railing around the cemetery. There were three boche heads partially visible behind a bush, diagonally opposite across the graves.

(Continued on page 18)

Drawn especially for Collier's by Lucien Jonas



Sometimes, says Lieut. McKeogh, the covers of these mess kits are used to burrow out funk holes

Seven Reasons for \$170,000,000



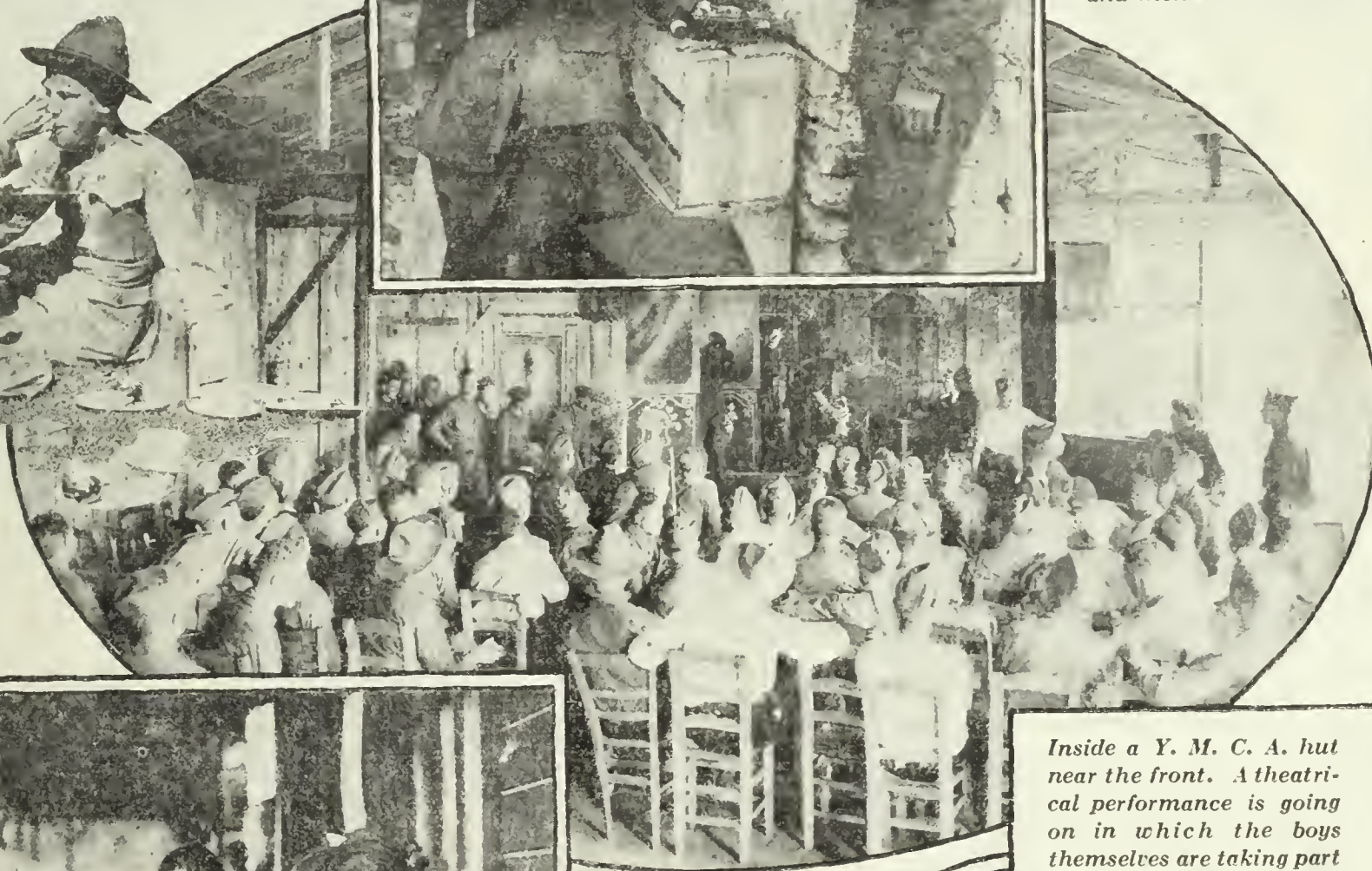
Although the various war-work organizations have united in their appeal for funds, everyone is a distinct organization, having a special field of activity all its own. The American Library Association, for instance, sees to it that the boys in the camps have plenty of books to read



Even in the war zone Salvation Army workers are on hand to fry doughnuts for the boys and mend torn clothes



A soldier certainly has a hard life! Look at this poor wretch from a training camp having ice cream forced on him by a War Camp Community Service hostess



The Y. W. C. A. not only looks after the families of soldiers here but does welfare work among the women munition workers in France



Knights of Columbus secretaries snatching a brief rest on the way to their battle-front stations in France



Inside a Y. M. C. A. hut near the front. A theatrical performance is going on in which the boys themselves are taking part

Part of the work of the Jewish Welfare Board is to provide entertainment for the boys in the training camps



A Gentleman's Game

Football Fan or Not, You'll Like Snowball

BY GUY W. NORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY HIBBERD V. D. KLINE

"COME again!" Snowball Johnson clambered blithely from the rear end of the patrol wagon, a broad grin on his shining face.

"Snitch" Oliver sidled along the wall toward the sergeant's desk to get a view of the prisoner. And "view" is the proper term, for the man the wagon had brought in was big enough to be classed with such scenic wonders as the Grand Cañon, Niagara Falls, the new subway excavations, or the Union Stock Yards.

His complexion ranged through various shades from ebony to deep black, while teeth resembling a double row of white dominos flashed in the light as he looked straight across into the eyes of Sergeant White, seated behind the high desk.

"Well, you here again?" growled the fat sergeant as he pulled the blotter to him, jabbed a pen in the inkwell, and began to write. "Folks moved?" he asked as he neared the end of the line.

"No, lieutenant, mah parents is still residin' at the ole home," grinned the prisoner.

"Charge?" grunted the sergeant, throwing a look at the plain-clothes man at the big negro's side.

"Burglary—smashed a show window with a brick and grabbed a watch."

"Burglary!" The gray-haired man behind the desk glanced quickly up. "Burglary! Snowball, I'm sorry. This is no reform-school charge. You'll go up to the big house this time, sure." In a flash the good-natured grin was wiped off the black face.

"Take him away!" barked the sergeant; then, as the pair turned: "Tell Phillips to put him in the far end of the corridor, away from that hophead that's raising the row."

Snitch Oliver gazed after the giant negro, and on the stool pigeon's weak face real sorrow was written.

"Ruined!" he muttered sadly. "Ruined!"

"Just what's the big idea here?" broke in a shrill voice. It was little Wally Hughes, doing his first month as a police reporter. "The old sarge acts like a hotel clerk directing a bell hop to show some millionaire to the bridal suite. What's happened to the big smoke?"

"Ruined," repeated Oliver. "Ruined—by football."

"Aw, come on down! What do you mean, ruined by football? A lot of guys have been ruined by other games—craps and the races—but not by football, Snitch. You talk like a snowbird."

"No, I ain't no snowbird," retorted the indignant Mr. Oliver. "Nobody can say I ever went against

the white stuff. Why"—with a touch of virtue—"I ain't even a drinkin' man."

"Well, tell me about this football thing," urged Wally. "Tell me."

"Tell you?" Snitch smiled. Telling things was his specialty—his trade. He always had been telling. Even as a little boy his first nickname had been "Tattletale." As a youth he had developed into "teacher's pet," and when he had been graduated from grammar school into the reformatory, with a forged check as his diploma, he became a "snitch," keeping the authorities in touch with all the devilry afoot. As he matriculated into State prison he became first a trusty and then a stool pigeon. He emerged to become a "stoolie," earning his almost daily bread by keeping the police informed of activities of his more nery brethren.

But telling things to reporters—Snitch had never reached that importance! No wonder he now thrust out his chest and lifted his chin! Of course this boy was not yet a real reporter, but to Snitch, Wally's insistent curiosity took on all the dignity of a regular "interview." "Come over in the corner where we won't be interrupted," said Mr. Oliver pompously, "and, while I ain't in the habit of speakin' for publication, you understand, and wouldn't care to be quoted, I'll give you a story that'll make you stand ace-high with your city editor."

Even little Wally Hughes noticed that Snitch was getting away to the same old start that every man makes when he tells a reporter of any trivial happening, but Wally was a very young news gatherer—so young he still believed what he read about detectives. So he sat patiently on the bench and waited while the stoolie rolled his borrowed "makin's," requested a match, and began the sad story of the ruin of Snowball Johnson:

RIGHT at the kick-off, lemme tell you that this yarn is about a football team that was absolutely the toughest bunch that ever smashed a set of ribs or broke a leg. To make it plain, you got to know that before they built the new State Reformatory there wasn't no intermediate grade for first offenders. If you was under twenty-one, you went to Arlington to the reform school, but if they could prove you was of age, it was you to the big house, the gasoline bath, the haircut, the ready-made suit, and the job in the jute mill.

The result was, of course, that every guy that didn't look older than a Civil Service employee tried to make the judge believe that he was under age, and some of us got away with it. The reform school welcomed many a tough nut that was twenty-six or seven years old, bigger than a battleship and harder than a pawnbroker's heart.

And, boy, the eleven hardest nuts in the school made up the football team. To make the contest more enjoyable for the opposin' teams, there was this little feature: The only way a guy could get out of workin' from daylight till dark on the school farm was to get sent to the hospital—with real injuries, understand me?

Now can you imagine a football team made up of the eleven hardest-boiled yeggs in the State, every man playin' as hard as he could, and takin' every chance he could—not worryin' for fear he'd get hurt, understand, but for fear he *wouldn't* and couldn't go to the hospital? Can you imagine that, eh?

Many a brave lad that played against us is rockin' through life to-day on a flat tire because he couldn't grasp that one little angle to our method of attack.

SNOWBALL JOHNSON, bein' with us because he'd rather play football in the reform school than eat chicken at home, never took time out for an injury till the season ended, but every single year that foxy coon was knocked out in the last play of the last game, and laid out so cold they had to send him to the hospital for weeks and weeks.

One year he was paralyzed—paralyzed from the hips down. Couldn't move a muscle in his legs. He just laid there on his little bed, and ate and slept, but not a wiggle could they get out of him. Once or twice a day Doc Dunn would sneak in when Snowball looked as if he might be asleep, and reach under the covers and jab a needle about a foot into Snowball's leg. Not a twitch, not a quiver. Then Doc would shake his head in a puzzled sort of way and say: "By gosh,



"Burglary—smashed a show



Old Snowball grabs him by the arm and snakes him and two college boys five yards

maybe he is paralyzed!" Snowball was paralyzed about a month. And then one night at ten o'clock the boiler in the basement blew up. Blew up with Snowball layin' on his bed of pain on the fifth floor. It was just ten o'clock, remember.

Wh-o-o-sh! goes the boiler.

Four seconds after ten o'clock, the same evenin', Snowball breezes through the front door on to the lawn, leadin' all them that was on the fourth, third, second, and ground floors.

And there wasn't any elevators runnin' either.

Now you're askin': "How did Snowball, as square a coon as ever yelled for Little Joe, come to get in with these bandits?"

And here's the answer: Snowball was a born football player, just like there's born baseball players that would be settin' the big leagues afire if it wasn't for the color of their skins.

Snowball would have sold his soul to play on a good college team. He'd have given the rest of his life to have been in one big game.

Now what could he do? He couldn't play on no university eleven, naturally, and he just had to have his football. Here was a team that, crooks or no crooks, was one of the best in



window with a brick and grabbed a watch"

the country, and he could make that team just by grabbin' a couple of Plymouth Rocks or paintin' the mayor's dog a baby blue.

That's why he got sent to the reform school, and that's the reason he went right back every time he was let out—every fall there would be that old football fever comin' back on him, just like malaria.

He become a regular football drunkard. He had a cravin' for football just like a drunkard craves liquor, and as the years went by he got to sinkin' lower and lower, like any hophead, till now we see him pinched for liftin' a watch. A watch, when a big stevedore like him could of got away with the clock in the City Hall tower!

But what I want to show you is that Snowball is square, and that right now, bad as things look for him, he's honest. So I'm goin' to tell you about the hardest football game one guy ever played, and the highest face card in the game—king of spades—was Snowball.

THE year the big game come off we started out cleanin' up everything in sight, and we walked right on through the season without a slip-up. Snowball, playin' full back, would pound the line into a jelly, and Red Martin would run the ends ragged, so that by the end of the game we'd be so far out in front they couldn't see our tail light.

This Red Martin was left half when he was in school. Outside he was a burglar. He told the judge he was nineteen, but if there'd been a Bible in the Martin family it would have said he was twenty-six. He was one of those natural football players—broad and thick, heavy in the legs, and built close to the ground. Makin' his get-away when he'd woke up some house he was robbin' had given him speed, and dodgin' the cops had made him a wiz in a broken field. And he had the disposition it takes to make a really great player—not too good-natured, like Snowball.

Well, that year, as I was sayin', we'd beat every team in our end of the State, and then, like a small-town pool shark, we had to go outside for victims.

The State university eleven had cleaned up the same as we had, and their business manager saw a chance to draw a crowd that would leave enough at the gate to keep the old wolf headed south for ten years. He got together with Colonel Hickman, our superintendent, who was also out in search of prey, and the battle was on.

Right off the reel Snowball was what you reporters always say the smart set is—agog. This was goin' to be a gentleman's game—the real class. For the first time in his life he was goin' to mingle with the younger set. He could see himself tacklin' some gent, politely but firmly, and sayin': "Pardon me, old chap," and hear the old chap say: "Well played, old jobby," while the college rooters all stood

up and with lared heads sung "Little Brown Jug," or whatever their college song was.

And then, when the contest was over, the defeated university team would gather in a little group at their goal posts and give nine or more "Raahs" for their gentlemanly opponents. This was to be Snowball's cue to suggest three ringing cheers for the Alma Mater of our visitors. After these had been given several college lads would stroll up to Snowball and clap him on the back, not in a rough and boisterous manner, but most politely, and say: "Johnson, old fel-

low, you are without doubt the best plungin' full back it has ever been our fortune to meet in battle."

Snowball talked about it till we began to worry. We was afraid he wouldn't hit that line hard enough to dent it for fear he might be thought rude and ungentlemanly.

THE day of the game our team started early for the city. Me and Snowball sat together up toward the front end of the smoker. "Speakin' of gentlemen," I says, "there's Doc Rose, the book-maker, up there in the second seat."

"That tinhorn," growls Snowball, "am so crooked he could go to sleep on one branch of a Joshua tree, and I remember the first time I saw them trees out on the Moharvey Desert I thought they was raisin' elbows for stovepipes." Just then Red Martin come rollin' up the aisle from the back end of the car and went to the cooler to get a drink. When he come back he dropped into the seat alongside of Doc Rose. Doc grabbed Red's hand like he was sinkin' the third time and begun talkin' to him as earnest as a con man tryin' to sell Central Park to a hick.

"What's old Hundred Per Cent got on his chest?" says Snowball after watchin' them a while.

Finally he got so curious he strolled up and got a drink himself, but they stopped talkin' when he went by.

"It's somethin' mighty personal," says Snowball to me as he drops into his seat. "I wouldn't trust that guy even enough to talk to him."

All the way in the two kept their heads together, but when the officers put us on the street car to take us out to the field, Doc beat it. When we come out, from under the grand stand where we put on our suits, the college boys was already on the field, passin' the ball around. They begun talkin' some among themselves when they saw Red Martin, Snowball, Dutch Schneider, Box Car Dolan, and Truck Burns, all weighin' around two hundred pounds and lookin' like the trainin' camp of a heavyweight champ.

Instead of the two captains gettin' off to one side and tossin' up to see who'd kick off, the officials called the two teams together like the referee does at a prize fight and give us our instructions.

"Now you reform-school players," barks the umpire, "the first one that attempts any roughness or brutality, out of the game he goes. I'll be constantly on the alert for the first sign of foul tactics."

"A gentleman's game, yassuh," grins Snowball. "Us gentlemen against these other gentlemen, and may the best team be victorious."

None of the college boys says a word.

Both teams lined up. The whistle blew.

Plunk! goes Schneider's toe on the ball, and the game is on. The ball goes twistin' along, way up high, and swoops down almost in their right half's arms. A black streak whizzes in.

Wham! goes the half, lightin' on his face ten feet back. Snowball had hit him like a trainload of pig iron.

"Git off my leg, you jailbird," howls the half, removin' a bunch of grass roots from his chin.

"Jailbird?" stuttered Snowball. "Jailbird?"

"Jailbird? He called me a jailbird—and me thinkin' all along this was goin' to be a gentleman's game." "Now, don't you start any of that rough stuff," barked the umpire.

"But he called me a jailbird," wailed Snowball.

"Aw, line up!" says Toughy as the college quarter back sang out his signals. "All the jailbirds ain't with us. Some of 'em goes to college."

The first time the ball was snapped we saw that those lads could play football and that their machine ran like oil, every man just where he could do the most good. And while they played fast and hard, they were clean as a whistle too. But some of our boys began to get rough (Continued on page 26)



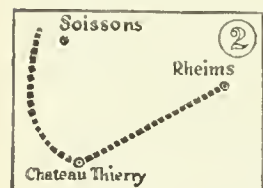
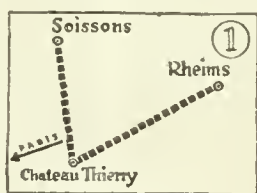
On the German Heels

BY JAMES HOPPER

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

ON May 27 the Germans started their second big offensive of the year. Bursting by strategic surprise through a part of the line which had been left weak, they swept down between Soissons and Rheims, and in a few days had filled with their invasion the great triangle, Rheims, Soissons, Château-Thierry, thus:

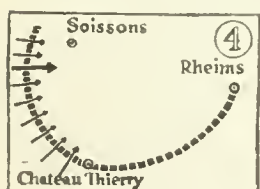
They then turned within that triangle, faced westward, and started toward Paris. They took Soissons, bulged the western side of the triangle, but were finally stopped, seventy kilometers from Paris. In stopping them, one of our divisions, the Second, within which were two brigades of marines, took a glorious part. Thrown across the road which runs from Château-Thierry to Paris, they countered the boche short, held him, and in successive days wrested from him the villages of Boursches and Vaux, and the little forest called Bois de Belleau. The German triangle by this time looked like this:



ace, had resounded with odiously boastful words. They expected this offensive to be the last one. The fate of Paris, of France, of civilization, hung indeed in the balance. The drive was oriented thus:

From Rheims eastward it was immediately broken up by Gouraud. In Gouraud's army another of our divisions, the Forty-second, known as the Rainbow, fought side by side with its French comrades, and equally well. Between Rheims and Château-Thierry the Germans were able to bulge the line a bit and to cross the Marne. Among the forces holding them there and preventing them from enlarging their bridgehead we had another division, and its machine-gun men from the first proved the peers of any in the world.

Then, suddenly, on the 18th, only three days after their start, Foch fell upon the Germans, prodding them with his long, fine rapier just at the most vulnerable pin point of their flesh. This counterattack was oriented as follows:



As can readily be seen, the most important point in the counterattack was just below Soissons, at a point where each kilometer of advance squeezed the mouth of the German bag, and made those at the bottom most uneasy.

At this place, where I have

drawn a big arrow, two of our divisions were given places of honor, together with French élite corps. One of these was the First Division; it had been brought from the Montdidier sector where, some time before, it had given the world the first Ameri-

can victory by taking Cantigny. The other was the Second Division, already immortalized at Vaux and Belleau; it had been shipped upward from the Château-Thierry sector where, a short time before, it had stopped the boche. Another division, composed of New Englanders, the Twenty-sixth, had taken its place there.

The Honorable Place

FROM that day to this on which I am writing the boche had been on the run. More or less slowly, gripping his ground more or less desperately, still he has been on the run, and we have seen him thus. Just halfway between Soissons and Rheims is the town of Fismes, an important railway center. From Château-Thierry to Fismes, in a straight line bisecting exactly the triangle he had occupied, six of our divisions, relieving each other three by three, have swept on right at his heels, prodding him hard whenever he stopped, pursuing him hard whenever he walked—the Third, the Fourth, the Twenty-sixth, the Twenty-eighth, the Thirty-second, the Forty-second. And, according to the testimony of French officers who know, who are connoisseurs in fighting, our boys have shown themselves abruptly, from the first, incomparable soldiers, possessed of both tenacity and dash, of an easy, nonchalant and yet terribly direct courage which has won the admiration—and tenderness—of all who have seen them:

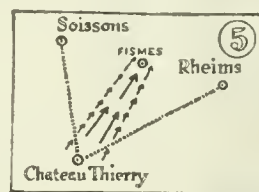
Without forgetting that, in this battle, as in others of the past, the French have borne the greatest of the weight, 70 per cent of the Allied forces engaged being French, that the British, with several splendidly fighting divisions, and the Italians, with an army corps, did their part, the fact remains that the American rôle in this, the battle which may be the turning point of the war, and hence of the world's greatest crisis, is one that made everyone marvel and which gives almost limitless hope for the future.

Now, of such big events—the German offensive of July 15 and its checking, the Allied counter of July 18, the succeeding German retreat and Allied pressing—I should like to be able to write big. But I can't. I can't, because I lack the needed perspective; because my knowledge is insufficient; because of what knowledge I have I can use very little, held as I am by the censorship rules which hold strict watch lest the enemy may be given indications—and it is extraordinary what a slight indication sometimes may suffice—which will help him kill our boys. And, above all, because the task is beyond my power.

So, of all that great swirl, I have pulled out only a few small personal experiences. I am going to write them, or some of them, simply with the idea that thus I will let some people know what they would have seen and felt if they had been where I was. But not at all with the idea that where I was is an honorable place to be.

The only honorable place is by the side of the doughboy—that beast-of-burden—martyr, the doughboy. . . .

When the great German offensive of July 15 broke I was, I am sorry to say, in Paris. Not only in Paris, but more particularly on the Boulevard des Capucines, and still more particularly right in front of the Café de la Paix—which is no place for a correspondent, I suppose, at the moment of an offensive. I had come from the front to see the 14th of July in Paris, but there I had run into old Joe Timmons of the San Francisco "Examiner," with whom I had been a cub in the decade before the earthquake, and Joe and I, instead of watching the review of the Allied soldiers, and the placing of wreaths and flags on the statues of Strassburg, Metz, and Lille, instead of listening to speeches and attending banquets, and doing our professional duty, had spent the time in "fanning" over the old days, in speaking with tenderness of the selves we had been then, in boasting of the imperial city upon the Pacific as "she" had been then. We had wandered up the Montmartre hill and had dined up there with the wondrous panorama beneath our eyes, decrying it a bit, of course, as any loyal San Franciscan must, in comparison to that which spreads before the eye from Telegraph Hill; we had lingered long in the twilight, at our table upon the sidewalk, while out of the half dusk little children appeared and said "Good night" and gave us their hands—gave their hands to us false soldiers and scribbling camp followers because off there, before Montdidier and



Château-Thierry, our real soldiers were dying for France. Then we had wandered down slowly, sinking into layer after layer of thicker darkness, along narrow streets rustling and whispering with the appeased agitation of a city which, after its holiday, returned slowly to the realization of the gravity of the moment, veiling and hushing itself under the menace of the clear sky. The bells were tinkling the passing of the 14th of July into the 15th when we finally reached the space before the Café de la Paix—center of the universe. Our ways, from there, lay in different directions, but even then we did not part, but remained talking on the edge of the sidewalk, reluctant toward the stupidity of sleep—and thus it is that, sharp at a quarter past midnight, we heard the great offensive start.

It began abruptly, and immediately had its full violence. The whole eastern and northern horizon seemed to come to a boil. The sound was like that of a pot of porridge upon the fire, except, of course, that the significance that went with it made one search his mind for figures more striking and splendid. But the sound, analyzed impartially and without romantic leanings, was exactly that of some cosmic caldron full of mush aboil. There was the same smooth foundation of uninterrupted, trepidating drumming, and then above, spaced a little more, but still close, larger bubbles of detonating sound. At first we would not believe what we heard; we would not believe the interpretation our brains gave of the experience of our senses. We said "air raid," although we knew it was not air raid. The sound was too far, and at the same time too big; it was nourished to too extraordinary a fullness. We

looked to the east—and then our eyes completed the full proof: the eastern horizon, to a height above the roofs, to a height almost the zenith of the sky, was pulsing luminously with a heat lightning too regular—and too formidable—to be heat lightning.

“Oo Est Lee Grande Palais?”

IT was a strange moment. The city, of course, was deep in its black apparel of war nights; blue pin points of light from painted street lamps, turned down to the last possible vestige of life, gave rare, strange glimpses, and from the pin points of the stars above there fell upon the smooth and polished pavements a wraithlike, milky glow which turned the pavements into pools reflecting the last pale dregs of the light of a dying world. With the darkness went silence; silence broken only now and then, startlingly, by loud, insolent footsteps of some belated reveler, and under, and above, and around this was that drumming upon the horizon and restless flarings. Unconsciously one yearned for company, the reassurance of other men. Without knowing it, Timmons and I stepped to the center of the broad boulevard and drew near to the cab drivers, who stood there in a murmuring group indistinct in the darkness. And we stood there, looking toward the ominous, the fateful east, toward the sky, taking a singular comfort in each other—the old French cabbies from us, we from the old French cabbies—and of small remarks uttered—small diagnoses of earth and sky constantly reiterated.

Every once in a while one of our boys (a detachment of them had marched in the 14th of July parade and had consequently been entertained) came to us and wanted a taxi for Auteuil, or Neuilly, or some other perfectly impossible place for a taxi at this

This is the first installment of a three-part article by James Hopper in which he describes the daily life of our men—the ordinary everyday sleeping, eating, and fighting routine of their lives, but with the consciousness of victory exhilarating them—as they follow close upon the retreating Germans.—THE EDITOR.

hour. We then ran about, trying to find a cab with enough gasoline or spirit of adventure for the job, and when we had sent the boy off rejoicing on four wheels, or resigned on two legs, we returned to our own group, which, pinched down by the war limitation, had very little left with which to navigate, and held prudently to contracts within a small radius of where they stood.

Then it was the Highland kilted laddie came to us, his bony knees glistening in the strange starlight and the flares of the fateful moment. A detachment of Highlanders, also, had marched in the 14th of July parade and had been consequently entertained. He came to us and said: “Oo est lee grande palais?”

“You can speak English, old man,” we said.

He blinked his eye, then, with an effort of the throat, as though he were swallowing a round and unbidden apple, he said: “Oo est lee grande palais?”

We were beginning to giggle, but held bravely to our purpose. “We are Americans,” we said. “We are Americans, we speak English; can’t you speak English?”

“Ah, oui,” he said. “Oo est lee grande palais?”

Over there to the east the whole world was aboil; violent flares rose to the zenith; and Timmons and I, shoulder to shoulder so as to do it better, were laughing like fools. We could see so clearly what had happened to the Scotch lad. He had rehearsed so well and so long the phrase he had been told to ask that now for the life of him he could say nothing else. He was on the French track, and he couldn’t jump back to the English track.

He now approached nearer by the simple expedient of letting himself fall slowly and stiffly forward without moving his feet. Just at the last possible moment he took a little step forward which placed him again in the vertical, but with his nose very close to ours. And with a new solemnity he said: “Oo est lee grande palais?”

“Come, come,” Joe Timmons begged. “Speak English. ‘Aren’t you English?’”

“No, sorr, I am Scotch,” said the Highland laddie, and this broke the spell, so that he was able to add: “Where is the Grand Palais? We are billeted there.”

But he was not the only one by this time. A circle of these doughty kilted boys was about us; we could see the little skirts agitated in the slight

breeze. “Do you all want to know where the Grand Palais is?” we asked.

And then a little short Highlander, who had just arrived, and stood away behind all the others, said: “Yes, sorr. Tell us where is the Grand Palais, and it will be the end of a perrrr-fect day.”

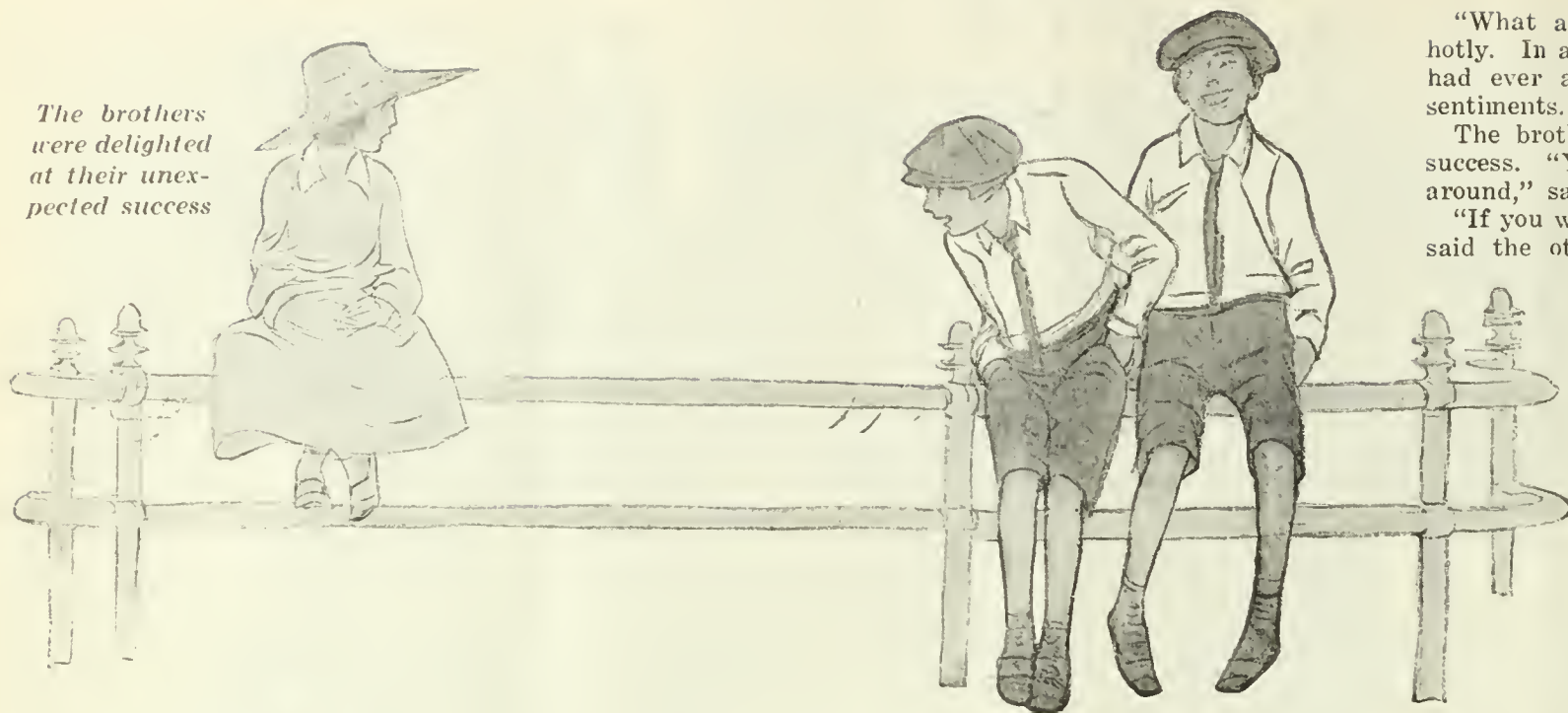
That is what I saw of the great German offensive of July 15, of that great Ludendorff-Hindenburg offensive which was to crush France like a nutshell and put the whole world in the Kaiser’s pocket.

Two days later the Foch counter of July 18 had begun, and I was up at the front. Our headquarters were at Meaux. Every morning we correspondents would leave toward the shifting lines in our cars, going as far as possible and seeing as much

as possible. Which means that for days we were wandering over devastated and reconquered country, along long columns of convoys and troops, on the heel of the retreating Hun. Of all this there remains within my mind only a great turbulence—and I don’t know how to tell of it. Since I cannot tell of the experience of the average doughboy—and again I state that it is only his story and his experience which is of value—I am going to tell simply of some of the things I saw during those delirious days of great joy terribly tempered by the constant stench of death. (C’t’d on page 34)



The brothers
were delighted
at their unex-
pected success



A Tangled Web

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

NEDANTED—those inseparable Brazelton twins—were engaging in a favorite sport, "putting one over" upon their little sister, Ruby. This is a game which never loses its savor, though it is so seldom won. Zinnia, the elder sister, is for all practical purposes an adult and is accordingly gullible; father and mother can be handled by persons making a study of the parental species; but Ruby is a hard nut to crack. Ruby knows all the tricks of the juvenile trade—in fact she invented some of them. It is a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive, but it takes a lot of practice to deceive Ruby.

The point of the enterprise was to get away and do some criminal swimming with Wilmer Shank while keeping Ruby at home and in ignorance. This sport was the one unforgivable sin and dire penalties were attached. The theory was that boys are always bent on self-destruction. Both fathers had gone swimming in this same little river when they were young, but of course boys are never so hardy and self-reliant in one generation as they were in the previous. This process has been going on for centuries; the wonder is that the race has persisted at all.

The Brazelton and Shank families were good friends and the mothers hobnobbed with considerable cordiality. It is doubtful whether anybody but his mother would have called Wilmer an ornament to the landscape, but he always put his best foot forward when callers were in the offing. As a result, Mrs. Brazelton often held him up to her own boys as an example of what a youth might be—polite, well-spoken (save for a slight lisp), even sanitary in appearance. Nedanted writhed internally, but they did not openly muckrake Wilmer: rather they made capital of their mother's superstition. For the current event they had only to say: "May we go over to Wilmer's for a little while?"

Then they had only to pay a technical visit to the Shank homestead. Obviously the littler the while the twins stayed, the honester they were.



But Ruby also made use of Wilmer's false reputation. If he was such a high-class person, he was suitable society for a ten-year-old girl. Ruby was a good fourth in many games, active and loud and without weak feminine prejudice against dirt. In any more modest enterprise the boys would not have objected to her company. So now they found it hard to explain why she was not to go along.

"He won't care," said Ruby, pestering the twins to the alley gate. "He likes to have me come over there."

If the boys had been better advised, they would have told Ruby the facts and given her some cheap reward for her silence. But wisdom seldom consorts with freckled, red-headed, twelve-year-old twins.

"He likes it all right," said Ned. "That's the trouble."

Ted scooped up this idea and fielded it perfectly. "He likes it too much."



She settled herself upon the veranda post

"What are you talkin' about?" Ruby demanded hotly. In all her ten years of give and take, nobody had ever accused her of giving or taking tender sentiments.

The brothers were delighted at their unexpected success. "You're too young to have a fella hangin' around," said one of these abandoned wretches.

"If you was old like Zinnia, it wouldn't be so bad," said the other one. Zinnia, who would never see eighteen again, kept a lot of vacant young men buzzing about the veranda. Being compared to this doddering party was the last straw to little Ruby. She seized the nearest thing to hand, a fragmentary brick, and threw it with such impartial accuracy that it whizzed between her brothers' heads. It is impossible to hurt twins that way. They started off with cries of derision, but Ned, out of a study of inexpensive literature, thought of a new way to be insulting.

"Ten years from now, if you still care for him, w'y—" The pests disappeared in a gale of laughter and a shower of alley dust.

"Well, we fixed her all right," said Ned. "She won't darst to come now."

"I guess we'll never have any more trouble with ol' Rube."

As they went on their happy way the twins built up a long bright future in which Ruby would always be suppressed by ridicule and blackmail. They wondered why they had not thought of it before during ten wasted years. "Le's tell Wilmer," said Ned. "Le's tell 'im—you know—Rube's stuck on him."

"Le's tell 'im we're going away somewheres this afternoon," added Ted.

"An' he'll come over to see Rube—and we'll hide and have a lot of fun."

Meanwhile the object of this conspiracy was left with plenty of leisure in which to cogitate the new idea of Wilmer as a suitor for her heart and hand. In the privacy of the barn loft, where she often worked out little private moving pictures, Ruby staged the scene in which the aristocratic Wilmer Shank made the fatal call upon the beautiful and accomplished Ruby Brazelton. Since there was no real audience, it was not necessary to waste time on costumes. Her imagination did this work perfectly.

"How do you do, Wilmer?" she said, putting out her hand with a sudden straight-arm movement that she had often observed in Zinnia. "Won't you sit down?"

This society drama went well enough for a time, but it came to ruin upon the sentimental scenes. The plot did not seem to thicken at all.

"I'd prob'ly smack 'im with something," said the disgusted heroine.

Ruby now left the stage in the lurch and took up other and dustier activities such as sliding upon the smooth board in the haymow. She entertained herself so highly that she forgot all about Wilmer until the boys came home and dragged him into the conversation.

"We been havin' a fight with Wilmer," said Ted. "He'll probably never come here any more."

"Well, I don't care," said Ruby.

"Only to-day he might come about three o'clock," said Ned. "We told him we was going to our aunt's house in the east end of town, so—"

"You told a lie," said this literal-minded young lady.

The brothers were visibly pained.

"We haven't got any aunt out there, have we?"

So we can't go out to see her, can we? If a person says they are going to do anything, but you can't do it, it ain't our fault, is it?"

"Just a little joke," said Ned. "Just tell him we went out to see our aunt. Aunt Elizabeth is her name."

Ruby, however, had her own standards of honesty—poor ones, but her own. While she was always glad to see Nedanted tangled up in perfidy, they could do their own lying.

"I'll say like this—didn't they tell you where they was going this afternoon? Then it ain't my fault." Having thus washed her conscience, Ruby asked: "What did you and Wilmer do this morning, anyhow?"

"That's for us to know and you to find out." Ned was immediately to regret using this conventional phrase, for Ruby accepted the invitation.

"I'll find out, all right." There was just a possibility that Ruby would.

But the noon dinner table brought complications; father and mother must have conspired beforehand, for the news was released upon their descendants in this fashion: "Are you going to be at home this afternoon?" asked father.

"Yes." A trained ear might have detected a slight hesitation in Zinnia's manner.

"You, children?"

Ned grunted an affirmative for the pair, and Ruby nodded brightly.

"Well, your mother and I are going to take the Brantleys—those new people, you know—out into the country to see a place they are thinking of buying. So if you will look after things—" This hideous responsibility was thrust upon Zinnia.

"Yes, of course. I thought one or two of the people might drop in."

"The more the merrier," said the ignorant real-estate man. "Now, I believe they have a little girl—"

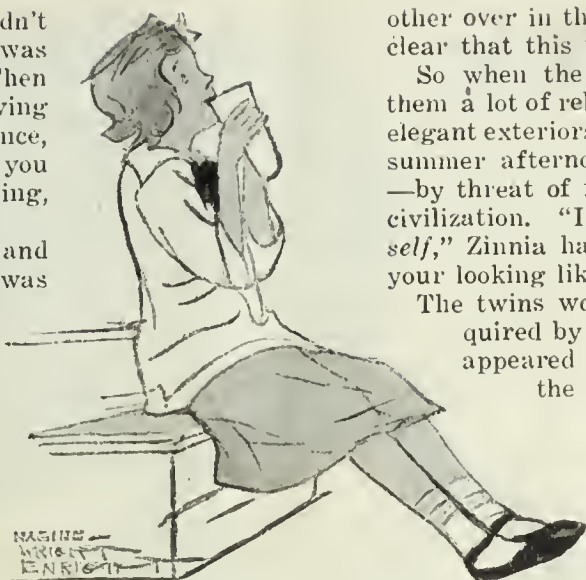
"Gwendolyn is to stay here and play with Ruby." Thus mother, who knew when to be tactful and when to be firm.

Ruby received this news with a brave, lying look of cheer. She had planned to do her will with Wilmer Shank, and there might be complications. The boys saw their plans going astray. As for Zinnia, she had allowed Jasper Lee, a nice visiting boy, to assume that he would be welcome at about half past two. Now it seemed that their privacy was to be invaded by the four worst children in the civilized world. She expected to be entertaining, but not as entertaining as all that.

"Can 'Phelia make lemonade? She just loves to do it." Ruby's life work was obviously to bring a little sunshine to the colored race.

"Zinnia can arrange about refreshments if she wants to," mother replied.

PRESENTLY father took the car, and got those new Brantleys, and deposited their Gwendolyn—who also was cheerless about the matter because she frankly preferred motoring to the society of Ruby. Gwendolyn was an impossible creamy and flaxy doll-baby of no value. When she and Ruby looked each



Anyone looking out of the tower windows could easily see Ruby pampering herself

other over in the frank fashion of the young, it was clear that this was a case of hate at first sight.

So when the adults rode away they left behind them a lot of rebellious young hearts beating beneath elegant exteriors. Zinnia had arrayed herself as for summer afternoon society and had compelled Ruby—by threat of no refreshments—to don the garb of civilization. "I don't care much for this party myself," Zinnia had admitted, "but there's no point in your looking like a chimney sweep."

The twins wore the conventional clean waists required by fashion's stern decree—but they disappeared from view almost before the odor of the paternal automobile was dissipated.

Gwendolyn had obviously just come out of the box, still in the original ribbons—all white and fluffy and satiny. In a way it was rather a joy to look at Gwendolyn—but there all pleasure ceased. She had no interest in Ruby's offers of entertainment. She fastened herself to her chair like a barnacle and said she almost never rode in any-

thing but limousines. It further appeared that she liked them upholstered in pearl gray.

"I suppose," said Zinnia to herself, "it would interfere with father's business plans if I were to wring this little one's neck."

"What kind of a car you got?" asked Ruby, who innocently supposed that she was making an offensive remark.

"We're going to get a limousine," Gwendolyn replied, "upholstered in pearl gray. I think open cars are so windy and dusty."

"I wonder where the boys have gone," said Ruby. She untangled her legs from the veranda filigree and disappeared into the house.

HERE Jasper Lee swung into sight, and by certain bold effects of cravat and socks added a touch of color to the scene.

"How de do, Miss Brazelton?" said the gaudy young man. "And this is the little sister? Looks a little like you."

Young Lee could scarcely have made a poorer beginning to a social afternoon.

"If that were my little sister—" Zinnia decided to be ladylike at all costs. "No, that's Gwendolyn Brantley. Gwendolyn was, as you might say, wished upon us for the afternoon."

"Who is that boy?" Gwendolyn indicated another fashion plate who was examining the front iron fence for structural defects. By slow degrees the fence inspector advanced upon the house. This new visitation seemed to Zinnia a trifle more than too much.

"I don't believe the boys are at home, Wilmer," she said. "I haven't seen them lately."

"I know," said Wilmer. "They went out to their Aunt Elizabeth's."

"Aunt E—oh, yes, perhaps they did." A silence. "Very likely they will be at home in the morning."

"Well, I'm afraid I can't come in the morning," Wilmer sat down upon the steps. He now examined the trees and the sky, obviously unaware of the young vision sitting about four feet from him.

"This is Gwendolyn Brantley," thus Zinnia surrendered. "They've moved into that house across from the foundry, you know."

"I heard something about you," said Gwendolyn coyly. Wilmer knew that whatever she had heard about him was of a creditable character and was from that moment a captive.

"Would you like to look at the tennis court, Mr. Lee?" asked poor Zinnia.

Gwendolyn and Wilmer now also thirsted to see the tennis court. They later aided in the inspection of the garage. Hopelessly Zinnia led them back to the veranda and excused herself.

"I don't know what's become of Ruby," she said.

If the Brazelton seniors had returned about this time, they might have been surprised to find a strange young man being entertained—though

not highly—by two other guests, with the family apparently in hiding.

Zinnia shouted loudly for her little sister, but Ruby did not feel it necessary to answer every time she was called; she always used her best judgment. At the moment she was talking to her brothers in the tower room of the barn, whither she had unerringly traced the twins—a place so hot that only a dire need for privacy would have driven them there.

From here the three had witnessed the inspection of the back yard and knew that Wilmer Shank had kept his appointment.

"Somepin's got to be done," said Ned. "Nex' thing Zinn'll have the lemonade. Then where'll we be?"

"You'll be right up here in this tower," said Ruby, "lookin' at the view." It had always been a matter of agreement among them that the view of the back yard from the tower was superb.

"Yes, but Wilmer'd drink it all," said Ted.

"He'd just gulp it down," added Ned. "If we could only get 'em out to the barn, we'd fix 'em."

"What'd you do?" Ruby had a pleasant vision of some atrocity being practiced upon the objectionable Gwendolyn.

"We'd fix 'em all right." After all, Ned had nothing inside his head but a vague ill will.



The rising young actress chose to reply in pantomime

"Well, I got to go back," said Ruby. "I ain't gone to Aunt Elizabeth's like what you have."

"We could come back," said Ted after Ruby had closed the door. "Mebbe she wasn't at home; or had—diphtheria or something."

"I thought we wasn't going to talk to him any more."

"Yes, and him sitting there and drinking all that lemonade!"

"Well, all right." What was honor compared with lemonade?

So they agreed to go down. That is all they did do—agree; for they had reckoned without the perfidy of their own flesh and blood. Ruby had locked the door from the outside! This idea did not originate with her. She herself had served half a dozen terms there for alleged offenses against the red-headed twins.

This little square tower, like its counterpart upon the house, was not useful but "ornamental." The windows were nailed in; they could not have been opened without a special dispensation and a carpenter. On a pleasant summer afternoon like this the room was probably the hottest place in a rather populous town. Having put her brothers in to bake, Ruby appeared among her young guests and took steps to break up the party.

"Come here, Gwendolyn," she said. "I've got a secret for you."

GWENDOLYN could not resist this lure. Zinnia, who was again trying to be entertaining with the knowledge that anything she might say would be all over town by sunset, looked at her little sister with gratitude. It is true that Ruby would not let Wilmer come along—but every little helped.

"The boys—I know where they are," Ruby whispered. "They had a fight, or something, with Wilmer."

(Continued on page 31)

"I had a very nice time," said Gwendolyn dolefully



MAGNET WRIGHT BRIGGS

Lady Larkspur

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Chapter Four: Pursuing Knights

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST THREE CHAPTERS

Bob Singleton, returned soldier, recuperating at Barton, discovers there a mystery which soon centers about "Aunt Aliee," the young widow of his late Uncle Bashford, and her companion, Mrs. Farnsworth. Singleton neglects his own writing and his friend Searles's play, "Lady Larkspur," while he follows one rapidly developing clue after another—the "Troops"; a "Count Montani"; Aunt Aliee's fan; the prisoner in the tool house; inquiries by Raynor of the State Department regarding Aunt Aliee.

I DIDN'T sleep until near daybreak, and was aroused at nine o'clock by Flynn, who appeared at the door in his chauffeur's togs, carrying a tray.

"The wife didn't come back, sorr, but I made coffee and toast. Sorry to waken you, but I'm takin' the new car into the city."

I sat up and rubbed my eyes.

"Who's going to the city?" I demanded.

"The ladies is goin' at once, sorr. They sent orders an hour ago to be ready with the new machine. Orders was to take my bag; it looks like I'd be gone the night. I'm late and you'll have to excuse me, sorr."

I sprang out of bed and plied him with questions, most of which he was unable to answer. I did, however, extract from him the information that nothing had occurred after I retired for the night that could have alarmed the women at the residence and prompted this abrupt departure. There was no reason why Alice shouldn't run to town if it pleased her to do so, and yet it was odd that she hadn't mentioned the matter. Flynn hurried away, and from the window I followed the car's course to the house, and a moment later caught a glimpse of it on its way to the gates.

I was shaving when Antoine appeared, pale from the stirring incidents of the night.

"I suppose you know, sir," he said, straightening the coffeepot on the tray in an attempt to conceal his emotions.

"When did you first hear that the ladies meant to leave to-day?" I shouted with a flourish of the razor. "If you knew it last night and didn't tell me—"

"I heard it, incidental like, at breakfast this morning. There was a night letter, sir, read by the agent at Barton to the mistress quite early, sir. I can't tell you what it was, sir."

"Did they seem alarmed or depressed; was there anything to indicate whether they had bad news?"

"They seemed quite merry over it, sir. But you know their goings-on, which I never understand, sir. For all I know it may be a death in the family; you'd never tell it from their actions. You will pardon me again, sir; but, considering that they're ladies, their actions and goings-on is most peculiar."

"As to luggage, I hope you had the intelligence to note whether they went for a long stay?"

"Only the suit cases that fits into the rack of the machine. Louise thought they might be going for a week, maybe."

This was all I got out of him. Mrs. Bashford and Mrs. Farnsworth had flown, giving no hint of the length of their stay. They had slipped away and left me with a prisoner that I didn't know what to do with; with an inquiry by the American Department of State hanging over me; with Torrence to reckon with, and, in general, a muddled head that only a vast number of lucid explanations could restore to sanity.

I called from the window to one of the gardeners who knew how to manage a machine and told him to be ready to drive me to the village in half an hour. There was an express at ten-forty, and by taking it I would at least have the satisfaction of being somewhere in New York when the runaways arrived. Antoine packed my suit case; I am not sure that he didn't shed tears on my belongings. The old fellow was awed into silence by the rapidity with which history had been made in the past twenty-

four hours, and clearly was not pleased by my desertion.

We drove past the tool house, where I found the prisoner seated on a wheelbarrow smoking a cigarette. He was no more communicative than when I had questioned him after his capture. He smiled in a bored fashion when I asked if he wanted anything, and said he would be obliged for cigarettes and reading matter. He volunteered nothing as to his identity, and the guards said that a thorough search of the captive's clothing had disclosed nothing incriminating. He had three hundred dollars in currency (this was to cover Elsie's bribe money, I conjectured), a handkerchief, a cigarette case, and a box of matches. I directed that he be well fed and given all the reading matter he wanted, and hurried on to catch my train.

The futility of my errand struck me hard as I felt the city surging round me. Without a clue to work on, I was utterly unlikely to find the two women, and even if I came upon them, in what way could I explain my conduct in following them? I was visited also by the discouraging thought that New York might not, after all, be their destination. Flynn was a capable but cautious driver, and they would hardly reach town before five o'clock. I took a room at the Thackeray Club and pondered carefully whether, in spite of my misgivings, I hadn't better see Torrence and tell him all that had happened since his call on Mrs. Bashford. If there was any chance of doing the wrong thing in any matter not prescribed in the laws governing the administration of estates, he would be sure to do it; but I was far from satisfied with the results of my own management of affairs at Barton. I finally called up the trust company and learned that Torrence was in Albany attending the trial of a will case and might not be in town for a couple of days. His secretary said that my daily report was to be wired to Albany. I made haste to report that there had been no developments at Barton, and went out and walked the avenue. Inquiries at hotels large and small occupied me until seven o'clock. No one had heard of a Mrs. Bashford or a Mrs. Farnsworth. My inspection of the occupants of several thousand automobiles proved equally fruitless. I ate a lonely dinner at the club and resumed my search. Hanging about theatre doors, staring at the crowd, is not a dignified occupation, and by nine o'clock, having seen the most belated theatregoers vanish, I was tired and footsore. The flaming sign of Searles's "Who Killed Cock Robin?" over the door of the "As You Like It" caught my eye. I bought a seat—the last in the rack—and squeezed into my place in the middle of the last row. As I had seen the piece at least a dozen times, its novelty was gone for me, but the laughter of the delighted audience was cheering. The first act was reaching its culmination, and I watched it with a glow of pride in Searles and his skillful craftsmanship.

AS the curtain fell and the lights went up amid murmurs of pleasure and expectancy, I glanced across the rows of heads with awakened interest. "Who Killed Cock Robin?" had been praised with such unanimity that if Alice were in any playhouse that night I was as likely to see her in the "As You Like It" as anywhere.

The half-turned face of a man three rows in front of me suddenly caught my attention. There was something curiously familiar in his outlines and the



gesture with which, at the moment, he was drawing his handkerchief across his forehead. I judged that he too had come late, for he now removed his topcoat and thrust his hat under the seat. It was Montani—beyond any question Montani—and I instinctively shrank in my seat and lifted my program as he turned round and swiftly surveyed the rows behind him.

I watched his black head intently until I remembered the superstition that by staring at a person in a public place you can make him look at you. Montani knew a great many things I wanted to know, but I must have time to adjust myself to the shock of his propinquity. He was alone and had probably got an odd seat just a little ahead of me. The house now took note of a stirring in one of the boxes. There was an excited buzz as the tall form and unmistakable features of Cecil Arrowsmith, the English actor, were recognized. I had read that day of his arrival in New York. With him were two women. My breath came hard and I clutched the iron frame of the seat in front of me so violently that its occupant turned and glared.

The trio settled into their places quickly, but not before I had satisfied myself that Arrowsmith's companions were Alice and Mrs. Farnsworth. As they fell into animated talk I saw that Alice was in her gayest humor. The distinguished tragedian seemed greatly amused by something she had said.

"Must be members of Arrowsmith's company," I heard one of my neighbors saying. "They open in two weeks in Shakespearean repertoire."

MONTANI had half risen, the better to focus an opera glass on the box. The gong solemnly announced the second act, and Alice moved her chair to face the stage. Once more Montani roused himself and scanned the party. As the lights faded Alice, with the pretty languorous gesture I so well remembered, opened her fan—the fan of ostrich plumes, that became a blur of white that held my eye through the dusk after the curtain rose.

Alice, Montani, and the fan! To this combination I had now to add the new element introduced into the situation by the apparent familiar acquaintance of Alice and Mrs. Farnsworth with Cecil Arrowsmith. And yet, as the play proceeded on its swift-moving course, I reasoned that there was nothing extraordinary in their knowing Arrowsmith. He had long been a personage in England and had lately been knighted. Their appearance in his company really disposed of the idea that they might be impostors. The presence of Arrowsmith had put zest into the company, and I hadn't seen a better performance of the piece. The trio in the box joined in the prolonged applause at the end of the act.

As they resumed their talk Alice, it seemed, was relating something of moment for Arrowsmith's benefit, referring now and then to Mrs. Farnsworth as though for corroboration. The scene in the box was almost as interesting as any in the play, and the audience watched with deep absorption. Alice, the least self-conscious of mortals, was, I knew, utterly unaware of the curious gaze of the house; whatever she was saying with an occasional gesture of her gloved hands or a shrug of her shoulders possessed her completely. I thought she might be telling Arrowsmith of her adventures at Barton; but the length of her narrative was against this,

"You notice that we're still turning 'em away," he remarked. "We don't have to worry about this piece; everybody who sees it sends his friends the next day. Searles hasn't looked in for some time; hope he's writing a new play?"

"He's West visiting his folks. Don't know when he'll be back," I answered. "I must write him that Sir Cecil Arrowsmith enjoyed 'Who Killed Cock Robin?' as much as common mortals."

Forsythe had paused at the box office, and in my uncertainty I stuck to him as the crowd began to surge by.

Arrowsmith's approach was marked by the pecul-

I heard Forsythe saying. I clutched his arm as he opened the office door.

"Who are those women?" I demanded.

"You may search me! I see you have a good eye. That girl's rather nice to look at!"

Crowding my way to the open, I blocked the path of orderly, sane citizens awaiting their machines until a policeman pushed me out of the way. Alice I saw for a bewildering instant, framed in the window of a big limousine that rolled away uptown.

I had been snubbed! No snub had ever been delivered more deliberately, with a nicer calculation of effect, than that administered to me by Alice



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

No snub had ever been delivered more deliberately, with a nicer calculation of effect, than that administered to me by Alice Bashford

and Arrowsmith's attitude was more that of a critic appealed to for an opinion than of a polite listener to a story. He nodded his head several times, and finally, as Alice, with a slight dip of the head and an outward movement of her arms, settled back in her chair, he patted his hands approvingly.

IN my absorption I had forgotten Montani's existence, but as the third act began I saw that he had gone. Whether I should put myself in Alice's way as she left the theatre was still an undetermined question when the play ended. With Montani hanging about I felt a certain obligation to warn her that he had been watching her. I was among the first to leave, and in the foyer I met Forsythe, the house manager, who knew me as a friend of Searles.

iar type of tall hat that he affected, and the departing audience made way for him. At his left were Alice and Mrs. Farnsworth, and they must pass quite close to me. "Who Killed Cock Robin?" was a satisfying play that sent audiences away with lightened hearts and smiling faces, and the trio were no exception to the rule.

I had been listening absently to Forsythe. I was planning to join Alice when the trio reached me. She saw me; there was a fleeting flash of recognition in her eyes, and then she turned to say something to Arrowsmith. She drew nearer; her gaze met mine squarely, but without a sign of recognition. She passed on, talking with greatest animation to Arrowsmith.

"Well, remember me to Searles if you write him,"

Bashford—a girl with whom, until a moment before, I had believed myself on terms of cordial comradeship. She had cut me; Alice who had asked me at the very beginning of our acquaintance to call her by her first name—Alice had cut me without the quiver of a lash.

I went to the club and settled myself in a dark corner of the reading room, thoroughly bruised in spirit. In my resentment I meditated flying to Ohio to join Searles, always my chief resource in trouble. Affairs at Barton might go to the devil. If Alice and her companion wanted to get rid of me, I would not be sorry to be relieved of the responsibility I had assumed in trying to protect them. With rising fury I reflected that by the time they had shaken off Montani and got rid

(Continued on page 29)



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The Mandate

THE election of a Republican Senate and House was a surprise to most people who had been watching the situation, although perhaps it was not to President WILSON. The only way we can explain the "blazing indiscretion" of his call for votes is to suppose that the party managers had appealed to him in desperation. His message to "my fellow countrymen" in behalf of the Democratic candidates apparently did a great deal more harm than good. In any case, the Republicans are firmly fixed in control of both Houses, and they are not very apt to be gentle with an Administration that has never treated them with much cordiality or kindness. There will be investigation, criticism, and opposition where a little while ago there was meek compliance with every demand. Some idea of the spirit with which the angry Republicans will take hold can be gained from Colonel ROOSEVELT's remark:

Any extravagance, corruption, or inefficiency in waging the war, any leniency to German spies or conspirators at home, and any effort to interfere with the freedom of speech and with the press on the part of honest supporters of the war who protest inefficiency in waging it, will, I believe, result in congressional investigation and exposure of the guilty parties.

It must be said that if the Republicans enter upon their responsibilities in this spirit the Administration is largely to blame. It has never admitted the opposition party into partnership in the conduct of the war, while President WILSON's appeal for votes caused deep indignation among the Republican rank and file who had really "adjourned politics" for the period of the war. We may add that it was a great disappointment to many of the President's most sincere admirers.

As to the cause of the overthrow, it is clear that the nation has commenced to divide again on the old party lines. With the war over, the necessity for following the President wherever he chose to lead ceases to exist in the mind of the average American, and he votes as he pleases and according to the dictates of his own judgment, which he regards as infallible. It is pretty hard to convince him that the period of the negotiation of peace and the return of the soldiers places the same obligation of implicit obedience on him that the war did. Perhaps, also, he thinks it a mistake to let any man have his own way all the time. That usually is his experience in the affairs of private life, and he is apt to apply the lessons of private life in his political thinking. It is a different thing to follow the President when the President is making war and to follow him when he is making treaties or tariffs or party platforms. From the day of the Austrian surrender people began to think about "after the war." While there was little prospect of peace they were willing to give the President any kind of "mandate" he wanted, although, to tell the truth, he is much more accustomed to issue than to receive orders. But when the Austrian collapse came they saw as clearly as any public man that the necessity had passed for political drilling, and they turned quickly to their former ways of thinking about things. The famous "appeal" of October 25—a remarkable political blunder—hurried the Republicans back to their old party lines. Heavy taxes, sectional taxation, excessive interference by the authorities at Washington with private affairs had prepared the minds of many for a change. There was a pretty general feeling that a number of the men whom the President has chosen to conduct the departments at Washington are not equipped to deal with the problems that are coming up after the war. But back of it all, we are convinced, is the feeling against "one-man power," no matter how intelligently it may be exercised.

Their Own Medicine

THE apostles of Kultur have explained quite often enough that Prussianism was bound to conquer because its policies were fundamentally best for the world at large. Our own Federal and other jails are now entertaining a number of more or less plausible expounders of this doctrine. Why not apply their own theories to

the job of making peace with them? Those of us who have memories or scrapbooks or newspaper files will have no trouble compiling lists of Potsdam principles even longer than this from the New York "Evening Sun":

"Our statesmen must in the peace negotiations be men of iron and not resemble soft wood painted iron gray. The German people mean not only to hold out but to conquer."—Count von Reventlow.

"An indemnity which would be adequate simply to cover the cost of the war would perhaps amount to thirty billions—two billions in gold, a further four or six billions in exchange, the rest in securities."—Dr. Johann Plenge.

"Peace must assure permanently the military, economic, financial, and political interests of Germany in their widest range, including extensions of territory."—Dr. Spahn, leader of Reichstag Center.

"If we win, we must utterly destroy the power of England; we must take her colonies and her fleet. We might take the French fleet too, and make France bear the cost of the war. Belgium could be joined to Germany."—Dr. Oppenheimer.

"The security of the empire in a future war requires the ownership of all mines of iron ore, and to defend them the fortresses of Longwy and Verdun."—Manifesto to the Chancellor.

"It is necessary to impose a mercilessly high war indemnity on France, and not forget her large colonial possessions."—Petition of German intellectuals to the Government.

That was Germany's own pet gospel of international peace and good will as published only six months or so before she began whining for an armistice. What's the matter with it now?

Ersatz

OUR north of England contemporary, the Yorkshire "Post," reports that some textile experts in the town of Bradford, which was manufacturing cloth before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, have been looking over this much-advertised German yarn made from nettle fiber. It is a wonderful discovery, just as Teutondom says, but one unit of finished product takes some eight to ten times the usual quantity of chemicals and about twenty times the ordinary amount of raw materials. That's the only trouble with Hun substitutes: you work a lot harder and get much less.

An Important Series of Articles

MARK SULLIVAN has just returned from abroad. He was a member of a party which went oversea as guests of the British Government. In COLLIER'S next week he will begin a series of articles on

AMERICA'S PART
IN THE NEW WORLD

These articles are based on conferences with Allied statesmen and publicists in London and Paris. The first is entitled "The Heritage of Tyre." It shows that the commercial and financial pre-eminence, even the naval pre-eminence, which has been held for many generations by Great Britain, must, as one of the results of the war, pass either to the United States alone or else to some league of nations which shall include the United States and Great Britain.

The title of the second article is: "The League of Nations: What Shall It Be?" It points out the wide and serious difference between the idea of a league of nations which is commonly held in the United States and the more serious idea commonly held by statesmen and leaders of thought in Great Britain. It will illustrate further the great divergence between the proposals put forth by radical leaders like H. G. WELLS and those advanced by English statesmen like Lord ROBERT CECIL, Viscount GREY, and ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

Subsequent articles will deal with such questions as whether the United States shall complete its shipbuilding program, America and the English Labor Party, America and Russia, America and Germany, America and the German Colonies.

We cannot emphasize too strongly the importance of this series of articles to every American who is interested in his country and its future, and, we repeat, the first of the series will be published in COLLIER'S next week.

For the Good of the German People

PERHAPS the most interesting feature in the "American" and "national" periodicals which less than two years ago were humbly concerned with securing "justice for Germany" was the Answers to Readers column. "Anxious Inquirer" would write in to ask whether it was true that members of the Reichstag are elected by universal, direct, equal, and secret suffrage, whereas England had the plural vote and property qualification; and the editor was compelled to admit, in all candor, that it was so. A would bet B that WOODROW WILSON had more power over peace and war than WILLIAM II, and the editor agreed that A had won. And so in the course of this innocent-eyed search for information by countless readers it was brought out that the home of real democracy was somewhere between the Rhine and the Niemen, and that of all democratic institutions on earth the German army was perhaps the most democratic—almost Bolshevik, on the whole.

The puzzle therefore, is where, in this ultrademocratic nation called Germany, the German Governments of recent days found so many things to democratize. For instance, a single Copenhagen dispatch:

The democratization of Germany is spreading through the federal states. At a meeting of the Crown Council at Dresden (Saxony) yesterday the question of asking socialists to join the Government was considered. The Baden Government met at Karlsruhe to consider the abolition of the three-class franchise system and the introduction of the proportional franchise. Württemberg also is said to be considering whether that Government's representatives in the Federal Council shall not henceforth receive instructions direct from the representatives elected by the people rather than from the Württemberg Government. The democratization of the First Chamber there is also being considered.

Less than a year after NAPOLEON crushed the Prussian army at Jena in October, 1806, the Anxious Inquirers and the A's and B's of the time discovered suddenly that there was room for improvement in the admirably ordered Prussia of the day. To be sure, it was still the blest-above-all countries; the poor were protected against the rich, and justice was strict, and education was plentiful, and by contrast with the rank individualism of other countries, the Prussian people lived and died contentedly for the state. And yet, and yet— At any rate, in October, 1807, FREDERICK WILLIAM III issued an edict (we quote from E. F. HENDERSON'S "Short History of Germany"):

From Martinmas, 1810, ceases all villainage in our entire states. From Martinmas, 1810, there shall be only free persons.

For it had been suddenly discovered that two-thirds of the population of Prussia were serfs. And again:

Every inhabitant of our states is competent, without any limitation on the part of the state to possess, either as property or pledge, landed estates of every kind. . . . Every noble is henceforth permitted, without any derogation from his position, to exercise citizen occupations; and every citizen or peasant is allowed to pass from the peasant into the citizen class, or from the citizen into the peasant class.

The German people may yet be as grateful for Château-Thierry as the Prussian people had reason to be grateful for Jena.

How to Make Farm Deserters

SOME American farms are a good deal like the Austro-Hungarian Empire in that the boys break away because they are not allowed to have what they earn. Unpaid labor is just as disturbing to family life as it is to politics. With all these prizes and jaunts for boys' and girls' corn clubs, canning communes, etc., this unpleasant fact will not down. In the University of North Carolina "News-Letter" a Tarheel bard breaks into near-song over it. He goes to the heart of a matter which has puzzled preachers, statesmen, and editors by pointing out that the farm boy is not deserting to a faster life or to an easier job, but because the "garden truck was dad's to sell but mine to hoe." The ballad in question reaches its climax in this verse:

I left my dad, his farm, his plow,
Because my calf became his cow.
I left my dad, 'twas wrong, of course,
Because my colt became his horse.

Those learned in such matters say that the progress up out of slavery is from status to contract—i. e., from working because you must to working because others keep their word with you as you do with them. Odd, isn't it, that this evolution should take so long to reach the boys of the farm regions? Perhaps in time it will reach even the women. Voting should help somewhat.

The Iron Hand in Alsace

"HOW will you go about it to denationalize Alsace, your Excellency?" asked the English Quaker, WILLIAM JONES, of BISMARCK at Versailles in 1871. "We will take their children and raise them in our German schools," answered the Iron Chancellor. "We will take their young men and place them under the discipline of our great German army."

Recently there was published in Paris a book made out of the records of German courts-martial in Alsace and Lorraine during the four years of the Great War. It shows that during this time these courts have been occupied constantly with the trial and punishment of mayors, artisans, peasants, women, school children, priests, and soldiers whose crime, expressed in words and petty deeds, was hatred of Germany, and whose punishment was imprisonment, torture, and often death. It shows, in short, that only an iron hand kept Alsace-Lorraine from armed revolt. Education and discipline are wonderful things, but—

Speaking of Alimony, etc.

ONE fallacy that makes a lot of business for the divorce courts is the widespread notion that marriage gives men and women a chance to be their Natural Selves. In reality, marriage requires something a great deal better than that!

Sugar

WHEN the person doling out your meal puts down that lonesome lump or thin little envelope of sweetening, just reflect that Canada, France, Great Britain, and Italy, all put together, only get ten ounces of sugar where we get a pound, and they pay 10 per cent more for the lesser quantity. And they have colder and wetter climates to stoke up against too. Except for our own bad habits, the sugar situation is altogether too favorable to us.

An Apology to Quebec

SOME months ago, in discussing the Conscription Law in Canada, one of the writers for this Weekly referred in passing to the alleged "patois" of Quebec. His allusion, made too hastily maybe, in an otherwise illuminating article, seems to have hurt some of our very sensitive readers in the Eastern Province. For the descendants of the original French settlers in the great Dominion take pride in what they assure us is not "patois" (Heaven forbid!) but a survival of the pure and classic language of our earlier age. Letters too long, alas! to publish at a time when plain white paper has come to be a luxury have reached us from a dozen different places, protesting against the unintentionally base insinuation supposed to have been hidden in the misuse of one hateful word. Of these letters the most learned and convincing is from the pen of the good curé of Vercheres, Father BAILLAIRGE, who, in support of his contention that the language of Quebec is classic French, quotes many high authorities, to fight against whom would almost be presumption. We are quite willing to believe that, as the eminent Professor RICHARD holds, though Canadians might not understand some Frenchmen, no Frenchman would be puzzled by the idiom of even the real French Canadians.

To go further on the highway of humility, we have now ceased to doubt that the language of Quebec is truly a survival, with, of course, some variations, of the tongue of MOLIÈRE. Humanum est errare: Who should know that better than Father BAILLAIRGE?

The Delivery of Coal

"YOU can have coal," telephoned the dealer after repeated urgings, "if you will let us dump it on the sidewalk. Because of the shortage of labor we can't put it into your cellar, but we'll allow you thirty-five cents a ton so that you can pay for this labor yourself." Coal, of course, under any conditions, no matter how severe, was to be welcomed ecstatically, so we tried to control our joyousness and assure the dealer calmly that his terms were accepted. In time there was a great clattering and clanking outside our quiet house. The coal had come. "My orders are to dump it on the sidewalk," said the driver, "but for a dollar and a half I'll be glad myself to shovel it into your cellar." This attitude was unexpected, but welcome. Again we agreed ecstatically. The coal, those sleek black morsels of potential heat, of protection against the chill of winter and the ravages of influenza, lie snugly now in our cellar. We are satisfied. The coal dealer is satisfied. The man who drove the coal wagon is satisfied. But somewhere in the offing an outraged and ironic sense of ethics is lurking.

November 16, 1918

"The Lost Battalion"

Continued from page 6

"Tell them to come out at once, unarmed, into the open," I instructed the interpreter. Followed a long palaver that taxed my patience. There had been a number of "Kamerads" interchanged, and that was the extent of my lingual understanding.

"Damn it, what's he saying?" I demanded finally. "Why, lieutenant, he expects us to surrender—to do a Kamerad to them!"

So we had come three thousand miles for this, eh! While I was recovering my breath, the interpreter, a shrewd little Jewish-German, continued the conference, and I gathered from his tone that he was actually trying to persuade them, to bargain them, as it were, into a surrender! It is said that the German military authorities advise their enlisted personnel that the American soldier always butchers his prisoners! The reason for such propaganda is obvious. And I learned later that my Chauchat man was endeavoring to contradict the impression.

When I had cut short this little international debating society by announcing that we would attack at once, they opened on us with a spatter of rifle shots. As we dropped back the only noncommissioned officer I had with me clapped his hand to his shoulder. I had to send him back to camp.

Of course we had answered with our pistols. The firing was a signal for both sides to spend some war bonds, and for a time it sounded like a riveters' competition. From the sound I judged that they had three or four heavy guns in emplacement. They had only as vague a notion of our position as we of theirs, for it was impossible to see more than twenty yards through the trees.

Two of my Chauchats (the boys call them "sho-sho's") went out of action now—jammed. Busying myself with laying out a position against an attack, I placed two of the remaining three guns on my flanks, set a few men watching the rear, and planned to crawl out ahead of the line with the third gunner and some bombs to give the nest a little flank surprise.

My preparations were hardly finished when, from about fifty yards on our right rear, came a boche voice. Our friends at the cemetery answered. They had been holding their fire for some time, but now they opened again simultaneously with two machine guns from the new direction. Thus we were between their fires. Presently the original nest began skyrocketing rifle grenades, or they may have been trench mortars, down upon us. Their range was short, however. By way of retaliation I took several French "O.F.'s" (offensive hand grenades), advanced until I found an opening in the trees overhead, and threw them in the direction of the nest.

I was having casualties now. One poor chap, who lay at my right, within reaching, raised his head a few incautious inches just as a stream of bullets clipped off fern leaves above our helmets. He slumped forward without a sound and lay still. I wriggled over to his side. But there was nothing to be done for him. Indeed, it was he who served us—even in death; for he had a full pannier of ammunition. But the boches were having their casualties as well. They sent out a small patrol to determine our position. Our boys dropped one of them, mortally hit; the others fled back with mighty little information—and, probably, some wounds.

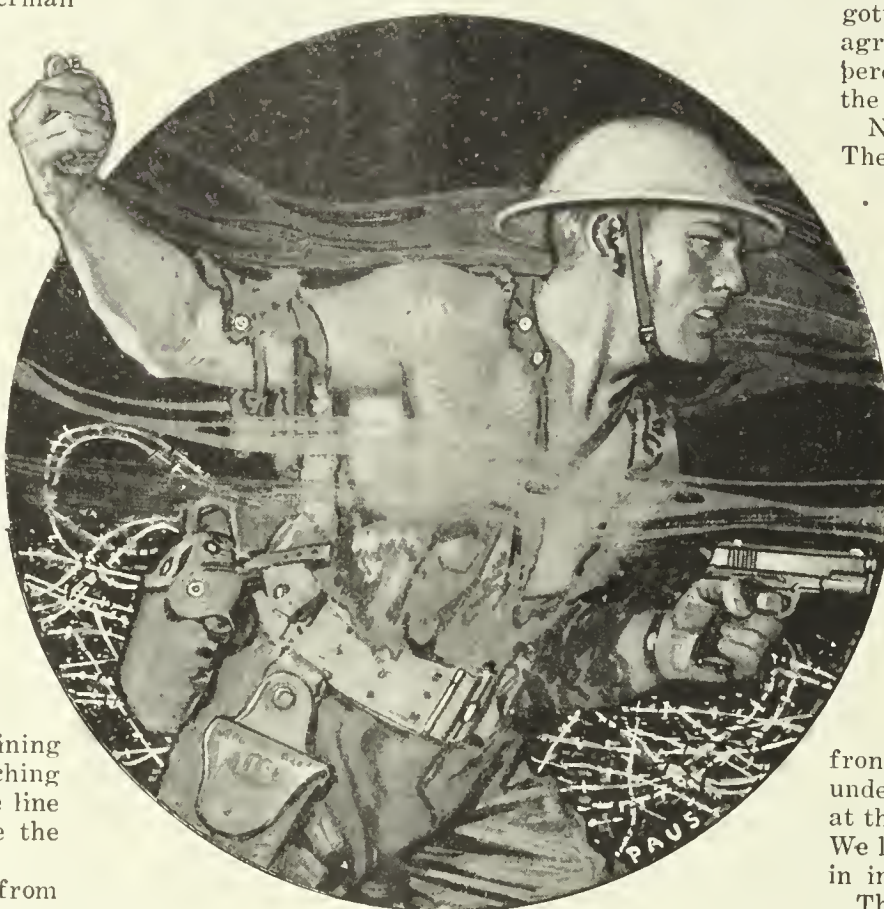
Back to the Regiment

MY watch showed 2 p. m., and still no message was getting back to the regiment, the real object of the party. I had sent up word to the major, describing the situation. Jack Munson, a runner, brought a message from him directing me to send back the Chauchat men, select two runners and, with them, get back, myself, to the colonel.

I took Munson and Herschowitz, and on hands and knees, with drawn revolvers, we began a detour of the nests. I was keeping my direction by compass every foot of the way. We had been going a scant ten minutes when shots from a light Maxim and rifles broke out in front. I thought we had been spotted, but after a wait, when we started again, we crawled within a few feet of the real target, now lifeless; he was in khaki and apparently he had strayed from his outfit. During our wait we saw a boche passing through the trees. From the crackling of the brush there seemed to be others. With my lips I made the words "Don't fire" to my runners, and

then covered him, in case he saw us. He went by. Realizing that we might have something of a time of it getting through, I motioned the runners to my side, read the messages to them in whispers and had them repeat. Then scooping out a little hole in the sodden leaves under my chin, I buried the messages, with several others from my map case, in fine pieces. Next I impressed upon them that our mission was not to fight unless forced to it, but to get back to the regiment, all of us, if possible; one, certainly. Consequently we would separate when it became necessary.

Half an hour's traveling brought us to a broad



clearing, cleaving the forest as far as I could see, on a true north-south line. Our direction was south, and the trail down the center of the clearing meant real progress, although I knew trails to be dangerous. We were not long upon it, when suddenly, out of a side trail, two German officers appeared, fifty yards ahead.

The one in advance shouted something with "Kamerad" in it. But at the same time he was leveling his pistol at me, and I needed no interpreter.

Munson yelled: "Kamerad hell!" as we darted off the trail behind a bush at its edge. The boches fired into the bush as they came. We stretched out and waited.

In front of me a bough ran low and parallel to the ground; upon it I rested my pistol, directing it upon the trail through the thin leaves underneath.

Presently Herr Offizier came creeping along, bent to the waist and peering through the bush. We looked squarely into each other's eyes as we fired, less than ten feet separating us. Being settled and ready for him, my gun had about a second the better of his. I aimed at his mouth, allowing for the rise of the bullet from the "kick." As he fired I actually felt the concussion against my face, we were so close; then a hot, sharp pain in my right forearm, as if some one had suddenly pushed a white-hot knife blade along under the elbow when I hadn't been looking.

Munson and Herschowitz fired too, and there seemed to be shots from the second boche. My own particular duelist dropped back limp after my first shot, although I got off four in quick succession.

Now we made for the thick of the woods. My resolution was to stay to them though they should be thick as fish glue. Under good cover Munson dressed my wound. My fingers had begun stiffening up a bit, and I worked them to keep the trigger finger in good trim, thinking at the time what a ludicrous shot I'd be with the left hand. A thought for soldiers in training: Are you ambidextrous? I've never fired a shot with the left.

The wound itself was a puzzler. Almost at once the arm swelled until it seemed that a duck egg had been inserted under the flesh. But, feeling around it, there was no hard substance beneath. The

sleeve showed two holes within three inches of each other where the cartridge had gone in and out. What probably happened was that my shot had diverted his aim and his bullet had passed under my crooked elbow and armpit, merely searing the forearm in a caressing sort of way. The blood was negligible. Altogether, it was a "cushy blighty," as the Tommy puts it. We reloaded our revolvers to wait for nightfall. There was a bit of stale bread in the bottom of my gas mask, forgotten until now. I split it into three parts, about two mouthfuls for each, and dug out some half-soaked cigarettes.

"We'll have a smoke, Jack" (military rank is forgotten sometimes), "if it's the last," I said, and he agreed with a wan sort of smile. Herschowitz whispered that he didn't smoke, and dropped asleep as the words left his mouth.

None of us had water. And we were very thirsty. The boys had white, sticky saliva in the corners of their mouths, and, from the feel of mine, I knew that I had too.

Waiting Tactics

TO the inevitable monody of machine guns, we dozed until dusk came. Then with compass and revolver, one in each hand, I started again upon the eternal crawl. My arm had grown in circumference until the sleeve was tight upon it. Crawling added nothing to its comfort, for to do the crawfish stroke the elbows are pushed out ahead and upon them as anchors the rest of the body is then drawn up. As yet it was not necessary to go so carefully. But when, after hours, we came to a clearing, as grateful as I was for the chance of unhampered movement, I dropped to hands and knees. Ten minutes of thus shinning passed without event. Then suddenly a boche voice called out, a little to our front: "Bist du Deutsch?" That much German I understood. We flattened. As it happened, we were at the foot of a tree at the base of which grew brush. We lay motionless. Again the voice, with its demand in intonation.

Then the bolt of a rifle clicked clearly and the owner of the voice fired. The flash was clear against the night. From the right and left of the flash, and close to it, came other flashes. The bullets whined harmlessly above us.

Was this a small, mobile party? If so, they would be slinking about. But during half an hour of their intermittent firing the position of the flashes never changed. That looked like funk holes! And if it was a case of funk holes, by all the nasty little elves of tough luck, we had stumbled right into a German position!

By watching the direction of the flashes I tried to determine their front. Cupping my hand over the radio-lighted dial of my compass, I studied it in connection with their bursts of fire. They seemed to be firing north. But north was our own battalion front, and theirs, according to the military logic of things, south, unless—unless they had swung in from our flank behind us and had dug in facing our rear!

No amount of juggling of the compass could satisfactorily account for the position of those boches. So I settled down to waiting tactics. Clearly, it's wise to let your enemy think you have moved off while he is most on the alert for your movement. After that he relaxes vigilance, and you stand a better chance of getting away without foreign substances under the skin.

I whispered—oh, very softly—that we would stay here for some time. Possibly an hour. And then I fell asleep!

Munson woke me by gently pounding on my thigh. I don't remember the time. Must have been around midnight. The funk holes were quiet now, and we wormed away in a new direction without drawing fire. I recollect seeing the shiny hobnails and the horseshoe of steel on the runners' boots as I crawled back past them to take the lead. I wondered at what distance they were visible.

Occasionally my helmet would come afoul of a vine or small branch; and then like cathedral bells to my overstrained ears the edge of the helmet would make a little ringing sound. I berated myself for ever having removed its burlap camouflage, though it gathered all the sand in the world to deposit in my hair.

Once I heard Munson struggling to restrain a cough. We froze to the ground while he sputtered as softly

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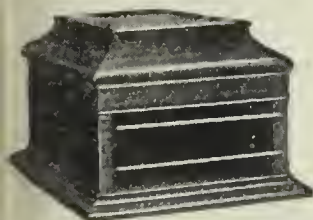
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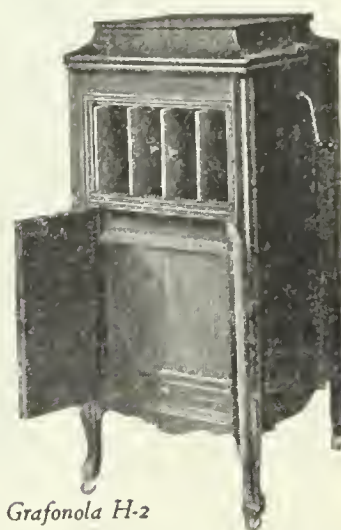
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Business in War Time

EDITED BY THE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT OF COLLIER'S

No. 19: How to Win South America's Trade

By Carlos E. Restrepo, ex-President of Colombia

AFTER the war there will be a big scramble among the various countries to step in and secure the cream of trade with South America. Logically, from geographical location and for many other reasons, it would seem natural that South America should transact the bulk of her foreign trade with her Northern Sister. Yet we feel here in Colombia—and that feeling prevails elsewhere through South America—that the business men of the United States have not exerted themselves to gain and hold our trade as have the business men of other countries. It has been largely a sort of "take-it-or-leave-it" policy.

It has not been that we South Americans have loved Germany more than we have given her so much of our trade, nor that we have loved England, France and other European countries more, or that we have loved the United States less. It has been for very obvious and common-sense reasons—other countries in their trade with us have conducted their business in a more attractive manner and have made it more worth our while to trade with them.

There is a closer friendship to-day between North and South America than ever before. South America is largely pro-Ally. The entrance of the United States into the war against Germany was hailed with approval by a large share of the South American governments. For the most part, to-day, South America seeks to aid the Allies. Some of our countries have already declared war on Germany, others have severed diplomatic relations.

Normal times must come. Trade must be resumed, commerce must get back to its normal state once more. Let us suppose that German autocracy will ultimately be destroyed. This does not mean the annihilation of Germany. No sane thinking person expects this or wishes it. Germany will remain, her people will be there with their commercial intelligence, their traditions, their technical order of work and habit, and these people will seek to rebuild their industries, which can only be done by rebuilding her now utterly destroyed commerce.

She will make great sacrifices to win back our trade. Will the United States do the same? Whatever aims German autocracy may have had in South America, they are gone now. Our people, needing the goods of the world, will seek the most attractive market for them, regardless of the geographical location of that market. If the shop nearest our home charges a high price, if it is unattractive, then we step across the street or up to the corner to the next store to secure the goods and especially the good treatment we feel is due us. If the United States, although the "next shop to us," does not offer as good goods, as good service, as good terms, as some country farther away, then South America, regardless of how highly she is coming to regard North America and North Americans, will not do her shopping there.

Now is the time for your business men to begin the campaign; now is the time to take the time and the pains to study us, our needs

SOME of the things that this distinguished South American says are no more pleasant for us to print than they are for you American business men to read. But the great value of his criticisms is their frankness. America is going to have a tremendous opportunity after the war is won, not only for South America's trade, but the world's trade. It is well for us to know, however, that this trade is not going to drop into our lap. We shall be compelled to work and plan for it in a very intelligent and keen and broad-minded sort of way.—THE BUSINESS EDITOR.

and our customs. Also, to study the methods their competitors used with such success.

Allow me to enter into a few details which embody my idea of what the business men of North America must do to make secure for themselves for all time the bulk of trade with us which should be theirs by right of proximity, natural resources and bonds of friendship.

First—The United States should establish in Central and South America large agencies, of keen, intelligent men whose foremost duty will be to make a careful and comprehensive study of our firms, our methods, our merchants, our mode of transportation. They should study the methods of their successful competitors of the past, learn how they secured and held our trade and seek not only to adopt those successful methods, but improve upon them.

Second—See that your commercial agents are enabled to make our people well acquainted with your products. Give them plenty of samples of such goods as may be advertised with samples, give them the means of demonstrating other sorts of goods until your products become thoroughly known and appreciated by our people.

Third—Teach your shippers at home how to pack. The manner in which your goods come to us, poorly packed, broken, injured, exposed to the elements, wholly or partly spoiled by exposure, is not relished by our people. Goods from Germany and other European countries always came to us in perfect condition. Their careful method of packing, when placed alongside goods packed in your country, has left but one impression in the minds of South American buyers, something to this effect: "They in the United States do not seem to care in what condition we receive their goods." Others even take it as an insult and say: "They seem to think up there (in the United States) that anything is good enough for us." We have never maintained here that European goods were better than goods from the United States. They are not. Many kinds are inferior. But we are rather timid about ordering, because of flimsy packing.

Fourth—Pack in smaller bulk. Your merchants should know more of the topography of our countries, should understand that South America is not crossed and recrossed by a network of railroads or smooth level highways. Our cities and towns are far

apart, many far from railroads, and great quantities of goods must be carted by mules up over narrow mountain trails. Especially is this warning directed to exporters of machinery and other heavy goods. A large crate, surrounding heavy machinery, that would travel safely across your continent, could not be sent overland here for two reasons—too great a load to be moved by mule power and usually too poorly crated to hold together.

Fifth—Be vigilant in the matter of commissions and discounts. If your merchants would study us carefully as have the European merchants, they would know how to reach our people directly rather than through "agencies" and commissioners who frequently charge as high as from 20% to 40%. Naturally, to make sufficient profit themselves, your merchants must fix a high price to the South American merchants or ultimate consumer a price that is often prohibitive.

Sixth—Don't try to sell us what *you* like. Sell us what *we* like. Germany, England, France, Spain—many other countries learned this long ago. If there is a demand down here for print cloth with red stripes, your people will say, "We cannot supply that. It is not *Standard*." We have come to hate your word "*Standard*." If we want print cloth with red stripes, Germany and other countries see that we get it. Too many of your American manufacturers think, "Teach 'em to take our goods because they don't know what is stylish or what is standard." This holds good with your people all along the line of manufactured goods. The importers down here do not like it. We know what we want. Our money is good for it. Why not give it to us? No European manufacturer attempts to impose his likes on us. He sends us *our* likes—and he gets our trade.

All of these things must be understood by the business men of North America who would secure and hold the rapidly growing South American trade.

Have faith in us, North America. The European producers and commissioners readily give us six and nine months' credit. North Americans dislike even to give us three months' credit. They prefer thirty days' credit and many give not a day, yet they give longer credit to their own people. We do not understand why this is so. These credits have helped European commerce enormously.

In a word, to obtain the confidence of South American buyers it will be necessary for the North American to visit us and to understand us. Here, as elsewhere, exist good and bad firms; but we ought to do commercial business on the evidence of the good and the very good. Without a knowledge of us, without confidence, without credit, there can be no commerce of value between us. There is a feeling among many of the leading business men of South America that when the world becomes normal again, after the war, the United States business men will see to it that across-the-water competitors do not again get such preponderance of our trade. And we are well pleased at the prospect.



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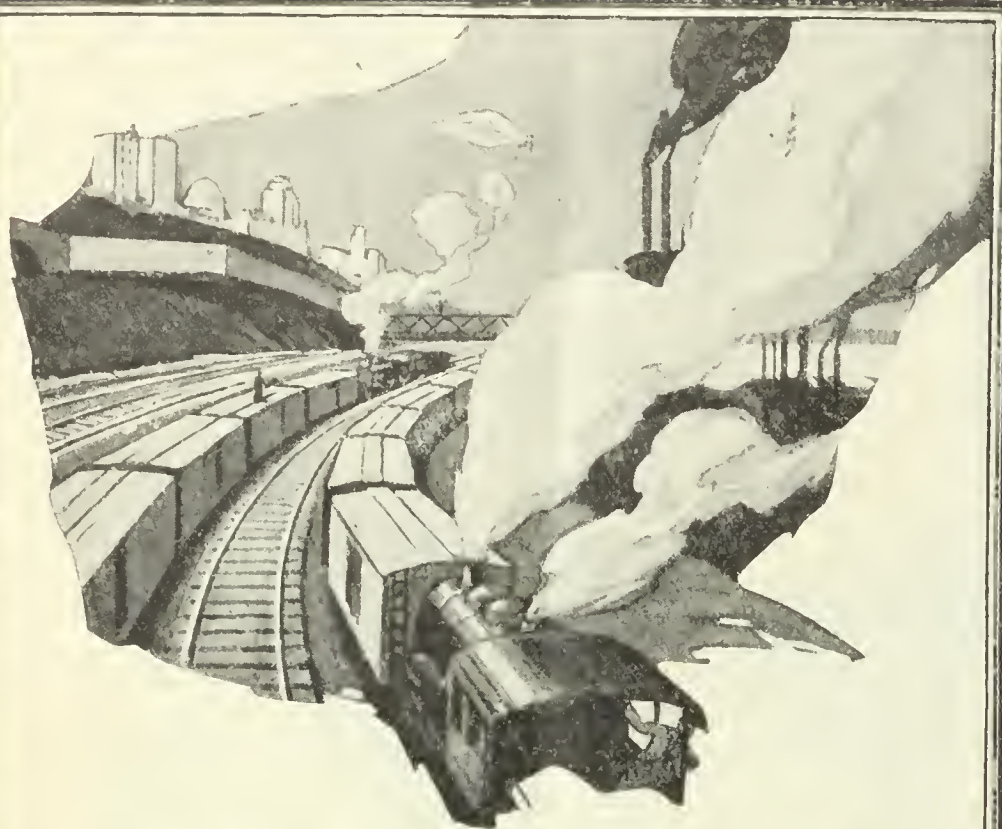
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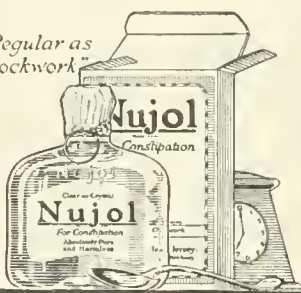
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as he could. And I was to know later what mental as well as physical torture the sensation is. For hours it seemed, painstakingly, inch by inch, we wormed our way out of those funk holes. Out, as I thought. But it was deeper into them that we went!

I was congratulating myself on leaving the hotbed, as I headed for a bush, when, just at the fringe of it, and almost out of its very leaves, came another demand in German.

This was a moment for quick action. It was time for the message to go back by three individuals on different routes. I heard the safety lock of a rifle snapped back. He would fire the next minute. Springing up, I shouted: "Separate!" to the boys, and ran as fast as I could, helter-skelter down the side of a gradual slope. I was making no effort at stooping now. Speed was my salvation, if anything was.

Rifles barked all around. For a moment or two I heard the runners crashing through the brush. Several shots hummed past me, but I was too preoccupied to notice them much. I knew I'd have to get cover soon—before they saw and dropped me. Just ahead, in dark outline, I spotted what seemed to be a providential bit of cover. I made for it full tilt, the sloping ground quickening my pace.

I hurled myself at it, legs first and spread apart, so as to land in a sitting position. It was so that I did land—right astride the shoulders of a boche. I had selected a German funk hole for cover!

As I landed a second boche, who like the first had been squatted down, rose to his feet, slowly, it seemed, alongside me. We were both bereft of speech from the surprise; the fellow under me was incapable of locomotion as well, for while I felt him squirm a bit, he stayed put.

My mind was racing like an overfed gas engine.

"What," I thought, "is the convention when one tumbles in upon a pair of Fritzes without the formality of being announced?"

I knew I had to gain time until the muscular paralysis from the surprise had passed. Subconsciously I must have been thinking that if only I could speak to him in his native tongue he might believe for the moment that I was one of his own.

I cudgeled my brain for a German expression. Then I remembered a masseuse, a very German woman, who has called at my home for years to dress my sister's hair. What was it she used to say so much? What was it? Ah, I knew!

"Was ist los?" I said triumphantly to my vis-à-vis as he rose to my side.

Amusingly enough, I didn't actually know at the time that it meant "What's the matter?" I had an idea it was a liberal translation of "Who's looney now?" And that seemed pat enough for the occasion.

"Was ist los?" Fritz repeated with a strong, rising inflection on the "los." And at that he drew his overcoat, which apparently had been thrown across his shoulders, high above his head and down over it, as if he were cold. I can see the silhouette of that coat against the stars now. Of course I could have been in the hole no longer than fifteen seconds, but it seemed hours, and every move is deep limned upon my memory.

Two Huns Less

AS he lowered the coat, his hands holding the collar at his cheeks, my wits became somewhat normal again. "You idiot!" I said to myself. "You've got a revolver in your right hand."

Sharply I brought the muzzle against his left breast and fired twice. Then, crooking my elbow, I reached down, sunk the muzzle into the back of the man under me, and again fired twice. I recall spreading my legs for fear of injuring myself. His body crumpled under me.

The first one had fallen backward, supported by the side of the funk hole. His hands seemed to be reaching blindly for something in his belt now. Both their rifles lay extended over the little parapet. He might be trying to get

at his trench knife. So I fired again, and without waiting to see the effect of the shot, sprang up and ran wildly down the slope.

My breath was coming in gasps. I thought it was all up, for the whole camp—a bivouac of a company it surely was—went into an uproar of shouts and shots and flashes.

"Amerikaner!" I heard several times.

I don't know how far I ran. Not far. For I was expecting to be hit at any moment. Again I found a low-growing bush. And again half-anticipating finding myself with the enemy, I sprawled in under it. My breath was burning my throat. I was horribly thirsty. And my heart was pounding like a pile driver—and every bit as loud.

The Miracle

LITTLE by little I squirmed in under the branches. Voices came from half a dozen directions. Some were drawing toward me. About fifteen yards to my right front shots came steadily from what I knew to be another funk hole. I thought of the shiny hobnails on the runners' boots, and drew my legs up closer. My watch gleamed like a group of flares, and I twisted its face to the under side of my wrist.

The voices were very close now. It seemed to be a little party, beating the bushes for me. I saw one fellow's head and shoulders against the sky line. My first thought was of my gun. I knew there was but a single cartridge left. Softly I opened the clips on my cartridge pouch and reloaded.

I didn't like lying face down. It was too inviting to a shot in the back. I wanted to roll over and be prepared when they came upon me, to sit up into some sort of firing position. But my white face (and I'll wager it was unwontedly white!) might show up in the dark. So I clawed my fingers into the ground in the hope that I could apply some camouflage in the form of mud. But mud is perverse; it lies yards deep when you don't want it, and is miles away when you do. The ground was wet enough from the rains—so was I, for that matter!—but with spongy, dead leaves. I tried smearing some over the backs of my hands, but when I extended one to get the effect it was as lily-white as milady's; whereat I hastily tucked it back under my gas mask, worn at the "alert" upon my chest.

The searchers, meantime, were snaking around among the bushes. Their conversation was as audible as it was meaningless to me—now to my left, next close up, then withdrawing to my right.

All this time the "li'l .45" was ready if they got so near that discovery would be inevitable. I hadn't given up hope by any means, but I did let myself picture several boches taking my maps and message books (one of them full of carbon copies) into some dugout. Such odd little thoughts as how long it would take them to find a boche who could read English occurred to me. And from that I was whisked back to a Forty-second Street barber whose English was excellent and who had told me of his service in the German army. Many such reservists must have returned to the Fatherland. I wondered, too, if, in the anticipated exchange of shots, having wounded me, they would kill me outright in reprisal for my killing their two comrades.

Oh, it was a cheerful line of speculation! I was deep in it when, above the regular shots of the fellow in the funk hole nearest me, came a rattle of pistol explosions some distance away. "One of the runners," I thought. "Hope he was as lucky as I." Munson told me later that he had run into a boche near a railway track and had dropped him.

The chap in the near-by funk hole began to amuse me now. He kept up his shots at fifteen-second intervals for half an hour. I'm inclined to believe those Jerries were more frightened than we. May have thought it was a surprise attack in force. This fellow, for instance, was firing, I knew, at nothing in the world but atmosphere. And in his own mind he may have been



THE FINAL TEST

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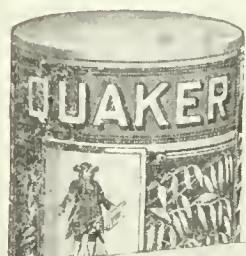
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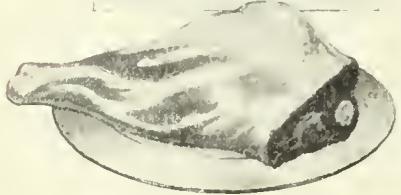


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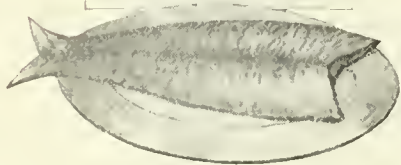
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(2024)

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
2 cups boiling water
¼ cup lukewarm water

½ cup sugar
1 cake yeast
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Muffins

½ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Cookies

Mix dry 2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt.

Mix 1 cup sugar, 1 cup lard. Put 1 level teaspoon soda in a small cup of sour milk. Add this to sugar and lard, then add dry ingredients, roll thin, cut in squares and bake. Raisins—2 cups—make an excellent addition.

bumping off a lot of Yanks lying in wait for the word to charge at his front—wherever in blazes his front was!

I got to feeling rather snug about the nervousness of this outfit. And pride cometh also before a cough. After three days of intermittent rain, without overcoat, I had acquired a cold. And now my throat tickled and my nose itched, and I was headed straight for a healthy bark. I sunk my teeth around my forearm—the good one—and let go. It was pretty well smothered and attracted no attention, for the fellow with all the superfluous ammunition remained quiet.

Seemingly secure from discovery, I was in no great rush to decide on future plans. But some sort of campaign had to be laid out, for dawn was not many hours away. I think it was about two-thirty, and before light I had to be out of those environs, if ever I was to get out. But at the moment it would have been suicidal to move. The night had gone so quiet that I hardly dared raise my head for fear the edge of the helmet would scrape against something. Once, when my head drooped from sleepiness, the helmet brought up against the muzzle of my gun. It sounded like the crack of Doomsday to me.

I studied my compass to prevent drowsing. I was satisfied that whatever way I crawled—farther away from or closer to more funk holes—it would be a matter of pure guesswork, so I determined to hit out south when move I did. The sky was sown with stars. As I looked at them I thought of all the untroubled people they were shining upon; saw the theatre crowds on Broadway. "Old stars," I thought. "I wonder if ever I'll see you again." And then smiled at myself for finding time to wax sentimental when practical matters should be engaging me! Next I deplored my luck that there should be stars at all on this night. Wind and rain were what I wanted. Under their cover I stood a fair chance at weaseling off.

A visual reconnoissance of the ground immediately in front of me to the south showed, within reach, the stump of a sapling. I couldn't see whether it had been cut by shell fire or for camouflage. Wriggling forward a few feet, I extended my arm outside the bush. It was too clean a cut for shell fire, my fingers told me. Nothing but a sharp ax had severed it so smoothly. Here was one spot I'd circuit before going south—if I would avoid "going west."

The night was wearing on, and I caught myself half dozing several times. I kept looking at my watch and telling myself that I mustn't—mustn't sleep. The rawness of early morning did much to keep me awake in my muddy, soggy clothes.

At about four o'clock I noticed that the stars were thinning out. If only it would rain! I will always believe that there was something miraculous about the way the heavens were swept clear of those stars, as if a great hand had gathered them in. For soon a wind came up that tossed the tree tops and bent even the bushes. And with it, within a few minutes, a heavy, lashing rain. Nothing could have better suited my purpose.

And I Went On

I REACHED up and snapped off a few branches. No danger now of being heard. The wind was kicking up a delightful rustling. The twigs I inserted under my collar, their leaves thus giving some covering to my face and breaking the line of my helmet.

Without loss of time I began crawling, taking care merely to keep low. As I left, a German voice was traveling along what I assumed to be the line of funk holes, yelling "Posten!" every few seconds. I figured that it was their "Stand to," or the relieving of a guard, for a little earlier there had been the regular tramp of feet—maybe two squads, from the sound—along a plank walk to my rear.

Machine guns were clattering away at their matins in several places in the woods, but I was leaving them farther and farther in my wake—the only wake

of mine that I wanted them to attend. Once more it was the struggle with the forest; once more the difficulty of keeping my bearings, constantly watching the delicate compass. But breasting the wilderness didn't matter now. I was hungry and thirsty and so tired that it was a real effort to plow my feet through the undergrowth. But, at least, I was done with boche voices.

Then I came to a path in the exact center of which was a shell crater nearly full of clay-colored water. I almost fell upon the hole reaching back for my canteen. But as I leaned toward it a strong smell of mustard gas rose. And I went on.

I hadn't gone far along the path when somewhere a boche shouted something, but he was not very near and must have been calling to a comrade. I darted into the woods again, resolved to stay in them if I dropped some place for good. I was awfully tired, and to my surprise found myself staggering.

Over fallen trees I climbed, so high that at times I was well above the young saplings. Dawn was breaking now, and it was easier to preserve a sense of direction. I came to another crater. While I took the precaution to smell, I would have drunk, I believe, even had the water been gassed. My mouth was terribly parched. Already I had resorted to shaking the rain-wet young trees over my upturned face; I had even pressed their wet leaves against my tongue. Now I drank—drank till I could hold no more. The water was almost as filthy as Gunga Din's—but it was wonderful!

"Something in American"

BROAD day had come when I reached another such wide clearing as that of our dueling exploit. I was timid of taking it, but it ran south; indeed, it may have been the same. The firing was faint behind me, and I decided to follow it. I was vexed because I could not quite control my steps. My gun was swinging listlessly in my hand, and for the first time in twenty-four hours I pushed it back into its holster.

Half an hour's going disclosed a broad road ahead. I was passing untenanted trenches. I heard voices ahead presently and sprang into the bushes at the side. Then I went ahead slowly, with ears keen. The voices grew more distinct; I caught syllables and—it was English, good old English!

I tumbled out and approached several Americans standing near a funk hole. I went up to one of them. He looked at me with some concern in his eyes.

"My God, but I'm glad to see you!" I said. They were of the Third Battalion, and my exclamation must have startled them, for, of course, I did not know them. "Tell me something in American," I added. My nerves were frayed, I guess, and my voice sounded curiously far-off.

"Is anything the matter, sir?" one of them asked.

"Nothing at all. I'm on my way back to regiment at Karlsruhe. Will this path take me?"

Then I learned that I had reached the Tirpitz trench, the reserve battalion's new position.

"Let me go back to the next runner post with you," said one, and made to take my arm. Which annoyed me, naturally.

The colonel was about to eat breakfast when I arrived at the fancy dug-outs we had taken so many eons ago. I indicated my battalion's position on his map and told him the situation briefly. I wanted to enlarge upon the main facts, but he insisted that I eat first. Provision was already being made for breaking a line through to the battalion. As we sat at breakfast—I lost count of the hot cakes I stowed away—I made further efforts to go into the details of machine-gun emplacements, artillery, and so forth.

"You eat and say nothing!" the colonel directed sharply. "I know why I want you to eat now. You don't. I'm going to send you on a detail as soon as you're through."

There was no reply to be made. Silence was as golden as were the sides of those Olympian pancakes. But I

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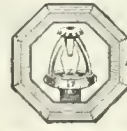
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didn't feel right up to another job. While talking with the colonel I tried to stoop to pick up some papers he had dropped. I was numb with stiffness from the waist down; I simply couldn't bend over. The backs of my hands were bleeding from pushing through the vines. Altogether, in torn and muddy uniform, unshaven for four days and with matted hair, I was no model for a magazine cover.

The medico had dressed my arm, and having hung it in a sling, tagged me for the field hospital. I told him that I expected a detail of some kind from the colonel. Then I inquired about the runners, and learned that Munson had just arrived at the advance regimental P. C. Herschowitz I was to meet later. They both got back untouched.

Then the regimental adjutant sent for me as I was thawing out near a warm fire. He had a War Department cablegram from Washington in his hand. "This regiment is sending one officer back to the States as instructor," he said, "and you're the man."

I looked at him—blankly, I suppose. It was as astounding as jumping into a boche funk hole.

"Now you've got to hustle right off; no time to lose; got to be at the sea-coast on a certain day, and transportation is scarce. First I'll give you some dry underwear and then you start right back to division headquarters."

In all the bustle of regimental busi-

ness, in the midst of an advance, the regimental adjutant had time to think of dry underwear for me!

I buckled on my mud-caked equipment. Gradually this thing was bearing in upon my consciousness. Bookish as the whole affair seemed, I was really going back to the States. The idea warmed me, put fresh energy into me.

"I'm not going to your old hospital, doc," I called out as I left. And through the battered trenches I went for the last time: past the ration limbers and combat wagons lumbering through the mud of our newly acquired ground toward the front; past the artillery, banging away tirelessly; past the whole noisome, bloody game—for the States.

And upon arrival here, after a succession of surprises back there sufficient to shell-shock a pyramid, I am all but bowled over by being told that our battalion had been "lost." Lost? They were temporarily cut off and surrounded, if you wish to give the word that meaning. But "lost" in the sense that even in their extremity they would ever be taken in a body by the boche—why, you do not know the spirit, the fiber, of your own boys, you people here in the States! Had they been irretrievably lost to you, their surrender to the Germans must have been a mute one—when no last voice was left to utter any word.

And, thank God, no such crisis came.

A Gentleman's Game

Continued from page 9

when the goin' got heavy, and slipped in a few pokes when the umpire couldn't see. The college lads took it for a while, and then, for the first time, we seen the value of education. The way they come back at us was sinful. Finally, though, they had to punt.

RED MARTIN ran back with Toughy to receive the kick. The college full back had to hustle to get it away and made a bum punt. Red was as sure as a steel trap on catchin' a ball, and ought to have caged it easy, but it bounded right back out of his arms. Toughy made a dive and just did land on it.

"Never mind, Red," says Snowball. Then he smashed through tackle for four yards before they stopped him.

"This sure is a gentleman's game," he mourns as he gets up. "One of them college gentlemen slipped me a wallop in the eye."

"Don't try that rough stuff here," horns in the umpire. "The first false move you make, out you go."

Snowball walked back, wagging his big head. "A fine gentleman's game," he mumbled.

Then Toughy signaled for Red to go out around the right end, but Martin, the quickest man on a get-away I ever saw, moved off like a five-ton truck, and was nailed almost in his tracks.

The next play Snowball almost made his downs through center, but that didn't help us none.

"That big Dutchman was offside," yells the umpire, pointing to Dutch Schneider. He grabbed the ball to penalize us, and started pacing away toward our goal line, while Schneider sets up an awful roar that he was on side.

"You can't intimidate me," snaps the umpire as Schneider keeps on hollering.

Toughy had to signal for a punt, so Snowball sidled over to the left and Red dropped back to make the kick. The ball came right on a line for Martin's big hands—and he dropped it. He lunged forward and fell on it, but the ball went over to the university team on our fifteen-yard line.

The first down we held them without their gaining an inch. The second down they could only make a yard, but they didn't need even that because—

"That right tackle was offside again," yips the umpire, and he picks up the ball and packs it clear to our seven-yard line.

Poor old Schneider never made a sound this time, but you could see by the strained look on his face that he was tryin' to think.

The next down the college boys al-

most shoved the ball over. And then came a roar from Schneider.

"Dit you see dot? Dit you see dot?" howls the Dutchman, racing up to the umpire.

"Mr. Umpire, I ask you, please, dit you see him? He hit me. He hit me chust like dis!"

Zam! Schneider pulled a haymaker clear from his heels and slammed poor old Mr. Umps right on the jaw.

The umpire turned four cartwheels before he landed on his head against a goal post, and when he stopped there wasn't no need to blow the whistle. It was six o'clock for him, and he was through for the day.

Well, then there was a riot. Old Colonel Hickman, our superintendent, come lopin' out on the field and butted in, and our coach, and their coach, and all the officials, and even part of the crowd, joined in.

Finally our coach made himself heard.

"Far be it from me to speak evil of one who is no longer with us," he says to the referee, "but that umpire is a bigger crook than we've got in our whole school. And besides, you've got to show me a place in the rules where it says anything about a player not being permitted to illustrate a point to the umpire."

"Well, there ain't anything in the rules about not hittin' the umpire with a mallet either," says the referee, "but at the same time it ain't good form."

I heard somebody in the crowd back of me talkin'. "You're doin' fine, Red," says a voice. I turned around and there was Doc Rose.

"Did you git that?" asks Snowball. "Did you hear what that tinhorn said to Red? I'm beginnin' to think this ain't a real gentleman's game. A been kicked on mah shins fo' times, and one gentleman done tore mah ear loose so it's flappin' lak a blinder on a bridle," he says, as Schneider was bein' fired and the head linesman was goin' in as umpire.

AFTER the field had been cleared and a kind hands had borne the umpire to a hired hack, we fought our darnedest, but in a couple more plays they shoved the ball over the line, givin' them five points, that bein' the count in them days. They missed an easy goal.

While the teams was linin' up again for the kick-off Snowball's forehead was wrinkled like a washboard.

"What was that no-count welsher Doc Rose boostin' Red Martin for?" he says to me. "You're doin' fine!" Why,

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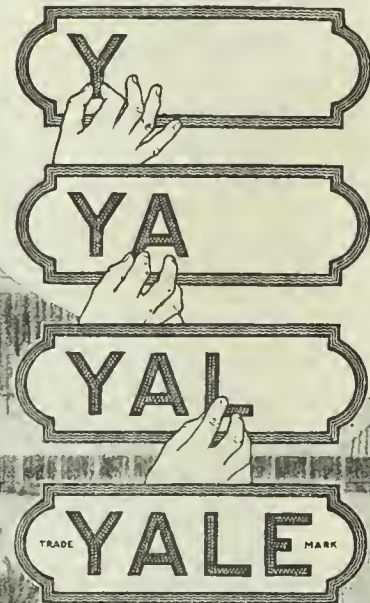
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if Red had played the way he usually does they wouldn't of got no touchdown a-tall. And Doc ain't got no business at a football game anyways. The last time I seen him was when he 'rubbed' Smithy Kane because I bet three dollars on the old beetle all in a lump."

The college full back got the ball on the kick-off and come dodgin' back up the field. Red Martin made a dive for him, but missed him by inches, and the runner side-stepped two more tacklers before Toughy flopped him on their forty-yard line. They made their downs just once, and then we held them in the middle of the field.

Our first play Red Martin took the ball out around right end. And he sure took it out too, right straight to the side lines, bein' run out of bounds without gainin' an inch.

"That boy knows better'n that," mumbled Snowball. "He had enough interference ahead of him to git him into the President's chair, and then he didn't cut in. Somethin' is preyin' on mah mind, and somethin' tells me somethin' is wrong with this here gentleman's game."

Then come his signal for a buck off left tackle. Snowball went in like a wild bull. Down he smashed. The loose half that had called him "jailbird" had crashed into him right above the shoe laces.

"This is the end of the line, coon," snarled the half. "Here's where you get off."

Snowball never opened his head, but when he lined up he whispered to Toughy. The quarter sung out the signal for the same play again.

CRASH! went Snowball into the left side of the line, and give that loose half and four other lads a ride for six yards before they tripped him.

That made it first down again, as you remember there was only five yards to go in them days. Toughy signaled for Red right into the same hole. When the ball was snapped he turned and passed it to Martin, who got away as slow as a steam roller, and never even put his hands up to take it. The ball hit the ground in front of the burglar just as that loose half broke through the line, and Red made a slap at it with his right hand so the ball bounded right at the college boy. Quick as a cat the half grabbed it, and was away down the field with a clear track.

Red Martin wheeled and took in after him. Red was the fastest runner I ever saw in a game, but he never gained an inch on his man. They'd covered about ten yards, when here come Snowball, like a locomotive.

Can you imagine a big black linousine careenin' down a race track and passin' a nifty white racin' car? That's just the way it looked when Snowball went by Red Martin. And that boy went by, too. Then he begun cuttin' down the half back's lead. Inch by inch he closed in on him. With the goal posts right ahead, Snowball left his feet, slammed his big arms around the runner's knees and brought him down with a smash on the ten-yard line.

Mr. Half squirms around and sees who's strong-armed him out of that score and lets out a yell:

"Leggo my ankle, you black dog robber!"

Snowball gets up slow, waggin' his head as he lines up.

"And this is what they call a gentleman's game," he says, very mournful. "First I'm a jailbird, and now I'm a dog robber," and Red Martin, that never fumbled twice in his whole life, knocks the ball right into this other gentleman's hands, and then just can't get up enough speed to beat poor old Snowball down the field!

"Doc Rose was right. Red's doin' fine—but not for our team."

Twice the university lads tried to put the ball over, and both times we stopped them dead. Then they tried for a place kick, and Snowball, who was backin' up

our line, broke through and almost blocked it. As it was, they just did get the ball away, but didn't have time to get it set right, and it went wild.

The rest of the half the reform-school players was on the defensive most of the time. All except Snowball. He was talkin' to himself and gradually workin' into a wild man.

Between halves the big boy never said a word to any of us, just walked up and down like a black bear in a cage. You've maybe heard the sayin': "Beware of them that are slow to anger?"

"A gentleman's game!" he'd growl, and glare over at where the college boys was takin' a raggin' from their coach.

"A fine burglar," and he'd shoot a glance over at Red Martin. Red had the same unworried look as a girl bein' escorted into a restaurant.

When time was called Snowball tore out on the field without a look at the rest of the team. When the other side kicked off, Toughy got the ball, and they downed him on our thirty-yard line.

Old Snowball grabs him by the arm and snakes him and two college boys five yards before the rest of their team put the brakes on him.

"What's the idea?" howls Toughy. "Tryin' to stretch me arms so I can just turn around and hand you the ball and you won't have to reach for it?"

"Git in there and give us some signals," growls Snowball. "As long as your jaw ain't hurt, you ain't injured in no vital part."

Toughy sends Red around the right end, and he starts runnin' 'way out again. Then Snowball slams into him from behind and knocks him five yards down the field before Red falls flat.

"Maybe if you can't do nothin' with your interference in front of you, you can pick up a few yards with it behind you," snarls Snowball. "Just because them white lines run crossways of the field ain't no sign you got to."

"One more bump like that and they'll be givin' us all a holiday to go to a coon funeral," says Red.

"Not all of us," grunted Snowball. "All the burglars won't be there."

Toughy was so surprised to hear Snowball talkin' back that he just did have sense enough to yell the coon's signal and head off the battle. The big boy kinda shook himself and carried the ball through for six yards.

"Too much is enough," he growls to me, while they were takin' out time for a college lad that had tried to stop him by insertin' his face between Snowball's feet and the ground. "This guy Martin ain't playin' on our side. We seen him talkin' with Doc Rose on the train, and he's dropped the ball every time it's come at him, and he's missed tackles and run out instead of down the field. And he just handed the ball to that half. The coach don't suspect nothin' and won't take him out. But, boy, he ain't goin' to be connected with this contest no mo'."

THE very next play, Toughy signaled for Red to go through on a straight buck.

The ball was snapped, Martin jumped in, but went down under a mob.

Two big hands with a grip like a pair of ice tongs snaked down into the pile. One of them grabbed a heel and the other a toe. They gave a twist. Something snapped. There was a shriek like the whistle of a yard engine.

The pile of men just dissolved like a lump of dirt does when you turn the hose on it.

"Look, Mr. Umpire," yelled Snowball. "Look, quick, before he can git his hands away!"

We all saw it. There was the half that had called Snowball a jailbird, and both his hands was on Red Martin's foot, held like a vise by Snowball's big fists.

"I never did it," howls the half. "I never did it."

"You've broken his ankle," barks the

Another humorous story by Mr. Norton, the author of "A Gentleman's Game," will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITOR.

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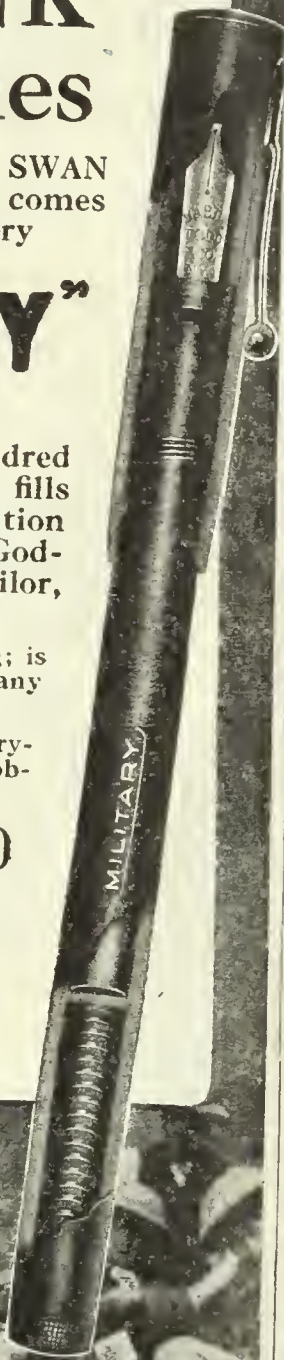
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(Official photograph)



umpire, with one look at Red's leg. "Get off the field."

"The nigger did it himself," shrieks the half. "I saw him twist it."

"They aren't breakin' ankles for players on their own teams this year, son," said the umpire. "You've pulled a lot of rough work since this game started, and now you beat it."

The half turned to Snowball. The big black boy was grinnin', but after one look at that grin the college lad walked with hangin' head to the side lines, while the whole crowd hissed and booed.

Snowball, the grin still on the face, watched them carry Red Martin off the field. "Two birds with one stone," he muttered. "And that'll be about all for them two birds too."

Irish Cohen came trottin' out to go in Red's place at left half. "Coach says this new guy that's goin' in at right half ain't no 'count, and for us to smash that side of the line, keep on goin' till we git a touchdown, and then turn right around and keep it up till we git another," he whispers. "And he says tell Snowball he's dependin' on him and has got a lot of confidence in him."

"A lotta confidence in me?" Snowball forgot his peeve for a second and grinned like a little kid. "And me only on the team for seven years!"

Then his jaw clamped down again. "Le's go, Toughy," he snaps. "Just slip me the ball about six times out of seven, and we'll put a crimp in Doc Rose's dollar book."

"Second down, five yards to gain!" yells the referee, and the whistle blows again.

You know how it sounds when a switch engine backs down on to one end of a string of freight cars—one big bang, and then another not quite so loud, and they keep on bangin' down to the last car? Well, that's the way it sounded when Snowball went into the left side of our line, and when he stopped it was first down again, and the ball was in the middle of the field.

"Only halfway to go now," says Toughy. He sends Irish into the same hole for two yards. Then in goes Snowball again, plowin' through for four more. Smash! and he slams in again for five yards.

The college boys begun patten' their substitute half on the back, and the crowd is yellin': "Hold 'em, Varsity, hold 'em!"

Box Car Dolan, our right half, gallops through on a cross buck for two yards, and Snowball just shunts him along for two more, like a switch engine. Then Snowball slams through and carries that whole college team, wrigglin' like a can of worms, on his back for ten yards, clear down to their thirty-yard line.

Toughy tried first Irish and then Box Car, and the varsity took a brace and did hold the two of them.

"Why differentiate?" yells Snowball. "I'm gonna bust that dollar book wide open! Gimme that ball!"

And he just wades through them college boys like a spaniel through water, bringin' up with the goal posts twenty yards away.

Then Toughy didn't take no more chances. He just kept right on hammerin' Snowball into that hole, sendin' him through on the other side and through center a couple of times when they tried to cross him up by shiftn' men over to the right of their line.

SNOWBALL was beginnin' to blow some, and was so wet he looked like a sea lion, but there wasn't any danger of any of us reform-school lads gettin' soft from lack of work or eatin' too many knickknacks, and he was still goin' strong.

On their three-yard line the college lads took a brace again, and twice Snowball went down like a bridge collapsin'. They called their left half and tackle over to help back up the right side of their line. Toughy saw it and signaled for Snowball to go into the weakened side.

"That's just what they'll be lookin' for," Snowball whispered to him. "Cross 'em up, boy, cross 'em up. Send me

right into the same old hole," but he looked over at the weak side while he was talkin'.

"Hold 'em, Varsity!" yells the crowd.

Toughy changes the signal, and into the thick of the mob goes Snowball, his bullet head down and his big feet tearin' up the sod.

Whang! He cracks into that bunch like a bowling ball just as they start to shift to the other side. Down they go like duck pins, and he gallops right through across the line for a touchdown.

The crowd quieted down while Box Car Dolan got ready to kick goal. Then came a yell. The ball had gone ten feet to one side of the posts.

"All of which means we gotta have jes' one mo' little touchdown," says Snowball. "And here's where we go out and git it."

When the ball come sailin' down to Dolan on the kick-off the coon couples on to Box Car and snakes him clear up to the thirty-five-yard line.

"The hour am growin' late," he says to Toughy. "Gimme that ball and le's go."

Away he pounds right into that same old hole for five yards.

TOUGHY had been watchin' the guy that was playin' their left end, and every down for the last dozen plays old Mr. End had been playin' in a little closer as he saw us hammerin' the other side of the line. This time he was set 'way in, and Toughy signaled for Irish Cohen to take her out around him.

Our interference was off like a shot, and that end was fooled so that he was boxed like a hen in a crate. Irish went tearin' out without a thing in the world between him and the goal line except their full back. And right then, of course, Cohen lost his head. He never give a thought to Toughy, poundin' along beside him for interference, but just set out as fast as he could leg it, which was altogether too fast for Toughy.

Toughy yelled at him, but he was off to a flyin' start. Sure enough, that full back dropped him like a shot bird on their forty-five-yard line, with Toughy, that could have blocked the tackler off easy, ten feet in the rear.

When they lined up the next time the college players was all right where their coach had learned them to stand, and Snowball just plowed through for six yards. Every time Toughy gave the ball to anyone else Snowball was sore.

"Time's a-flyin'," he'd wolf, "and I got two sick friends that's jes' aprayin' fo' this touchdown."

Finally the timekeepers come runnin' out and yelled that there was just three minutes left to play. We had eleven yards to go, and Snowball started foam-in' at the mouth.

"Gimme that football," he growled to Toughy. "We can't take no mo' chances. We gotta git this, and git it now."

He went crashin' into that line, and they piled on him ten feet high before he stopped. When he got up his black face had turned a sort of dusty gray.

"What's the matter?" asked Toughy. "Hurt?"

"Aw, hurry 'em up. You ain't no nurse," gritted Snowball.

In he goes again, makin' his jump into the line from his right leg.

"Only four yards to go," barks Toughy, while the college boys was shriekin': "Hold 'em, Varsity!"

Zam! Snowball tore in again. Toughy had to help him to his feet. "Leggo me, or doc will be takin' me out," he growls.

"There's two more yards to go. Can you make it?" asks Toughy.

"Gimme that ball," says Snowball.

When it was snapped he rumbled up to the line like a car with a flat wheel, braced himself on his right leg, give one big heave, and just shoved that whole mob back, fallin' flat on his face with the ball over the line.

And on his face he stayed.

"There he goes again, knocked dead on the last play of the year," bawls Doc Dunn, poundin' the colonel on the back.

"Yes, and not only that, but he's goin' to get by with it too," howls the colonel, wallopin' the doc's hat over his ears and dancin' up and down.

Box Car Dolan kicked the goal and then the whistle blew.

"Well, by heck, the boy is hurt," says the doctor, pawin' at Snowball. "He's sprained his left ankle bad. Tore the ligaments right off."

Snowball looked up with a grin. "It's powerful bad, doc, but not as bad as Red Martin's. Kunnel, I want to tell you, it was me that busted Red's leg." "Too bad it wasn't his crooked neck," snaps the colonel. "You and him will be sufferin' side by side on your little white cots. But, boy, your sufferin' won't be nothin' compared with the agony of old Doc Rose. His bank roll is sprained a whole lot worse than your ankle."

"I give Red the third degree back there under the stand when he come out of the game. I found out that that tin-horn bookmaker wasn't satisfied with framin' it with the umpire to fire a couple of our best men and penalize us

so much we couldn't win. To make it a cinch he bought up that red-headed burglar to throw the game.

"Snowball's goin' to the hospital for a whole month, and when the boy gets out he don't do one lick of work on the farm till St. Patrick's Day. And that goes, doc. Get me?"

"I get you, colonel," says Doc Dunn. "But that boy don't do one tap till the Fourth of July if I have to cut that leg off. And that goes."

Snowball rolled his eyes. "That's the first gentlemanly re-mark I've heard in this whole contest," he says.

LITTLE Wally Hughes, the youngest police reporter, gazed sorrowfully at the heavy grated doors that had clanged behind the broad back of Snowball Johnson.

"Ruined," said Snitch Oliver sadly. "Ruined by football. Think you can make a story out of that?"

Lady Larkspur

Continued from page 15

of the prisoner in the tool house they would think better of me.

"Telephone call, sir."

I followed the boy to the booth in a rage that anyone should disturb my gloomy reflections.

"Mr. Singleton? Oh! This is Alice speaking—"

I clutched the shelf for support. Not only was it Alice speaking, but in the kindest voice imaginable. My anger passed, but my amazement at Alice and all her ways blinded me. If she had suddenly stepped through the wall, my surprise could not have been greater.

"Are you very, very cross? I'm sorry, really I am—Bob!"

The "Bob" was added propitiatingly. Huddled in the booth, I doubted my senses—wondering indeed whether Alice hadn't a double—even whether I hadn't dreamed everything that had occurred at Barton.

"I wanted to speak to you ever so much, but I couldn't very well without introducing you to Sir Cecil, and I wasn't ready to do that. It might have caused complications."

If anything could have multiplied the existing complications, I was anxious to know what they were; but her voice was so gentle, so wholly amiable, that I restrained an impulse to demand explanations. "Are you on earth or are you speaking from paradise?"

"Oh, we're in a very nice house, Constance and I; and we're just about having a little supper. I wish you were here, but that can't be arranged. No; really it can't! We shall be motoring back to Barton to-morrow and hope you can join us. Let us have luncheon and motor up together."

When I suggested that I call for them she laughed gayly.

"That would be telling things! And we mustn't spoil everything when everything is going so beautifully."

Remembering the man I had locked up in the tool house and the explanations I should have to make sooner or later to the unimaginative Torrence, I wasn't wholly convinced of the general beauty of the prospect. "Montani was in the theatre," I suggested.

Her laughter rippled merrily over the wire. "He tried to follow us in a taxi! We had a great time throwing him off in the park. I'm not sure he isn't sitting on the curb right now watching the house."

"You have the fan with you; Montani jumped right out of his seat when you opened it in the theatre."

More laughter; Montani amused her immensely, she said. She wasn't in the least afraid of him. Returning to the matter of the luncheon, she suggested the Tyingham.

"You know, I want very much to see Mr. Bashford's old home and the place all our veteran retainers came from. At one?—yes. Good night!" . . .

ALICE and Mrs. Farnsworth reached the Tyingham on time to the minute. As I had spent the morning on a bench in the park, analyzing my problems, I

found their good humor a trifle jarring. "You don't seem a bit glad to see us," Alice complained as she drew off her gloves. "How can anyone be anything but happy after seeing that delicious 'Cock Robin'! It is so beautifully droll."

"I haven't," I remarked with an attempt at severity, "quite your knack of ignoring disagreeable facts. There was Montani right in front of me, jumping like a jack-in-the-box every time you flourished your fan. There's that fellow we've got locked up at Barton—"

"Just hear the man, Constance!" she interrupted with her adorable laugh. "We were thinking that he was beginning to see things our way, the only true way, the jolly way, and here he cometh like a melancholy Jaques! We'll have none of it!"

"We must confess," said Mrs. Farnsworth conciliatingly, "that Mr. Singleton is passing through a severe trial. We precipitated ourselves upon him without warning, and immediately involved him in a mesh of mystery. His imagination must have time to adjust itself."

"Ah, the imagination!" sighed Alice with her wistful smile. "How little patience the world has with anything but the soberest facts! Why should we bother about that lunatic Montani or the gentleman immured in the tool house? I couldn't introduce you to Sir Cecil without anticipating the end of our story; and I want you to keep wondering and wondering about us. It's all so jolly! I love it all! And really you wouldn't spoil it, Bob! It's dreadful to spoil things."

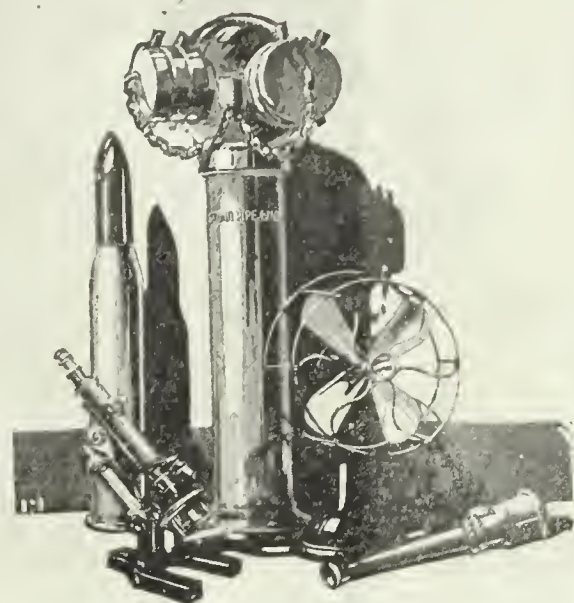
THEY were spoiling my appetite; I was perfectly aware of that. I had ordered the best luncheon I knew how to compose, and they were doing full justice to it; but I was acting, I knew, like a resentful boy.

"I love you that way," said Alice as I stared vacantly at my plate. "But you really are not making yourself disagreeable to us—really he is not, Constance!"

Mrs. Farnsworth affirmed this. I knew that I was merely being rude, and the consciousness of this was not uplifting. At the luncheon hour the influx of shoppers gives the Tyingham a cheery tone, and all about us were people apparently conversing sanely and happily. The appearance of Uncle Bash's ghost in the familiar dining room would have been a welcome diversion. I was speculating as to just what he would say about his widow and the whole mess at Barton when Mrs. Farnsworth addressed me pleadingly.

"If you knew that we want you to play with us only a few days longer—three days, shall we say, Alice?—if you knew that then we'll untangle everything, wouldn't you be nice—very nice?"

In spite of myself I couldn't resist this appeal. I was more and more impressed by the fineness, the charm of Mrs. Farnsworth. When she dropped the make-believe foolishness in which she indulged quite as amusingly as Alice, she appeared to be a very sensible person. The humor danced in her



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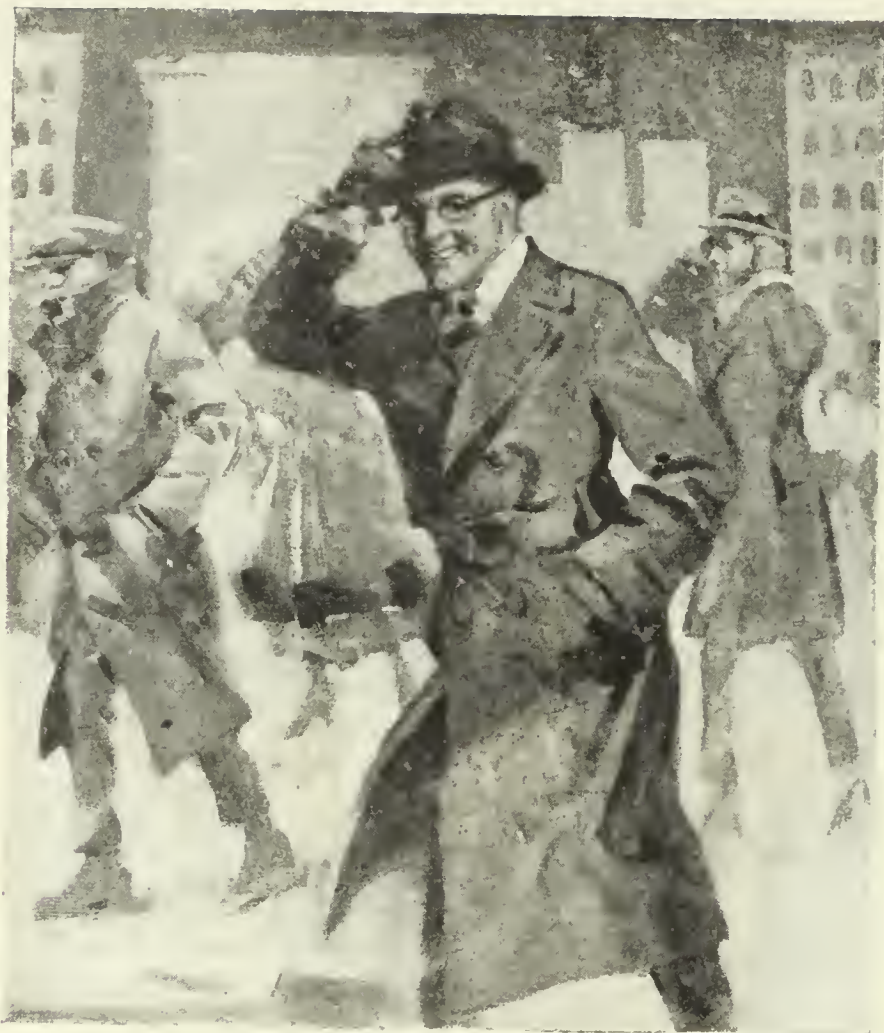
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eyes now, but her glance was more than an appeal; it was a command.

"If you knew that our troubles are not at all the troubles you're thinking about, but very different—"

"Please pardon me!" I muttered humbly, and wished that Alice were not so bewitching in a sailor hat. It may have been the hat or only Mrs. Farnsworth's statement that caused my spirits to soar. The crowd thinned out, but we lingered, talking of all manner of things.

"We must come in again very soon," said Alice. "And next time we shan't run away, which was very naughty. I suppose when you write a story you just have to keep it going once you have started. That's the way with our story, you know. Of course it's unkind to mystify you; but you are in the story just as we are."

My mystification was certainly deep enough without the suggestion that I was a mere character in a tale of whose beginning and ending I knew nothing. She looked at her watch and continued:

"I'm so absurd—really I am, in ever so many ways, that no one would ever put me in a book. Everyone would say no such person ever existed! It's incredible! And so I have to pretend I'm in a story all the time. It's the only way I can keep happy. And so many people are in my story now, not only Montani and the poor fellow locked up at Barton—oh, what if he should escape! Constance, it would be splendid if he should escape!"

"I don't think it would be splendid if he escaped!" I exclaimed, sitting up very straight at the bare thought of such a calamity. "He would either kill me or sue me for damages."

"Oh, that wouldn't fit into the story at all! Murder and damages are sordid and generally disagreeable. We must have nothing like that in our story."

"You didn't finish your enumeration of characters," I suggested. "Is my part an important one?"

"My dear boy," cried Mrs. Farnsworth, "you are the hero! You have been the hero from the hour the story began. If you should desert us now, whatever should we do!"

"If I'm the hero," I replied in her own key, "I shall begin making love to Alice at once."

ALICE, far from being disturbed by my declaration, nodded her head approvingly.

"Oh, we had expected that! But you needn't be in a hurry. In a story like this one, that runs right on from day to day, we must leave a lot to chance. And there are ever so many chances—"

"Not all on the side of failure, I hope?"

"We must be going," she answered. I wished she hadn't that characteristic little turn of the head that was so beguiling!

Folly rode with us all the way to Barton. If anything sensible was uttered on the drive, I can't recall it. Our talk, chiefly of knights and ladies, and wild flights from imaginary enemies, had the effect of spurring Flynn to perilous spurts of speed.

"Flynn has caught the spirit!" cried Alice exultingly. "Haven't you, Flynn?"

Flynn, turning to confirm this, caused the car to swerve and graze a truck piled high with household goods.

"We may elude the pursuing knights," I suggested, "but some village constable may pinch us."

"Oh, that would be lovely," cried Alice. We reached Barton at nine o'clock and after an informal supper I listened to Antoine's solemn reports as I walked to the garage. The prisoner had made no sign, he said, and nothing had occurred during the day.

"But there's this, Mr. Singleton, which you ought to know, sir. The old Tyringham people don't like the goings on here. You'll admit it's all mighty queer. I don't complain, sir, but some of the boys threatens to leave, sir. And I look at it this way, that nobody understanding what the spying and bribes offered and taking prisoners is all about, is most peculiar. We got to know where we stand, that's what it's come to, sir. And the widow being flighty like and Flynn coming home and saying nothing, but shaking his head

when we ask him where he's been— You see for yourself, sir, how it looks to us."

All he said as to the general aspect of things was true, but I didn't admit that it was true. Alice had converted me to the notion that I was a character in a story, a plaything of fate, and I lightly brushed aside Antoine's melancholy plaint.

"Any man of you," I said, "who leaves this property will be brought back and shot. Tell that to the boys!"

NEVERTHELESS, the perfect equanimity of the gentleman in the too house when I visited him the next morning shook my faith a trifle in the story book features of life at Barton. He was an exemplary prisoner, the guards reported, and he had maintained the strictest silence in my absence. He ate, smoked, and read, courteously thanking the men for their attentions, and that was all. When I showed myself at the window he rose and threw down the magazine he was reading and replied good-naturedly to my inquiry as to how he was getting along.

"I have no complaint except that the guards snore outrageously. The poor old chaps will sleep, you know."

"If you're so badly guarded, why don't you escape?" I asked tartly.

"It would relieve your mind a lot if I should disappear?" he asked insinuatingly.

"You are impertinent," I replied, irritated that he should have surmised that his presence was causing me uneasiness. "If you will come to your senses and tell me the meaning of your visits here, we may come to terms. As it stands, you're a trespasser; you tried to bribe a servant to rob the house. If you're at all familiar with criminal law in this country, you can estimate the number of years' imprisonment that will be handed you for that."

"If it's all so plain, why don't you hand me over to the authorities?" he asked, provokingly cool.

"I'm giving you a chance to confess and tell who's back of all this. Tell me just why Montani is annoying Mrs. Bashford, and I'll turn you loose."

"Perhaps, my dear sir, the motive that impels you to detain me unlawfully is the same that enjoins silence upon me! Please consider that a little."

I replied that I would consider nothing short of a confession. In a match of wits he was fully my equal, and in the mastery of his temper he certainly had the better of it.

"If you wait for me to confess anything, you will wait forever," he replied. "I repeat that we are impelled by the same motives, you and I. I think I needn't enlighten you as to what they are."

"I shall be glad to hear your idea of my motives," I answered feebly.

"I shall be frank," he replied readily.

"The reason you don't turn me over to the police is the very simple one that you don't want to embarrass the mistress of the house yonder by causing the light of publicity to beat upon her very charming head. You wish to save her annoyance, and possibly something much graver. I can see that you are impressed; but it ought to please you to know that I share your feeling of delicacy where she is concerned. And let me add that the Count Montani is animated by like feeling. So there we are, exactly on the same ground!"

"You haven't answered my questions!" I blustered to hide my annoyance at being thrust further into the dark. "You don't understand Mrs. Bashford," I went on hurriedly. "It is inconceivable that anyone should wish to injure her or that she could have committed any act that would cause her to be spied upon. She's tremendously imaginative; she indulges in little fancies that are a part of her charm!"

"Little fancies!" he repeated, hiding a yawn. "It's deplorable for a pretty woman to have an imagination; there's danger there!"

"Your philosophy bores me," I said, and left him. He had lied about the snoring of the guards—Antoine satisfied me of that—but I gave instructions to double the watch.

(To be concluded next week)

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As a pipe-smoker of some 40 years I feel that I really must write to tell you that after all these years I have at last found a really satisfying tobacco, namely your Plug Slice Edgeworth that comes in slabs. I have now been smoking it for about one year, but have not written before because I wanted to learn whether the charm of this tobacco would, like so many others, wear off. I now find that the more I smoke it, the more necessary it becomes to my bodily comfort.

(Signed)



We value the above letter highly, but we had to argue down grave doubts before dwelling upon the charm of any smoking tobacco. But then women probably never read tobacco advertisements.

For years Woman never openly recognized but one serious rival. Much talk has been made about the bravery of the man who first dared to eat an oyster. What about the bold man who first dared to leave a woman for a smoke?

We often wonder if Sir Walter Raleigh, brave as he was, ever told Queen Elizabeth the truth about his long absences. If she ever caught him quietly enjoying his pipe—well, as we know, she was quite a spirited woman.

Nowadays, ask any young woman if she objects to smoking, and her reply invariably is, "No, I like it." And they choose men who smoke. They know smokers are better natured.

All men who smoke aren't good-natured, nor all men who don't ill-natured, but the best-natured men are almost all smokers.

A pipeful of the right tobacco can charm away most of the small frets of daily life.

The difficulty is to come upon a tobacco that brings such a charm into your life. Edgeworth is one of the tobaccos bought by our Government to soothe the jangled nerves of our men in the trenches. Edgeworth is the resource of many, many men pushing things along over here, but it may not, perhaps, be the tobacco for you.

We don't want to prejudice you against Edgeworth by boosting it too much, but we certainly would enjoy learning what you personally think of it.

If you're willing to risk a postcard, we'll risk the tobacco. Send us your address together with that of the dealer ordinarily supplying you, and we will despatch to you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then cut by sharp knives into very thin moist slices. Rub a slice between the hands and it makes an average pipe-load.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed comes prepared to pour straight into your pipe. It packs nicely, and burns freely, evenly to the very bottom, getting better and better.

Edgeworth is sold in sizes convenient for all purchasers. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in pocket-size packages sells for 15c; larger sizes, 30c. and 65c; tin humidors, \$1.25; in glass jars, \$1.30. Edgeworth Plug Slice costs 15c, 30c, 65c, and \$1.20.

When the samples arrive, scrape out your pipe for a new guest. Fill the bowl with a generous load. Light up, lean back in your friendly old chair, and take a puff or two—the first two for pure enjoyment—then some time later, when you feel quite ready, take a puff or two slowly, estimating, to decide just what you think of Edgeworth. Is this the tobacco you have been looking for so long?

For the free samples upon which we ask your judgment, address Larus & Brother Co., 3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

A Tangled Web

Continued from page 13

"Where are they?" asked Gwendolyn.

"In the tower."

"Let's go and see them."

"Follow me," said Ruby dramatically.

She now proceeded in a fashion which seems to be compulsory among movie heroines—queer little runs and stops and reconnoitering looks. Up the stairway (pause), into a bedroom (pause), into a closet, and up a steep ladderlike stairway to the attic. The final pause was before a closed door at one corner. Ruby put her hand to the knob.

"When I open," she whispered, "you rush in and surprise 'em."

The poor dupe followed directions. Ruby closed the door and softly locked it.

"I didn't lie to her," she said to herself as she climbed down the ladder. "I didn't say they were in this tower."

SHE now returned to the scenes of gayety and motioned the fatuous Wilmer off the veranda.

"Wherth Gwendolyn?" asked that tactless youth.

"I guess you're pretty much int'rested where Gwendolyn is. I guess you wish you knew what I know."

Poor Wilmer, whose mind had been poisoned by the twins, jumped to the conclusion that Ruby had made way with the beautiful guest in a fit of jealousy.

"I don't care where she is. If you don't want to tell me, all right. What do I care where she is? Sheth nuthin' tho awful much. I thpose sheth out in the barn thomeplathe."

Ruby accordingly led her victim barnward.

"What's the matter of you and Ned-anted? Have a fight, or somethin'?"

"They think they're thmart," was Wilmer's indictment. "They got mad becauth I thaid Herculeth wath stronger than Jumbo. They got awful fresh. They pert' near throwed me in."

"Throwed you in?" Ruby's interest was flattering. "You mean—"

"Yeth—we wath layin' there on the bank gettin' dry and they went and picked on me. That ain't right, ith it—two againth one?"

"I know whath the matter with them," the garrulous youth went on. "They don't want you to be my girl."

When it dawned upon Ruby that Wilmer's intentions were honorable her face went scarlet with anger. But her mind did not stop working. She now registered intense listening.

"Is that the boys? Let's hide in here."

She indicated the door of the harness closet—it was a familiar place to both of them for hide-and-seek purposes. But Wilmer was perhaps a little panicky at the prospect of meeting the brothers and forgot the well-known doctrine of ladies first. He had leisure to remember it presently, when the door was slammed upon him and fastened from the outside. This exceedingly small compartment, which had served for harness in the dear, dead days when this garage was a plain barn, not only had no view, but it had no windows. Next to the two towers, it was the hottest place in town.

RUBY now went forward to give Zinnia and her young man a little pleasure. "I got everybody away so you wouldn't be bothered." She settled herself upon the veranda post as one who expects to make quite a stay, and fixed an admiring gaze upon Mr. Lee's hosiery. "Those are nice bright socks," she said cordially.

"Where is everybody?" asked Zinnia, to change the subject.

"Oh, scattered around—mostly out in the barn. Well, it's a nice day all right."

"Don't you think, dear"—Zinnia often said "dear" when there was company—"that you ought to look after your guests?"

"I did. They're all safe. Pretty warm, ain't it? Now, if we only had something cold to drink, we'd be all right."

This remark was aimed at Zinnia, but it hit Jasper Lee.

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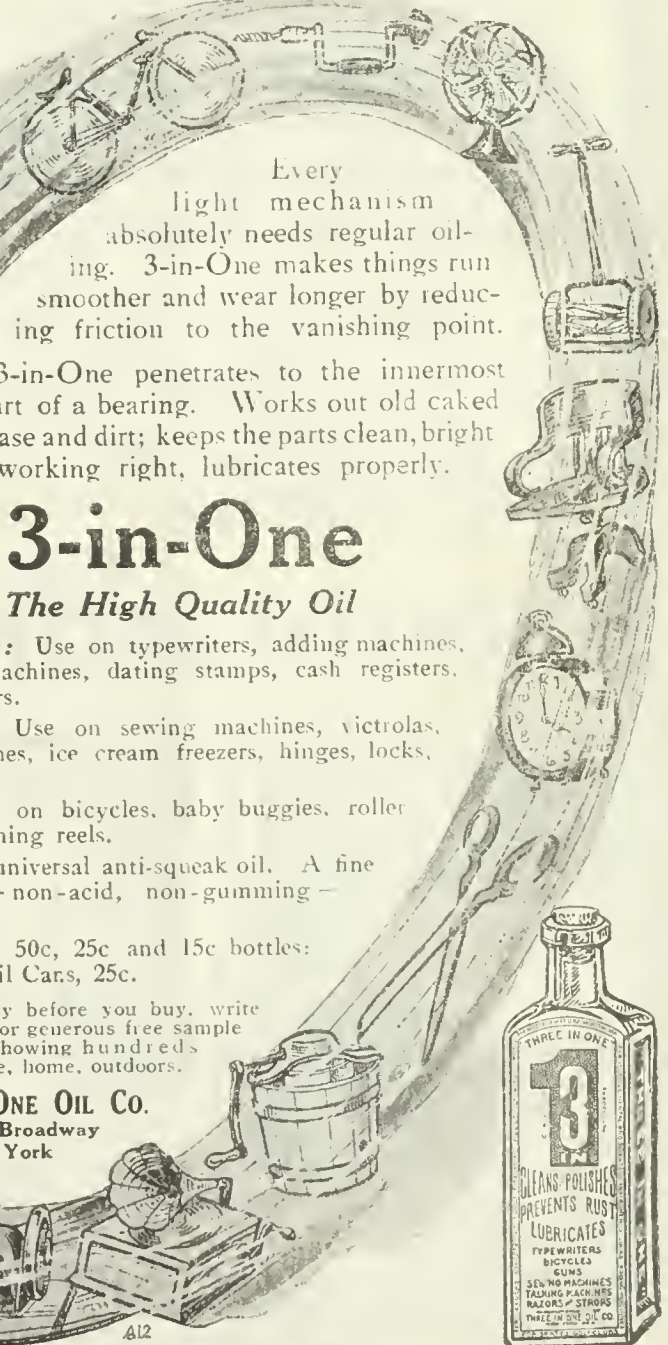
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Take no chances.

If anyone near you coughs, move away from him.

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Pure. No drugs. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach.

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"Why don't you," said Jasper, digging up resources, "get yourself a nice, cold ice-cream soda?"

With just the slightest hesitation Ruby accepted the bribe. This was against all rules, but Zinnia's silence made her a party to the crime. It was all very satisfactory indeed.

"Well, I presume I'll walk down toward Conley's pretty soon," she said. But she knew she was being paid ten cents for her absence, and she honorably delivered the goods. Her next stop was the kitchen, where she made 'Phelia's life miserable on behalf of a premature glass of lemonade.

"Miss Zinny ain't said nothin' about servin' it yet," said 'Phelia.

"I won't tell on you. You needn't worry." She soon convinced 'Phelia that her dark secret would be safe and got the coveted glass. "See, I won't go out there in front with it. I'll sneak out here in the back yard."

IN fulfillment of this solemn promise Ruby seated herself right in the middle of the "view." Anyone looking out of the tower windows could easily see Ruby pampering herself with lemonade. She waved her hand cheerfully at her red-faced brothers, but she could not see Gwendolyn.

"Probably she's fainted," said Ruby aloud. The word "fainted" went off in a hollow gurgle as she took another cooling draft.

When she had finished the more liquid part of her refreshment she mopped a piece of lemon around in the sugary bottom of the glass and frugally extracted the last bits of nourishment. She went through exaggerated ecstasies, wiping her mouth with great sweeping strokes, smacking her lips gigantically, doing everything which might interest one looking out of a tower window. Now she presented herself once more to Zinnia.

"If you'll excuse me," she said sweetly, "I presume I'll step down to Conley's."

"Don't be gone long," said Zinnia weakly.

"No, I won't"—a cheerful thought came to Ruby—"unless I get sunstroke on the way down. Mebbe I could have a little of that—you know." With rare tact she forebore to mention the treat that was coming to Mr. Lee. The young man did his part by gazing at the tree tops, thus carrying out that sound tradition that company never expects to be fed.

"Just tell 'Phelia," whispered Ruby. "She might think—"

Zinnia accompanied her thirsty little sister to the kitchen door and informed the astonished 'Phelia that Ruby was to have her beverage now.

"See? I didn't tell on you," said Ruby as Zinnia departed. "When I promise I won't do anything, w'y—now I'll take this out in the back yard too. I might spill something here and make trouble for you." She paused a moment as if in expectation. "I might get crumbs all over everything."

"Crumbs? Wha'for you drag in crumbs? Ain't nuthin' crumbly here. Miss Zinny ain't said nuthin' 'bout cake."

'Phelia's lies were never such as to give extra work to the recording angel. This unequal contest of wits resulted in the usual way. As a result, Ruby had the material for another pleasing demonstration in the back yard. She got some splendid effects out of the cake, holding it at arm's length before each bite, chewing as for the larger public, then washing it down. In her lively imagination she pictured the faces at the tower window as changing from red to purple.

THERE was no point now in subjecting herself to possible questions from Zinnia, so she departed by the alley route for Conley's drug store, and, thanks to her precautions, arrived there without sunstroke. At the soda fountain she met with a most agreeable surprise. The retainer installed there was, by rare good fortune, Neely Clevenger, a youth whom Ruby knew very well in private life, a frequent visitor to the Brazelton twins, and an instru-

ment upon which Ruby could always play any tune she desired.

She giggled into the paper napkin provided by the management.

"Oh, my goodness!" she exclaimed.

"What's yours?" asked Neely huskily, blushing clear out to the perimeter of his ears.

"What's that you got on, Neely—a bath robe or what?"

The garment referred to was the white coat handed down by Neely's predecessor, a larger, if not a better, man. The boy had turned up the sleeves from his wrists, but nothing further could have been done for the thing.

When he took up this work Neely had resolved to put personal relations out of his life forever, and he again addressed Ruby as if she were the general public: "What flavor, please?"

A quick survey of the store assured Ruby that she was its only customer and that Mr. Conley was behind the prescription case.

"Got any watermelon?" she asked. For a period of five minutes she misused her splendid powers in thinking up things for Neely to worry about. A "Buffalo Flip" was one of the things her system craved: she was in despair when Neely was unwilling to give her a tomato sundae.

"Don't you know how to make anything?" she asked.

Finally she consented to chocolate ice-cream soda—as she had planned from the beginning—but she bullied Neely into giving her a larger insertion of ice cream, two spoons, three straws, and an extra paper napkin. When she had stretched her visit to half an hour and had run out of things to do to make Neely regret that he had entered commercial life, she said: "I've got to hurry home now. I've got company."

BUT she did not exactly hurry home; she had a faint idea that a day of judgment was awaiting her there, and she had no desire for indecent haste. At the front gate, making a shameful public display of her feelings, was Zinnia, who laid a violent sisterly hand upon Ruby's shoulder.

"Where is Gwendolyn? And where is Wilmer? His mother has been telephoning about him. And what has become of the boys?"

"Ever'body seems to be lost," said Ruby.

"Quick—the folks will be home now any minute." Zinnia tried to shake the information out of her little sister.

"This is the way you treat me after all I did for you. I get ever'body out of the way so'st you and Jasper can be alone. You send me 'way downtown in the hot sun." Her look of resentment suddenly gave way to one of lively interest. "Jasper's gone, ain't he? Did he—you know—perpose? Got anything to tell me?"

"You perfectly absurd child. I scarcely know Mr. Lee—hurry now. I think I hear a car. Look!"

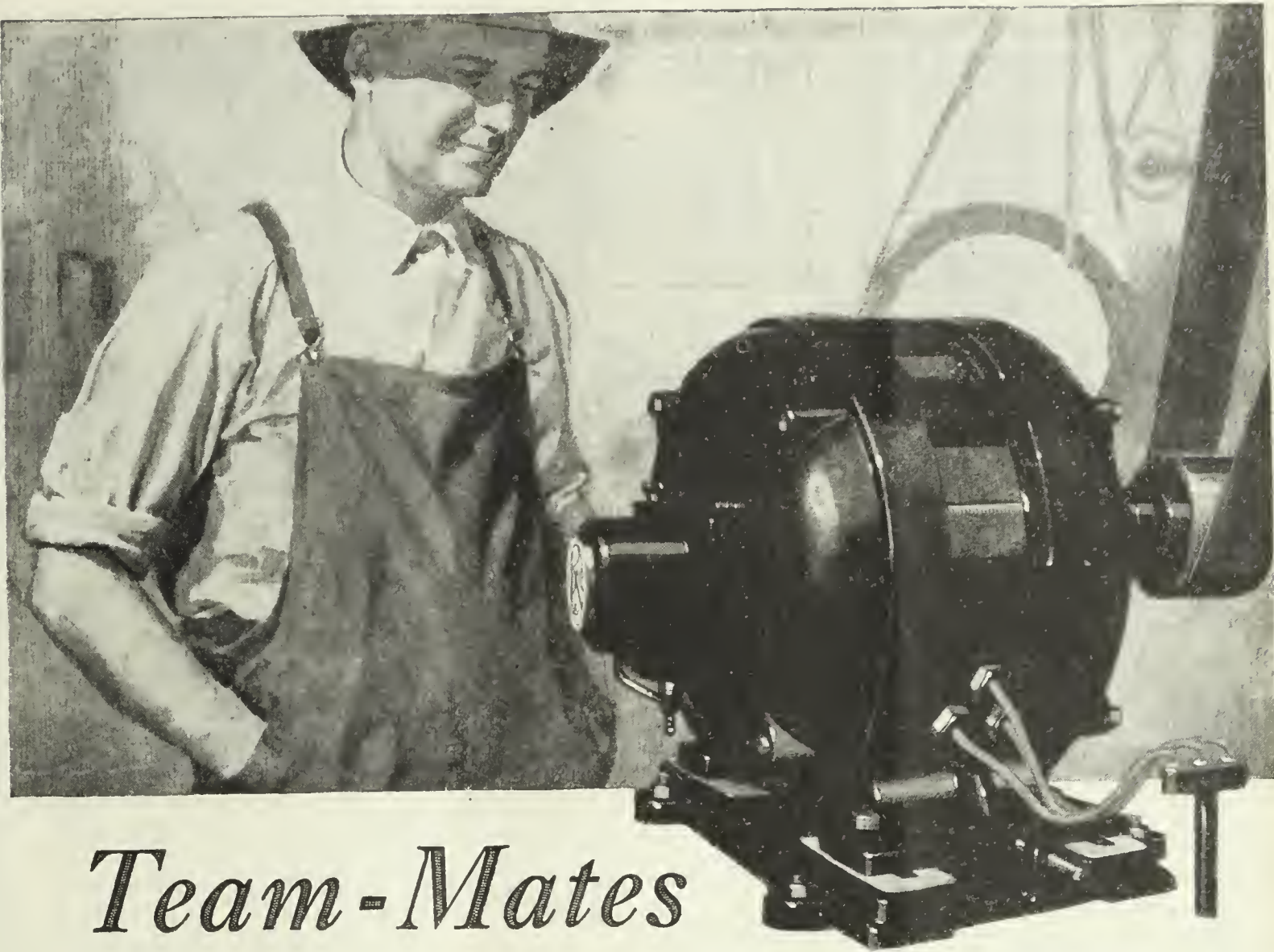
Ruby looked, as advised, but she did not care much for what she saw, so she shifted her gaze in the other direction. This did not seem to be an interesting way to look either, for down the street, scarcely half a block away, approaching in a purposeful, energetic way, came Mrs. Shank.

"Come on," said Ruby, "and I'll try to help you out of this trouble." As the young ladies hastened into the house Ruby advised her older sister to station herself in the bathroom. She then ascended the tower of the distressed damsel.

"Are you in there, Gwendolyn?" she called out. "Why don't you come down? Your parents are here."

WHAT was left of Gwendolyn explained why she did not go any place. Ruby made a great show of believing that her guest was suffering from a misapprehension.

"Maybe the door sticks a little," she said, unlocking it softly. "It takes a kind of a push—see?" She cheerfully precipitated herself into the room and confronted a young thing discolored by dust, perspiration, and tears.



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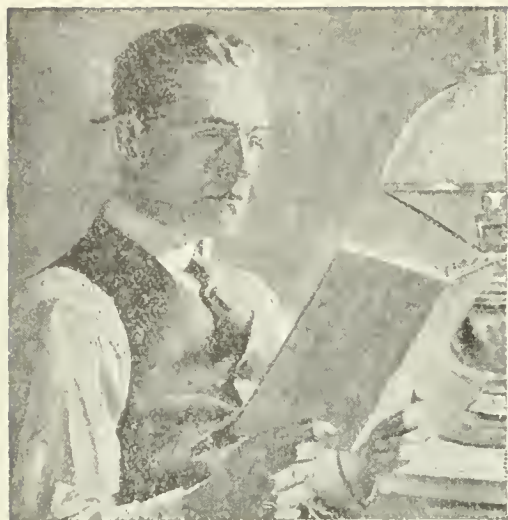
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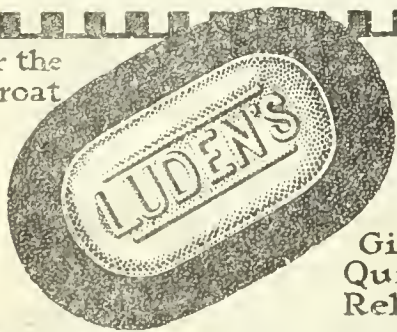
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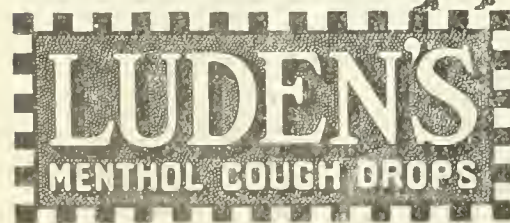


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"It's awful hot up here," Gwendolyn gasped. "There's no air."

"It's kinda like a limousine—all glass and everything," replied the malicious Ruby.

She led her sodden guest to cooler regions below and delivered her over to Zinnia.

"She got herself shut up in the tower room. She's awful hot."

"I—couldn't get—the door open!" sobbed Gwendolyn.

"She thought it was locked," Ruby kindly explained.

ZINNIA shot a quick look of under-standing at Ruby. What she thought was: "Thank goodness, the child is feeble-minded," but what she said was: "It's all right, dear. You've kept your clothes pretty clean. I'll wash you up quick, and your mother will never know anything about it." She turned to Ruby: "Don't say anything to Mrs. Brantley."

"No; I wouldn't tell on her. Let's see now—"

Ruby succeeded in getting down the back stairs unobserved. All the adults had arrived, but they had stopped for a moment of introduction and sociability on the front veranda. So she made her way safely to the fireless cooker which contained all that was mortal of Wilmer Shank.

"Are you in there, Wilmer?" she asked. This foolish question was answered by a kick upon the door.

Ruby now bargained with her former admirer. He was to absent himself from these premises as promptly and as permanently as possible and forever after hold his peace. He had better go by the back way because his mother was out in front. Wilmer promptly consented: he would have accepted even more arduous terms.

Among the various ways of dismissing an undesired suitor, Ruby chose the least elegant. She pulled open the door and said: "Now git!" There was the briefest glimpse of a wilted and dusty Beau Brummell departing from the Brazelton barn with great eagerness.

"Now Nedanted." Ruby climbed the ladder to the hayloft, thence to the oven where her brothers were baking.

"Are you in there, boys?" she asked, as was her charming custom.

Dreadful thumps came in reply to this question.

"Oh, I thought you was out at Aunt Elizabeth's." Heavy sarcasm by Ruby.

"You won't catch it or nuthin'; oh, no!" came from one of these broiled live twins.

"Listen here," Ruby replied as she unlocked the door. "Go ahead and tell 'em if you want to. If they ask me why I done it, I'll tell 'em, that's all."

"What'll you tell 'em?" asked Ned.

The rising young actress chose to reply in pantomime. She waved her hands as one swimming. She took poses as of a diving Venus. She snorted and puffed like a playful young hippopotamus. A baffled silence fell upon the boys during this performance.

"You'll get a liekin' your own self," said Ted.

"What good'll that do us?" said Ned. Thus the compact was signed and sealed.

The heroine now took her reluctant way toward the house. It was all right so far, but the ice was extremely thin. Almost anything might have happened while she was out in the barn doing rescue work among the lower classes.

"Well, it's about time, Ruby," said mother. "Your guest is going home."

"Good-by, Gwendolyn," said Ruby sweetly. "Come again some time."

"Good-by."

"What do you say, dear?" prompted Mrs. Brantley.

"I had a very nice time," said Gwendolyn dolefully.

"Has Wilmer been here?" asked Mrs. Shank.

"W'y, yes, he—he was," Ruby replied. "But he went home a little while ago. I presume he's there by this time. He was kind of hurrying."

"Where are Ned and Ted?" mother asked.

"They're jest out in the barn. I presume they'll be in soon."

Once more Ruby treated herself to a sigh of relief.

THE crown was put upon this otherwise perfect day at the supper table. Zinnia admitted that she had had a call from that young visiting Mr. Jasper Lee, who seemed to be a nice fellow.

"It must have been pleasant for you to entertain a children's party," said mother apologetically.

"It wasn't so bad. Ruby managed to keep everybody employed somehow. I must say Ruby was quite helpful this afternoon."

The heroine modestly lowered her eyes as one should when getting a medal for distinguished service. Besides, she did not feel equal to meeting the devastating gazes leveled at her from across the table.

"I always try to do the best I can," said Ruby.

On the German Heels

Continued from page 11

We started out one morning from Meaux, on the Marne—I think it was the second day of the counteroffensive of July 18—four of us in a machine; i. e., our conducting officer, Lieutenant Light, a very long correspondent named Frazier Hunt, but nicknamed "Spike" Hunt, an old one called Joe Timmons, and then I. The way at first, for many miles, was along the Marne, through the sweetest, prettiest country in the world, all in light tones, through untouched villages and virgin woods. Then we came to a margin where a sort of subtle leprosy had come over the land. The wheat fields were half wild, the vines unkempt and scorched. But this was only a premonition: in another ten minutes we had come over the great battle field swept forty hours before by the victorious advance.

The fields, which in France are small and of varied culture which makes of landscape a beautiful diversity of colored rectangles, were here one large monotonous gray-brown hue like the Texas Panhandle in the fall. The green forests looked stricken. A breath of death had passed over them, the foliage was all burned and drooping; peering into the depths, one saw an intricacy of fallen trees, stumps terminating in queer shreds, and the turf was gone, and the earth underneath stamped, crevassed, and soiled. Open ground was pitted with great shell

holes with lips of huge clods that seemed to have been made when the earth was liquid; it was also scratched with the small individual shelters of advancing infantry; and all over and about was the litter which armies leave behind—the abominable and sad litter which the most glorious army will leave behind. We came to our first village, the village of Vaux, taken some time before by the marines. It had been, before, a village of heavy stone, built through centuries by a constructing instinct of solidity and beauty; now it was razed, not one of those heavy stones, so patiently and so esthetically laid, one upon the other. They lay, the heavy stones, scattered about like chaff, and of the men and women who had lived there, and of the layers and layers of memories and sentiments and emotions which invisibly had animated these stones, nothing remained.

In Death as in Life

AFTERWARD everything was like that for a long while. We were going north, toward Soissons, in search of one of our divisions, and our way bisected from south to north the strip of the wide advance which our armies had made from west to east. It was village after village, each destroyed; it was forest after forest, devastated, scorched, and sterilized; it was plain after plain, plateau after plateau,

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pitted, scratched, marked as with the death struggle of some great wild beast.

The roads, which often are slightly sunken in that region, had served as redoubts. To our left, within the bank, were the little niches dug by the Germans in their defense; to the right, into the bank, were the little niches dug by the French or by our boys when, having won the road, they had halted a while before another leap forward; and in the niches to the left were all the impedimenta of men fleeing—pathetic, torn, soiled things of men fighting hard, dying and fleeing—while in the niches to the right were extra packs and boots, spurned shelter halves and coats of men ardent at the pursuit, leaving everything behind but those things absolutely indispensable to their flaming purpose. And then there were the dead. We'd whiz by a body, every once in a while, that lay in the ditch—Germans all; some looked up at us with horrible black faces. But once when we stopped and went out upon a field we saw some of our own dead mingled with the others. The character of the fighting which had gone on here separated the two sharply as to aspect. All our boys lay stretched exactly in the same direction, as if by some mysterious magnetic current they had been pointed toward some spiritual pole—the pole of their avenging purpose. They lay stretched exactly in the line of the advance, head toward the foe, their bodies still beautiful and lithe, while the Germans were in huddles at the bottom of shell holes, where they had been overwhelmed with their machine guns. The Germans lay in those holes, tangled in crazy positions, and looking at them one received the strange and profound shock which comes when something which should be sacred is tinged bitterly with that which awakens the invincible risibility of man. And all over the plains horses lay. They had died, I suppose, in all sorts of ways and in all sorts of postures, but now, with their legs stiffly up in the air, they looked as if they had all died in the midst of some glorious cavalcade.

On with the Front Lines

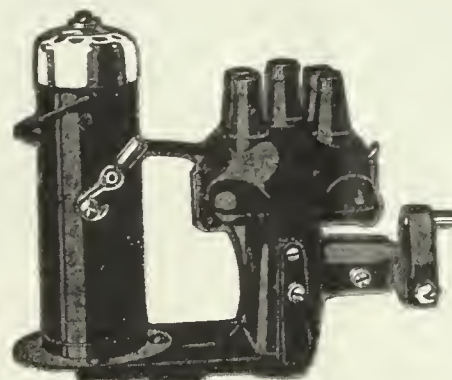
THROUGH wrecked villages, across a great forest packed tight with troops in which the horizon blue of France and the khaki of our boys melted into each other and then in turn into the forest's emerald glow, along roads packed with artillery moving up and long transport trains, we finally came to the headquarters of the division we were seeking. And these headquarters were in a cave. Into a hill there was a wide and high entrance barricaded with great cubes of stone—white stone, like sugar—and with sandbags.

We went through the narrow, scientifically crooked corridor left between the obstructions, and were within a great cave, high-ceiled and tremendously pillared like some great primeval cathedral. The darkness was starred by hundreds of scattered soft candlelights, but at first we could see nothing but golden glows rising to roofs incommensurably high, or striking square columns incredibly thick. Then we became aware of shadows close to the ground: men were there, many of them, standing or sitting at tables; telephones buzzed and typewriters clicked; we were among generals and colonels directing a battle.

It took us some time, in the half darkness, to find those of them we knew, and then, even when we were speaking to them, to get over the sense of mystery and unreality which at first had whelmed us; but when we had done so, and knew what was going on this morning, we regained suddenly all the enthusiasm (touching enthusiasm, as will be seen later) which had animated us at our start. The division had attacked at nine o'clock and had taken the village of Berzy-le-Sec, ten kilometers to the west. Now, when we had started out that morning, "Spike" Hunt, Joe Timmons, and I, we had been full of large, vague resolutions and dim, high endeavor. We had made up our

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minds to "put something over" on all the other correspondents. Our plans were not very clear, but were big. We were going to get as near the fighting as possible with our machine, then leave it and crawl to the front lines, and then once there—well, maybe we'd never come back any more—just go on and on with the front lines, taking what came, eating what came, drinking what came, sleeping where we could, and just whelm ourselves with the doughboys, on and on and on and on. That's what we were going to do. We had lost a little of our ardor on the way to the division (truly, some of the things we had seen were of a character to cool bellicose ardor), but now it was all aflame again.

A Battle Field Still Hot

WE put our heads together and concerted. Halfway between the headquarters and the captured village the map showed us another village of the pretty name of Missy-aux-Bois. We would go to Missy-aux-Bois, leave our automobile there, and take foot toward Berzy-le-Sec, where our boys were. And if we ever got there—well, people would have to wait a while before we ever came back. My old colonel of artillery, now commanding a brigade, told me that in Missy I would find another old friend, commanding a regiment, who had his P. C. there. He would know how to direct us; the rest was easy.

So we started out blithely in our machine, all keyed up to high and happy adventure, and doubting of nothing. At first the scene across which we rolled was as that through which we had gone all morning. We passed the village of Saint-Pierre l'Aigle—Saint Peter the Eagle—up on a high crest, fantastically ruined, with the forest that went up to its gates changed to black sticks. Then the character of the battle field changed. It was still a land across which the battle had rolled, but it was one across which the battle had rolled recently; it was a battle field still hot and smoking and moist. We passed wrecked tanks, on their beam ends or on their backs, scorched and blackened, each a swift evocation of tragedy. There were huddles of bodies out on the plain, and scattered everywhere, those fantastic horses, lying on their sides, yet with legs so fixed that they seemed galloping, galloping as if in a nightmare.

We came to lines of French artillery in battery position. As we passed 155's hidden in a line of willows, the big gun nearest us raised its small head at the end of its long neck and barked. Farther on others stretched themselves reptilelike toward the sky and the east and barked—we were out of that, though, in a second. But we thought: What will the answer be? Soon we ran into the answer. On wide, flat fields to our left shells began to drop—shells that came whistling from the east. Then we came to a crossroads.

"Which Way to Missy?"

ONE road went straight ahead, another went off to the left, toward the north. There was here an intricacy of convoys and caissons, and in the center of it, directing it with mastery, a tall, straight M. P., his helmet a little on one side of his head, his manner at once cool, gentle, and truculent. "Missy," we shouted, "which way to Missy?" The sound of the shells somehow had put hurry into our blood—a reasonless hurry that bade us go fast, even if in the wrong direction. "To the left," he shouted back, and with a large gesture commanded the way for us.

We shot out into the road to the left and across the plain toward the place where the shells were cracking. As we went on we could see what was happening. The shells were passing over the road ahead of us and falling into the fields three hundred yards farther. We could see clearly the geysers of earth and smoke spring into the air—imagine we could see each shell strike like a ball in a bowling alley. The plume top of each geyser was green vapor, and this, immediately snatched



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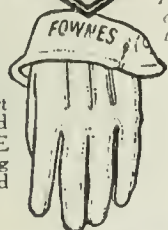
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by the wind, came flying back in long, venomous wisps toward the road.

The road was rough, cut up by shell holes; our machine rocked and creaked like a ship at sea.

The land to our left changed in character. It was covered with some high grass—either wild grass or some cultivated grain gone wild during the long boche occupation. Through this high grass convoys were streaming slowly, either to short-cut to their destination or to keep away from the road we were on, which seemed too well registered by the enemy artillery; the men sat high up on their horses or still higher on their wagons. Then the German fire shortened a little, and its shells began to drop near and into the convoys.

Our chauffeur trod on his throttle, and the car leaped ahead like a deer. We bumped heads within the tonneau; it was all we could do to stay in, and it was only in a rapid glimpse that I could see the convoys stopped in the jungle and the horsemen and drivers getting off leisurely to take cover from the passing storm, while the horses and the mules stood still, impassive, ignorant of the shocking mark they offered, of the tender vulnerability of their flesh and their nerves to whirring, jagged steel. Ahead a small group of old French Territorials were hurriedly tamping down rock into a fresh shell hole in the road. They tamped till we were almost upon them, to the last possible moment; scattered—and when I looked back they were again in a circle around the hole, hurriedly tamping. Our driver drew a new burst out of our machine; she seemed no longer a machine, but a sentient thing feeling threat on her loins. I saw for the shortest part of a second one of our boys lying dead on a high bank—lying dead, stripped to the waist, his beautiful body like marble. Then we shot into Missy-aux-Bois.

At the End of the Street

NOW, the transition from peaceful riding to this hurried bounding charge had taken place just a little too brutally; when, having rolled the machine up against a wall, we piled out of it into the village main street, we were not just as cool and collected as war correspondents like to see themselves. The difference between the aspect of the village and what, absurdly enough, we had expected on account of its sweet name added to the disorder of our minds. Missy-aux-Bois—Missy-of-the-Woods—Little-Miss-of-the-Woods! Well, we had seen the woods coming in—a few dozen thin black poles. And Missy—well, the tops of most of its houses had been blown off, and the insides of many others blown out, and the things (or similar ones) which had done this to Missy were now flying over Missy and to the road behind with yelps and shrieks of meantime triumph. Even then, what happened later might not have happened if we had found in Missy what we were looking for. What we were looking for was that colonel friend of mine and his P. C. The P. C., we knew, or felt, would be in a strong, thick-ceiled dugout, and there, cozy within, we would be able to discuss matters and find out where many interesting things were (including other dugouts and cellars), and get the lay of the land and make firm plans (our original plan was looking rather liquid by this time), based on knowledge and fact.

Instead we found nothing. There was a scatter of telephone men in the village, sheltering in what houses were left, but none knew where the artillery P. C., for which we were looking, could be found. They knew where it had been the day before; they showed us the place where it had been; but they did not know where it had gone. We felt very much above ground indeed, and with no place to go to.

Then an engaging youth—a dough-boy—spoke: "Say," he said, "if you want to see the whole thing, just go down to the end of the street. You'll get the whole show."

(To be continued)

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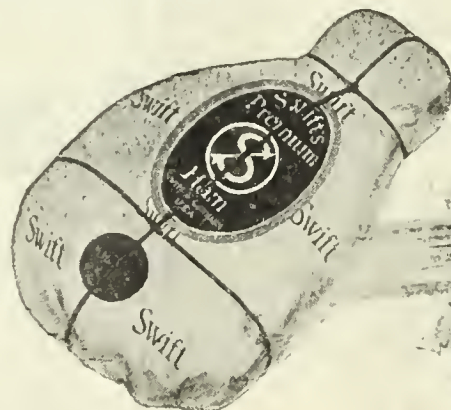
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Collier's

NATIONAL WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 23, 1918

VOLUME 62 NO. 11

NOTICE TO READER.—When you finish reading this magazine, place a one-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas. No wrapping—No address. A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster General.

America's Part in the New World

By Mark Sullivan

Beginning a series of five articles based on Mr. Sullivan's conferences with the leading statesmen of Great Britain, France, and America. The first one, entitled "The Heritage of Tyre," is published in this issue. The second, "The League of Nations—What Shall It Be?" will appear November 30, and the remaining three will follow in order

Also in this issue:

"The Lucky Boy"

By James Hopper

"The Melting of Fatty McGinn"

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

"A Little Chunk of the U. S. A."

By Webb Waldron

"What England Has Given"

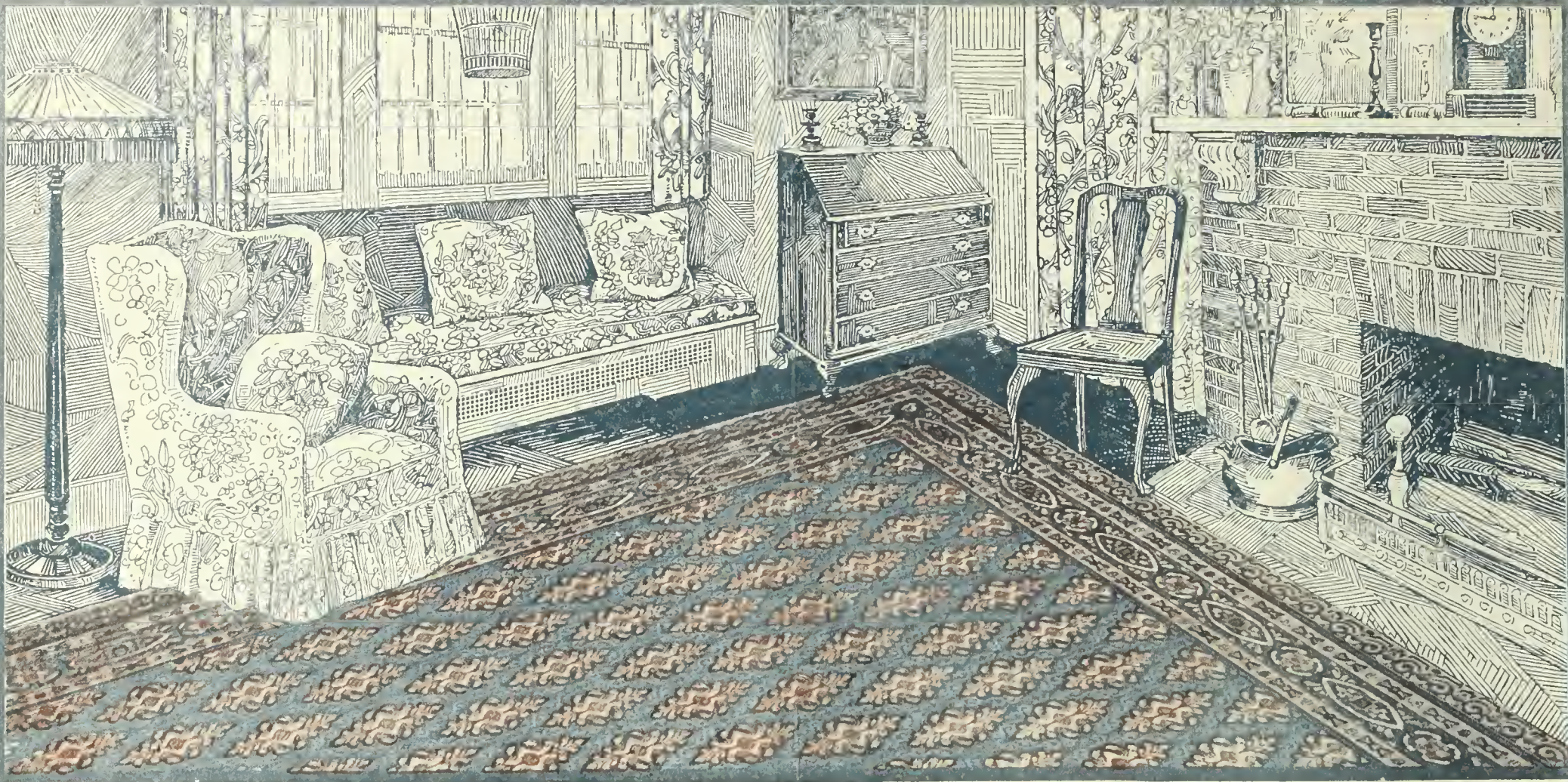
By Henry Rood

"Lady Larkspur"

By Meredith Nicholson



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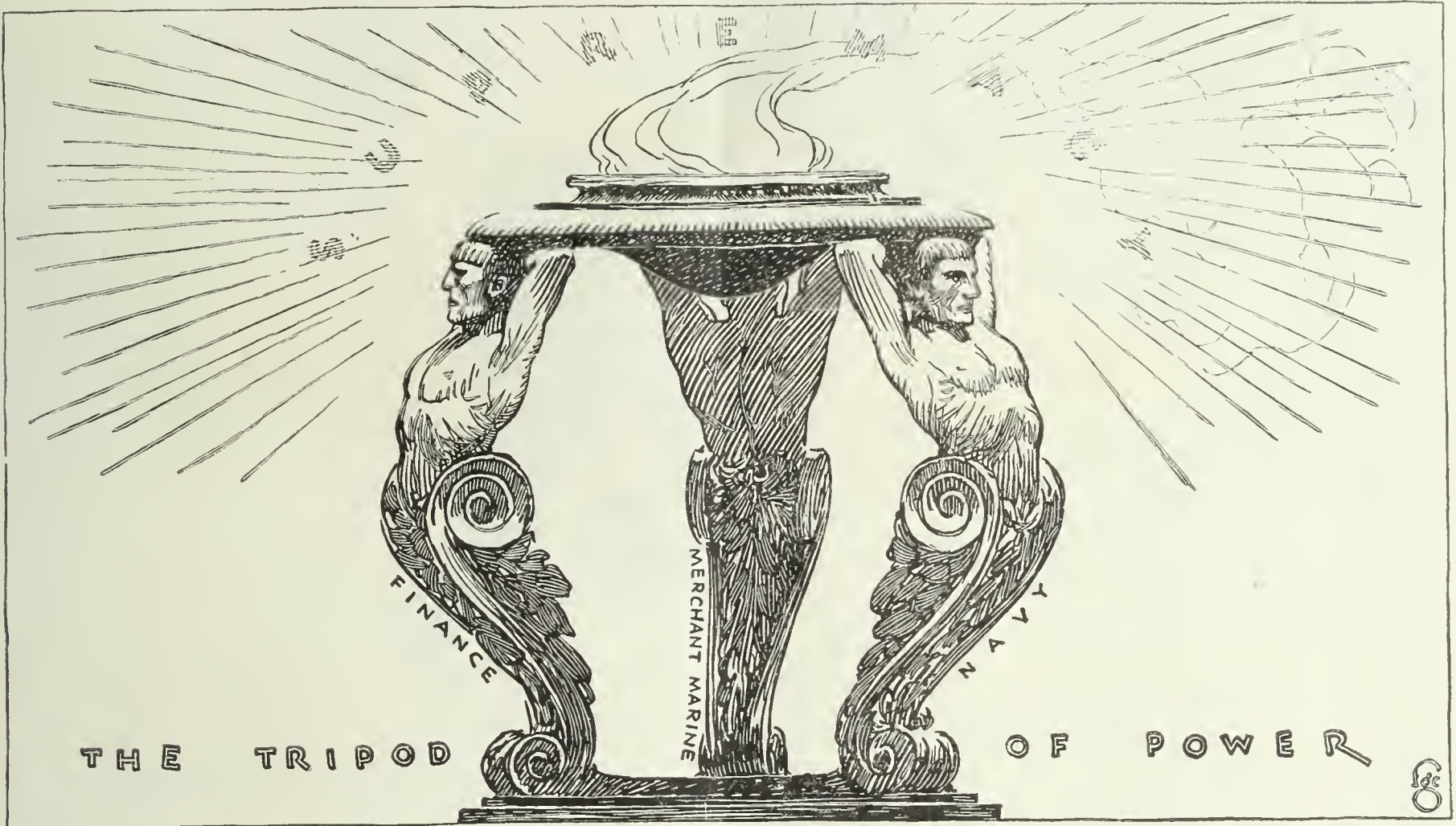
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America's Part in the New World

I—The Heritage of Tyre

BY MARK SULLIVAN

PEACE has come upon us not less suddenly than war came four years ago. And peace is going to entail some consequences quite as unexpected, quite as vitally affecting our national destiny and our individual lives as did the war. To predict the details of what is going to happen is as venturesome as it would have been, in 1914, to predict the details of the war. But just as it was easy to forecast some of the economic consequences of the war, like the scarcity of labor and the high prices of goods, so are some of the economic consequences of peace, some of the permanent results of the war, some of the economic conditions of the peace period just ahead of us, so certain as to be easy to set down. Indeed, the most important of them are no longer merely within the field of prophecy; they are largely facts actually existing now. They seem to be still within the future merely because they are so novel that it is not easy to recognize them, and so striking that it takes confidence to assent to them.

The first of these, from an American point of view, is the position which our country is going to occupy in commerce and in the larger aspects of international relations. On the day the war broke out an American banker said that one result of it would be to make the United States, in a business sense, relatively rich beyond any other nation in history; and that only the most perverse failure, on the part of our political and commercial leadership, to respond to the situation which the war would create could prevent our becoming the dominant nation of the world. That prediction, which is just now on the eve of fulfillment, is one of those epochal changes in the organization of the world which occur only once in every three or four centuries. In fact, this particular event has occurred only seven times since men first engaged in commerce.

Germany was insane with jealousy of England's place in the sun. She

wanted that place for herself. She willed that England should lose it. She worked for forty years, worked with desperate energy and consummate ingenuity, to take it away through the arts of business, industry, and commerce. And so long as she kept her effort within the field of business and industry she was in a fair way to reach a measure of success. Judged by the ordinary standards of industrial and commercial achievement, Germany was destined to win. But at the last her ambition carried her out of the world of sanity and she took up the sword. She made a historic commotion in the world; and as the clouds clear away from the debris, two unexpected things appear: What Germany willed has happened; England has lost her place in the sun—but Germany hasn't got it. It has gone where the prize that envy contends for often goes: to one who was in the beginning a disinterested bystander.

Now what was this thing that Germany lusted for, this "place in the sun" that England had and Germany wanted? One phase that is commonly used to describe it is "Mistress of the Seas." But that phrase only partially expresses it. Anyone who has read Admiral Mahan's "Influence of Sea Power Upon History" knows that whoever is mistress of the seas

is also something more. To express it in an excusable bull, whoever is mistress of the seas is also cock of the walk. With command of the seas goes world dominance. That is the position which Great Britain had, which Germany coveted, and which the United States, without any particular design, is about to come into. It is a striking position in the world. The mere thought of it calls up a long and colorful pageant of empires and dynasties. As one writer has rather eloquently expressed it: "Since the day that man first straddled a floating log and started humanity adventuring by sea, the intervening centuries have seen only seven nations possessed of sufficient genius to dominate the

This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Sullivan on a subject which may well be termed the most vital before America today. It is the result of Mr. Sullivan's recent trip to Great Britain and France as a member of the party of editors and writers who went overseas as guests of the British Government. The series is based not only on Mr. Sullivan's own personal observations, but upon talks with many statesmen and publicists—such men as Lord Robert Cecil, Viscount Grey, and Arthur James Balfour.—THE EDITOR.

earth's deep waters. During two thousand two hundred and forty-eight years, Tyre has had but seven true heirs. Tyre, in her time, was the inspiration of all commerce. Irrespective of nationality, all who trafficked by sea were called 'merchants of Tyre,' and all vessels of burden 'ships of Tyre.' Dynasties lived by grace of Tyre's credit, and died at the calling of her loans. With the passing of Tyre, the position went to Carthage; after Carthage to the Italian cities, Venice, Genoa, Florence, and Naples. Italy held her dominance for seven hundred years, until the Hanseatic League of Cities took the crown of commerce to the Baltic Sea. Then Portugal forced herself to the front. That was preceding the discovery of America by Spain. With the aggressiveness of which that discovery was characteristic, Spain took the leadership away from Portugal. Spain held it two hundred years and lost it to Holland. Holland held it for some generations and lost it to Great Britain."

And now either Great Britain is going to lose it to the United States or else Great Britain and the United States are going to divide it in a partnership. Which of these two it shall be is one of the great problems of statesmanship and commerce that must be decided immediately.

To understand this problem it is necessary to analyze this position of dominance and see what it is composed of. Those who have not thought deeply into it assume that it consists merely in the possession of a great navy. But read this sentence from Admiral Mahan's "Influence of Sea Power Upon History": "The necessity of a navy . . . springs . . . from the existence of peaceful shipping, and disappears with it."

The great navy, in other words, is merely an incident of world dominance. The true source of world dominance is mercantile shipping and the commerce and finance which go with dominance in mercantile shipping. The navy is merely the pistol that defends the treasure.

But if this position of world dominance, of mistress of the seas, does not consist merely in having the strongest navy, let us see what it does consist in. It responds readily to analysis. World dominance consists of a combination of these three things:

1. Supremacy in finance.
2. Supremacy in mercantile shipping.
3. Supremacy in armed shipping.

These three things go together. They cannot exist apart. Whatever nation has these three is mistress of the seas, is dominant on the land, has that exalted "place in the sun" which Germany coveted, fought for, and lost everything for.

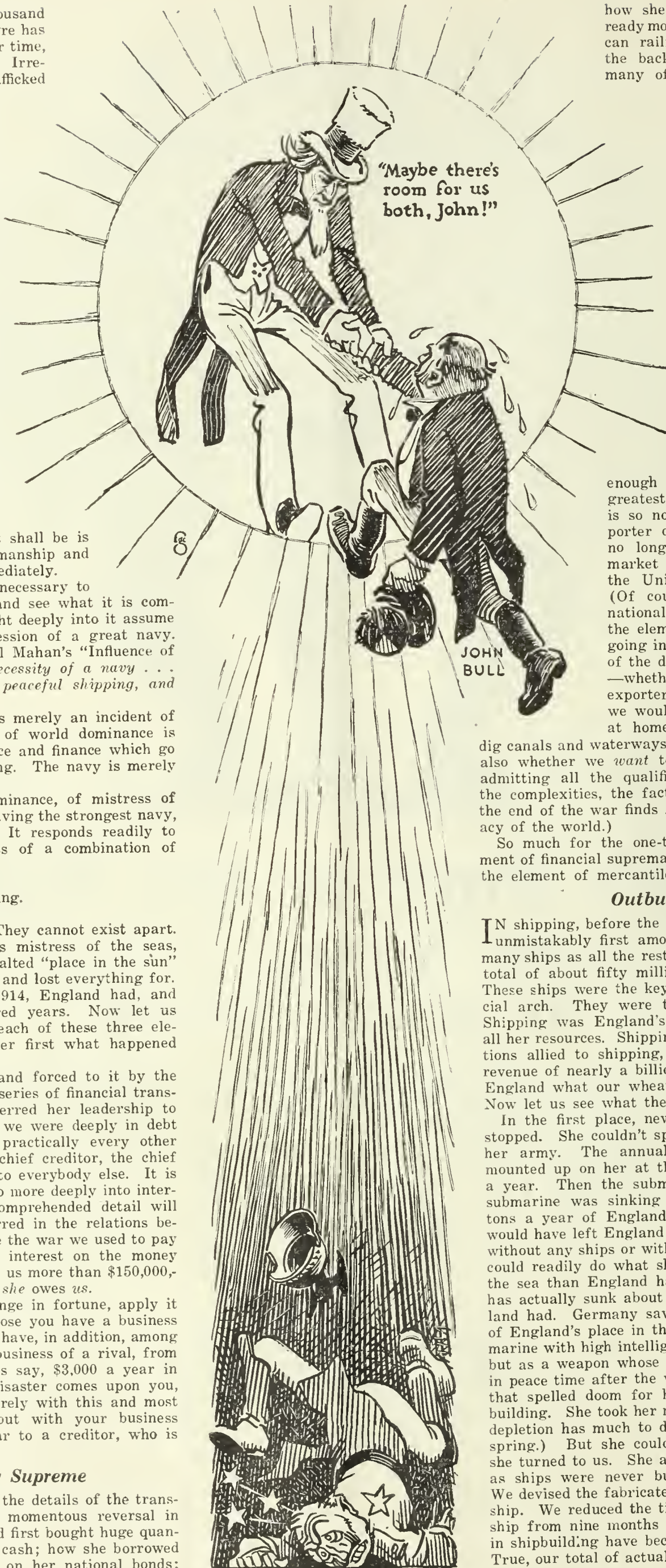
These three things, in August, 1914, England had, and had had for more than two hundred years. Now let us examine just what the war did to each of these three elements of world dominance. Consider first what happened to England's financial supremacy:

With the beginning of the war, and forced to it by the necessities of war, England began a series of financial transactions which within a year transferred her leadership to the United States. Before the war we were deeply in debt to Great Britain, as, indeed, was practically every other nation in the world. She was our chief creditor, the chief lender of money to us, as she was to everybody else. It is not possible in a popular article to go more deeply into international finance. But one easily comprehended detail will illustrate the change that has occurred in the relations between England and ourselves: Before the war we used to pay England about \$300,000,000 a year interest on the money we owed her; now England must pay us more than \$150,000,000 a year as interest on the money *she* owes *us*.

If you want to visualize that change in fortune, apply it to your own personal position; suppose you have a business and an income from it. Suppose you have, in addition, among other assets, one investment in the business of a rival, from which investment you receive, let us say, \$3,000 a year in interest. Suppose now that some disaster comes upon you, so that you emerge from it, not merely with this and most of your other investments gone, but with your business mortgaged to pay out \$1,500 a year to a creditor, who is also your business rival.

America Financially Supreme

It is not necessary here to go into the details of the transactions which brought about this momentous reversal in international relations—how England first bought huge quantities of goods from us and paid in cash; how she borrowed great quantities of money from us on her national bonds;



how she sold back to us, in order to get ready money, hundreds of millions of American railroad bonds which had constituted the backbone of the private fortunes of many of her families; how later on she pledged still more of those American railroad bonds as collateral to raise money in America; how, at the last, after we entered the war ourselves, our Government loaned huge sums direct to the British Government.

These transactions of England with America were not, of course, the whole of the things which took her financial supremacy from her and transferred it to us. Neutral nations everywhere, like Norway and Spain, and the South American countries, and even some of England's colonies had been accustomed, whenever they wanted to borrow money, to go to London; when that market was closed by the war, they began to come to New York. The details of these transactions are too long to repeat here. It is

enough to say that Great Britain was the greatest creditor nation in the world, and is so no longer; she was the greatest exporter of capital in the world; she is so no longer; she was the greatest money market in the world—that, too, came to the United States when the war began. (Of course I am here discussing international finance only roughly, and as merely the element in a larger picture. If I were going into it more fully, I might treat some of the doubts which are occasionally raised—whether, for example, we want to be an exporter of capital in the future, whether we would not do better to keep our money at home and develop our own resources, dig canals and waterways, develop water power and the like; also whether we want to be a great money market. But admitting all the qualifications, and recognizing fully all the complexities, the fact remains clear and indisputable—the end of the war finds America with the financial supremacy of the world.)

So much for the one-third of world dominance, the element of financial supremacy. Consider next the second third, the element of mercantile shipping supremacy.

Outbuilding England

IN shipping, before the war, Great Britain was clearly and unmistakably first among the nations. She had almost as many ships as all the rest of the world together. Of a world's total of about fifty million tons, England had over twenty. These ships were the keystone of her commercial and financial arch. They were the corner stone of her greatness. Shipping was England's master business, the backbone of all her resources. Shipping, together with the financial operations allied to shipping, like insurance, yielded England a revenue of nearly a billion dollars a year. Shipping was to England what our wheat crop is to us, or our cotton crop. Now let us see what the war did to England:

In the first place, new building of ships was practically stopped. She couldn't spare the men. She needed them for her army. The annual wastage through wear and tear mounted up on her at the rate of more than a million tons a year. Then the submarine got busy. At its worst, the submarine was sinking at the rate of nearly five million tons a year of England's ships. Three years at that rate would have left England where Germany designed to put her, without any ships or with so few that after the war Germany could readily do what she set out to do: put more ships on the sea than England had. In fact, the German submarine has actually sunk about one-third of all the ships that England had. Germany saw clearly what was the chief source of England's place in the sun. Germany was using the submarine with high intelligence, not merely as a weapon of war, but as a weapon whose results would count most powerfully in peace time after the war. England saw the thing coming that spelled doom for her. She tried to resume her shipbuilding. She took her men back from the army. (And that depletion has much to do with the disasters in the field last spring.) But she could not build enough. In desperation she turned to us. She asked us to build ships, to build ships as ships were never built before. And we did just that. We devised the fabricated ship. We devised the standardized ship. We reduced the time required for building a 3,500-ton ship from nine months to less than two. Our achievements in shipbuilding have become a marvel in the shipping world. True, our total of actual ships

(Continued on page 26)

The Melting of Fatty McGinn

BY FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR G. DOVE

IT may be true that "nobody loves a fat man," but just the same they pay them a whole lot of money. "Fatty" McGinn, leaving the Chief's office with a contract in his pocket fatter than himself, wasn't worried about who loved him. His weekly pay envelope would have made a bank president look sick. And why not? Fatty made the public laugh, and anyone who can do that doesn't need to worry about who makes its laws or collects its taxes. He's it.

I was mighty glad I was going to have a chance to direct Fatty in a series of pictures, for I'd been getting kind of tired of the sex stuff. It's all right, from a picture standpoint, but it's the local boards of censors that make you sit up nights. Just think of it—in the middle of some big scene you may have to stop and consider whether the passionate clutch of the hero and heroine is going to be too long for Indiana or too short for Louisiana or the Coast. There's a lot of difference in the way the States regard such things. One local board considers five feet of osculation entirely moral, but anything over that the work of the Evil One. Another doesn't care so much about the length of a kiss as about its reality. If the hero looks as though he were about to say: "Come here and let me bite you on the cheek," it goes. If he acts as though he really liked it, and was ready for more: "Quick, Watson, the scissors." Some places believe that women actually have legs. Others consider such an admission a mortal sin. Just why it should be considered immoral for a woman to have legs I've never yet understood, but if your film is censored, it doesn't make any difference whether you understand it or not, you can't show it, and that's what counts in the picture business.

BUT to get back to Fatty. He weighed two hundred and eighty-six pounds, stripped, and when he laughed the whole world forgot its troubles and laughed with him. He had them going from the moment he rolled on the stage, and when he made love to the slim heroine you almost fell out of your seat, he was so funny. His famous smile was as infectious as the measles. Once you saw it, you forgot the mortgage on the old home, the doctor's bills, and the high cost of living, and just lay back in your seat and laughed as though you didn't have a care in the world. That was Fatty's drawing power, and because of it picture magnates forgot that every little zero has a meaning all its own, and signed contracts that ran into all sorts of impossible figures just to have Fatty working for them.

When the Chief outbid the rest of the bunch, and came home with the bacon, meaning Fatty, I felt like taking my hat off to him. The biggest drawing card in the picture game was ours, no matter what the cost, and I was to do his directing. I had an extra cocktail at dinner that night on the strength of it. Krause of the United, who had had Fatty before we got him, made no attempt to hide his feelings when I met him the next day in the club.

"There ought to be a law against these stars throwing you down the way they do," he grumbled. "Here we had McGinn under our management three years—took him up when he wasn't worth fifty a week, and made a star out of him. Cost us a hundred thousand in advertising, and now, soon as he's made good, he throws us down cold, just because you people offer him a little more money. He ain't worth it, I tell you, and some day you'll find it out. We fillum managers ought to get

together and hold these people down or we'll all be on the rocks."

I made no attempt to answer this argument. After all, it wasn't any funeral of mine, since I worked on a salary and had nothing to do with the company's dividends.

"Fatty's the best drawing card in the picture business," I said, "and as long as the public are willing to pay their money to see him, it's up to us to give them what they want. As for whether he's worth it or not, that's a matter of opinion. A two-ounce diamond isn't worth fifty cents, intrinsically speaking, but there aren't many of them, and as long as people want diamonds there'll be big money in them. How is Fatty, anyway? A willing worker?"

Krause nodded. "Hasn't got a fault, so far as I know. I'll say that for him. Doesn't trifle with old John Barleycorn, treats all the girls as though they had promised to be sisters to him, shows up for work every day on the minute, puts his money into Liberty Bonds, and goes to bed with the chickens on his farm out in Connecticut. Regular hick, when it comes to his private life. Never been in love, they say. All kinds of skirts have tried to annex his bank-roll, but he just gives them the once over and laughs. Only thing he's really stuck on is his five good meals a day. Say, when you see him eat once you'll know what a digestion really is." Krause looked up from his crackers and milk and sighed. "I've watched him put away two sirloin steaks, a dozen rolls, a dish of spaghetti, a salad, and a couple of custard pies for lunch without turning a hair, and then send out for sandwiches at four o'clock because he was feeling hungry. Gawd!" Krause ate another cracker, looking as though he knew it was going to kill him.

THESE reports about Fatty made me feel pretty good. I saw I was going to have an easy time of it. My experience with temperamental stars had put more than one gray hair in my head. So I chuckled



And when he made love to the slim heroine—

to myself when Fatty rolled onto the lot for his first day's work. Yes, rolled is the only name for it. He was as graceful as a British tank. But his smile—believe me, it cheered us all up like the sunshine after a week's rain. And in spite of his two hundred and eighty-six pounds he was the hardest worker of the bunch. Some of the featherweights in the cast were ready to drop when evening came, for our scenario was a pretty strenuous one, but Fatty was as fresh as a daisy and ready for more. I felt so good about it that I went in and told the Chief. He didn't enthuse. He rarely does.

"When things gets to going too well," he grumbled, "take my advice and look out for trouble." And he was dead right. It came.

It was along toward the end of the first picture that I began to notice that Fatty didn't seem quite himself. It wasn't anything much, but it struck me that he was a shade less cheerful than usual, and once or twice he showed a little irritation over trifles. Then, too, he stopped sending out for sandwiches, and the like, between meals. Spring fever, I said to myself, and thought no more about it. Almost everybody gets that way when the blossoms come on the peach trees and the winter underwear goes back to the moth balls. But when we got to work on the

next picture, and Fatty began to pass up his second helpings at lunch, I got worried. We had our midday meals sent in from a restaurant, and Fatty and I usually ate together, so I telephoned over and had them send in a lot of dishes I knew he liked, things that stick to the ribs like chicken potpie and dumplings and pig's knuckles with sauerkraut, with plenty of sweet things, puddings and the like, on the side, but it didn't make any difference. His appetite seemed to be slowly fading away, and after a while he got so he only picked at his food. I asked him point-blank one day if there was anything the matter with him, but he shook his head and said he was all right—just had a cold. I didn't see any evidences of a cold, but I did notice that his waistband was getting mighty slack, and when he took to lunching off a cup of tea and a grapefruit salad I concluded it was time to call a halt.

"Look here, old man," I said. "It's none of my business what you eat, of course. Our contract doesn't cover that. But if you go on losing flesh the way you're doing now, it's going to hurt you a lot with the public."



The medical shark went over him with a fine-tooth comb

He looked at me with a funny smile. "What makes you think I'm losing weight?" he asked.

"I can see it. You're not as heavy now, by twenty pounds, as you were a month ago."

"Do you think so?" Instead of looking worried, he seemed actually relieved. I couldn't understand it.

"If you don't believe what I'm telling you," I said, "come along with me and I'll prove it." I took him down to the shipping room, where there was a pair of scales.

When he saw the beam come to rest at two hundred and sixty he smiled. Actually smiled when he'd lost twenty-six pounds and was punching new holes in his belt every week. I began to wonder if he was getting nutty.

"Take it from me, Fatty," I said, "you want to get busy and eat, or you won't be worth two cents in the kind of parts the public expects to see you in."

He didn't like this a bit. "I guess I put over something more than just a bunch of beef," he protested. "Don't forget I used to act, and get away with it too, when I weighed a hundred and eighty, and not so very long ago either."

When he sprung that on me I threw up my hands. Fatty, as a legitimate actor, wouldn't have been worth thirty dollars a week to any company in the business, and here we were paying him five thousand. I almost felt afraid to tell the Chief about it, but I knew I had to.

"For the love of Mike!" he roared, when I'd finished my story, "what's the matter with the boob, anyway? Training down to play Hamlet, or got the hookworm? Better get a doctor. If this thing goes on, we stand to lose a quarter of a million."

Well, we got a doctor, as the Chief advised, and after some difficulty I persuaded Fatty to let him look him over. He wasn't at all keen about it, said he never felt better in his life, and didn't believe in doctors anyway. But I got him to strip, and the medical shark—one of the best in New York—went over him with a fine-tooth comb. At the end of half an hour he made his report. Mr. McGinn, he said, was as sound as a Liberty Bond. Not a weak spot in him anywhere. Little too fat, of course, to be in perfect condition, but that could easily be remedied by going on a diet. He started to tell Fatty what not to eat, but I stopped him.

"Never mind all that," I said. "Mr. McGinn isn't looking to lose any weight. What he wants to do is to gain some."

The doctor, not being a movie fan, looked at me as though he thought I was crazy.

"Any excess of fatty tissue," he said, very dignified, "is never conducive to good health. If Mr. McGinn takes my advice, he will adopt a rigid diet and take plenty of vigorous exercise as well. With care there is not the slightest reason why he should not reduce to normal in a few months. Say around a hundred and eighty."

"A hundred and eighty!" I shouted. "Good God, man, do you want him to ruin himself, and us as well?"

It was all Greek to the doctor. He shook his head. "I fail to understand you," he said. "No man could possibly ruin himself by keeping in good condition. Good day."

FATTY hadn't said a word. But I saw he was doing a lot of thinking. When the doctor had gone he turned to me.

"I hope you're satisfied," he said. "I told you there wasn't anything the matter with me."

"There may not be anything the matter with your lungs or your liver," I retorted, "but you've got wheels in your head, as sure as you're a foot high. Anyone might suppose you wanted to get thin."



I caught him crying once, real tears

He looked down at his feet. I guess it was the first time he'd seen them in years.

"If I need to look any heavier," he said, "I can make up."

There wasn't anything to that, and I told him so. "You can't make up your face," I exclaimed. "Don't you know it's that three-hundred-pound smile of yours that gets the money? You're losing it, man—losing it by the minute. Your cheeks are caving in. Your smile isn't there, the way it used to be. Your clothes hang on you like bags. Pretty soon, if you don't look out, you'll be just about as funny as a funeral."

When the Chief heard my report he went right up in the air.

"The fellow must be crazy!" he exclaimed.

"And we can't do a thing. Not a word in our contract that will let us out. Next time I sign up a fat man it'll be on a sliding scale, so much salary per pound, with a forfeit if he goes below a certain amount. On that basis, I guess McGinn would soon be owing us money. Hell!" He chewed the end off his cigar.

"What are you going to do?"

"Only one thing to do, as I see it. We've got to find out what it's all about."

"What do you mean, all about?" The Chief didn't seem much impressed by my suggestion.

"Well, we know he isn't sick—not physically, that is—so it looks to me as though he must either have something on his mind that is worrying him or else he's doing it on purpose. He may have some bug in his head that it's his acting and not his fat that gets the money."

The Chief got sore at this. "If he's doing it on purpose," he said, "I'll tie the can to him to-morrow and let him whistle for his salary. We'd have a good case in court on account we could prove we hired him to do fat parts and he can't do 'em. I'll put it up to Erlanger." That's the Chief's lawyer.

"Nothing in that unless we can prove it," I said. "My idea is to get a detective and find out what's the matter with him."

THE upshot of it was that we called in a man from one of the big detective agencies and put him on the pay roll as a member of the cast. Of course we got a man who could act a bit—he didn't have anything much to do, except get chummy with Fatty. But it was slow work, and meanwhile Fatty was melting away so fast you could almost see the fat rolling off him. At the end of his second month with us he was down to two hundred and thirty, and going strong. I did my best with the picture we had under way, but I saw it was going to be a flivver. No use

telling Fatty that, though. He thought he was just as funny as ever. A lot of actors are that way. I've seen gray-headed old guys of sixty, still trying to get away with juvenile parts and believing they were just as good as they used to be before the war.

One evening the detective, whose name was Patterson, came up to the office after Fatty had gone home and said he wanted to see the Chief. I took him in. Then he made his report.

"Mr. McGinn's in love," he said, without batting an eyelash.

THE Chief snorted. "Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "Who'd fall for a big tub like him?"

"That's just the point, sir," Patterson went on. "The young woman in the case—she's a trained nurse he met in the hospital when he was laid up with that bum knee a couple of months ago, and pretty as they make 'em, take it from me—says the same thing. She turned him down cold, when he proposed to her. Laughed at him. Said she'd as soon think of marrying a hippopotamus. Must have been pretty rough with him, I guess. He says it broke his heart, and of course things like that does hit a guy pretty hard the first time he goes up against 'em. He told me the whole story last night. Took me a month to get him to spill it. Said he'd never been in love before, and couldn't get over it. Naturally he's off his feed. After that, when he found out he'd begun to lose weight, he gets the idea in his bean that if he can cut down to a couple of hundred pounds or so, the girl may change her mind. Bugs about her. Can you beat it?"

"You mean to say she turned him down flat, with a bank roll like his?" The Chief looked incredulous.

"Surest thing you know. He says she's one of these esthetic dames. Soul above money, and all that. I think she's in love with him—the real goods."

"Why? Is he seeing her right along?"

"No. Hasn't laid eyes on her since she chucked him. But I guess she let him believe there was hope, for he's got it all figured out to train down to the Romeo class and then spring himself on her as a surprise."

"And meanwhile we're losing five thousand a week." The Chief looked ready to commit murder. "What's this young woman's name?" he went on, quick as a whip. "Where does she live?"

Patterson told him. "Edith Hollister. Manhattan Hospital." The Chief put it down on a pad, rang for his car, and got his hat.

"Come along," he said to me. "We're going to have a talk with this Hollister person."

We found her at the hospital, and, believe me, she was the real goods, all right. I didn't blame Fatty a bit. The Chief (Continued on page 24)



"I happen to know that he's very deeply in love with you—I do not blame him"

The Lucky Boy

Part II of "On the German Heels"

BY JAMES HOPPER

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

IT is the fate of a war correspondent to bear with him always the burden of a quality gratuitously given him by everyone and especially by his friends; he is supposed to be tormented, eternally and unappeasably, by a hunger for seeing everything there is to be seen. His most earnest protest, his most wistful hint, have not the slightest effect against this granitic and monstrous legend. Wherever he may find himself, no matter how uncertain his soul, some one there is always at his elbow to point onward and say: "If you'll go over there, you'll see this or that." He may hesitate, he may try to loiter, but always, of course, at the end, he finds himself forced to go see this or that.

Knowing this, fully aware of the hopelessness of any other course, as soon as this engaging and demoniac doughboy (he was about eighteen, had dark curly hair and innocent, girlish eyes) had said: "If you want to see the whole thing, go down to the end of the street," we forced our ears to prick and our faces to light with eagerness, and answered: "All right, boy, lead us to it."

We went down the little street, in a direction opposite to the one by which we had come in. The street became a lane, with a neat small stone wall on either side, then the walls ceased, and we were clear of the village. We went on some two hundred feet, and the "whole thing" was before our eyes. For a moment we inwardly blessed the doughboy. We were out in the open, on the extreme edge of the plateau upon which the village stood, as if we had been on the prow of a great ship. At our feet was a deep and narrow valley. Its depths were full of a light green foliage. At first we saw but this foliage, then slowly we realized that there were men down there, masses of men, masses of French troops, their faded horizon-blue melting into the green; they eddied and whirled within and under the immovable foliage; a great ambush lay there at our feet, or a secret preparation for a new attack. Then our eyes, moving up along the valley slope opposite us, saw that it was strangely streaked, in long horizontal lines, near the top; batteries were up there, gun after gun in line just below the brow of the rise. New ones were arriving, drawn up the hill; men were digging platforms for them. They worked with a minimum of movement, subtly and secretly, and out of all this carefully checked animation there came no sound at all. I had never imagined anything at once so furtive and so formidable as this which lay beneath our eyes. The silence was like a witchery. True, there were the cat yells of shells passing over our heads to break behind us. But this somehow had nothing to do with the scene which lay beneath our feet; this was in another world from that. We looked on engrossed as if at a mirage, or at something behind a film, or at our own dreaming.

On the other side of the valley the plain stretched again, bare of village or dwelling, rust-yellow with

wheat fields—the abandoned wheat fields which have played so tragic a part in this battle. "Yes, we were crawling through the wheat fields, and I looked over to the right, and he wasn't there any more." How many times I have heard that of late! We could not see what terrible things were hid in these, but we could see them waving slowly, disheveled in the breeze. The plain swelled slightly for a distance, then, where it again fell, a twisting column of black smoke told where Berzy-le-Sec lay—Berzy-le-Sec, taken this morning by our boys.

half feet tall, and who must have looked like a general, like a major general—no, not a major general, but who must have looked like *the* general of all the armies that ever were. There dwelled within us, I think, a dim realization of the indiscretion of our conduct, a vague feeling of standing very naked before an imminent threat, but the scene spread out before us, absorbed us, so that the dim realization, the vague sensing, did not rise to our conscious brain. In one of us, though, this must have happened. Joe Timmons—"old" Joe Timmons, who was

newer to the war than we were, and hence had read more about it than we had, and knew much that we had forgotten—had been slowly edging back away from us, from our provoking and compromising grouping. While still looking on, he had backed gradually till now, as we looked about for him, we found him at the mouth of the lane again, modestly shielded behind a little stone wall.

On Our Noses

THE reason we looked about was that we had begun to wonder what we should do next, and that we wanted to talk it over. So, seeing Joe where he was, we moved back to him and then all of us moved a little farther back still in the lane. The situation was this: We had probably come a little too far north, a little too far to the left in the long battle line, and we had French troops before us. If we tried to move up to Berzy-le-Sec straight ahead, we might be stopped, as our passes were good only for American zones. I had an idea our line of

advance was farther to the right, and that the thing to do was to double back through Missy to the opposite end of it (by which we had come in) and then go forward from there toward Berzy. Our large and innocent plans were still urgent within us.

Well, we were squatting, or kneeling, or crouching up against the wall, discussing this, when she came. "Wwwhhhhheeeee!"—a demoniac whistle and shriek, piercingly loud right away, and immediately followed by the explosion. A wall came down, up the lane—and we went down—on our noses. Stones and plaster rained upon our backs; in another second we were up again, looking like bakers. Looking like bakers and laughing—no one was hurt and we thought it had been a mere chance shot, a shot trying to get over the village to the road behind.

"If we had started to go without talking about it," said wise old Timmons, "we would have been just where that shell—" I think he was going to say "struck," but stopped just before saying it to listen for just the one-thousandth of a second and flatten himself on the ground without listening further. He found company there; we were all about him and on him. A very small distance up the lane another shell had arrived.

We were still laughing—of course—when we got up. But we had lost all desire for going along the lane to the other side of the village. Instead we left



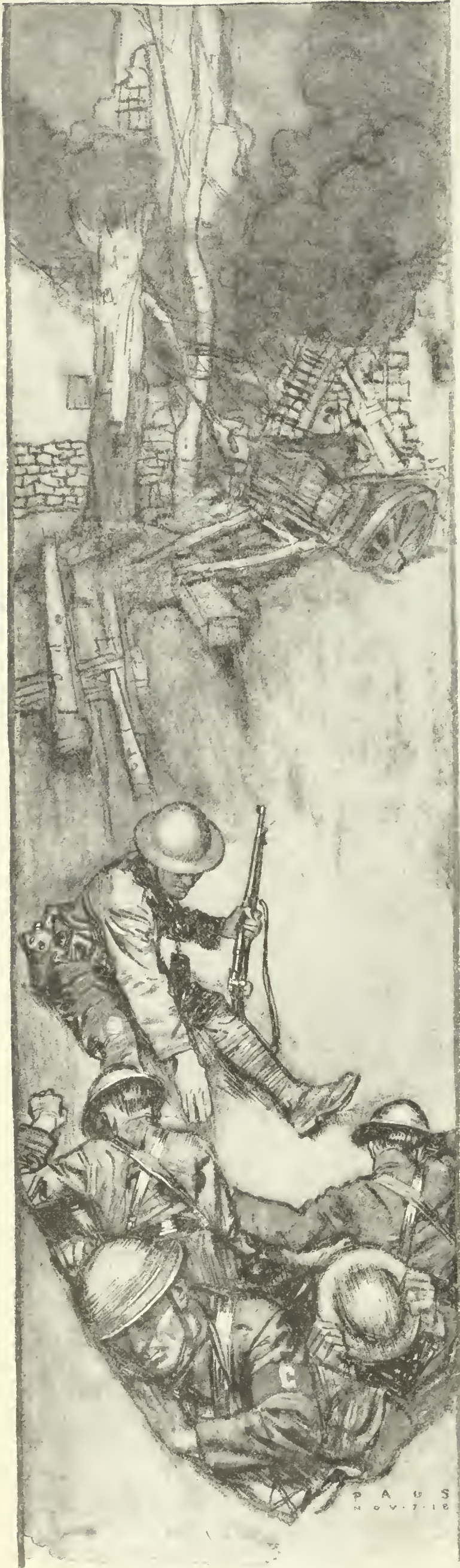
Four old poilus appeared, bearing a stretcher upon which lay a limp and shrouded form

There was a sound of hobnailed steps beneath us, and along a winding path rising from the bottom of the valley four old poilus appeared, bearing upon their shoulders a stretcher upon which lay a limp and shrouded form. They gained the road and vanished into the village. A few minutes after four more came, rising progressively to us, gaining the road, and disappearing within the village. And after that it

"If you want to see the whole thing," said the doughboy to Hopper, "go down to the end of the street." What the end of the street revealed, what happened when the Germans spotted the war correspondents and began to shell them, the return from the front, a chat with American wounded, including the young captain whom Hopper calls the "Lucky Boy"—all this is in Part II of "On the German Heels."—THE EDITOR.

was the same way all of the time; at regular intervals a wounded man rose from the valley, the pretty valley at our feet—it was like the slow, measured trickling of blood drop by drop from the battle field.

We stood out there, on the edge of the high plateau, visible, I suppose, for miles around, and with us was "Spike" Hunt, who is at least seven and a



"That's the way," he shouted in the voice used in the coaching box at a baseball game—"that's the way! You boys got the idea—just hug the old mud—you're all right!"

our place and walked out—leisurely, but looking, all, a little insulted—out into the open again and to the edge of the plateau. A third shell, crumpling down just at the spot we had left, failed to hurry our progress. It did succeed, however, in causing us to fall into a shell hole. It was a shell hole made by a seventy-seven; it was a little bit of a shell hole. I think I have forgotten to mention the fact that we had with us, besides "Spike" Hunt, who is seven and a half feet tall, our conducting (or conducted) officer, Lieutenant Light, who is about six and a half. When these two had composed their limbs the bottom of the shell hole looked like the home of an octopus. Happily we saw some twenty feet away another shell hole—a much more generous crater, made by a two hundred and ten with a delayed fuse—and we got into that. It was both wide and deep, and the explosion had thrown up about it a circular lip of clods like a rampart.

Trapped

WE sat in a circle within it, feeling much better, and beginning to recover from a certain breathlessness. Some one even hazarded a small jest. Then—but I can describe that one only by saying it was like a violent breath aimed at close quarters right at one's face. It was sound, of course, a shriek, but it was so direct, so aimed at one's face, so short, that it was like the breath hiss of hate of some loathsome monster which from ambush had just raised its head over the crater's lip. It lasted just the shortest fraction of time before the explosion, but in that time we had all curled up like porcupines at the very bottom of the shell hole. Our doughboy was delighted with our performance. He looked at us, his eyes alight with approbation. "That's the way," he shouted, in the voice used in the coaching box at a baseball game—"that's the way! You boys got the idea—just hug the old mud—you're all right!"

We were trying to look all right. We were sitting up again, in a circle; we jested airily; but each was privately noting how greenish were the faces of all the others. "How near do you suppose was *that* one?" I asked of the doughboy. But he was not curious. "I don't know," he laughed. "Pretty close, all right! Do you want to get out and look?"

I passed the invitation in dignified silence. But we did know where the next one struck. It struck the side of the valley, just below our level, and we saw the smoke and the earth go up—not more than fifty feet away.

Our situation now was a singular one. We affected to think that the boche was merely shelling the village, especially that end of it where we had gathered, but a suspicion we did not like to voice was in all of us. We were fairly safe in our shell hole, but we could not stay forever in our shell hole. We could not tell what was coming. The fire might become a drum fire; the high explosives might change to gas. Some one suggested we find a dugout and remain there till the bombardment ceased.

Our doughboy was immediately on the alert. He knew of a German dugout near by. The Germans had cleared out only that very morning. It was full of boche souvenirs—helmets, rifles, grenades, and things. I saw, at the mention of this possible loot, Spike Hunt's ears prick strangely. The German dugout idea looked good to all of us, for one reason or other, to Spike probably for two reasons. So we set out.

The way lay along the edge of the plateau for perhaps a hundred yards, then there was a little house which had received a hit that had knocked most of it into the field, and it was the cellar of this little house which the doughboy called a dugout. We set out with dignity, at a measured walk, and indeed did not quicken step once; but three times on the journey we had to throw ourselves down, and we no sooner were within the cellar when a fourth shell burst at the door.

The cellar, although giving but moderate physical protection because the house which should have been on top of it was no longer on top of it, yet offered much moral comfort. I saw Spike Hunt dig immediately into the litter left by the Germans. There were coats there, with buttons that could be cut off, and

there were helmets and caps and bayonets, but Spike did not seem to be altogether satisfied. Then the doughboy said: "There's another dugout close. The boys caught three Germans there this morning. There's *lots* of stuff there." And Spike immediately said: "Let's go there."

The doughboy, Spike, and I started out, leaving Timmons and Light where they were—and we had no sooner stuck our noses out of doors, when a shell which seemed to have been waiting for just that move from us, came shrieking up. We went down on a pile of stones—there was no hole, no depression—and barked our knees. And we had no sooner entered the second dugout when another shell burst right at the door.

This dugout was much better than the other one. It was, like the other one, really a cellar, but more of house remained above it. It was still warm with recent occupancy. At a small table in the center were bottles, three half-filled glasses, and dice. Bunks were in the corners, their blankets thrown aside in hurried awakening. And amid the litter of discarded clothes and mattresses on the floor were cartridges, cartridge clips, cartridge belts, bayonets, rifles, helmets, haversacks, water bottles, gas masks—a wondrous wealth spread there for the souvenir hunter.

I watched Spike going through this litter carefully, with the innocent greed of an infant rag-picker. He seized one by one several Mausers, examined and poised them carefully, and finally found one that was intact and in good condition. Then he looked for a bayonet and a scabbard. By taking the scabbard of one bayonet and the bayonet of another scabbard he obtained a good bayonet and a good scabbard and hooked those to the good Mauser. He then went ammunition hunting. He found many clips which he placed by the gun, and finally a whole machine-gun belt, all glistening with its five hundred copper cartridges, which he wreathed in festoons about the gun.

He was absorbed, he was not listening to what was happening outside. But I was. I was listening to shells dropping about our humble shelter, none of them at all far away. They were not coming so very often, but each was striking near; each seemed the result of a definite effort and intent. And I was sweating blood.

This is a confession made freely, in generous contribution to whatever documentation there might be on the subject of the psychology of being shelled. I have never hesitated to tell candidly what I felt under shell fire—especially when what I felt was rather to my credit. And so I will say that, although up to this time, even when under shell fire ever so much heavier than this—once protracted for more than twenty-four hours—I had never been really struck deep by fear, and had, in fact, gone through the worst of these experiences in a strange state of exultation, now, at Missy-aux-Bois, under a very moderate shower, on the whole, as to time and volume, I found myself sweating blood. I did not tell anyone I was sweating blood, but I was. I wanted to get out. I had just one stubborn desire, and that was to get out. To get out of this hideous little place with the pretty name, where I had a feeling of being trapped, of being trapped forever, and of being far, far, desolately far, from—well, from all the charming places and charming things and charming persons which make up life, enchanting life.

Like Bugs in a Split Log

I DISCOVERED that I wanted to live—absolutely I wanted to live. I didn't want to get hit by any shell. I didn't want to get blotted out. I wanted to get back—back in time and space to where I had been a few hours before. And the way back looked far, far, far, and barred by many material obstacles and some weird will having its way with me.

I discovered that for several months in the field I had been deceiving myself with a fine romantic idea that I didn't really care so very much if I got killed, that I didn't really care if a shell *did* hit me. I discovered that this was a purely romantic idea, not at all based on any real strong instinct within me, one perfectly artificial and fake—and that I wanted to live. I did not want to get killed at all, at all. I wanted to live; I wanted to get out of here.

I suppose the uncertainty of the situation had to do with my demoralization. We had landed here hurriedly and rather in disorder, and we had not found here what we were expecting. (Continued on page 30)





A Little Chunk of the U. S. A.

BY WEBB WALDRON

COLLIER'S SPECIAL EDITORIAL REPRESENTATIVE IN EUROPE

ERNEST GOODNOUGH of Honea Path, S. C., private in the ——— Infantry, wanted some chocolate cake. He had been shot at Soissons and was dying in a Paris hospital. But, before he died, he wanted that one thing—a piece of the kind of chocolate cake his mother used to make in Honea Path. Beckoning to a nurse, he whispered his wish in her ear.

"Chocolate cake?" she gasped. "I'm sorry—there isn't any."

"Yes," Ernest insisted, "send over to the club. They'll get me some."

Now let it be understood that, to all intents and purposes, the nurse told the truth. All the French cake factories have been closed, the cake shops shut up. To be sure, you can buy in certain groceries, at an astonishingly high price, certain little objects called cakes, but they are made without sugar and taste remarkably like sawdust. And as for a chocolate cake—a big chocolate cake like the cakes of Honea Path—the thing is simply impossible in a country where you must stand hours in line for the privilege of buying even half a pound of chocolate and where hen's eggs are about as rare as hen's teeth. Nevertheless the hospital sent word over to "the club"—the Soldiers and Sailors' Club—that Ernest Goodnough of Honea Path wanted some chocolate cake.

And, behold! a few hours later a large, luscious chocolate cake was brought to Ernest's bedside. He looked and looked. Then, with the nurse's help, he tasted and tasted again—no wonder a boy from a town named Honea Path has a sweet tooth!—and sank back to die. To die, of course. All the doctors had said he would die. All the nurses knew he would die. But the queer thing is that Ernest did not die. From that moment he started to get better. He has been getting better ever since.

Such is the effect of a dream in a far-off land after months of strange faces, strange language, strange food—a dream realized. Such is the psychology of chocolate cake.

The psychology of ice cream is much the same. Ice cream in France has always been made more or less to pamper the peculiar taste of American tourists, and now, of course, with the scarcity of milk it is a thing practically unknown. From the moment the Yank sets foot on a transport, ice cream becomes one of the poignant memories of home, a symbol of all he has left behind and a dangerous thing to mention. The word brings up a picture of hammocks and side porches and mother and best girl and everything like that.

The Soldiers and Sailors' Club does the impossible in giving our wounded boys the things that lie nearest their hearts' desire—ice cream, chocolate cake, and other reminders of home. Mr. Waldron tells here about the club.—THE EDITOR.

you like some ice cream?"

With quivering face he lifted himself from his pillow. "What!" he said excitedly. "Is the war over?"

It was a woman from the S. and S. Club who put a dish of ice cream into that blind boy's fumbling hands. The directors of the club had asked them-

An American soldier, blinded by gas, had been brought after weeks of torture to a hospital in the suburbs of Paris. Into his world of pain and darkness came suddenly one day the quiet voice of an American woman: "Wouldn't



Captain and Mrs. Beekman (insert) directors of the S. and S., a Paris club for privates and noncoms only

selves: What would give wounded doughboys the most sheer, undiluted joy? There was simply one answer—ice cream. "Why," said Mrs. Beekman on a hot September day, "if the American army thought there was ice cream in Berlin, it would be there next week!" So the club started its plan of taking ice

cream to the Paris hospitals. The club originated the idea and gives the service; the Red Cross generously contributes the ingredients for the treat.

An American had been brought in from the desperate fighting on the Ourcq. He was unconscious. The identification tag had been torn from his wrist. He was dying. No one knew who he was. Then that question close to his ear "Wouldn't you like some ice cream?" did what doctors had been unable to do—brought him back to consciousness. He couldn't eat the ice cream, but he gave his name, told what regiment he belonged to and how he had been wounded, and whispered a message to his people at home before he died.

Just Pass the Word to the S. and S.

WHEN the men get in shape to be moved they are loaded into motor trucks and driven to the club for their cream. Almost any day you can see a row of trucks, borrowed from the army or the Red Cross, rolling up in front of the clubrooms on Rue Royale near the Madeleine, out of which climb a bunch of expectant Yanks. Sometimes they have to be helped out and carried up the stairs, while others, with arms in slings or bandaged heads but sound legs, mount the stairs themselves. On one occasion three sailors happened along just as a doughboy, wounded in the foot, was trying to climb the stairs. The sailors lifted him on their shoulders.

"Hello," said a passer-by, "the navy helping the army, eh?"

"About time they did something," growled another soldier.

Quick as a flash one of the sailors twisted his head.

"Well, we got you over here, anyway."

One day a funny thing happened. A party of wounded marines, on their way back to hospital after the ice-cream treat, persuaded the truck driver to take them sight-seeing; this was their first peek at Paris. What did they want to see first? Notre Dame, of course. So presently the sacristans of Notre Dame were startled to see a party of tourists in bath robes and slippers limping and tiptoeing about the aisles, looking up with solemn eagerness into the grey vaulted roof. The curious Paris crowd that had collected outside smiled with indulgent sympathy as these wounded "boys"—Paris has learned to call them "boys"—were helped back into their truck. This certainly was the first time a party of

tourists had visited Notre Dame in bath robes, and, incidentally, it was the last time it ever will happen. The French military authorities decided, after the Notre Dame episode, that hospitals would have to provide some sort of uniform for patients on a spree. The photographs on this page were made, obviously, before that rule went into effect.

Another S. and S. idea that has brought joy to many wounded doughboys is the birthday party. When a bunch of fellows find out, probably by accident, that Johnny Jones of Manistee, who had his leg smashed at Belleau Wood and is lying with them in Hospital No. 5, will celebrate his nineteenth birthday next Tuesday, somebody passes the word to Mrs. Beekman at the club, and on Tuesday Johnny Jones

is amazed to see a magnificent cake with nineteen candles carried into his ward and placed right beside his bed. The wild happiness of such a thing—such an astounding, undreamed-of thing—to a boy who for reasons known to the post office probably hasn't had a letter from home for seven months is something that can't be told on paper.

And then at times a fellow gets three months' pay all at once while lying in bed, or receives a check from home, and conceives the perfectly legitimate idea of treating the whole ward of forty-eight fellows (Continued on page 28)





What England Has Given

BY HENRY ROOD

THIS is a plain, unvarnished statement, showing some of the things Great Britain has accomplished in the War for Civilization. The facts and figures are provided by the British Government's Bureau of Information in response to a request for exact data. That which follows is the most accurate available at the time of writing.

Viewed as a whole, or examined in detail, they present a photographic picture literally astounding to those unconsciously influenced by anti-British propagandists who have ceaselessly conducted a campaign, in this country, to belittle the military, naval, and industrial effort of England; to make the world at large believe England has been using the people of other lands as a cat's-paw while shielding her own sons and daughters, and protecting her own material wealth.

That August day, 1914, when the war broke out, the British navy had a tonnage of 2,500,000, and a personnel of 145,000 officers and men. To-day it has a tonnage (including the auxiliary fleet) of 8,000,000, and a personnel of almost 500,000. This does not include the mercantile marine, or patrol vessels, mine sweepers, etc., in the auxiliary fleet. There are 50,000 men serving in these, and not less than 10,000 in this branch have given their lives for the sake of human liberty. Of Britain's great army of civilian workers not less than 1,000,000 are exclusively engaged on work for the navy.

There are certain articles which Germany cannot produce or cannot produce in sufficient quantity, and which she is compelled to have in order to continue warfare. The principal items are raw cotton, copper, sugar, wool, hides, meat. Germany's imports of these indispensables, from 1910 to 1914 (the outbreak of war), averaged as follows:

Raw cotton, 405,000 metric tons; copper, 181,000 metric tons; sugar, 4,771,000 metric tons; wool, 189,000 metric tons; hides, 239,000 metric tons; meat, 1,919,000 hundredweight.

Every Third Male in War Service!

UP rose the Lion, that fateful August day, 1914, threw back his great head, shaking his tawny mane, and uttered a roar of defiance. And Germany's importations of the necessities of war, as quoted above, fell with a crash down to nothing at all, excepting for pitiful dribbles here and there, smuggled in at long intervals. Also shut off was the supply of rubber, and of coffee which Germany had imported at the rate of 181,000 metric tons per annum.

Unmoved by heedless criticism, by sneers and worse from some who imagined themselves to be masters of military strategy, Great Britain kept armies in Saloniki, Mesopotamia, Palestine—and the unconditional surrender of Bulgaria, with its immeasurable consequences, proves the worth of that "divine folly." In like manner Britain never, for a single hour, relaxed her sea grip on Germany's throat. What happened as one result? On a certain October day the German Chancellor cabled

President Wilson, virtually admitting that the game was drawing near a close, so far as the Hun was concerned. And the next week came word from Washington that this initial surrender by the Kaiser's Government was due largely to shortage of raw material for ordnance—that in a two days' engagement preceding October 8 about sixty German shells out of each hundred falling in a certain area failed to explode, and merely dropped to the earth as harmless "duds."

"The Silent Navy"—that is what they who know it best term the British Lion's huge machine for marine warfare. In four years and a little more it has convoyed in excess of 13,000,000 men, of whom only 2,700 were lost through enemy action; 2,000,000 horses and mules; 500,000 vehicles; 25,000,000 tons of explosives; 51,000,000 tons of fuel, including oil. And it has kept the highways of the deep open for British ships which have carried 130,000,000 tons of

Mr. Rood tells in this article of Britain's share in the war. The facts and figures were obtained from the British Government's Bureau of Information.—THE EDITOR.

food and other supplies for use of the Entente Allies and the United States. We, in this country, are justly proud of the valor and skill of our own navy, and of its glorious deeds. But we should not forget that of all the Allied forces that have been fighting German submarine pirates in Atlantic waters 80 per cent are British, 14 per cent are American, and 6 per cent are French; while of Allied submarines that have been hunting enemy submarines in those same waters, 78 per cent are British, 17 per cent French, and 5 per cent American.

What has Britain achieved in aerial warfare? In August, 1914, the Lion had in service 130 aircraft of all types and 900 men. It is not possible to tell exactly how many aircraft Britain now has, or the numbers in its personnel, because loss of aviators and machines is a varying quantity. But some idea may be gained by the official statement that in a single month British airmen dropped 7,886 bombs on the western front, fired 209,000 rounds of ammunition from the air, and took 15,837 photographs from above the earth, all being taken under heavy shell fire. In one week—from August 8 to August 15, 1918—British air forces brought down 339 German machines and dropped 320 tons of explosive bombs on enemy batteries and ammunition dumps. During the night of August 21, alone, British aviators bombed five German towns, dropping 194 tons of bombs. To-day Britain maintains the largest air forces of all the Allies. During the night of August 24 two of the Lion's air squadrons attacked Constantinople; while his air squadrons have taken the lead on the French front, the Italian front, on Balkan fronts, in Persia, Palestine, and Mesopotamia.

So much, briefly, for what the Lion has done by sea and in air. How about "Britain's contemptible little army" of whom 100,000 arrived in France by the middle of August, 1914, and coming with all speed at the most critical moment in modern times unquestionably saved France from certain and speedy defeat? When Europe was thrown into convulsion of war, four summers ago, the British army consisted of 250,000 regular troops, 200,000 reserves, and 250,000 partly trained volunteers composed of "Territorials" who since have done such heroic service; in all, a total of 700,000 trained soldiers and partly trained volunteers. With these men the Lion had to safeguard his vulnerable isles and his enormous Indian possessions.

It was on August 8, 1914, that Kitchener sent forth his call for "the first hundred thousand"—and they volunteered within a fortnight. A month later 175,000 had been enrolled, of whom 30,000 enlisted in a single day. At the end of the war's first year 2,000,000 had joined the colors; toward the close of May, 1916, King George made public announcement that more than 5,000,000 men (all volunteers) had entered the army and the navy. Yet, instead of diminishing, the stream of British manhood became a veritable flood, so that in August of the present year Lloyd George was able to state that the British Empire had raised for the army and navy a total of more than 8,500,000 men. Of this grand total India had contributed 1,500,000; the British dominions, 1,000,000; Great Britain itself, 6,250,000!

"To-day," says a statement from the British Government's Bureau of Information, "every third male of any age in the British Isles is in some war service"—that is to say, one out of every three in a male population which includes men of eighty, ninety, and over, as well as boy babes in arms.

And what have been Britain's sacrifices in life thus far according to the latest obtainable official figures—which do not include the results of recent furious fighting?

Women Save England

THE first expeditionary force called forth by Kitchener, that handful of 100,000 men hastily mobilized and somehow sent across the Channel, was almost annihilated. A single division lost 10,000 men out of 12,000, while out of 400 officers only 50 escaped casualty. By December, 1915, sixteen months after Britain entered the war, British casualties had mounted to practically 78 per cent of the entire original land forces. An official statement made in London, on August 15, 1918, announced that up to that date 900,000 British soldiers and sailors had suffered death since the war began. More recent losses bring the total of British dead well up above 1,000,000. It must be remembered that British forces have been fighting not only in France, Belgium, Italy, Russia, Siberia, and the Balkans, but also in Kiaochow, New Guinea, (Continued on page 29)

Lady Larkspur

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Chapter Five: His Alice

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Bob Singleton, returned soldier, recuperating at Barton, discovers there a mystery which soon centers about "Aunt Alice," the young widow of his late Uncle Bashford, and her companion, Mrs. Farnsworth. Singleton neglects his own writing and his friend Searles's play, "Lady Larkspur," while he follows one rapidly developing clue after another—the "Troops"; a "Count Montani"; Aunt Alice's fan; the tool-house prisoner; inquiries by the State Department; the arrival of a great English actor.

I WANTED to be alone and struck off through a wood that lay on the northern end of the estate. This was the most picturesque spot on the property, a wild confusion of trees and boulders. On a summit in the midst of it Uncle Bash had built a platform round a majestic pine from which to view the Sound. I went up and was brushing the dead leaves from the bench when, somewhere below me and farther on, I heard voices.

I flattened myself on the platform, listening intently. A stiff breeze from the Sound flung the voices clearly to my hiding place, and I became aware that Alice and Mrs. Farnsworth were holding a colloquy in what seemed to be the vein of their whimsical make-believe. That they should be doing this in the depth of the woodland merely for their own amusement did not surprise me—nothing they could have done would have astonished me—but the tone of their talk changed abruptly.

"Try it from that boulder there," said Mrs. Farnsworth. "It's an ideal place, created for the purpose."

I could see them moving about and hear the swish of shrubbery and the scraping of their feet on the rough slope.

"How will that do?" asked Alice.

"Beautifully," replied Mrs. Farnsworth. "Now go ahead from the beginning of the scene."

Cautiously drawing back the branches, I espied Alice striking a pose on a mammoth rock. She bent forward, clasping her knees, and with an occasional glance at what appeared to be an open book beside her, she began:

"You ask me who I am, my lord? It matters not at all who or what I am; let it suffice that berries are my food and the brook that sings behind me gives me drink. To be one thing or another is a weariness. Would you ask yonder oak for a name, or trouble the wind with like foolish questions? No; it is enough that a tree is strong and fine to look upon and that a wind carries healing in its wings."

With an arresting gesture, and throwing into her voice all its charm and a new compelling innocence and sweetness, she continued:

"But you would have a name? Then, O foolish one, so much I will tell you: Yesterday I was Helen, who launched a thousand ships and shook the topless towers of Ilium. To-day I am Rosalind in the forest of Arden, and to-morrow I may be Antigone, or Ariel or Viola, or what you will. I am what I make myself or choose to be. I pray you, ask me no more."

My face was wet with perspiration, and my heart thumped wildly. For either I was stark, staring mad, or these were lines from Searles's "Lady Larkspur," the manuscript of which was carefully locked in my trunk.

"That should be spoken a trifle more slowly, and with the best air of spontaneity you can put into it," Mrs. Farnsworth was saying. "You can work it out better when you learn the lines. It's immensely effective having the last scene come back to the big boulder on the mountainside. Let me look at that a minute."

She took up the manuscript and turned to the passage she sought.

"Let me read this over," Mrs. Farnsworth continued: "I have played, my lord, at hide and seek with the stars, and I have run races with the brooks. You alone of all that have sought me are equally

fleet of foot and heart! If you but touch my hand, I am lost forever. And this hand—I beg you look at it—is as brown as a berry and as rough as hickory bark. A wild little hand and not lightly to be yielded at any man's behest. Look at me carefully, my lord." She rises to full height quickly. Let me see you do that, Alice."

Alice's golden head became more distinctly visible as she stood erect upon the boulder.

"You can improve on that: it must be done very lightly and quickly, just touching the tips of your fingers to the rock. Ah, splendid! Now stand with one hand dropped upon the hip—let me see how that looks. Very good; now repeat these lines after me: 'This other world, of which you speak?' Shake your head slowly, frowning; every hint of sincere doubt and questioning you can throw into look and gesture. 'Is it a kind world, a place of honest hearts? You have spoken of cities, and crowded avenues, of music and theatres and many things I have read of but never seen. You promise me much, but what should I do in so vast a company? I am very happy here. Spring and summer fill my hands with flowers and in winter I lay my face to the wind that carries sleet and snow. All this is mine.' Arms stretched out. You mustn't make that stiff—very good. 'Earth and sky and forest belong to me. The morning comes down the sky in search of me and the tired day bids me good-by at the western gate. You would change rags for silk.' You turn your body and catch your skirt in your hands, looking down. Yes; you are barefoot in this scene. You'll have to practice that turn. Now—'And yet I should lose my dominion; in that world you boast of I should no more be Lady Larkspur.'"

Alice had repeated these lines, testing and trying different modulations, and sometimes a dozen repetitions hardly sufficed to satisfy Mrs. Farnsworth, who herself recited them and postured for Alice's instruction.

"Please read the whole of the second act again," said Alice, seating herself on the boulder. I waited a few minutes, enjoying the beautiful flow of Mrs. Farnsworth's voice, then, mystified and awed, I crept down the ladder and stole away. "It's Dick Searles's play," I kept whispering to myself. It was the "Lady Larkspur" that he was hiding until he could find the girl who had so enchanted him in London and for whom he had written this very comedy with its setting in the Virginia hills.

HURRYING to the garage, I snarled at Flynn, who said Torrence had been calling me all morning and had finally left word that he would motor to Barton at eight the next evening to see me on urgent business. I unlocked my trunk and dug out my copy of "Lady Larkspur." Not even the wizardry of Alice and her friend could have extracted the script. The two women had in some way possessed themselves of another copy; and I sat down and began recalling everything Searles had told me about his efforts to find Violet Dewing.

The telephone on the table at my elbow rang until Flynn came in timidly to quiet it.

"If it's Mr. Torrence—" I began.

"It's the Barton station, sir. There's a telegram."

I snatched the receiver spitefully, thinking it only



"That would be very, very different"

the methodical Torrence confirming the appointment made by telephone. But the operator began reading:

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, September 30, 1917.

Cable from London agent says last forwarding address for Violet Dewing was hotel in Seattle. Please ask Harkaway & Stein and anybody else on Broadway who might know what companies are headed that way. I find no clue in theatrical papers and don't want to mess things by making inquiries direct. If party can be located, will start for western coast immediately.

SEARLES.

The thought of Searles was comforting, and I reproached myself for not having summoned him at the beginning of my perplexities. I immediately dictated this reply:

Take first train East and come to me at Barton as quickly as possible. Hope to have news for you.

I then jotted down on a scratch pad this memorandum:

The young woman representing herself as Mrs. Bashford and now established in my uncle's house is one or all of the following persons:

1. Uncle Bash's widow.
2. An impostor.
3. A spy of some sort, pursued by secret agents.
4. Violet Dewing, an actress.
5. The most interesting and the loveliest and most charming girl in the world.

I checked off one, two, and three as doubtful if not incredible; four seemed possible and five was wholly incontrovertible. But the first three certainly required much illumination, and the fourth I was helpless to reconcile with any of the others but the last. I reviewed Searles's enthusiastic description of the young woman who had inspired him to write "Lady Larkspur," and could only excuse my stupidity in not fitting it to Alice the first time I saw her on the ground that Barton was the last place in the world I would have looked for her. And then, with all his exuberance, Searles hadn't done her justice!

The following day nothing of importance happened, though Alice and Mrs. Farnsworth again spent the morning in the woodland, presumably studying Searles's play. My thoughts galloped through my head in a definite formula: "If she is not my aunt—" "If she is an impostor—" "If she is a spy playing a deep game in the seclusion of Barton—" "If she is the actress Searles is

(Continued on page 16)



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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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ROBERT J. COLLIER died suddenly at his residence in New York City on November 8. He was the only son of PETER F. COLLIER. After studying at Georgetown, Harvard, and Oxford, he joined his father in the publishing business which later was conducted under the name of P. F. Collier & Son.

For a number of years the house had printed a paper which was at first called "Once a Week" and later COLLIER'S WEEKLY. It occurred to the eager mind of the younger man that this publication might be transformed into something more vital and vigorous, a paper that would at the same instant interpret and help to direct the thought of the time. He was without experience, but wide and appreciative reading and an instinctive correctness of taste gave him the best of foundations for the journalistic edifice which had grown in his imagination. The occasion waited for him. Not long after he had created COLLIER'S WEEKLY the war with Spain broke out. He threw all the forces of his fine mind into the representation of this event. COLLIER'S couriers were everywhere. The best draftsmen, the most enterprising photographers, the most accurate writers were summoned to portray the first trial of strength which this country had attempted for a third of a century. Young men entering on the career of journalism may well go over the old pages of COLLIER'S and learn from them the sorely needed lesson that the truth is not necessarily separated from the picturesque.

After the Spanish War, Mr. COLLIER turned the paper to a vigorous discussion of public affairs. He placed no restraint upon the writers on these subjects, but it was inevitable that they should reflect his own integrity of purpose and some of his good nature. There never was anything very grim about the COLLIER'S "crusades." The paper flung its spear at the heads of the wicked, but somehow seemed to say it would be as glad if it missed as if it hit. Among the principal achievements of the paper during this period—the one that he looked back upon with the greatest satisfaction—was the suppression of the patent-medicine evil. At the time COLLIER'S commenced its fight the daily newspapers were the medium for the distribution of ruinous drugs of all kinds which were advertised far and wide as cures for serious diseases. The articles in COLLIER'S put an end to that business. Newspapers stopped printing patent-medicine advertisements, legislatures passed bills condemning the manufacture of the nostrums, and at the present moment the sale of harm-

ful drugs is furtive and criminal. The passage of the Pure Food Act was a direct consequence of these exposures.

It is hardly necessary to recall to old readers of COLLIER'S the brisk fight against a scandalous publication of great notoriety, the continual struggle for honest advertising and clean politics, the long-drawn-out battle for the conservation of the public lands which had among its incidents the resignation of a Cabinet officer and the elevation to the Supreme Court of a lawyer who before that time

had enjoyed no more than a parochial reputation. In 1906 Mr. COLLIER founded the Lincoln Farm Association and raised the money for the noble memorial that now stands at the birthplace of the great President. This he turned over to the Government. He was one of the first American journalists to see the possibilities of airplanes, and his interest in this wonderful invention led to his long friendship with the Wright brothers. He was also one of the first amateurs to fly in this country. We could sum the whole story up by saying that wherever ROBERT COLLIER saw anything that was bad or cruel he struck at it fearlessly and yet with toleration for the human beings involved and a certain amount of pity for even the worst of them. He was without vindictiveness, and the pages of his paper showed it. Of his purely journalistic successes it is not necessary to speak. But it is proper to remark that he led the way and widened the field of pictorial journalism. Pursuing his theory that the right kind of paper must be amusing as well as instructive, and that it must first please the eye, he gained at one time or another the services of all the best illustrators in America. As for contributors to the text of the paper, they practically have included every name of prominence in English literature in the last twenty years.

Mr. COLLIER had many interests outside his business. In fact, the old saying, "Nothing human foreign was to him," could be applied exactly in his case. He was a real lover of books. His feeling as to the influence of good literature was expressed by the lines he wrote about his father

in 1909: "Of poetry, of history, of high fiction, he had sent millions of volumes among the people, and he was glad. He knew what a good book meant in a humble home."

Of ROBERT J. COLLIER personally it is impossible for a friend to write with composure. He was the soul of honor, the most honest and the kindest of men. His associates who knew his tender thoughtfulness, and were in daily contact with the buoyancy and gayety of his nature, now part from him with heavy hearts.

Photo by Pirie MacDonald



R. J. COLLIER

June 17, 1876—November 8, 1918

Accident Insurance Against Martyrdom

WHEN Christian confessors under the Roman Empire were haled before the courts and accused of sedition in refusing to worship the established state divinities, they began by asking for a postponement of three months on account of Iberian influenza. When the case came up for trial there appeared in their behalf the eminent jurist, T. LABIENUS DEMOSTHENES, who denied the competency of the court; when this plea was rejected he asked for a change of venue to Babylonia; when this was denied he questioned the validity of the indictment because of the omission of a quotation mark on the second page; when this was denied he proceeded to call up his witnesses in order to show (1) that the Christian confessors never entered into a conspiracy to deny worship to the pagan gods; (2) that they never individually denied the existence of Jupiter, but contented themselves with circulating pamphlets entitled "Is There Such a Thing as Jupiter?" and left it to the reader to answer for himself; (3) that at the time the pamphlets were circulated Jupiter's prestige was too firmly established to be threatened by anything they could do or say, etc.

This is *not* the way the history of early Christianity is written; but this is the way it would be written if the Christian martyrs had been as clever as the present-day free spirits who oppose wars and conscription laws "imposed by Wall Street" upon suffering humanity, and deny the validity of the Espionage Law. Once at the bar, these proud defiers of man-made laws ask for a dismissal of the indictment on the grounds laid down by Chief Justice JUDKINS in *Blump vs. Nipp*, Arizona Federal Reports, 34, page 189. Fond of comparing themselves with the martyrs who suffered in the arena, they are not above getting the best legal services to save them from the lions.

There have been a few refreshing exceptions. Sentence was imposed the other day on a conscientious objector. He told the court:

I am before you as a deliberate violator of the Draft Act. When notified to take a physical examination I notified my draft board that I declined to do so, and instead presented myself to the United States District Attorney for prosecution. I regard the conscription of life as a flat contradiction of all our cherished ideals of individual freedom, democratic liberty, and Christian teaching.

Wrong-headed, narrow, selfish, perhaps; but men will not deny a certain respect to the man who is willing to pay the price, which so few of our anarchists are ready to do.

The Proof of the Budget

PERHAPS we have talked too much about the need for using sense in spending public money, but the importance of the subject is now measured by the billion. Here's a case in point: In the fall of 1914 the State of Connecticut had a debt of \$10,860,000, net. MARCUS H. HOLCOMB, a frigid, rigid lawyer of a sort that probably could not have been elected in any other State in the Union, was made governor, and next year a modern budget system was established under a State Board of Finance. All the organs of the State Government—boards, departments, institutions, etc.—must make detailed reports to this body, and it holds meetings and hearings with the Legislature's Joint Committee on Appropriations. The Finance Board has the whole process of voting and using the State's money under its thumb. To-day that debt has disappeared, except for bonds not yet due, and these are covered by sinking-fund assets, and Connecticut has a balance on hand of \$1,320,000. That is not any special piece of Yankee thrift, for plenty of New England communities have sloppy public finances; it is just plain good management of a sort which any city, State, or nation can get by insisting on it. Of course three million dollars a year is much too small a bit of change for the arithmeticians in Washington to notice, but Connecticut has proved the merit of the budget system.

Give the Soldier His Due

THIS war was won by soldiers, not by dickering diplomats or morale mongers. Bulgaria quit because her forces were not able to hold the Balkan ridges. The Serbs and their comrades of the Allied armies paid a heavy price for that smashing victory, but they had the men and the means to compel it. Turkey quit because ALLENBY'S forces broke up the Sultan's armies and conquered his provinces. It took some years to gain the skill and hardness necessary, and to get adequate equipment together, but Great Britain did it. Austria failed to put Italy out of the war and got an armistice only after the Italians had taken half a million prisoners. Germany seethed with discontent, but the real trouble was that her armies were being whipped and her Rhine towns bombed. The hard,

unending work of four years comes to triumphant expression in the great concerts of victory played by master musician FOCH across the keyboard of two continents. The dear-bought skill of devoted multitudes of soldiers, in all ranks of the Allied armies, makes that march of freedom possible. No doubt the soldier is a specialist, seldom a statesman, not often a great administrator; perhaps it is best that the results of his labors should be built upon by those trained to see and pursue the ideals of peaceful progress, but even the modern world has no substitute for the soldier's work. The morale of the vulture nations would be good enough if only their armies could win. There is no virtue whatever in this current civilian undervaluation of military achievement. We may have a better world after the war—we ought to—but that fairer order of human things will stand solely because the armed forces of right fought harder, fought better, and fought longer.

The Food Alliance

THE free nations of the world have not as yet a common government, nor are they bound by a common treaty, but they are eating a common loaf. That is HOOVER'S title to fame, and history will recognize it. Your share in the matter is to eat four slices of bread where you are used to eating five. (And be sure they are the same-sized slices or smaller!) If possible, make it two slices instead of three, and grow your own vegetables to fill the gap thus left. The pantry reserve for the Entente peoples is that huge mass of wheat now stacked up in Australia. It is up to the shipping people to get enough cargo boats to transport it.

Secret Things

THE prophecy of a free Europe is in the touching story of how the French and Belgians emerged from their four years beneath the brutal German hoof. With few exceptions they had kept the faith, had lived true to the hope of that final day of liberation. The people of Lille had all learned various English phrases with which to welcome the British soldiers: "We are very glad to see you," "We have great joy to-day," and the like. Some burghers of Bruges doffed their ceremonial silk hats and sang "Tipperary" from beginning to end for the benefit of certain astounded English Tommies. Fancy a group of business men in Rochester or Dubuque chanting "Madelon" for their poilu visitors! The half-starved children of Belgium left off eating the first square meal they had had in years to sing the songs of their trampled country, songs learned in darkness and misery and under the shadow of a tyranny too savage for shame, songs sung with such burning zeal that men who had endured all the horrors of war stood around and cried like schoolgirls at a *matinée*. Imagine trying to explain those hearts to the tricky meanness of the German soul! The very origin of freedom is in that indomitable spirit which years of scientific oppression were powerless to crush. People like that must and shall be free, and it is the high privilege of our civilized world to see to it that their liberty shall never be put in peril again.

Your After-the-War Finance

THERE may not be more than one or two additional Liberty Loans, but there assuredly will be plenty of war-size taxes in the next few years. Those who have learned thrift, self-denial, and productive energy in the hard school of our recent experience will find it easier to pay them. The soldier coming back to take up his share of the load may well have an advantage in this matter over his civilian neighbors. Perhaps the bulk of these taxes will go to the slow, inglorious work of paying off the national debt which was so triumphantly enlarged as our occasions demanded. Nearly all of us took part at the time in thus mortgaging our collective future. It is not far wrong to say that those who assumed their fair share of the loans will be paying their share of the taxes to themselves by means of the Treasury Department. Wealth and ownership change, the generations follow and merge into one another so that the facts are too complex for simple statement, but it remains true that paying off the Liberty Bonds will be largely self-payment. The necessary means, the only means, is the production of wealth by profitable full-power business. Modern banking, which manufactures credit in close touch with the life needs of trade and industry, can help in the matter, but business is the vital process and banking is but one of its servants. Saving alone is not enough for your after-the-war finance. Make sure that your energy is maintained at war pressure and productively applied. It will be the task of statesmanship to create conditions as favorable as possible to your doing so. And the United States will continue as before.

November 23, 1918

(Continued from page 13) seeking—"At any rate, I would respect her wish to play the game through; the dangers of carrying the story-book idea to one of a half a dozen possible conclusions were not inconsiderable, but I was resolved that she should finish the tale in her own fashion.

ON my way to luncheon I passed Dutch pushing a wheelbarrow containing a huge hamper.

"It's vittles for th' prisoner, sir," he remarked. "He's some feeder, that guy, and I guess th' sooner we shake 'im th' better. He kicks on th' wine, sir. Says it's questionable vintage. When he gets tired readin' he pokes his head through th' window and kids th' boys. He says he's goin' to remember th' place and come back when he's old. A charmin' retreat fer supernumerary superannuates, he calls it. Them's his voids. I'm gittin' sort o' nervous havin' 'im round. Zimmerman—he's th' clothes presser—tried to talk Goiman to 'im this mornin' an' th' guy pretended like his feelin's wuz hoit, an' he never knowed th' Hun's language, he says. An' Elsie says she's prepared to swear he talked Goiman easy enough to her."

"We'll consider his case later, Dutch. The matter is delicate, most delicate."

If I had expected Searles and his play to be introduced into the table talk, I was doomed to disappointment. A dozen times I smothered an impulse to tell Alice and Mrs. Farnsworth I had watched them in the woodland and of Searles's long search for the ideal of his "Lady Larkspur," but I was afraid to risk their displeasure. They enjoyed walking in the wood, they said, and when I charged them with selfishness in not taking me along, Alice immediately suggested a tramp later in the afternoon.

"I'll send you away after luncheon—I have loads of letters to write, but by four o'clock I'll be keen for the woods again."

"Letters to all my good fairies," she laughed when I went for her; "and you mustn't look at the addresses!" She suggested that we walk to the village as she liked to post her letters herself. We went through the wood where I had seen her the day before.

"Constance and I were here this morning," she said when we reached the big boulder. "Let me see; I think I'll try a little trick to test the

hand of fate. Give me those letters, please. If this falls with the address up, I'll mail it," and she chose one and handed me the others; "if the flap side turns up, I'll destroy it."

She sent it spinning into the air. A branch caught and held it an instant, then it fell, turning over and over, and lay straight on edge against a weed.

"No decision!" I cried. "It's an exact perpendicular."

She knelt beside it, pondering, with her finger on her lip. "I think it leans just a trifle to the address side," she announced. "Therefore you may return it to your pocket and it goes into the post office."

"These letters would probably answer a lot of questions for me if I dared run away with them," I suggested.

"The thought does you no credit, sir. You promised not to meddle, but just to let things take their course. You are constantly improving. At times you grow suspicious—yes, you know you do—but, take it all in all, you do very well."

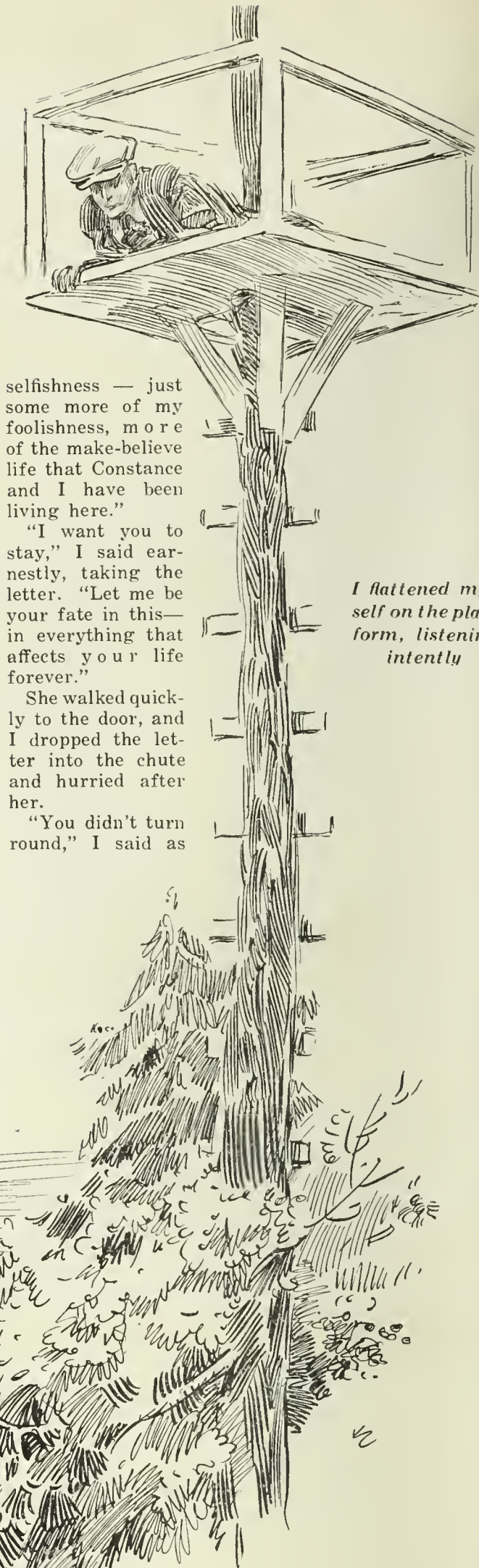
AT the post office she dropped all the letters but one into the chute. "It really *did* fall a little to the address side?" she questioned.

I gave my judgment that the letter stood straight on edge, inclining neither way.

"If my life hung in the balance, I should certainly not act where fate had been so timid."

"Perhaps this *does* affect you," she said, quite soberly. And there in the lobby of the little Barton post office, for the first time, I indulged the hope that there was something more than friendly kindness in her eyes. Her usual composure was gone—for a moment only—and she fingered the envelope nervously in her slim, expressive hands. A young woman clerk thrust her head through the delivery window and manifested a profound interest in our colloquy.

"Suppose," said Alice musingly, "I were to tell you that if I send the letter the effect will be to detain me in America for some time; if I don't send it, I shall have to write another that will mean that I shall go very soon. If I stay on at Barton instead of going home to take up my little part again for England in the war, it will be an act of



I flattened myself on the platform, listening intently



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACC

we started down the street. "For all you know, I've got the letter in my pocket."

"Oh, I'm not a bit frightened! It would be just as interesting one way as another."

"But I want you to stay forever," I declared as we waited on the curb for a truck to pass.

"The remark is almost impertinent," she answered, "when I've known you only seven days."

"They've been wonderful days. It really makes no difference about letters or your duties elsewhere. Where you go I shall certainly follow; that's something I should like to have understood here and now."

Loitering along the beach on our way home, I was guiltily conscious

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that I was making love rather ardently to a lady who had introduced herself to me as my uncle's widow. The sensation was, on the whole, very agreeable. . . .

"MR. TORRENCE and Mr. Raynor," Antoine announced as we were leaving the dinner table.

"Mr. Raynor?" asked Alice. "Who, pray, is Mr. Raynor?"

Their arrival together chilled me, a chill increased by Torrence's frosty greeting as he gripped my hand angrily and hissed in my ear:

"You've deceived me about this whole business! I suggest that you leave the room."

I was walking toward the door when Mrs. Farnsworth protested.

"You are not going? Alice, there is no reason why Mr. Singleton should leave us."

"Of course he is not going," said Alice. She was established at ease in a wicker rocker, plying her fan.

"There may be matters—" began Torrence.

"Oh, nothing that Bob can't hear!" Alice declared.

"Very well," muttered Torrence, frowning his complete disapproval.

He fidgeted for a moment and tried to catch Raynor's eye, but Raynor's face expressed amusement. I found myself liking Raynor very much.

"Mr. Raynor told me that he wished to speak to Mrs. Bashford privately," said Torrence. "If he's satisfied, I'm sure I have no objection to Mr. Singleton's remaining. I regret that my own duty is a disagreeable one."

"Really!" murmured Alice with nicely shaded impudence.

"I am convinced, beyond any question," said Torrence sharply, "that you are not the widow of the late Raymond B. Bashford!"

"That statement," said Alice without ceasing the languid flutter of the fan, "is correct—quite correct."

"Certainly; it is entirely true," affirmed Mrs. Farnsworth.

"And your coming here as you did is—is susceptible of very disagreeable constructions. It is my painful duty—"

He choked upon his duty until Raynor spoke, smiling broadly.

"I find my duty really a privilege," he said. "Not only are you not Mrs. Bashford," he went on composedly, "but you are a very different person. I should explain that I represent the American State Department, and that our Government has been asked by the British Embassy to find you and deliver a certain message to you."

"Oh, papa wants me to come home!" cried Alice. "It's droll, Constance, that papa should have thought of making an affair of state of us. Dear papa will always indulge me just so far, and then he becomes alarmed."

"He's certainly alarmed now!" laughed Raynor. "But the ambassador has warned us to be most tactful and circumspect. You may not know that Sir Arnold Seabring is on his way to this country on a confidential mission. That is not for publication."

"Sir Arnold Seabring?" gasped Torrence.

"The father of the Honorable Miss Seabring," replied Raynor with an elucidating nod toward Alice.

"But how—" I began.

"Mrs. Bashford, the widow of your uncle, is the Honorable Miss Seabring's aunt. Is that quite correct?"

"It is all true," said Alice. "I am a fraud, an impostor. You might go on and say that Mrs. Farnsworth is the wife of Sir Cecil Arrowsmith. But all the guilt is mine. It was my idea to come here and play a little, because I knew Aunt Alice wouldn't mind. She knew just what I meant to do; really she did, Mr. Torrence! In fact, I have her written permission to use the house, which I should have shown you if we had got in a pinch. But it seemed so much more fun just to let matters take their course. It's a pet theory of mine that life is a dull affair unless we trust a little to chance. After my brother's death I was very unhappy and had gone out East to visit Aunt Alice, who is

a great roamer. I thought it would be nice to stop here for a little while. This isn't the first time I've run away. I was always doing that as a child; and if I hadn't run away I should never have known you, Constance. Why, I shouldn't have known you gentlemen! It has all been so delightful!"

This naive confession amused Raynor greatly, but Torrence was seeing nothing in it but a dangerous escapade.

"In the name of the Bainbridge Trust Company, I must notify you," he began, "that by representing yourself as another person, entering into possession of a large property—"

"But we've been paying all our own expenses; we haven't taken any money from you," pleaded Alice.

"Of course you wouldn't do such a thing," affirmed Raynor. "My instructions are to give you any sum of money you ask. In fact, the Government of the United States is instructed to take care of you until your father arrives. May I go on and clarify matters for these gentlemen, for Mr. Torrence at least is entitled to a full explanation?"

"Constance," said Alice, turning with a little shrug to her friend, "we have been caught! Our story is spoiled for us. Please go on, Mr. Raynor. Just what does the American State Department have to say about us?"

"That you are endowed with a very unusual personality," continued Raynor, his eyes twinkling. "You are not at all content to remain in that station of life to which you were born; you like playing at being all sorts of other persons. Once, so your friend the ambassador confided to me, you ran away and followed a band of gypsies, which must have been when you were a very little girl."

"I was seven," said Alice, "and the gypsies were nice to me."

"And then you showed talent for the stage—"

"A dreadful revelation!" exclaimed Alice.

"But you don't know that it was really your father who managed to have Mrs. Farnsworth, one of the most distinguished actresses in England, take charge of you."

"No! Alice never knew that!" said Mrs. Farnsworth, laughing. "I was her chaperon as well as her preceptress; but Alice's father knew that if Alice found it out it would spoil the adventure for her. Alice must do things in her own way."

"You are a fraud," said Alice, "but I always suspected you a little."

"Speaking of the stage," resumed Raynor, "it is also a part of my instructions that the Honorable Miss Seabring shall be discouraged from any further adventures in that direction. In other words, she is not to grace the boards again as Violet Dewing."

ALICE'S brow clouded, and she turned to me. "That was settled when you mailed that letter yesterday. It was to make an appointment with an American playwright who wants me to appear in a most adorable comedy."

"His name is Dick Searles," I said, "and he's my most intimate friend."

She professed indignation when I told of my eavesdropping in the woods, but when I explained that I knew all about the play and Searles's despairing search for her she was enormously pleased.

"How wonderful!" she exclaimed. "You know I told you, Constance, that if we really threw ourselves in the path of adventure mystery would come out to meet us in silken sandals."

"But you will not appear in this play?" asked Raynor anxiously. "It is the business of the Government of the United States to see that you commit no further indiscretions. There is another matter which I hope you can clear up. You are not only a subject of concern to the British Embassy, but the French Ambassador also has appealed to us to assist him in a trifling matter!"

"The French Ambassador?" Alice exclaimed with a surprise I knew to be unfeigned. "I thought the dear Montani was an Italian?"

"We will continue to call him Montani, but he's a Frenchman and one of the keenest men in the French Secret

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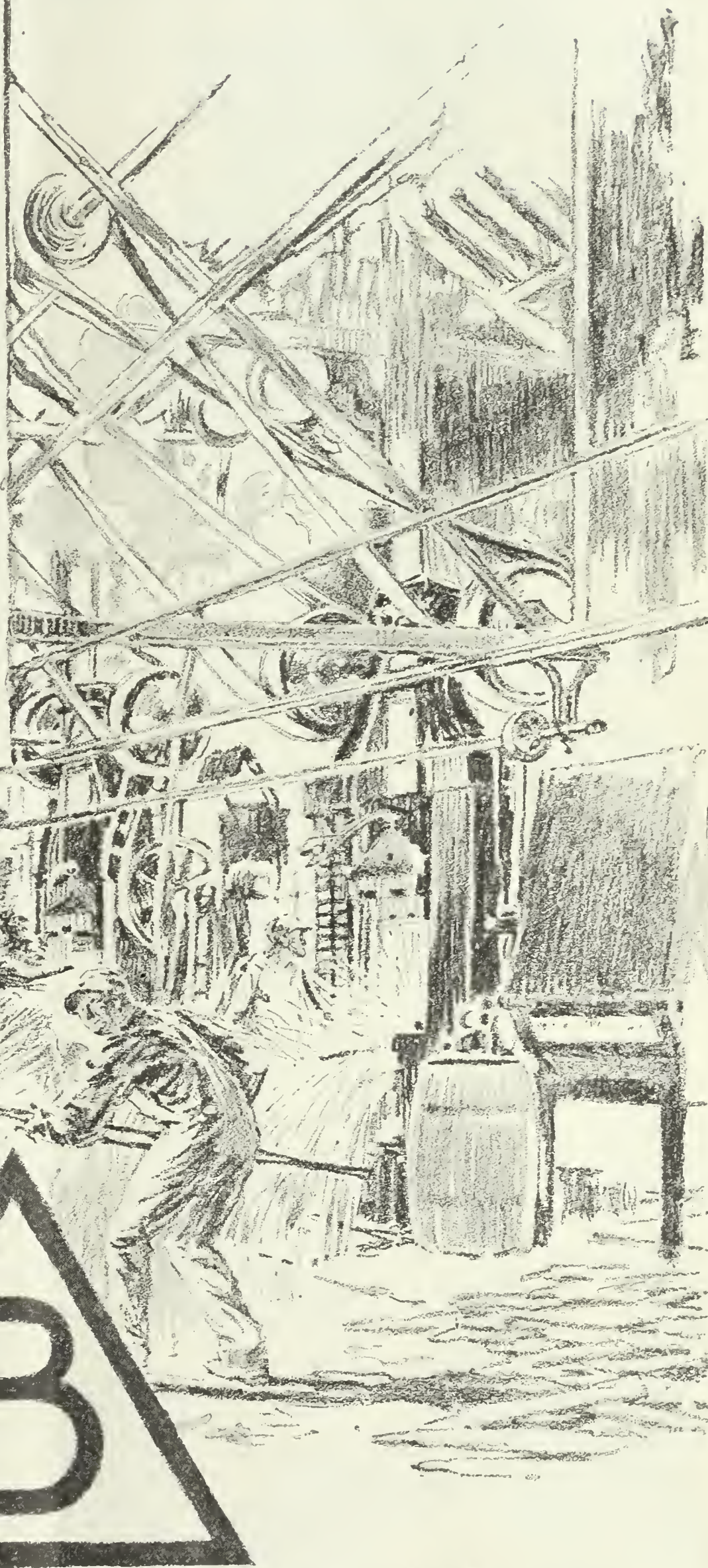
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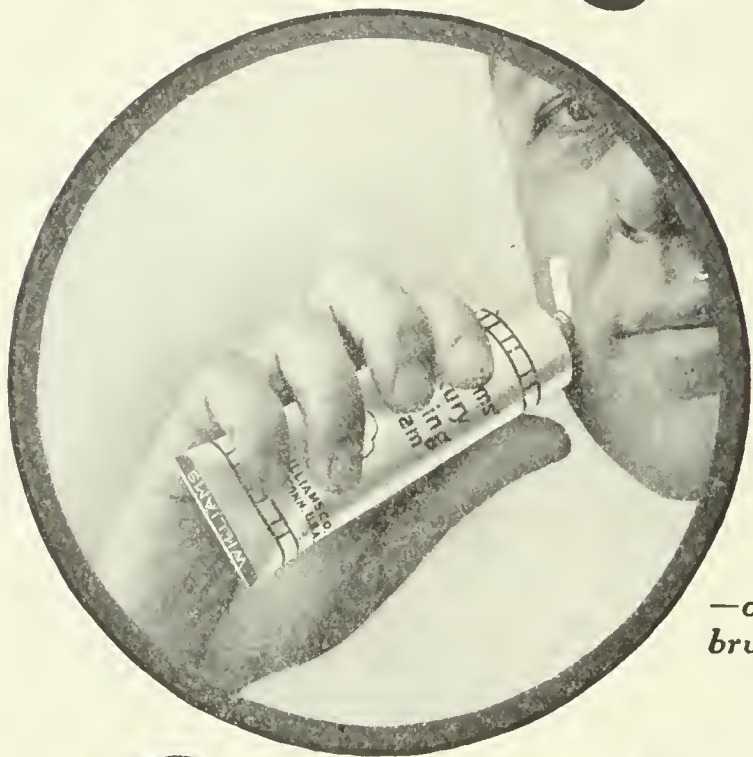
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Send 20c. in stamps for trial sizes of the four forms shown here. Then decide which you prefer. Or send 6c. in stamps for any one.

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After the shave or the bath you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc Powder. Send 4c. for a trial size of the perfume you prefer. Violet, Carnation, English Lilac or Rose.

Service. You have caused him deepest anguish."

"Please hurry on!" She bent forward with a childish delight. "This is a part of the story we've been living that I really know nothing about. I hope it won't be disappointing!"

Raynor laughed and shook his head. "It's fortunate that Montani is a gentleman, anxious to shield and protect you. You have a fan in your hand—"

She spread it for our inspection. "A harmless trinket, but without it the adventure would have been very tame."

"THE story of the fan is in the most secret archives of Paris and Washington. When you were packing up in Tokyo to come home, on the very last day before your departure a lady called on you whom you knew as Madame Volkoff."

"That dear woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Farnsworth. "We knew her very well."

"Almost too well," cried Raynor. "A cultivated woman and exceedingly clever, but a German spy. She had collected some most interesting data with reference to Japanese armament and defenses, but, suspecting that she was being watched, she hit upon a most ingenious way of getting the information across the Pacific, expecting to communicate with German agents in America who could pick it up and pass it on to Berlin. You see, she thought you an easy mark. She got hold of a fan which Montani informs me is the exact counterpart of yours. She reduced her data to the smallest possible compass, concealed it in her fan, and watched for a chance to exchange with you. The astute Montani found the Japanese artisan who had done the tinkering for her and surmised that you were to be made the unconscious bearer of the incriminating papers. Montani jumped for the steamer you were sailing on with every determination to get the fan. His professional pride was aroused, and it was only after he found it impossible to steal the fan that he asked our assistance. He's a good fellow, a gentleman in every sense, and with true French chivalry wanted to do the job without disturbing you in any way."

We pressed closer about Raynor as he took the fan, spread it open, and held it close against a table lamp. "The third, sixth, and ninth," he counted. "You will notice that those three pieces of ivory are a trifle thicker and not as transparent as the others. Glancing at them casually in an ordinary light, you would never suspect that they had been hollowed out, an exceedingly delicate piece of work. It's a pity to spoil anything so pretty, but—"

He snapped the top of one of the panels, disclosing a neatly folded strip of tracing paper.

"If you are all satisfied, I will not go further. I want to deliver this to the French Embassy intact. I expect Montani here to-night; he will no doubt be enormously relieved."

A machine whizzed into the driveway, and Montani came in, brushing past the astonished Antoine, who had answered the bell.

"The fan is safe," cried Raynor; "you may complete the identification."

"I've handled this whole affair most stupidly," said Montani after a hurried examination. "I'm satisfied that a German agent in America has picked up the trail of the fan. One or two lines of my own communications failed to work, and after reporting the whole matter to the French Embassy I began searching for a man, the most dangerous of all the German spies, who had been intrusted with the business of recovering Madame Volkoff's fan. This person has been representing himself as a French secret agent; he's enormously plausible. I feared he might attempt what I failed to do. If—"

Alice glanced at me, and I stepped to the wall and punched the button.

"Antoine," I said, "tie the arms of the prisoner in the tool house and bring him here."

"A man in the tool house!" Montani, Torrence, and Raynor ejaculated in concert.

"Oh, yes," murmured Alice, "that's the pleasantest chapter of all. Our grenadiers captured a whole invading army that made a night attack—one of the most remarkable engagements of the present war, Mr. Torrence."

"The battle of the Bell Hops," I suggested. "The prisoner will be here in a moment."

While we waited Montani produced a photograph, instantly recognizable as a likeness of our prisoner.

"My reputation is saved!" he exclaimed excitedly. "That he should have been caught here! It is too much! I shall never forgive myself for not warning you of the danger. But you understand, mesdames, that I was sincerely anxious to recover the fan without letting you know its importance. When I found at Seattle and Chicago that you were traveling under assumed names, I was—pray, pardon me—deeply puzzled, the more so because I had satisfied myself in Tokyo that you were loyal Englishwomen, and I believe you to be innocent of complicity with Madame Volkoff. Why you should have changed your names, I didn't know, but it was not my affair."

"We saw you on the steamer and again in the hotel at Chicago. It was very amusing to be followed. We gave you the slip, stopped at Buffalo to see Niagara, and you came on here and scared the servants to death! But you were generous at every point," said Alice. "We changed our names so we could amuse ourselves here—at Bob's expense. So now I ask everybody's forgiveness!"

The prisoner, arriving at this moment, became the center of interest. Without a word Montani walked up to him, brushed back his hair, and called our attention to a scar on the crown of his head. "There can be no mistake. This is Adolph Schwenger, who passes as readily as a Frenchman as I do for an Italian. The capture is of great importance. I shall want the names of all the persons who assisted in the matter."

"It isn't quite clear," remarked Raynor, turning to me, "why you held that fellow and said nothing about it. If there had been a mistake, it would have been just a little embarrassing for you, Singleton."

"Chivalry!" Mrs. Farnsworth answered for me. "An anxious concern for two foolish women! I didn't know there was so much chivalry left in the world."

An hour was spent in explanations, and Raynor declared that I must write a full account of the operations of the Allied armies in Connecticut and the capture of the spy. The State archives contained nothing that touched this episode, he declared; and even the bewildered Torrence finally saw the joke of the thing and became quite human.

Raynor and Montani decided after a conference that the German agent should be taken to New York immediately, and I called Flynn to drive them down.

"It's most fortunate, sir, that you sent for him just when you did!" announced Antoine, nearly bursting with importance. "The boys had heard queer sounds in the night, but could find nothing wrong. The prisoner had taken up the flooring at the back of the tool house and was scooping up the dirt. He'd got a place pretty near big enough to let him through. I suppose we ought to have noticed it, sir."

"You managed the whole thing perfectly, Antoine—you and all of you."

IT was just as Raynor and Montani were leaving the house with the prisoner that we heard a commotion in the direction of the gates. I had sent word that no one was to be admitted to the grounds, but as I ran out the front door a machine was speeding toward the house. A dozen of the guards were yelling their protests at the invasion, and a spurt of fire preluded the booming of Zimmerman's shotgun.

"Get your man into the car and beat it," I shouted to Raynor, thinking an attempt was about to be made to rescue the prisoner.

The touring car left just as a Barton

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Chandler	Hudson	Trucks	Stephens
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Cole	Jackson	Oneida Trucks	Sterling Trucks
Continental	Jordan	Packard	Stewart Trucks
Motors	Jumbo Trucks	Paterson	Stutz
Crane-Simplex	Kissel Kar	Peerless	Titan Trucks
Daniels	La Crosse	Pierce-Arrow	United States
Davis	Liberty	Pilot	Motor Trucks
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Actual photograph of 38 x 7 Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tire in service on 1½ ton Truck operated by the Ohio Sample Furniture Co., Cleveland

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2 Tires — 6 Months — \$264.61 Saved

UNQUESTIONABLY the most authoritative and utterly conclusive proof of the special advantages of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires is found in the cost records of users.

At Cleveland, The Ohio Sample Furniture Company has kept such records covering the simultaneous operation over a six-months' period of a truck with solid tires on the rear wheels and another with a rear equipment of Goodyear Pneumatics; the trucks are identical in make and size—both have pneumatics on the front wheels.

The first figures set down show that the all-pneumatic truck has traveled 6,000 miles or 25% farther than the other which has gone 4,800 miles.

Then it is found that the repairs on this truck amounted to \$63.09 while the repairs on the truck with solid tires cost \$129.55, giving a saving of \$66.46 for the unit with pneumatic rear equipment.

A still greater proportion of saving is shown in the gasoline record due to the fact that the solid-tired truck used 1,812 gallons of gasoline over 4,800 miles whereas its partner used just 1,320 gallons while running 6,000 miles; at the prevailing rate, this represented a difference of \$197.47.

And a further item charged against the truck

with solid tires is the fact that it required 504 quarts of oil, or 144 more than the other truck, which adds to the credit of the pneumatics the sum of \$55.18.

Again the better economy of the all-pneumatic truck persists in the depreciation account, where 1 cent is charged off for every mile run by this carrier as against 3 cents for the other and where, as a result, there now is a margin of \$84.

Finally, the company's books show that the driver of this truck, in traversing 25% more ground, saved his employer \$161.50 in wages, and therefore that this one pair of 38 x 7 Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires costing \$300, paid for themselves in the six-months' period and yielded a profit of \$264.61.

It must be added that this figure by no means represents the total profit of which these tires are capable inasmuch as the owner states

they can be expected to travel four or five times the distance they have gone.

The plain mathematics of many similar records are showing to constantly increasing numbers of executives that the speed, traction and cushioning power of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires are sources of appreciable financial return.

"The reason why we intend to make Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires standard equipment on our trucks is because the pair we have in service have paid for themselves in six months and, in addition, have given us a profit of 88%." — Mr. B. Silver, President, Ohio Sample Furniture Company, Cleveland.

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That is Puffed Wheat—whole grains, steam exploded.

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It is done by Prof. Anderson's process. The grains sealed in guns are revolved for an hour in 550 degrees of heat.

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When the guns are shot each shell explodes. That means 125 million explosions inside every kernel. The fearful heat gives to the kernels a taste like toasted nuts.

The explosion makes the kernel a flimsy, flaky tidbit.

The blasted food cells make it easy to digest. And every atom feeds.

There is no other wheat food in existence so good to the taste, or good for you.

Puffed Wheat, being a whole-wheat product, no substitute need be bought with it.

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Wheat**

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Puffed Grains are served like other cereals, but also in unique ways.

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They are ideal morsels—thin, crisp, toasted—to float in bowls of milk.

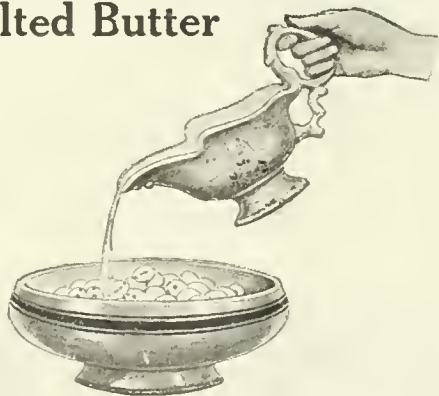
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Sole Makers

(2032)



taxi flashed into the driveway. The driver was swearing loudly at one of the Tyringham veterans who had wedged himself into the door of the machine. With some difficulty I extricated Scotty from his hazardous position.

Searles jumped out (I had forgotten that he might arrive that night), but before I could greet him he swung round and assisted a lady to alight—a short, stout lady in a traveling cap, wrapped in a coat that fell to her heels. She began immediately to deliver orders in an authoritative tone as to the rescue of her belongings. Searles dived into the taxi and began dragging out a vast amount of small luggage, and my attention was diverted for a moment by Alice, who jumped down the steps and clasped her arms about the neck of the stout lady.

"Aunt Alice!" I heard her saying over and over again, and there was much kissing in progress.

"Why didn't you tell us to meet you?"

"Why didn't I tell you?" demanded the stout lady. "The moment you left me I knew I'd made a mistake in letting you come over here alarking. And from the row I had getting into the premises I judge that you're at your old tricks. Fired upon! Treated as though I were an outlaw! You shall never go out of my sight again!"

"Oh, please don't scold me!" Alice pleaded, and turning to me: "This is Bob Singleton, your nephew."

MRS. BASHFORD—and I made no question that Searles's companion was indubitably my uncle's widow—gave me her hand and smiled in a way that showed that she was not so greatly displeased with Alice as her words implied.

"Pay that driver for me and don't fail to tip him. Those Methuselahs at the gate all but killed him. It was only through the vigorous determination of this gentleman, who very generously permitted me to share the only motor at the station, that I got through the gates alive! I beg your pardon, but what is your name?"

"Mrs. Bashford," I interposed, "my friend, Mr. Searles."

"Mr. Searles!" cried Alice, dropping a cage containing some weird Oriental bird which had been among my aunt's impedimenta. The bird squawked hideously.

"Miss Violet Dewing, permit me to present the author of 'Lady Larkspur'!" Poor Torrence, clinging to a pillar for support, now revived sufficiently to be included in the introductions. . . .

It was a week later that Alice and I sat on the stone wall watching the waves, at the point forever memorable as the scene of our first talk.

"Aunt Alice isn't playing fair," she said. "She pretends now that it was all my idea—coming over to play at being your uncle's widow, but she really encouraged me to come to give her an impartial judgment of your character. You know she's very, very rich, and she never had any idea of keeping your uncle's money. She meant all the while to give it to you—provided she found you were nice. And she thinks you are very nice."

"Your own opinion of me would be interesting," I suggested.

She had gathered a handful of pebbles and was flinging them fitfully at a bit of driftwood on the shore. I wished her lips hadn't that little quiver that preluded laughter and that her eyes were not the haven of all the dreams in the world.

She landed a pebble on the target before replying.

"You are very nice, I think," she said with disconcerting detachment. "At first I was afraid you didn't like nonsense, but you really did very well, considering the trouble I've caused you. But I'm in trouble myself now. Papa will land to-morrow. He's the kindest, dearest man in all this world, but when he finds that I'm going to act in Mr. Searles's play he will be terribly cut up. Of course it will not be for long. Even if it's a big success, I'm to be released in three months. Constance and Sir Cecil think I owe it to myself to appear in the piece; they're good enough to say nobody else can do it so well—which is a question. I'm going to give all the money I earn to the blind soldiers."

(I wished the tears in her blue eyes didn't make them more lovely still!)

"Being what you are and all you are, it would be brutal for me to add to the number of things you have to tell your father. I'm a very obscure person, and he is a gentleman of title and otherwise distinguished. You are the Honorable Miss—"

"Papa has said numbers of times," she began softly, looking far out across the blue Sound—"he has said, oh, very often, that he'll never stop troubling about me until—I'm happily married."

"When you came here you wore a wedding ring," I suggested.

"It was only a 'property' ring; to help deceive you. I bought it in Chicago. When Aunt Alice came I threw it away."

"The finger seems lonesome without it," I said. "If I get you another, I hope you'll take better care of it."

"If you put it there," she replied, looking fixedly at the hand, "that would be very, very different."

THE END

The Melting of Fatty McGinn

Continued from page 8

went at her right from the shoulder. But he didn't say just what I expected.

"Miss Hollister," he began, pleasant as a May morning, "we come to you as friends of Mr. Harold McGinn." Yes, Harold was the name his parents had wished on him before he became just plain Fatty. "He doesn't know we've come," the Chief hastened to add as he saw the storm gathering in her eyes. "I felt it my duty, being very fond of him, to see you. He's in a bad way, Miss Hollister—a very bad way. He didn't tell me, but I happen to know that he's very deeply in love with you, and"—the Chief made his best drawing-room bow—"I do not blame him. But the thing is killing him, Miss Hollister, in one way at least. In another it's doing him a whole lot of good. He has gone into training, rigorous training, miss, and at the present moment he has reduced his weight by more than fifty-six pounds. Weighs two hundred and thirty now, and in another month he'll be down around the two-hundred mark. Now, my reason for coming to you is this: We all love Harold—I won't call him by the undignified name of Fatty—and we want to see him happy. We are doing all in our power to help him, and we want to do more. We intend to do more. But we do not wish

to encourage any false hopes. In his present state of mind it might prove dangerous—even fatal. Now, Miss Hollister, what I want to ask you is this: As one friend of Mr. McGinn's to another, if he should come to you in another month, trained down to, say, a hundred and ninety, all bone and muscle, and built like an athlete, will you—I trust, Miss Hollister, you will not think me presumptuous—will you give him another chance?"

The girl seemed puzzled and not altogether pleased.

"I should think Mr. McGinn could handle his affairs himself," she said.

"He could, miss, if he were only more self-confident. But Harold is nothing but a great, honest-hearted boy. A heart of gold, miss, but as afraid of women as the devil is of holy water. Never had a serious love affair in his life until now. The woman who gets him will get a treasure. And, incidentally, he is a man of large means, and that always helps to make things go smoothly. Please don't think, should you offer me any encouragement, that I will let him know of it. My purpose in asking you is to find out what is best for me to do. If the case is hopeless, we will do our best to make him realize it. If, on the contrary, he has a

chance, we will assist him by every means in our power to accomplish his desires—that is, to—to reduce his weight."

"I don't see why you should say that," Miss Hollister remarked. "He's working for you, isn't he? And if he loses his—er—weight, you won't have any use for him."

"On the contrary, Miss Hollister, we do not feel that way about it at all. Mr. McGinn is a sterling actor—a very sterling actor indeed. Now that we have him under our management, we will endeavor to use him in other ways than merely exhibiting his fat. For all we know he may prove a romantic star of the first magnitude. You never can tell." The Chief said this with a perfectly straight face. I was ready to explode, although for the life of me I couldn't figure out just what he was driving at. Fatty as a matinée idol would have had about as much chance as a snowball in the other place.

Miss Hollister thought for a moment. Then she smiled at the Chief and blushed quite prettily.

"I admit," she said, "that I like Harold—er—Mr. McGinn—very much. I don't know any other man that I like half so well. I said what I did to him to shock him into doing something—anything—that would make him a little less impossible. No man could be happy in his former condition. He was becoming dull, unhealthy, gross. I determined to save him, and I don't mind telling you that if he comes to me again, weighing what a normal man should, I—well, I won't make any promises, but I shall be mighty glad to see him."

That was enough for the Chief. He took up his hat. The interview was at an end.

"I thank you with all my heart, Miss Hollister," he said. "I shall make it my business to see that he does exactly as you wish." Then he went out.

I was about to ask him what all this camouflage meant, when he turned to me with a question.

"You haven't done anything with that big Western scenario we bought last month, have you?" he said. "The one where the rich New York bank president determines to make a man out of his lounge lizard of a son, and sends him out to a ranch and has the boys play hob with him? And then he makes good, and climbs a thousand-foot precipice, swims a couple of rivers, and rides a bucking broncho twenty miles to rescue the girl. You know the one?"

"No," I said. "We haven't. I was saving it for Maurice Reed."

"Reed nothing. Fatty McGinn's going to make that picture. Pack up tomorrow and go to Colorado—Montana—anywhere where it's good and rough."

I began to think the Chief was going dotty. "What do you mean?" I asked. "Fatty McGinn couldn't any more play that part than you could. It would worry Douglas Fairbanks to do it."

"I know that as well as you do. But Fatty doesn't. Show him. Put him over the jumps. Sweat him fourteen hours a day. Work him till he can't stand up. Don't give him anything to eat. Reduce him to a hundred and ninety pounds if you have to kill him to do it. And when you get him there, wire me."

That was all I could get out of him. It looked like an awful waste of money to me, with nothing to show for it but one perfectly good fat man ruined for life, but I knew the Chief had something up his sleeve, so I obeyed orders. As for Fatty, he didn't raise any objections at all. In fact, I think he was delighted. The next night we left for the West.

I WON'T bother to tell you about those four weeks. I enjoyed them myself. As for Fatty, he started out all right, but his finish was pitiful. We worked him harder than any pugilist training for a big fight. He didn't mind that part of it so much, at first, although the broncho busting got his goat for a while. But he was game, and I guess the thought of making good in the eyes of his girl, both as to weight and being a matinée idol, spurred him on. But when the mountain air got busy with

his appetite, and he saw the rest of us putting away the chuck like longshoremen, while all he had was an orange and an olive-and-cracker sandwich, he almost caved in. I caught him crying, once, real tears too, just like a kid; he was that hungry. But I had the Chief's orders, and kept him on a diet that wouldn't have nourished a butterfly. Got it from the doctor who had looked him over. We had to keep our supplies under lock and key, of course, and rode herd on him after working hours to see that he didn't make a break for town. But at that I don't see how he could have gotten there, for I wouldn't let him have a horse, and after what he'd been through all day he could no more have walked the twenty miles between us and the nearest grub than he could have flown. He was all in, believe me, and then some. But he never got a chance to sneak off, and when anyone was around his pride kept him from doing it. You see, everyone was talking about the nifty thing he was doing, jollying him along—they were in on the joke, most of them—and every morning when he weighed in there was a crowd around the scales, looking to see how the good work was coming on. And it came fine. Day by day Fatty got thinner and thinner, gaunter and gaunter, until his clothes hung on him like bags on a bean pole. As for his smile—that famous McGinn smile that had made millions laugh—say, it was pitiful. Made you think of an undertaker, telling you how natural the corpse looked.

On the twenty-seventh day, when Fatty got on the scales, everybody let out a shout. He had dropped to a fraction under a hundred and ninety pounds. I sent the Chief a wire, and got a reply telling me to ship the negative back to the studio the minute it was done, and come along with the company as soon after that as I could get packed up.

FOUR days later we were in New York. I made Fatty give me his word of honor he wouldn't break training on the train. It was my business to produce him at a hundred and ninety, and I did. But he was so weak and famished he could hardly walk.

The evening we got in the Chief sent word to the train for me to come to the office with Fatty at once. When we got there I saw that something was up. We hadn't been in the place five minutes before Miss Hollister came in.

Well, she took one look at Fatty and almost fainted. He did too, but there was more reason in his case, being so hungry he could have eaten a hard-boiled nail. Then, without taking the least notice of the Chief and myself, she went up to Fatty and threw her arms around his neck.

"You poor boy," she said. "What have they been doing to you?" The way she said it made me feel like a criminal. As for the Chief, he was grinning like a Cheshire cat, seeing she wasn't looking at him.

"We've got him down to a hundred and ninety, Miss Hollister," he said briskly, rubbing his hands. "We'll make a matinée idol of him yet." Poor Fatty looked more like a starving cat than a matinée idol. "First I want you all to see the great picture he's made. Then we'll go and have a little supper." Fatty perked up a bit at the mention of supper, but the Chief dashed his hopes at once. "Special dishes for Mr. McGinn. This way for the projection room."

I needn't tell you about the picture. It was awful—the worst I ever saw. The scenery was all right, and the rest of the cast, but you couldn't for the life of you tell whether it was intended to be serious or a burlesque. Fatty looked like a cross between Falstaff with the consumption and William S. Hart in a rôle written for Charlie Chaplin. He wasn't serious; he wasn't funny; he was just—rotten. But the Chief didn't let on. Said it was very good, for a first attempt, and he knew Fatty would improve. As for Miss Hollister, she didn't say a word, and neither did the new matinée idol. Then the Chief had a couple of hundred feet of the real thing run off, showing Fatty the way

What Will You Be Doing At 65?

Only eleven men out of 100 who are 25 today will be able to support themselves at 65. The relation of *Health and Wealth*

I was sitting at home reading.

Across the table my wife was busy with her sewing.

Close by my daughter was engrossed in her lessons. It was a home scene typical of the average American family.

I laid down my magazine and sat back in meditation. My wife was quick to catch my mood.

"What is it, John—business?"

"The most important business in the world," I answered. "I was just wondering what I would be doing at 65. Listen:—

"Out of every 100 healthy men who are 25 years old today, thirty-six will be dead at 65—53 dependent on relatives or charity for support—only 6 self-supporting—only 5 well-off. It is the most tragic statement I have ever read!

"What will I be doing at 65? I don't know. No one does—absolutely. I am forty years old. I am earning a pretty good salary.

"But suppose something should happen? Suppose illness should come and I should be away from business for a long time—perhaps incapacitated. It wouldn't take long for our savings to disappear.

"I'm not inclined to worry over my health, and I'm not a health fanatic. But I wonder if I really know whether I am 100% well or not.

"Those little attacks of indigestion that I get from time to time, and the occasional sleepless nights—are they isolated symptoms or are they Nature's warnings of some hidden disease that I don't even suspect—working somewhere inside like a U-boat.

"You yourself—and Bessie there—you both go to the dentist regularly whether your teeth ache or not, but neither of you has ever had a thorough going-over by competent physicians—men who specialize in analyzing human lives and their impairments.

"Here and there, for more than a year now, I've been reading about the Life Extension Institute. I find mention of it in magazine editorials and in newspapers. It is undoubtedly doing a great work and I—"

I got no further.

The door-bell rang—visitors were announced—and the evening passed merrily along! The question of health was temporarily forgotten.

Fact is, I forgot it entirely for three weeks. And then one day I missed one of my friends from his old accustomed place.

They told me how he had been suddenly stricken—how everybody expected him to pull through because of his strong constitution—how a sudden weakness developed that no one had ever suspected—and in 5 days he was gone.

I tell you, it set me thinking. Could it be possible that I, too? Well, I was going to know!

It took me only about three minutes to fill out that Life Extension Institute coupon and send it in. I want to talk to you particularly about their complete physical examination.

I have never had anything like it in my life. They didn't miss a single part of me. They tested my heart and lungs and kidneys—took my blood-pressure—made a microscopic examination of my blood—tested my eyes and ears—examined my teeth—pored over my personal history blank for hereditary disease—told me about the quarterly urinalyses—literally made a spot map of my body and my entire life.

I now know exactly where I stand and just what I've got to do if I want to live out my allotted three-score-years-and-ten. And I'm going to do it.

The Life Extension Institute was founded more than four years ago by ex-President Taft, Alexander Graham Bell, Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale, Robert W. deForest, Charles H. Sabin and one hundred other eminent authorities in this country and abroad.

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of the profits are set aside in a trust fund for public health work of a national scope.

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I can do nothing here today but urge upon you the necessity of a physical examination.

But it is for you to make the decision—it is for you to decide whether you are going to find out where you stand in regard to health or disease before it is too late, or whether you are going to chance the future with luck as your only guide—knowing the danger that threatens yet taking no step to prevent it.

Don't put it off. It will take only a few minutes of your time to fill out the coupon, but it may be the means of adding years to your life and sparing you hours of needless suffering. Don't put it off.

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he used to be, with his million-dollar smile, and we went to supper.

The meal wasn't a success. The Chief and I ate everything in sight, and there was aplenty—all the things Fatty was most fond of. Miss Hollister did her best, but seemed preoccupied. I could see she was worried about Harold, as she called him. As for the star guest, he was allowed a lettuce salad, some prunes, and a glass of water. Knowing how he must have felt, with all that food right under his nose, I wonder he didn't commit murder.

The Chief was in great spirits. "I don't think it will do any harm, McGinn," he said when we had finished, "if you take off another ten pounds, just to be on the safe side. I've got another picture I want you to do right away. You get shanghaied in this one, and go around the Horn on a sailing ship. Brutal mate, swabbing up the decks, mutiny, bread and water for two weeks, then wrecked on a desert island and live on fruit and nuts. Great picture. I'll send you the scenario to read. Well, I guess I'll be going. You and Miss Hollister will want to have a talk."

## America's Part in the New World

Continued from page 6

launched is not yet anything like the residue that England still has. But we have created such a plant, such a mechanism for shipbuilding as the world has never seen before. And as soon as we have finished the ships already under way and contracted for, we shall have more ships than England. That will be about the middle of next year. And if we keep it up till the end of 1920, we shall have twice as many ships as England now has.

### Allies or Trade Rivals?

TO be sure, it may be assumed that England now, immediately, will begin to build mercantile ships as rapidly as possible. She has been building, during the war, nearly a million tons a year of warships. That force, quite naturally, she will turn to merchant ships. But with the best she can do she cannot build ships half as fast as we can if we choose to use our great new plant at its maximum.

England's normal shipbuilding before the war was less than two million tons a year. During the war, when she was desperately hard pressed, the best she was able to accomplish was still less than two million tons a year. The United States, with the new plants, can readily put out six million tons a year. There can be no doubt that the end of the war leaves us with a shipbuilding capacity more than twice as great as England's and as great as that of the rest of the world combined, including England.

If any proof were needed on this point, the best evidence comes from England herself. Even during the war, while she recognized America's shipbuilding as her salvation, she was nevertheless conscious of what ultimately it might mean to her. The general manager of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom made an address to the British public in which he spoke generously of "the splendid crusade spirit" with which America was building ships. But, he said, while "I have been amazed at the progress the Americans have recently made in shipbuilding, on the other hand . . . it has been a source of grave concern to all ship-owners [in Great Britain]. . . . We, the greatest shipbuilding country that the world has ever seen, . . . have now been far outstripped by the Americans."

Again, Lord Inchcape, addressing a group of Colonial editors, said "America had been building at a great rate, and he was afraid of what the position might be when the war was over." Lord Inchcape, who said this, is president of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom, and he called a meeting of the chamber "to consider the question of the position of shipping after the war." The British Ministry of Reconstruction said that "the problem of reconstruction begins with shipping." To which

He gave me a wink, and we beat it. When I met the Chief the next day he was grinning from ear to ear.

"Look at this," he said, thrusting a letter into my hand. I read it. It was from Fatty.

"Miss Hollister and I got married last night," it said. "She doesn't think I'm well, and is going to take me to the West Indies for a while. Says I need rest and nourishment. You can stop my salary while I'm away."

FIVE weeks later Fatty showed up at the office. I nearly fell out of my chair. His face was as round as an apple. He said he weighed two hundred and ninety. His wife, who was with him, looked a bit sheepish, but said nothing. The Chief, when he came in, made no reference whatever to any *matinée-idol* parts.

"We're ready to start in Monday, Fatty, if you are," he said, giving them both a hearty handshake.

When they had gone he turned to me. "Well," he said, "it worked. I thought Fatty wouldn't lose any weight running after a trolley car once he'd caught it."

the London "Morning Post" added: "Ships in the after-war period will be required in ample number for the support of our prestige, diplomacy, and finance, for the restoration of our trade in home and foreign markets, and for the consolidation of the empire on a peaceful basis. . . . Public opinion in this country [Great Britain] is not alive to the peril which threatens us." And a correspondent of the same paper significantly added: "An ally of to-day must become a very serious, though friendly, trade rival."

The same concern has been uttered publicly by General Smuts and by a score of other British statesmen and leaders of public opinion. On several occasions the situation has been raised most pointedly in the House of Commons.

But to quote more of this would be merely piling up unnecessary evidence. Of all of it the sum is this: The United States is now the greatest shipbuilding country in the world. It is easily within our power to step into England's position in the shipping world. It is only a question of going on with our present program and our present momentum. That question, whether or not we shall go on, is partly in the disposal of our statesmen, partly in the disposal of our financial and commercial leaders. What decision we ought to make will be discussed later.

### England's Navy Dominates

TURN now to the last of three elements that made up England's greatness—her navy. In that one of the three elements England ends the war more nearly supreme than ever. What the war did to that was not to diminish it, but to increase it greatly. The full story of that increase would not pass the censor yet. But that story, and especially the story of those unprecedented monsters, the so-called "hush ships," will have a most dramatic interest. England's navy began the war with 2,500,000 tons and 146,000 men; it ends the war with 6,500,000 tons of armed ships and 406,000 men. England concentrated on her navy. England's navy, as it stands to-day, is more than equal to any other two navies combined. In this one of the three elements of dominance, England is much more conspicuously supreme than we are in either of the other two.

But this third element of dominance, which England still has, is of a very different character from the other two thirds that we have or are in process of acquiring. For there is this important fact to get in your mind: *Our two elements, finance and shipping, are revenue producers—a navy is a revenue eater.* Admiral Mahan only went so far as to say that no nation wants a dominating navy, or is likely to keep one, unless it has dominance in ships and commerce; I would say further,



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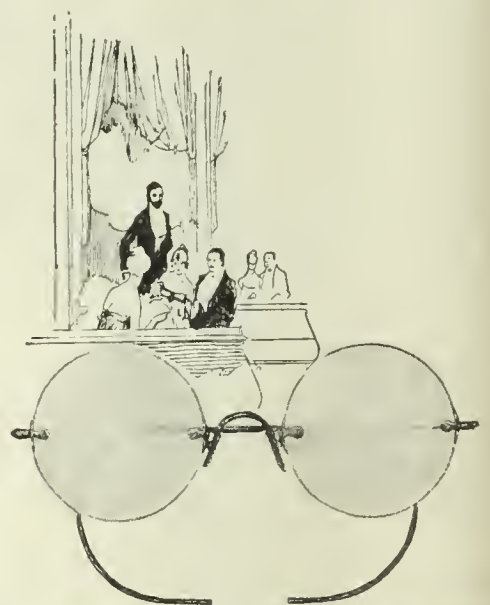
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certainly as to England and the conditions of the present day, that no nation can keep a dominant navy unless it also has ships and finance. A navy exists only for the purpose of protecting the other two.

And so, of the three things which compose dominance of the world, one, naval supremacy, still remains with England. Another, financial supremacy, has passed definitely away from England to the United States. The third, mercantile shipping supremacy, is midway between the two nations. If we stop shipbuilding with the mere winding up of our present program, we shall have about as many ships as England. But if we decide to go on with our shipbuilding, we shall have the mercantile-shipping supremacy which Great Britain has had for many generations.

### These Three Together

THAT is the first of the decisions we must make. We must make up our minds whether we are going to regard the ships we have already built as merely an incident of the war, like powder and shells and the other things which are made for war alone. We must decide whether the billion dollars we have invested in ships and shipbuilding plants was merely a war expenditure, to be scrapped and charged off the books as soon as the war was over; or whether, on the other hand, we are going to make use of this huge shipbuilding equipment we have set up. It comprises incomparably the biggest shipbuilding plant possessed by any nation. It is a monument to one of America's unique achievements. It would be a pity to throw it away. If we save it and utilize it fruitfully, we can salvage enough out of it to pay off a large part of the expense of the war.

By all means, if we don't use this magnificent shipbuilding plant for ourselves, let us use it for England. That suggestion is not meant to be merely rhetorical. But of that more later.

To sum up, Great Britain has the navy. We have the money. The ships just now are divided between Great Britain and us. If the war had gone on, our shipping supremacy would have been certain; in all probability the shipping supremacy is going to be ours, anyway.

These three things belong together. Together they compose the thing which makes world dominance. For them to remain separated is unnatural and perhaps impossible. That being so, what is the answer?

Now, there are two things that can happen which are obvious—and a third course which is less obvious, but possibly more reasonable. In the first place, either we or England, each having one and a half of the three parts of dominance, can go to work and create the other one and a half. In this eventuality we have an overwhelming advantage over Great Britain. For it is to be observed that the one part of dominance which Great Britain possesses indisputably is the part that costs money to maintain. The other two parts are the revenue-producing parts. Money and mercantile shipping can build a navy and support it, but a navy can't build anything or maintain anything. As a matter of fact, Great Britain's case in this respect has little hope in it. Only by our voluntary abnegation, by our deliberate refusal of the prize which fate offers us, can England restore herself to her old position. Her financial supremacy is gone, and a nation cannot become rich in a day or a year or a generation, any more than an individual can. To be sure, the United States did achieve financial supremacy in a year, but it was thrown into our lap by the upheaval of war. The war made us the Coal-Oil Johnny of Nations. In seriously looking into the future, Great Britain cannot hope for any such whim of fate as that.

What Great Britain cannot do, we can. Having the money and the mercantile shipping, we can build the navy. That is the normal and easy thing to do. The nation which has the money and the mercantile shipping needs a navy to protect them, and can readily produce the navy and maintain it out

of the revenues from the money and the mercantile shipping. That is what happens in the ordinary course of events. As directly and as clearly as the North Star, destiny points to the United States as the dominating nation of the future, as heir to the position long held by Great Britain, and before Great Britain by Holland, and before Holland by Spain, and so on back through that long and impressive pageant of world empires, back to Carthage and to Tyre. Now, it is natural to contemplate that fact with pride. But there is hesitation in your pride. You don't like to think that we are achieving that position at the expense of our ally. You don't like to think of elbowing England out of the position that has inspired her poets for more than two hundred years, merely because England made greater sacrifices in this war than we did. To be sure, we did not will it or foresee it. Nevertheless, sentiment is wounded by it. Nearly everybody feels that.

We are richer than Great Britain only because Great Britain was more than four years in the war, and we only a year and a half. Great Britain, with France, bore the brunt, while we came in merely for the finishing blow. If senior partnership in an enterprise were determined by resources expended, England and France would be the senior partners among the Allies. But as the world goes, senior partnership in an enterprise is determined by resources not yet expended. And it is in that respect that America is easily senior. We have lost only about one dead to England's seventy-five and France's hundred. We have expended less than one dollar to England's two.

But if we are troubled by these reflections, let us remember this: *our hands are clean of envy.* The position we are in came without intrigue, or any sort of intention. It is merely one of the accidents of the way the war worked out.

The other day a former member of Mr. Taft's Cabinet, ex-Attorney General George W. Wickersham of New York, wrote a letter to the newspapers proposing that we should cancel the debts that England owes us—a generous deed which, superficially, might seem a step toward putting England back in the relative position she had when the war began. But there isn't much to that. For one thing, England isn't so far down in the world that she is going to accept alms. Moreover, if you start forgiving obligations, where will you stop? Shall England in turn forgive the money she loaned to France? And to Russia? If we start a career of general debt canceling, we shall arrive at a final status even more bizarre, more illogical, than the turn of fate which took world dominance away from one of the Allies and gave it to us.

### Uncle Sam, John Bull, Partners?

BUT there is a course, which is not generous or emotional, but has elements of logic. And while no one has stated it formally, it is easy to recognize a groping toward it in the minds of many public men and leaders of thought.

We can become Great Britain's partner.

I state the proposal merely for the purpose of stating it, and not necessarily to advocate it. To get it out on paper will crystallize discussion. For I know from conversations with English statesmen that, vaguely, some such notion, not yet clear in details even to themselves, is in the back of many men's minds. It is the basis for the many suggestions of an English-speaking union, or an Anglo-Saxon union. It is the material and commercial basis of the proposed League of Nations. If the thing is to be confined to just Great Britain and her colonies and the United States, it is what men mean when they talk of an English-speaking union. If a larger group is to be taken in, it is the League of Nations.

So far all the talk of a league of nations has been in the world of abstraction and idealism. What is here set down about ships and money and battleships is the bones of it.

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The facts stated here have been widely known for some years among dentists and scientific men. But they were not presented to the public until proved beyond dispute.

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Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product — Sold by Druggists Everywhere



## A Little Chunk of the U. S. A.

Continued from page 11

to a piece of cake each. How can you carry out a project of that sort? Appeal to "the club," of course. "The club" usually finds a way to put it over.

When Rodman Wanamaker founded this club soon after our entrance into the war and chose Captain Frederick Warren Beekman, then dean of the Episcopal diocese of Bethlehem, Pa., and Mrs. Beekman for directors, his idea was to create a little piece of the U. S. A. in the heart of Paris for the enlisted man. That idea has been strictly followed. It is a club for privates and noncoms only. Commissioned officers are not admitted. Captain Beekman always tells the men that they automatically became members of the S. and S. when they first put on their uniforms. All that is necessary for a man to confirm his membership is to sign his name with home address and present address on a card when he enters the club the first time. The cards for each State are filed alphabetically, and a big placard at the entrance, "Look Up the Men from Your State," always draws a crowd to the card catalogue locating friends in the service or discovering the basis for new friendships.

Here at the S. and S. Club American soldiers and sailors can get a good meal at a low price. If you think this is an easy thing in Paris, go around to the club at lunch or dinner time, especially on Saturday or Sunday when men from near-by posts are on leave, and see the lines standing patiently waiting for places in the dining room. Here, at the club canteen, they can buy cigarettes, cigars, smoking tobacco, chocolate, and toilet articles at cost price—no overhead added. Here they can read American newspapers and magazines, borrow books from the library of 3,000 volumes, smoke, lounge, and play billiards and pool. Here they can talk over their troubles with wise and sympathetic men and women.

Every Wednesday and Saturday night there is a show. It may be anything. Johnny Evers may talk on inside baseball, a coon quartet may strum banjos, Will Irwin or Edith Wharton tell of their experiences at the front, or one of the leading artists from the Opéra or Opéra-Comique play or sing. And then there are the dances. Dances are difficult to arrange in Paris these days. But now and then the club gets a group of Red Cross girls and puts a dance across.

The club is run on purely democratic lines, as all up-to-date men's clubs are. On a table near the door is a book in which all members are invited to write suggestions or criticisms, all of which are considered and, if feasible, acted upon. If any measure of importance is on, Captain Beekman brings it to one of the Wednesday or Saturday meetings for popular vote.

"Do we want the Canadians in?" he asked one night.

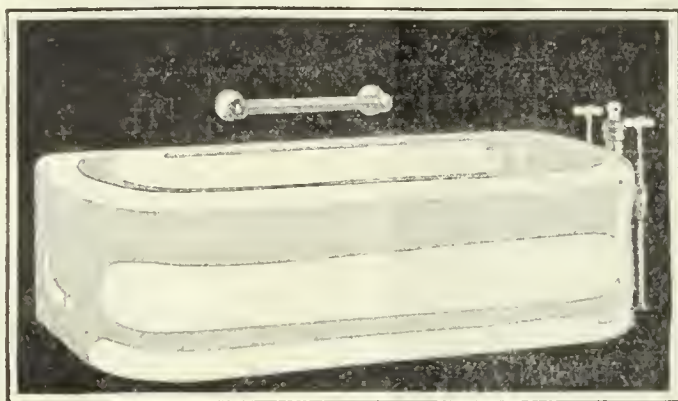
"Sure!" everybody shouted.

Every time a man has left Paris for the front his club has given him a farewell package containing a pipe, smoking tobacco, and cigarettes to last a week.

### A Corner of Their Hearts

ALL this is why the S. and S. is, the doughboys and sailors say, the most popular spot in Paris. This is why Ernest Goodnough of Honea Path, when he wanted a piece of chocolate cake, thought at once of "the club." He had never been in Paris till he was carried in on a stretcher, but in camp and trenches he had been told that "the club" was the place in Paris where a fellow could find a little chunk of home.

Nor does all this cast any shadow on other organizations. The S. and S. has the most cordial relations with the Y. M. C. A., the K. of C., etc. All are working for the same end. But the S. and S., by its initiative and unique service, has won a special place in the heart of the American fighting man overseas.



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## What England Has Given

Continued from page 12

Samoa, Mesopotamia, Egypt, the Sudan, Cameroons, Togoland, East Africa, Southwest Africa, Aden, Persia, and along the northwest frontier of India. It is probable that at no time have more than 1,750,000 British troops actually been engaged on the French front and in lines of communication connected therewith.

As for the fleet, we have the authority of Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the Admiralty, for the remarkable statement, publicly made by him at a recent Pilgrims' Dinner in New York, that the British navy has lost 230 warships, big and little, and in addition 450 auxiliary ships, such as mine sweepers, etc. Yet to-day that wonderful fleet is bigger and stronger than ever!

At the same dinner, by the way, the First Lord of the Admiralty also made the unqualified statement that from January 1, 1918, down to date the British forces—military and naval—had sustained 750,000 casualties, which would be, roughly, at the rate of about 83,000 casualties per month; and that this was a larger number than the total casualties suffered during the same period by all the other Allies combined!

Every American who has visited England within the past four years comes back filled with admiration and wonder at the tremendous achievements of British womanhood, and the British Government dispassionately ranks those achievements alongside the deeds of heroic men in the field. It was Lloyd George himself who declared, after the great German offensive: "If it had not been for the splendid manner in which the women have come forward . . . often in daily danger of their lives, Great Britain and, I believe, all the Allies would have been unable to withstand the enemy attacks of the last few months."

When war broke out 200,000 British women were engaged in industrial occupations, a majority being employed in textiles. At present more than 5,000,000 British women are doing work formerly performed by men in 1,701 different occupations; of these five millions, 300,000 are working as farm laborers and 20,000 are in the uniform of the "WAAC" (Women's Army Auxiliary Corps), performing invaluable service in France as well as in England. British women in shipyards have made it possible to prevent German submarines from bringing England "to her knees." During the past year England has found it possible, in fact, not difficult, to build a ship complete in every part while using no labor whatever but that of women—not a man being employed.

It is especially interesting to note the following, furnished by the British Government's Bureau of Information: "Five thousand British girl soldiers have been sent to the American army in France. These are engaged in clerical duties, and some are making pies for America's boys." And the children of Great Britain have not been behindhand. They have been entertaining wounded soldiers, acting as guides to parties of men blinded in battle who cannot go outdoors unattended, working in gardens, campaigning for war savings; and they have been ready to gather such things as horse-chestnuts in incredible quantity on sudden call from the Ministry of Munitions.

### Boys and Girls Mobilize

FIFTEEN thousand Boy Scouts have joined the colors, while more than 50,000 Scouts too young to serve in army or navy are employed at the War Office. "Two thousand British Sea Scouts—the naval division of the Boy Scout movement—are serving in the coast patrol, and thereby are releasing for sea service a corresponding number of experienced sailors." In one or another branch of the British national service are 56,000 of the Boys' Brigade, 60,000 of the Church Lads' Brigade, and 20,000 members of the Jewish Lads' Brigade.

The younger sisters of these patriotic youths have been cooking and keeping house, maintaining British home life so that their mothers and older sisters have been able to fill shells, act as policewomen, mail carriers, railroad porters, deliver coal, serve as clerks in stores, add to the supply of nurses and other hospital workers, carry on the postal and banking operations of the land. Well may Lloyd George eulogize the work of British women and children.

The potato crop of Great Britain was increased by 3,000,000 tons in 1917, in large part through the tireless work of amateur gardeners, who cultivated little plots of ground after a long day's work in office, store, munition plant, etc., and this year's crop is by no means unsatisfactory in comparison. Furthermore, the current grain crop is larger than any since the record-breaking crop of 1868; and this year's success could not have been achieved but for the amateur, who after a day of other toil works long hours in the evening, adding his multitudinous small efforts to those of the professional farmer.

### \$1,000 Tax—\$2,400 Income

ASIDE from general facts mentioned in the foregoing, it is inevitable that an American reader should ask himself how the war, with its tremendous drain on the money resources of Great Britain, has personally affected the average Briton—the "John Bull" of familiar aspect, who lives well, brings up a considerable family, and enjoys an income, say, of \$200 per month. If the war had cost the United States proportionately as much, according to population, as it has cost Great Britain, every American citizen having an income of \$2,400 per year would be paying \$1,000 of it to the Government in taxes alone; this not including the heavy percentage he would take out of the remaining \$1,400 for subscriptions to Liberty Loans and other bonds if they were issued there.

That tells something of the sacrifice, economy, and careful thrift with which the British people have lived during four years of warfare. And they have done it gladly—without a whimper or a note of complaint; for they realized that *their all* was at stake in the colossal conflict.

From the beginning, in August, 1914, until August 14, 1918, the war is estimated to have cost Great Britain \$27,000,000,000. Yet the British Government has loaned its allies more than \$8,160,000,000, while the British public voluntarily subscribed in excess of \$8,000,000 for relief in France, Belgium, Serbia, Italy, Poland, Montenegro, and Russia, besides providing homes in England for half a million destitute refugees. Great Britain has supplied her allies with enough grain, for example, to make a loaf of bread as high as the Woolworth Building, and as long and deep as the average loaf is in proportion.

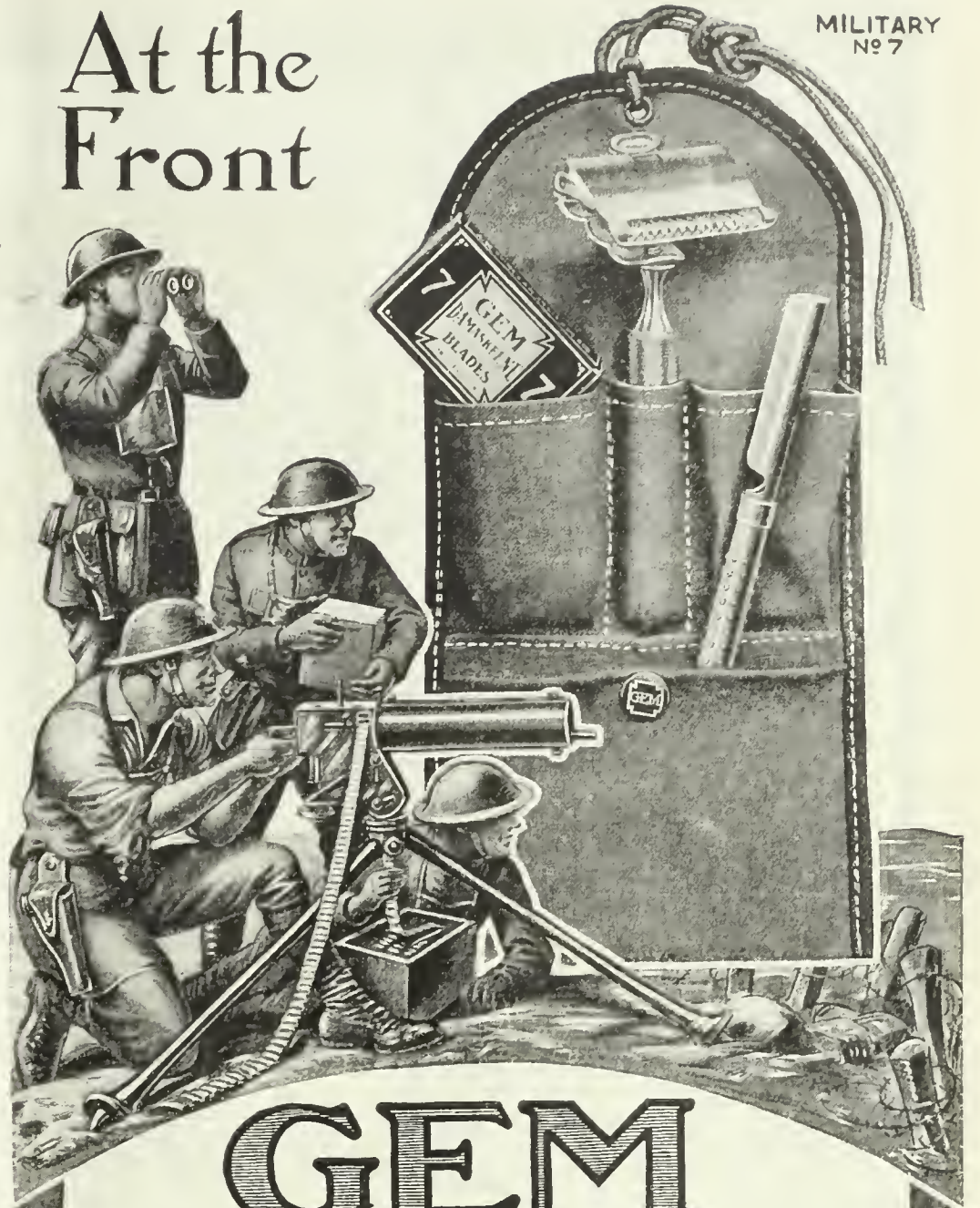
If the American reader wishes a sharp, clear idea of what Great Britain has suffered in the war, let him remember that, with regard to relative population, the United States would not equal Britain's sacrifice of life until approximately 2,400,000 American soldiers were dead; until Americans were paying \$8,000,000,000 in taxes each year; until 12,000,000 American women were engaged in work formerly performed by men.

New York City has a population about equal to that of London. And from London 1,000,000 men have gone into the British army and navy.

The Lion has suffered deeply; his heart has been sore and torn with anguish.

Generations, perhaps, will pass before Britain's staggering war indebtedness can be repaid. But the Lion is stronger to-day, more powerful, more determined than ever on the upholding of law, the preservation of order, and the maintenance of international honor.

## At the Front



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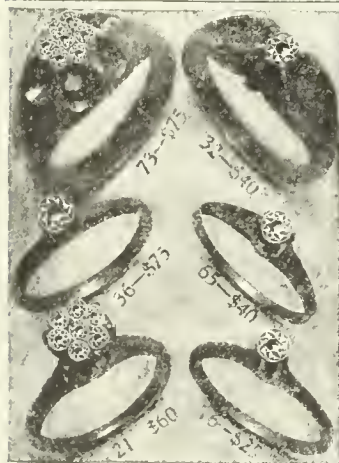
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## The Lucky Boy

Continued from page 19

We did not know just in what pocket or swirl of the battle we had dropped. An attack had swept through here this very morning; a few kilometers beyond, a village had been taken; we did not know what sort of a reaction to expect, nor when—perhaps a deluge of gas, some wild countercharge. I don't mean to say that we thought of all this, but rather that, although we did not think of it, the feeling of it was in the air. Then, while we had observed, on the edge of the plateau, we had felt naked, in sight of sixteen armies. But more than all this was the way we were being shelled. There was something mysterious and malevolent in the manner in which the shells followed us in our movements, in the manner in which the shells, after following us, kept stubbornly at us, as though intent upon prying us out of our refuges and hiding places. It was as if roofs, vaults, did not exist, as if, from above, some power were lifting them off to spy down upon us and herald the discovery of several correspondents, there like bugs in a decayed log suddenly split, to the wide hostile world outside. We seemed to be shot at personally, with patient hatred, by some sharpshooter using a cannon, or a battery of cannons, instead of a rifle.

Anyway, I wanted to get out. I felt miles away from that automobile we had left in the center of the village, up against a wall, and which was to us as the one boat to castaways on a desert island. And here was Spike Hunt rummaging with touching cupidity among all that boche stuff, and seemingly perfectly satisfied to remain. I hated Spike Hunt.

### Runaway Targets

PRETTY soon I thought: "The first thing we know there'll be a real barrage between us and our machine, or they'll hit our machine, and we'll have to stay here forever." A most intense dislike for the idea of staying here forever took possession of me. I grew peevish—in silence. But how was I going to confess to Hunt, who seemed so comfortable here, that I wished to go? Finally I gathered together all of my moral courage and said: "What are we going to do, Hunt?"

He raised his head from the contemplation of his unholy collection, and then I saw by his face that perhaps he had not been as absorbed as he had wished me to believe. But he was cunning. "What should we do?" he parried with the cunning of the serpent. I became so angry I blurted it out. "I think we ought to track it back to the machine and get out of this cursed hole," I said.

He looked at me and said quietly: "That's just what I think." Then added: "In fact, that's what I've been thinking for at least an hour!" And I liked Spike Hunt again—very much.

But our party was split up in two groups, with a space of ground between toward which we felt an invincible repugnance. We put our noses out of the door of our cellar and looked toward the other—and there were our friends, also at their door, looking longingly toward ours. Spike and I glanced at each other and made a rush across, followed by our doughboy. And I thought: "Again I am the fall guy. It will be I who will have to show Timmons that I am ready to go." But I didn't. Before I could say anything Joe Timmons had said it. He had said: "Hahn't we better get out of here?"

So we set out. I shall long remember that walk. It was along the very edge of the plateau the whole way, without the slightest cover. To our left, below us, was the narrow valley with its ambushed army, a blueness, within and beneath the green, which was liquid like the flowing of a river, and to our left, beyond the valley, was the plain with its rusted and disheveled wheat waving desolately in the breeze—the perfectly lifeless plain with its column of smoke in the distance. Very often we threw ourselves down to a new whiz and crash. Lieutenant

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Light and I were ahead with the dough-boy, and Timmons and Hunt trailed some hundred feet behind. It seems that Joe Timmons, who was new at the war, and hence had read much about it, had decided we must walk apart so as to offer less of a target. Only he had neglected to tell Light and me of this decision. And so Light and I, walking ahead, walked more and more slowly, waiting for Spike and Timmons to catch up, while Spike and Timmons walked more and more slowly so as not to catch up with us. Light and I walked more and more slowly, cursing Spike and Timmons in our minds for dragging so, and Spike and Timmons walked more and more slowly, cursing us in their minds for delaying them so. I remember two especially good shots made on us, the forward group. One hit in perfect line, but a little short, dropping against the steep valley slope exactly beneath our feet, and the next, coming immediately, shrieked overhead, in perfect line but a little too high.

Finally we reached the lane, and the moral shelter of its thin stone wall; we reached the center of the village, and our automobile, still intact there against the illusive masonry where we had left it. Now that we had begun movements toward getting away, our haste to get away was boiling more and more trepidantly within us—but we had to make a long search for our chauffeur, who discreetly had sought a dugout. I remember that on my search I came upon four dough-boys lying quietly on a mattress, fondling between them a fox terrier they had found and adopted. Of course I had to pretend a great and leisurely interest in the little dog. I am afraid I asked many strange questions about the dog—probably how old it was, and whether it was a boy or a girl, and how many teeth it had. Then, when we had found our chauffeur, it was another matter. The street was very narrow, and our machine, of course, headed the wrong way. Others of these embarrassing doughboys came to the entrances of their dugouts, like prairie squirrels, to watch us depart. So we had to sit at ease in the machine, and light cigars and cigarettes, and loll in our cushioned seats while the machine was turned around. It backed and filled, backed and filled, I guess for a thousand years, gaining each time only the merest microscopic segment of a circle. But finally it was turned, and away like a cow pony after a runaway heifer. And the last thing we saw as we debouched out of the town was, a hundred yards behind, a house abruptly collapsing like a house of cards.

### "The Boys Sure Did Stick"

WE went back the way we had come—along the road over which the shells were passing to the fields beyond; we came to the straight M. P. at the cross-roads; we turned to the right and we were soon out of it all. And we had ridden several miles before a punctured tire stopped the car and gave us a chance to look at each other and realize what we had done.

"When we started out on this happy morning," said one of us, "we were going to go far, far away—and maybe never come back."

"That is so," said another reminiscently. "Let me see. We were going to leave the car at Missy-aux-Bois and go on afoot, and go and go till we were with our front-line doughboys, and then maybe we were going to stick right with them, living with them, fighting with them, suffering with them, advancing with them."

We looked at each other frankly and laughed. It was a shamed laugh, but we did not hide it from each other. And no one proposed we should go back and try again. What I have written is the story of a real funk.

We came, a little ways farther, to an aid station in a village. Our wounded were trickling there, to have their wounds redressed, to be given the hypodermic against tetanus and gaseous gangrene, then to be evacuated if they needed no urgent surgical intervention, and to be operated upon if they did. Most of the boys here were what

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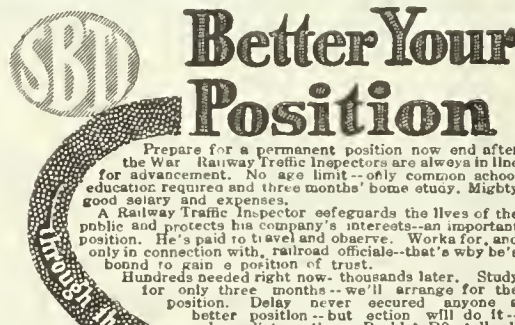


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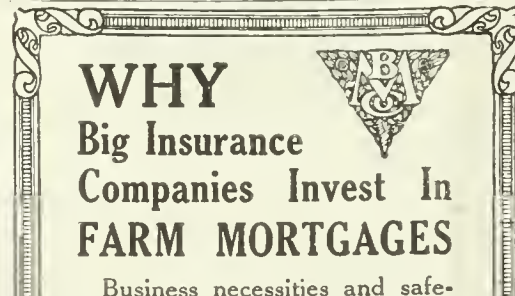
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is called lightly wounded—that is, wounded in such a way that by rigorous care they were almost sure of recovery, which does not mean that the wounds were merely scratches by far. And here I found a state of mind differing a little from that to which I was accustomed. Our boys are wonderfully casual under the suffering and the uncertainty of wounds. They seem, then, to care only for three things: to have a cigarette, to keep away from themselves the slightest bit of self-pity or any compassion from others which seem to them exaggerated, and that their folks at home be given no news which might worry them. But after attacks I have seen them also possessed of a strange and splendid exultation. That is what I missed among these boys now—missed till I discovered something that took its place and was as fine. A sort of tranquil gravity. The fighting that morning had been very hard and long; these boys had seen many of their comrades die, and they bore themselves with a quiet dignity which was not quite sadness, but rather a deep realization of the sad beauty of what they had seen. I shall always remember the tone of the first of whom I asked if the fighting had been hard. "Yes, sir," he said, "it was hard. It was hard, but the boys sure did stick to it!" The boys sure did stick to it!" I can't give with ink on paper the penetrated and austere admiration there was in his low voice, in the drawling emphasis he placed on the word *sure*. "But the boys *sure* did stick to it!" There was a tremendous force of evocation in the quiet phrase, the low voice, the drawling emphasis. He would not tell me anything about himself. What had moved him profoundly was the tenacity, the sacrificial tenacity, he had seen about him. And when I went about and asked others, it was always the same thing, the same attitude, the same phrase. "Yes, sir, it was hard, but the boys sure did stick to it, they *sure* did stick to it!"

## "Mon Capitaine"

A BOY standing by the wall drew my eyes. He was tall, slender, and light, of a runner's build; his profile was strongly aquiline, and the lock of hair which, under his helmet, fell across his forehead was raven black. His left arm was in a sling, and his left eye was all discolored as by a great blow from a fist. When I got nearer, though, I could see that the eye within the discolored circle seemed dead. I asked him if he could see out of it. He said he couldn't, but added immediately: "Oh, I guess when I have it washed out it will be all right!" He had also a small grazing wound along the side of his head; looking at that I was much afraid that the machine-gun bullet which had made it had also destroyed the eye, but, of course, I did not tell him so. Turning, he began to chat with a French poilu who had also an arm in a sling, and I was astonished to hear him speak French. "Hello," I said, "where did you learn to speak French?" He smiled in a manner a little abashed and answered: "I learned it when a little boy." "But are you French?" I asked, "or are your parents French?" "No, sir," he said. "I'm American, and we've all been Americans a long time. But we're from Louisiana—old French from Louisiana." And, questioning him a little further, I discovered that he was of Cajun stock, a descendant of the people who more than a century past had left Acadia with Evangeline, the Evangeline of Longfellow's poem. Now he was over here, fighting for America, but also fighting for France, fighting and bleeding for America and for France—a strange return whirl in the history of his stock.

I listened to him as he chatted with the French poilu. He was boasting to the poilu of his captain, telling the poilu how brave and nice his captain was, and in the midst of this he said suddenly and softly: "Tiens, mais le voilà, mon capitaine" ("Why, here he is, my captain!") Those two words, "mon capitaine," said in French, held a tenderness which somehow cannot be made to resound in the two English words, "my captain," because of the

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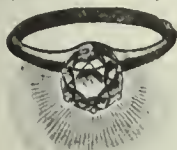
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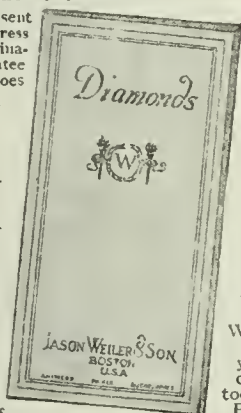
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shorter, more clipped syllables. I looked in the direction he was looking, and I saw a red-headed boy on a stretcher which had just been taken out of an ambulance. The Indian-looking, French-speaking lad moved a little nearer to the spot where the stretcher had been laid and said softly: "Hello, captain." The captain, the red-headed boy, turned a little on his stretcher till he could see who was speaking. "Hello, Gerald," he said. Then immediately: "You'll be all right, Gerald, old boy; you'll be all right after a while." Then the Indian-looking lad went over and squatted just behind his boy captain, not quite as near, I could see, as his affection urged him to do, but in a compromise between the tugging of his affection, his military respect of rank, and his fear of annoying the wounded man. And there he remained, motionless and silent, a dim, gentle radiance lighting his strong and dusky face.

"Well, I Don't Know"

I WENT over and squatted by the captain to talk with him when he had had his hypodermic, and a lighted cigarette was in his hand. Seen from near he appeared still younger; his red hair was engagingly tousled, his face was freckled, and in his body, even as it lay there hurt, there was an elastic vigor, and in his face, in spite of suffering, a fresh ardor. When he talked to me it was gayly, without the slightest tinge of self-compassion. He had been wounded on the advance, and shortly after that he had descended (on the line of the advance) into a quarry. The quarry was a death trap. The Germans had it registered and were filling it with shells. Soon everyone in there was dead or wounded. But new men—supports driving forward straight—were constantly arriving, to share the fate of those already in there, to mingle their blood with their blood. "So," the captain said, "some of us crawled out, and waved rags and things, and kept any more of the men from coming in."

While he was telling me this he noticed that the boy who lay next to him was shivering, although an orderly had already placed a blanket about him. And with a sly, surreptitious movement he seized his own blanket and threw it over on the shivering boy.

A surgeon came and placed a new dressing on his wound. A machine-gun bullet had gone clean through the left thigh, entering very high up and coming out just above the knee. It seemed to me that no organ had been touched, even though missed but narrowly, and I had been so caught by his gay manner that it was half jestingly I said (having a vision of him out of the terrible toil and grime of war for a time, in the comfort of hospitals, in the whiteness of clean sheets, surrounded by the tenderness of women, then convalescent on the shores of a sunlit sea): "You're a lucky boy, after all."

He said very rapidly and low: "Well, I don't know." Then passed on to telling me of his men, as one, in a drawing room, will change the subject when a faux pas has been made.

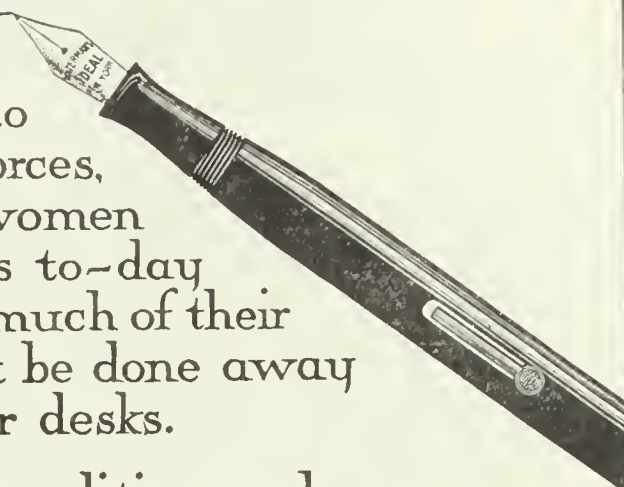
I was not struck at first with the tone of doubt—of something stronger than doubt—which rang in that short "Well, I don't know." But later, for the remainder of the day, and for several days afterward, the sound of it kept returning to my ears. And just the other day, many days after I first heard it, it came back to me again poignantly when, looking over a casualty list, I saw, first under the heading "Died of Wounds," the name of that boy captain.

It was a dying man who had talked to me so casually, so gayly, a dying man who knew himself dying, a dying boy who had given up all the joy of life, the adventure, the love that is in store for one of his years. It was a dying boy who had said: "Hello, Gerald—you'll be all right soon, Gerald," who had placed his blanket on one that shivered, who had said: "Then some of us crawled out and made signs with rags and things, and to keep any more of the men from coming in."

(To be concluded)

## Away from your desk

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**BRADLEY KNITTING CO.**  
Delavan, Wis.

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# The Voice of Business

EDITED BY THE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT OF COLLIER'S

No. 20: The Government—First Aid to British Business

TWO months ago American business in the midst of its days of duress, of war curtailments, and necessary regulations of divers kinds, was thrown a few grains of comfort from Washington. The Department of Commerce, we were told, was to "help" American business, to act in various ways as its friend at court.

In converting industries from a peace basis to a war basis, the Department of Commerce was to see that it was done most smoothly, and it was also to see that the machinery for returning to a peace basis—when normal times come back—was not entirely demolished. There was also talk of the control of American raw materials after the war for the benefit of the American manufacturer.

In addition, the Department of Commerce was to help in other ways, but these other ways were left rather vague and indefinite. The mere fact, however, that the Government at last recognizes that business should be understood and helped is tremendously encouraging. For it is not going too far to say that the time is not long past when the average business man was regarded in Washington with more suspicion than anything else.

Directly along this line of thought it is interesting just now to consider how greatly a branch of the British Government has been helping British business and preparing it for the vast possibilities of trade expansion after the war is won. There is nothing indefinite and vague about the help British business is receiving from its Government.

Before me is an article in the London "Times" with the title "The Frontiers of British Industry." It is a review of the third annual report of the committee of the Privy Council for Scientific and Industrial Research—more popularly known as the Research Department.

The range of this Department's activities, supported by Government funds, is amazing. It has started a fuel research station; it is solving cold-storage problems; it is studying timber with a view to its sterilization against disease and for purpose of reforestation; it is at work on the properties of various building materials and the fire-resistance of concrete; it is investigating the genesis of industrial fatigue, its relation to hours of labor, and other conditions of work. It is—but why go on? The list is endless. As the "Times" says: "The direct activities of the Department constitute a sufficiently important addition to the country's preparations for the developments that will be necessary

to its prosperity after the war. They show that at last there is a body charged with the duty of looking after the questions that are too large or interest too many people to be the business of any."

But more surprising, at least to Americans, than this general outline of the work of the British Research Department is the individual aid it is giving certain industries. An excellent example is the manufacture of

amount from each firm in the industry willing to cooperate, dug into its own pockets for a much larger sum, and set up a British Scientific Instruments Research Association to help prepare this industry for its after-the-war business.

The Department's manner of helping the iron manufacturers was just as valuable but somewhat different in method. For here the Department was dealing with a wealthy and long-established industry. With its aid and advice an Iron Manufacturers' Research Department was founded, but at the expense of the iron manufacturers themselves; and it is explained that the purpose of the Government Research Department was to give them such temporary help as the circumstances required, and then slide quietly out of their affairs and remain merely in a consulting capacity.

Under this plan the manufacturers of wrought iron have joined themselves to form an association which already represents 97 per cent of the industry. To quote again: "They have decided not only that the results of all researches shall be freely at the disposal of all constituent firms, but that all existing knowledge and trade secrets and processes in the possession of members shall be pooled for the common use."

Much more could be written about the results the British Research Department is attaining. One very important phase of its work is the inspiration it gives to supplementary bodies. Similar organizations have been formed in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India.

With the help of the Research Department the entire British Empire is preparing

wisely and sanely for after-the-war business. And, meanwhile, what are we of the United States doing? The Department of Commerce has evidently started something which may be closely analogous to the work of the British Research Department, but so far we have been given few details. And the time for action is here. There is not an hour to be lost.

The Government and business must get together. The various firms of an industry must get together. That bit of description about what the iron manufacturers of Great Britain are doing is wonderfully illuminating. Trade secrets, petty jealousies, the somber distrust with which one manufacturer has regarded a fellow manufacturer—these must go into the discard. British business is doing it. We must do it.



"We'll need your help, Sam, to beat it back into a plowshare"

scientific instruments. Before the war this was a comparatively unimportant industry in Great Britain (the inference is that scientific instruments were imported from Germany), but since the war it has of necessity developed greatly. And yet it is not large enough or powerful enough to cope with its own problems. Competition between firms was of the cutthroat variety. So the Research Department stepped in and said in effect:

"Look here! Forget your petty little bickerings and squabbles. There will be immense markets for you to go after at the conclusion of peace; think about those; study them; be prepared to grasp the opportunities they offer instead of fighting each other for your neighbor's business." And the Research Department collected a certain



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# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 30, 1918

VOLUME 62 NO. 12

NOTICE TO READER.—When you finish reading this magazine, place a one cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas. No wrapping—No address.  
A. S. BURLISON, Postmaster General.

### Mark Sullivan

*"The League of Nations—What Shall It Be?"* is the second of the series outlining "America's Part in the New World." In it Mr. Sullivan gives the ideas of the leading Allied statesmen

### James Hopper

*"Emptying the Bag,"* the story of the final stages of the German retreat from the Soissons salient

### Oscar Graeve

*"Crane and the Layout Lady,"* another of the Fairweather & Linn series

### Lucian Cary

*"The Gun Crank,"* the story of a man who loved his rifle

### Joseph Brinker

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WAS A  
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More Than a Million a Week



# PRINCE ALBERT

*the national joy smoke*



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R. J. Reynolds  
Tobacco Co.

## A pound of P. A.!

**That's the happy  
holiday hunch,  
all-right!**

**P**RINCE ALBERT tobacco in the pound crystal glass humidor—all dolled up like old Mr. Santa Claus on the tick-of-twelve—is certainly a barrel of joy bells, a handout of holly, a tip-top-turkey, all in one! As the gift-of-gladness there isn't anything in its class all day Christmas!

For, Prince Albert is the smoke-that-wins-the-smiles; the little old happy thought that picks the spikes out of the atmosphere around the tribute-table early in the A. M. and keeps the sunshine flowing into jimmy pipes and makin's cigarettes ever after!

You can't buy anything he'll appreciate so much! Because, Prince Albert's quality, fragrance and flavor will meet every taste and satisfaction desire he ever expressed! And, make-a-memorandum here: Prince Albert can't bite or parch! That's because it is made by our exclusive patented process that *cuts out* bite and parch!

Take this tip: You can send this Prince Albert holiday-handout to the boys training at home camps! Say, what would punch in greater Christmas happiness than this joy'us gift? Only, get busy early, and keep clear of the last minute rush on P. A. and on the mails!

Prince Albert in pound crystal glass humidors (with sponge moistener tops that keep the tobacco in perfect condition) is the distinctive Christmas package, all fussed-in-festal-finery, and equipped with a make-merry tag! Then, there are the handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors, the tidy red tins, and, the toppy red bags—a size to fit every need! You put P. A. on his list and let him in on regular jimmy pipe and home rolled cigarette joy!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY  
Winston-Salem, N. C.



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Every city and large town has its G-E Motor Agency.

You can depend on the G-E Motor Agency man's thorough knowledge of the application of electric power. He does not rely on guesswork. He knows horse-power ratings, types of motors and the correct control.

The business of the G-E Motor Agency man is to conserve power, increase production and add to the profits of his customers. The door of every industry in his community—from "electric shoe repair shop" to large manufacturing plants—is wide open to him for what he knows and the way

he serves. And not the least of his assets is the company behind him building more than 500,000 motors a year, and whose foremost engineers he can freely consult.

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# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

New York: 416 West 13th Street. London:  
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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 30, 1918

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"L'ENTENTE CORDIALE"



The Diplomacy of the Past

# The League of Nations—What Shall It Be?

Part II of "America's Part in the New World"

BY MARK SULLIVAN

IN the first place it is nothing. It has no existence in the world of fact. For the present it is merely a phrase. It exists, so far, solely in the world of ideas. But in that world of ideas it is so current, and has so much vitality, as to make certain that, sooner or later, it is going to knock very hard at the doors of the world of fact. Up to the present this likelihood is not so apparent in America as it is in Great Britain, for the phrase is mentioned a hundred times in Great Britain to once in America. America knows something of it, but not much compared to London. There is in America an association which has been organized to further it; once in a while Mr. Taft makes a speech advocating it, while Mr. Roosevelt or ex-Senator Beveridge makes a speech more or less opposing it. A Republican convention in Wisconsin has indorsed it, without knowing, one feels fairly sure, very much about it. President Wilson has mentioned it as one of his "fourteen points," and has spoken of it as an "indispensable instrumentality" to the new organization of the world, though he hasn't gone any farther than these phrases imply in making clear just what the details are to be. And just for the reason that President Wilson has so definitely committed us to the League of Nations idea, it is very necessary for America to become familiar with what it means.

The League of Nations is going to be very much to the front within the next few months. The formation of it will be the principal business of the Peace Conference. There will be a world of debate about it, both in the Peace Conference and here at home. In addition, the United States can't go into a league of any kind without legislative approval, certainly by the Senate and possibly by the Lower House of Congress also; and so, within a few months, the proposal must be debated in the Senate paragraph by paragraph, and, paragraph by paragraph, adopted or rejected. And that debate is going to be very animated. The whole idea of a league of nations is inconsistent with one of our historic national policies. And many sections of our population, represented by large numbers of senators and con-

gressmen, are still pretty strongly devoted to George Washington's prejudice against alliances with European countries. Moreover, one feature of the league squints at a tariff policy which is quite repugnant to one of our political parties. All in all, there is sure to be a good deal of talk about the League of Nations pretty soon, and it will be useful to lead Americans generally to become familiar with the idea, to think about it and come to conclusions about it.

"All in all, there is sure to be a good deal of talk about the League of Nations pretty soon, and it will be useful to lead Americans generally to become familiar with the idea, to think about it and come to conclusions about it."

Great Britain is already talking about it in a very intense sort of way—much more so than we are here in America. In this article, based on his recent experiences in Great Britain, Mr. Sullivan discusses the views held by various British statesmen and publicists.

Mr. Sullivan's next article, dealing with the question whether America ought to go into the League of Nations, will appear in next week's COLIER'S.—THE EDITOR.

Now, in Great Britain the League of Nations is an accepted idea. It is more in the foreground of the thoughts and utterances of British statesmen and leaders generally than any other one aspect of the future. Scarcely a day goes by without some officer of the British Government making a speech about it, a formal and careful speech, as about something very important and quite immediate. Hardly a London paper goes to press without an editorial about it, or treatment of it in some other way equally impressive. When Englishmen generally, and especially English statesmen, talk with Americans, the League of Nations is in the front of the conversation.

As to England, Mr. H. G. Wells is quite accurate when he says: "There can be no doubt that the phrase has taken hold of the imagination of great multitudes of people." But, as yet, that is not true of America. Whether, when they understand it, Americans will see it as Mr. Wells says that multi-

tudes of Englishmen see it, as "the outline idea of the new world that will come out of the war"—that is a matter that must await the concentration of American public opinion upon it. And for that reason it is important that Americans should become familiar with the idea.

(Incidentally, there is a very good reason why England is doing more thinking and talking about the League of Nations than we are: England needs it; America does not. America can perfectly well get along in the new world without membership in any league or union whatever. America is better equipped to-day for isolation than she was during any one of the hundred and thirty-four years she practiced isolation. In fact, on the material side there



is every reason why America should stay out and few good reasons why we should go in. If we go in, it will be because of pure altruism. On the altruistic side there is plenty of reason for our going in. This fact of England's greater need of the League of Nations, and England's greater preoccupation with it, is not mentioned here to reflect upon Great Britain or to prejudice the reader against the League of Nations idea. It is mentioned in order to get all the elements of the situation on the boards. The question of whether or not we ought to go into the League of Nations, and the American arguments which have been made on both sides, will be treated in the next article.)

### Getting Down to Facts

NOW let us see what the League of Nations idea is. And since I am, for the moment, more familiar with British than American ideas on the subject, I shall try to survey the whole range of definitions that are current in England—from those radicals, like Mr. Wells, who have worked out a scheme for a formal confederation and a world parliament, to those more conservative British leaders who do not go much further than a slightly vitalized and animated Hague Tribunal.

In looking into these ideas, and reviewing the vast mass of printed words on the subject—French and German, as well as English—the final impression I get is this: that so long as the idea *remains merely an idea*, it is extremely attractive. As an idea almost everyone assents to it. (Even Mr. Roosevelt says he would cease his opposition if he could find any "reasonable" proposal.) But as soon as you make it concrete you encounter opposition—you encounter it in your own mind. So long as it is merely a matter of saying: "I am earnestly in favor of universal and permanent peace," everybody says amen. But as soon as you go about setting up the machinery for an organization to guarantee peace, you find that it involves giving up something. It involves the surrender of freedoms and prerogatives which your nation has had, and the taking on of obligations which you had not. I am not saying this in order to damn the idea, but merely reporting it as a fact inherent in the situation. Those who are most earnest in bringing the league about see this and admit it, and act accordingly. I asked a British Minister whether they had ever taken up the task of getting down on paper the legislative and judicial machinery for such a league. He said they had. They engaged the most eminent jurists in England to draw up a constitution. But, the British Minister said, as soon as they had it on paper they realized that any concrete proposal involved details which were repugnant, some to one nation or group, some to another. Any concrete proposal becomes a thing to shoot at; and so they concluded to restrain their efforts for the present to making the idea, as an idea, widely known and popular. I should judge that the American League to Enforce Peace found the same difficulty and adopted the same device. The platform which they adopted at their convention in Philadelphia last May merely recited their determination to go on with the war "until the principle for which we fight stands victorious and unquestioned." "And then," the platform says—and this is as near as they come to being concrete—"and then we must build a structure that, so far as human wisdom can reach, will banish the scourge of war from among men." There isn't much in that that you can get your teeth into.

As I have said, I point out the popularity of the vague and the unpopularity of the concrete, merely to report the fact and not to oppose the idea. But sooner or later we must be concrete. Sooner or later something concrete must be presented to us. Sooner or later something concrete must be debated by the Senate, must be debated paragraph by paragraph, and paragraph by paragraph must be adopted or rejected. So we might as well get down to what Americans call "concrete propositions."

### "The Whole Hog"

FIRST of all, Mr. Wells. Mr. Wells, as our American saying has it, "goes the whole hog." He foresees a league which is based on the idea of our own union of States, in which each member-nation shall surrender its individuality to the same extent that Bavaria, for example, did when she entered the German Confederation. Or, to take an example more familiar to our people, to the same extent that Massachusetts surrendered her individuality when she originally joined

the Union—to the same extent that South Carolina found she had surrendered it when she tried to secede from it. He gravely discusses the number of representatives the United States shall have in the league as compared with the number Italy, for example, shall have. And since Mr. Wells sees this league as growing directly out of the coming Peace Conference; or, to turn it around, since the Peace Conference is to be the first session of the Congress, or the Parliament, of the League of Nations, therefore the delegates to the coming Peace Conference must be *elected*, not appointed by the ruling executive of each nation, as has always been the case with peace conferences. Mr. Wells sees the Peace Conference as much more than a mere peace conference. He sees it as what we would call the first Constitutional Convention of the League of Nations. And he sees the League of Nations as a "Strong League of Nations." He uses the phrase himself and pours scorn upon the "Weak Leaguers." He scorns those who are for the League of Nations but at the same time say that there must be no interference with internal affairs. He says the world demands surrender on the part of all nations of some of the things about which they are now sovereign. He says the world can no longer be made up of "a crazy patchwork of absolutely sovereign nations." He says quite frankly that the League of Nations is "a scheme for a new political order in the world." He says that the world control of militarism—which everybody admits is the first purpose of the League of Nations—implies world control of food supplies, and of the supplies of staple articles generally, like coal and iron. Further, that it implies world control of shipping, restraint of tariff wars, and general control of international trade. Looking straight in the eyes of the British Tories, who don't like the idea of a "Strong League of Nations," Mr. Wells declares that "the League of Nations points straight to a pooling of empires, and it is no good blinking the fact." And he winds up by saying that the League of Nations isn't going to look very kindly on the institution of kings, and he invites King George, as a way of helping along, to make what he calls a "gesture of abnegation." Mr. Wells, certainly, is concrete enough. And frank enough.

Mr. Wells's idea is, roughly, that the present joint management of finance, food, and supplies now practiced among the Allies shall continue right

once started, may come to be in a hundred years or so. But anyone who is familiar with American thought can say that such a picture of a "Strong League of Nations" as Mr. Wells draws is likely to shock provincial Americans into suspicion toward even a moderate league of nations.

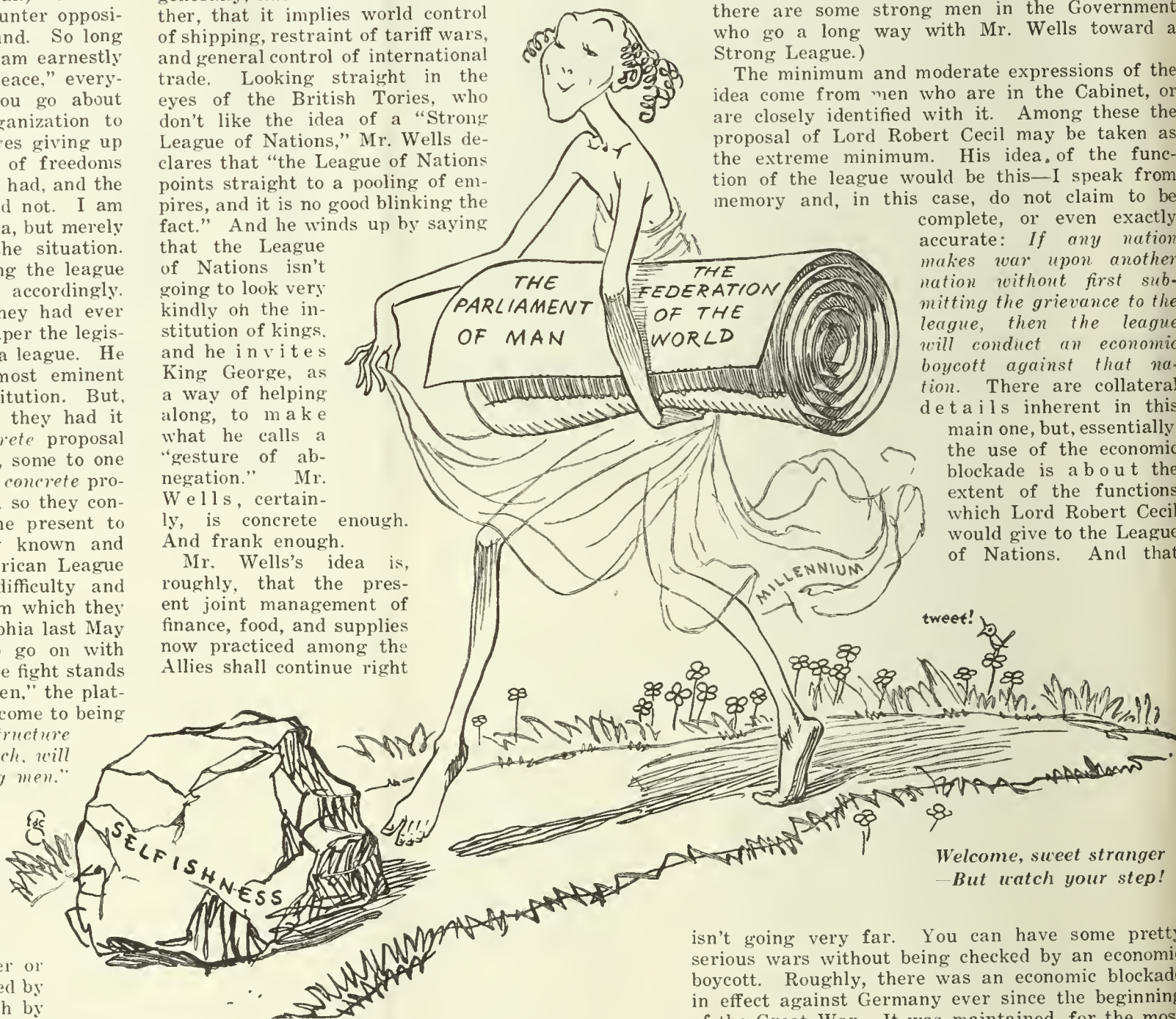
The citizen of Montana is likely to see it as some sort of very distant and very uncontrolled super-congress sitting in Switzerland or somewhere else that is much farther away than Washington, and legislating on the price of sugar and the tax on dogs in Butte or Helena.

With all this, Mr. Wells has a proved reputation as a seer. An astonishing number of strange things that he foretold have come true within his lifetime. And his forecast of what one more war would do to the human race—of the necessity of preventing any more wars—is pretty convincing.

### For a "Moderate" League

TURN now to the proposals that emanate from a different group of Englishmen. Mr. Wells is a writer. He is not in the Government, nor in the governing class. He is glad he is not and takes pleasure in saying so. He is, in a way, identified with the "intellectuals," who furnish a good deal of the leadership of labor. He does represent a large school of thought in Great Britain, a group which everybody expects will have a good deal of power in the Government as soon as the next election takes place. For the present, Mr. Wells has no position of responsibility and can talk freely. And so from him comes what one may call the *maximum* expression of the League of Nations. (With all that, there are some strong men in the Government who go a long way with Mr. Wells toward a Strong League.)

The minimum and moderate expressions of the idea come from men who are in the Cabinet, or are closely identified with it. Among these the proposal of Lord Robert Cecil may be taken as the extreme minimum. His idea, of the function of the league would be this—I speak from memory and, in this case, do not claim to be complete, or even exactly accurate: *If any nation makes war upon another nation without first submitting the grievance to the league, then the league will conduct an economic boycott against that nation.* There are collateral details inherent in this main one, but, essentially, the use of the economic blockade is about the extent of the functions which Lord Robert Cecil would give to the League of Nations. And that



on and be increased and perfected. It is the same idea that comes from a typical and important French source: Albert Thomas, who is a leader of the French Socialist party, and has been Minister of Munitions during the war, says that if you can have a League of Nations, as you have, to fight a war, with common generalship in the field, common management of finance, of food, of shipping, and of supplies generally, then you can have a League of Nations to prevent war, attended by the same elements of common management.

Of course, no one can say what a league of nations,

isn't going very far. You can have some pretty serious wars without being checked by an economic boycott. Roughly, there was an economic blockade in effect against Germany ever since the beginning of the Great War. It was maintained, for the most part, through the power of the British fleet. Of course, the economic boycott is one of the features of every proposal of a league of nations.

For a view which goes much farther than this, for what is indeed a fair expression of enough functions to make a substantial organization, for a fair expression of a moderate league of nations, the most satisfactory source I have found is the formal utterances of Viscount Grey. He was what we would call Secretary of State for Great Britain for several years preceding the war and for more than a year after it began. At that time the world heard much of him as Sir Edward Grey. (Continued on page 16)



# Crane and the Layout Lady

BY OSCAR GRAEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

POETS and playwrights have had their due. The artists who hold the mirror up to nature in fact and in fancy have had their private woes and their public virtues paraded before us. We have read of their marriages and their divorces; we have had impressed upon us their taste in dress and their fancy in food; we have had flaunted before us their pictures in masquerade costume and bathing suit, in riding togs and gardening smock. All of this we have had—too much of it! But who has ever heard anything of the disciples of a humbler art—the art of advertising? The back pages of your favorite magazine (and, alas, sometimes the front pages!) are crowded with a miscellaneous assortment of announcements, of claims and panegyrics in which the words are as carefully chosen as in the stories and articles for which you give the newsdealer your five or your twenty cents. The phrases are beaten into a perfection that would delight the soul of a Flaubert. But the perpetrators of this branch of literature, symbolic of America as it is, remain unknown, buried in a terrible anonymity, no matter how they pray and strive and suffer to fulfill their ultimate destiny. And yet behind these advertisements are tales of triumphs and failures, of hopes realized and despairs encountered, as filled to the brim with the interest of the human drama as any that can be chronicled. And all of these sagas are still unsung.

IT was not known at first why and how Austin Crane came to be employed by Fairweather & Linn, Inc. Little Billy Dow, who prided himself on his analyses of people's motives and purposes, said that A. Price Fairweather had given Austin Crane a job; said that he was filled to the brim and overflowing with the Thomas Mott Osborne school of philosophy, which was—as little Billy expressed it—that no man had ever sunk so low that you couldn't pull him back if you threw out the proper kind of life line. Well, possibly this hidden philosophy of Mr. Fairweather's may have had something to do with Austin Crane's employment, but it isn't the whole story. Rosalie Foster had more to do with it than A. Price Fairweather—but, of course, we didn't know that until much later. At first we only knew that Austin Crane was placed in what we liked to consider our select ranks, and we were greatly perturbed and aghast at the simple fact.

And yet I don't know why we considered it such an extraordinary thing. Every advertising agency, sooner or later, has its Austin Crane with his disillusioned eyes and his hangdog air—a wreck, a

The third of Mr. Graeve's stories of the advertising agency of Fairweather & Linn. Another will be published in an early issue.—THE EDITOR.

derelict, hanging on to respectability with the grim clutch with which one hangs to the stump on the edge of the abyss. This particular Austin Crane, like the rest of them, had been a youth of brilliant promise. He had had dreams, hopes—oh, not only rose—but flame-colored. He could write. He had dreamed of conquering New York—America!—with his glowing stories. And he had followed the usual path—his college paper, newspaper work, some slight success in the lesser magazines. And nothing more! Then disillusionment, a loss of confidence in his ultimate victory, a blighting belief that every man's hand was set against him, a blank staring wall of misery shutting down on him: drink, poverty, grime—all the rest of it!

It seems Rosalie Foster had known him at some earlier stage of his career when he appeared to her as a young god of creation. And after his downfall she had run across him again. She decided to save him. She was exactly that type. She had induced him to write some sample advertisements which through ceaseless effort she had managed to have shown to A. Price Fairweather. And the fellow had the gift of words. The strange advertising gift, too, of writing about a thing so that a person reading experienced an immediate desire for that thing. So

A. Price, who liked nothing better than posing as a discoverer of this particular kind of talent, consented to give him a trial. Now, the marvelous part of the tale is not that Rosalie Foster tried to save him. That is trite to the point of the pitiful. But the remarkable part of it is that, alone and unaided, she so nearly succeeded in accomplishing her purpose.

I say alone and unaided because we gave her precious little help. As a matter of fact, we rather resented Austin Crane's very presence among us. We were, I suppose, a set of snobbish young men. Our copy department, we liked to think, was the best that any advertising agency in the country could boast. We considered ourselves not only bright and engaging young men of affairs, but we tried to look the part. This, you understand, was two years before America entered the war, and as yet none of us was touched by the economies and the sacrifices that war was to demand of us. On the contrary, we were intoxicated with youth and money and the ability to do clever, well-paid, exciting work. We were having our fling. With Austin Crane there was introduced a somber note into our careless gayety. He was incredibly shabby—a tall, solemn, lanky figure dressed in clothes that seemed to flop around him. Little things, too, counted against him—he always needed a haircut or a shine or something of the kind. And his solemnity made us uncomfortable—put a damper on the swift flow of our animal spirits. Besides, he was always borrowing our cigarettes and never offering any in return. There was a reason for this, we discovered later; he was frightfully hard up because he was paying back some of his debts; his checkered career had left him with a load of them. For instance, one of his former landladies when he was trying to make a living writing literature had trusted him for a year's board, or something preposterous like that, and he was paying her back. He was that sort of a fellow, you know, the kind that dames fall for—romantic and melancholy, with a sudden gentleness and sweetness that swept you off your feet because they were so unexpected. But we knew none of this at the time. All we knew was that, in appearance, he was a blot on the department, and we also knew that he was merciless in grubbing our cigarettes. It is of such small stuff that popularity or unpopularity is made.

BUT the thing that absolutely set us against him was one day when A. Price Fairweather called us into his private office and read us a lecture about our treatment of Austin Crane. We suspected that Crane had complained to Fairweather, which, according to our ideas, was the very lowest depth of infamy to which a fellow worker could sink. As a matter of fact, Crane had done nothing of the kind. It seems that Fairweather had overheard Little Billy Dow and Dubuque expressing in picturesque language their opinion of Crane. The lecture resulted from that. It was a very pretty speech Fairweather gave us. And you may be sure that we listened with every mark of respect. Because while among ourselves we talked in a chipper way about old Fairweather with his Oxford glasses and his spats and his general air of stout pomposity, we were all a bit in awe of him. As little Billy Dow said, "the old boy is there! It's no use trying to put



"What's the use of lying any more, Dow?"

very much over on him. He knows three times as much about advertising as the whole bunch of us put together."

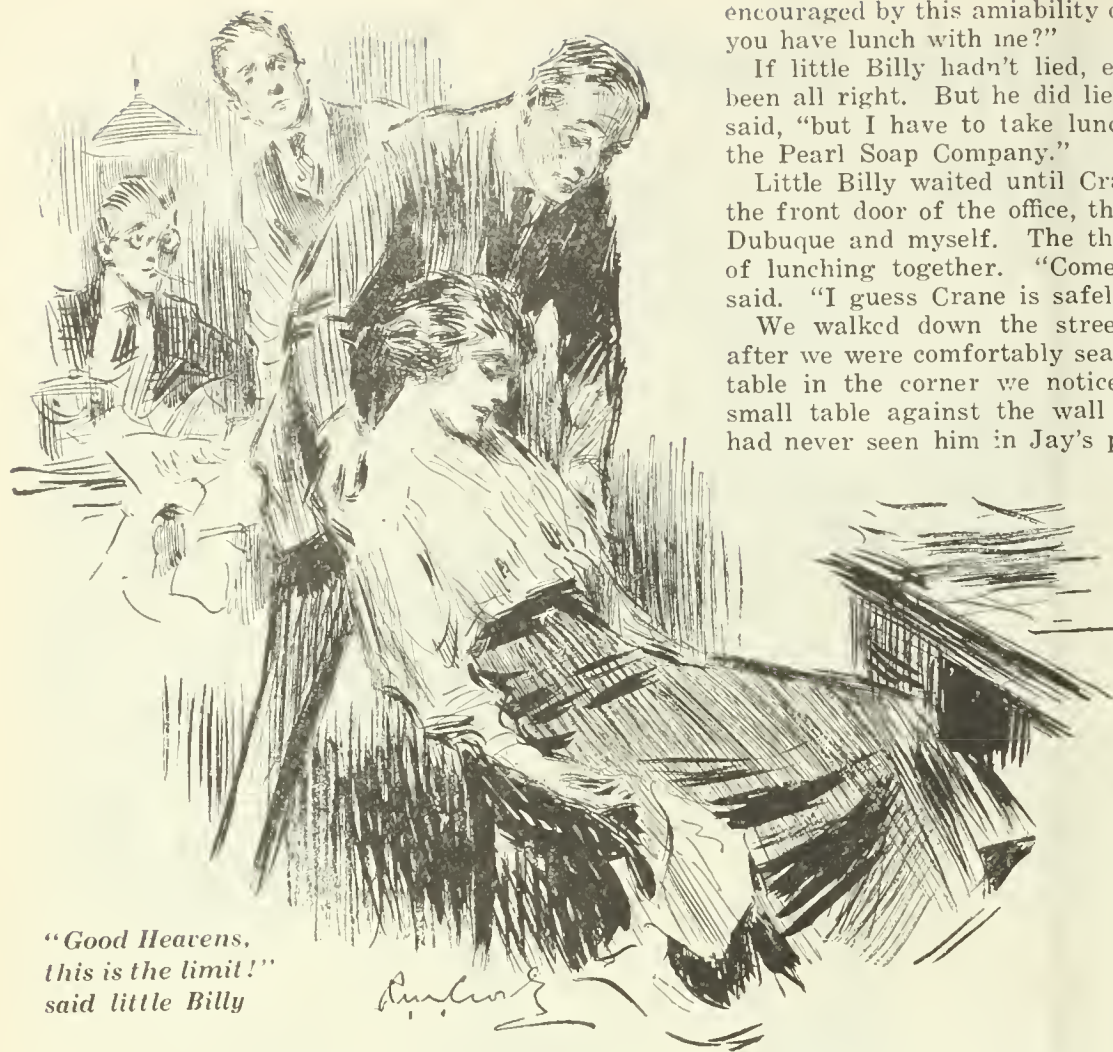
Well, there we were in A. Price Fairweather's office—little Billy Dow and Dubuque, Ned Wayne, Charlie Andrews, Peterson, and myself, the whole copy department with the exception of Austin Crane, feeling very much like a bunch of naughty schoolboys.

"Now, look here, boys," Fairweather began, sitting at that wide mahogany desk of his, and taking off his Oxford glasses to balance them carefully on the edge of one finger, "I'm giving this man Crane a chance for two reasons. First, because he has remarkable ability as a copy writer; second, and more important, because there's a possibility of making a man out of a wreck that's come pretty close to going to pieces. And you boys are not giving me any help at all. Why is it? You are a pretty decent crowd, and I'm proud of you. I'm happy that I have men of your caliber working for me. I feel that we're all good fellows pulling together. But you won't let this chap pull with you. Why is it? Why don't you want to help? You, Dubuque, why don't you take him to one of your clubs to lunch? And you, Dow, invite him home to have dinner with your wife and the kids? He'd appreciate that. All of you should do something. Treat him as if he were one of you, not as if he were a rank outsider, a pariah, that you all look down upon and despise." Suddenly he leaned forward and shot his hand toward us in a gesture. "Good God, boys, I'm not much on this sentimental stuff, but do you realize that man's soul is on the rocks and you're not lifting a hand to help him?"

That's the way he put it up to us—a lot more like that. Of course it did make some impression on us, but we couldn't get away from the thought that Austin Crane had put old Fairweather up to talking to us. And we resented it. Just when one or other of us was beginning to fall for Fairweather's sob stuff, Billy Dow, that tough little nut, would wink his bright, satiric eye at the man who was yielding, and we would all come back to dull, skeptical earth again.

Before that lecture we had, in a half-hearted fashion, tried to treat Crane with at least a fair amount of decency. But after it we gave him a punctilious politeness that must have been maddening. We were determined not to let anyone influence us by complaining to the big boss. It was a form of boycott that not even the strongest man could have stood very long. And as for Austin Crane, it handed him a knock-out blow when he was already down and struggling. And yet I know, if we, if any of us, had realized the true facts of the case, we would have acted entirely different. It's just another example of the cruelty that man practices on his fellow man through ignorance and lack of understanding.





"Good Heavens, this is the limit!" said little Billy

Up to this time Crane had been fighting along pretty well. I mean by that he had been sticking close to his work in a fairly desperate manner. He was at his desk every morning before any of the rest of us came in; at noon he'd hurry around the corner for a bite of lunch at one of those spick-and-span, white-tiled places, and at night he'd stay at the office until after six. If we'd had an ounce of intelligence, we'd have known that he was deliberately tiring himself out, that he didn't dare let himself go, didn't dare lift his nose from the grindstone. And he'd been doing some remarkable work too. He wrote a series of advertisements for the Cross Country Car that were wonders—full of the breath of outdoors, advertisements that made you wild to get out upon wind-swept, sun-drenched roads—and get out upon them in a Cross Country Car. They made such a hit with old Fairweather that he gave Crane one of the biggest jobs that had ever come into the office. That was to work up some advertisements for the Eastern Electrical Company which would show them how well qualified the agency of Fairweather & Linn, Inc., was to handle their account. Every agency in the city was after that half-million-dollar appropriation, but old Fairweather had the inside track because he belonged to the same club as the president of the Eastern Electrical, swapped stories with him, played golf with him. And Fairweather's sister's daughter was married to the second cousin of the president of the Eastern Electrical Company—or something absurd like that.

WELL, Austin Crane was put on the account, and for a week he worked night and day upon it. He wasn't writing any copy during that week, you understand; he was just studying the business and its products from every possible angle. Fairweather had an appointment with the directors of the company in Bridgeport on Friday morning, and it was Tuesday noon when Austin Crane abruptly brushed all the papers on his desk into a drawer and, stretching luxuriously, said to little Billy Dow, who had the desk next to him: "Thank Heavens! I'm all ready to start writing this stuff after lunch. I've got my ideas all outlined and ready." He tapped his breast pocket to indicate where he had his notes guarded.

"Well, I hope you do as good a job on it as you did on the Cross Country Car," said little Billy amiably.

"I'll do a better job," said Crane confidently, "if I can only hold my nerves together a little longer. I guess I've been overdoing it a bit lately."

"Yes, you've been working too hard," agreed Billy Dow. He, the shameless little beast, never worked a minute overtime; he always rushed home at the stroke of five to his wife and kids in a New Jersey suburb and to an incipient garden for which he had developed a sudden passion.

"What are you doing for lunch?" asked Crane,

encouraged by this amiability on Dow's part. "Can't you have lunch with me?"

If little Billy hadn't lied, everything might have been all right. But he did lie. "Oh, I'm sorry," he said, "but I have to take lunch with McPherson of the Pearl Soap Company."

Little Billy waited until Crane had passed out of the front door of the office, then he sauntered up to Dubuque and myself. The three of us had a habit of lunching together. "Come on out, fellows," he said. "I guess Crane is safely out of sight."

We walked down the street to Jay's place, and after we were comfortably seated at our usual round table in the corner we noticed Austin Crane at a small table against the wall across from us. We had never seen him in Jay's place before, but there

he was—and alone. He saw us too, but he gave us no sign of recognition.

"Good Lord!" gasped little Billy Dow. "Caught red-handed! How can I lie out of it?"

We didn't get much enjoyment out of our lunch that day. Try as we would to dismiss the consciousness of Crane's presence, we couldn't. He sat there, his lanky figure hunched over the table, his face set in a peculiar smile and in his eyes an expression

of mingled fear and despair that wasn't at all pleasant to see. We also noticed that he was drinking more straight whisky than it is well for a man to drink at lunch. Or at any other time, for that matter.

After we had paid our check, and were on our way out, little Billy drew a long breath and murmured: "I'll see what I can do to straighten this out." Going up to Crane, we heard him say: "I'm awfully sorry about this, old man. After you had gone out, the Pearl Soap man telephoned that he couldn't keep the lunch engagement with me."

Then Crane's answer came, very distinct, very bitter. "What's the use of lying any more, Dow? Why didn't you say in the first place that you didn't want to have lunch with me? I'm used to that kind of treatment from your crowd."

Little Billy flushed and stammered; he tried to say something more, but after a minute gave it up as a bad job and joined us, looking rather crestfallen.

"Rotten taste on Crane's part," said Dubuque indignantly. "When you catch a fellow in a lie the thing to do is not to let him know you know. Damned embarrassing otherwise."

But little Billy shook his head. "I've been a skunk about this thing, and I'm awfully sorry. It seems to me we've all acted like a bunch of rotters to Crane, and I've been the worst of all. You bet, I'm going to apologize to him good and proper the first opportunity I get."

But, as it turned out, that opportunity didn't come to Billy Dow—not for a long time. Austin Crane did not come back to the office from that lunch.

NOBODY began to worry about Crane's disappearance until the next day, which was Wednesday. It was on Wednesday afternoon that things broke loose

all of a sudden. Old Fairweather came into the department smiling benevolently, to find out how the advertisements for the Eastern Electrical Company were getting along, but his smile didn't last long when he discovered that they weren't getting along at all.

"Where is Crane?" he demanded, that bellowing quality in his voice which you always notice—to your dismay—when the old boy gets really excited.

For a moment no one answered. As a matter of fact, no one knew what to answer. Neither little Billy Dow nor Dubuque or myself could very well explain that the last we had seen of Crane was in Jay's place, where he sat drinking whisky and looking as if he didn't care whether life ended or not.

"Where is Crane?" bellowed A. Price again, growing a bit purple with indignation because no one had answered him the first time.

Then little Billy had an inspiration. "He's at home working on the Eastern Electrical ads," he piped up. "He thought he could make a better job of it there because he could work without being interrupted in any way."

"He understands I've got to have them to-morrow, doesn't he?" asked Fairweather.

"Yes, sir, he understands that."

After old Fairweather had gone out, partly mollified with this explanation, we held a consultation.

"We had to have a stab at saving Crane his job!" exclaimed little Billy. "Lord knows we've done little enough for him up to this time. And I'm responsible in a way for his disappearance. I'm going out to find him."

"There's one person here who knows more about him than anyone else," volunteered Dubuque abruptly. "Why don't you ask her?"

"Her!" we echoed in surprise.

"The Layout Lady knows him very well, I should judge," said Dubuque. "I've seen them leave the office together. He waits on the corner for her to come out, and they go trotting off together arm in arm. And once when I was having dinner alone in a little Italian joint downtown I spotted them in a far corner, talking across the table in that intimate fashion which is extremely illuminating to the observer."

"But why didn't you mention this before?" asked little Billy.

Dubuque put on that expression which we have termed his painfully gentlemanly look. "One doesn't talk about things like that, does one?"

NOW the Layout Lady, of course, was Rosalie Foster. She had received her name because she made layouts—the pieces of cardboard on which advertisements are designed or sketched in their preliminary stages. For the rest, she was a frail little thing with fluffy hair and eyes that seemed too large for her small pointed face. (Continued on page 24)



"We've come to do what we can to help, Miss Foster"





# Emptying the Bag

Part III of "On the German Heels"

BY JAMES HOPPER

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

AFTER the great offensive blow of July 18, struck, as we have seen, along the entire western line of the German salient—that is to say, from Soissons to Château-Thierry—the fighting within that salient, or bag, took the following character: In the three days of the attack the Franco-Americans had caved in the great pocket, on its western side, to a depth which made it impossibly tight to the Germans, who had heaped themselves in there, with a tremendous quantity of material, ammunition, and artillery for the triumphal march upon Paris. First they had to let go the little ground they had taken south of the Marne; then, as pressure was brought to bear from all sides, they began to vacate the entire salient. This was done slowly, with desperate rear-guard action of machine-gun nests left behind to resist to the death, and with many attempts to halt altogether. But the Allied pressure continued inexorable till the whole salient was emptied. Whenever the German resistance at the bottom of the bag grew too strong, the French (a splendid Highland division was there with them) attacked up by Soissons, narrowing the mouth of the bag still more and sending a shiver of threat down its very depths—till the bottom gave way once more.

During those days the work of our divisions—the Third, the Fourth, the Twenty-sixth, the Twenty-eighth, the Thirty-second, the Forty-second (the First and Second having been pulled out after their great work in the direct attack)—was as follows: While the French, together with a division of Highlanders, pressed on the west side of the bag, and another French army, together with an Italian army corps, pressed on the eastern side, our divisions forced continuously against the bottom of the bag, flattening it from northwest to northeast.

The fighting all through was hard. Our infan-

try, advancing widespread across the rolling plains, through woods, came continuously against redoubtable machine-gun nests cunningly hidden. The first that would be known of them was the deadly tat-tat-tat, while bullets by the thousands whispered past, and the boys saw their "buddies" to right or left suddenly pitch forward. A long fight would

As the Germans withdrew from the salient between Soissons and Rheims, they left in their wake a flotsam of grotesque, amusing, tragical things—the loot addressed to German Hausfrauen, wrecked shops, a troubling and anxious dog, a little shriveled, indomitable woman. It is of these things, vivid, picturesque, and wonderfully illuminating, that James Hopper writes in this third and concluding installment of "On the German Heels."—THE EDITOR.

follow to reduce those machine-gun nests. At this work, calling hard upon individual qualities of initiative, maneuvering, tenacity, and cool, direct courage, our boys proved themselves wonderful soldiers. Many times they performed the unheard-of feat of taking machine guns by frontal attack. I remember the answer one of those boys gave me when I questioned him as to this sort of fighting, and hinted at the necessity of going at it cannily and carefully. "Yes, sir," he said politely, "you can get them that way. You can worm around, and crawl on your belly, and circle, and sneak up from behind, and get 'em that way. But—oh, hell—the boys don't like to do it that way. There they are ahead; you've got to get 'em and—oh, blank, we go and get them. We know they'll get some of us, but we know the rest

of us will get them!" They learned the other method too, however, and are now masters at it.

For, day upon day, they pressed on thus, fighting and marching, fighting and marching. Under a hot sun across a desolate land. Sleeping at night in little "fox holes" dug by themselves, suffering hunger and thirst and sore feet and weariness—but always going on in their elastic, half-nonchalant manner, "joshing" each other as they went. Then, suddenly tightening muscle and mind when they reached resistance, hurling themselves at it with zest, and breaking it, till finally from the top of a plateau they saw the Vesle under their feet—those boys, from city and farm across the seas, transformed so suddenly to marvelous soldiers in the greatest epic of all times. Behind them they left ruined villages and towns, square miles of land, recovered from the invader, and also bodies—of themselves and of the foe—all the hot and terrible things that remain on a battle field.

It is this we correspondents mostly saw. I will tell of some of the excursions I made across the shifting battle field.

## A French Noncom's Cap

ONE of them took three of us one morning into Château-Thierry just after it had been evacuated. Our troops and some of the French had pressed on beyond; their artillery was pounding near by to the north, but the city itself was empty—empty both of the conqueror and the conquered. The streets leading to the quay were still barred by heavy barricades; on the quay itself lay a lone cow, which must have strayed innocently there in the zone of fire weeks ago, and which since had flattened and dissolved till it looked like a mere dun-colored rug, there in the center of the place. Above it the statue



of La Fontaine poised minus a leg; on the parapet of what was left of the bridge, which had been blown up, lay a machine gun with several belts of cartridges gleaming like jeweled festoons in the sun. But down on the river bank were the small mementos of a tragedy—a French noncom's cap, by it a shattered rifle, next to that a clean towel, a piece of soap, a toothbrush. The man must have been surprised weeks before by the Germans as he knelt there, stealing a moment to clean up after the hard retreat.

### The Hun's Hurry

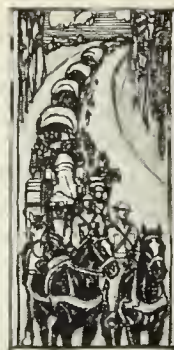
I WENT into a small store on that river bank which had been a No Man's Land ever since the Germans had entered the town. It was a small "bistro"—a wine and tobacco shop. Half-drained glasses lay on the zinc counter, tied together by fine cobwebs; in a rack were the newspapers of several weeks ago, which had come in that day from Paris, all bearing the date of the German invasion of May 29. But what puzzled me more was the fact that this small wine shop was full of clocks. They lay all over the floor, some shattered, some intact; one was on its beam ends on the counter. I went through a great hole in the partition into the next shop, and understood.

The next shop was a jeweler's; the clocks had come from there. But the jeweler's shop, in turn, was full of hats! Most of them straw hats—the spring stock; they lay all over, scattered as small bits of paper are scattered by the breath of a child. Again I went through a big hole into the next shop, and understood: I was now in the hat store. A shell had gone through hat store, jeweler's, and "bistro." It had forced the hats of the

throws down one's hand in disgust, except that here all four hands lay there thus spread, expressive more of haste than disgust. In and about the cards were glasses of wine, one full, the other half drained, a third with just a little at the bottom, while under the table were three uncorked bottles and another still corked. In another dugout the colonel had just been about to wash his hands before dinner. Here was the basin, all ready, full of nice clean water, and by its side the soap, and by its side the clean towel, carefully laid within easy reach of one rising from ablution with eyes tight shut against danger of suds. But the soap had not been used, the towel was still folded, the water pellucid and unsoiled. The colonel had gone away without washing his hands.

### Mail for Germany

HERE and there, everywhere, were great baskets in which all sorts of objects made of copper had been collected; there were scales and weights, clock-works, trombones, bells, and kettles. The baskets were already ticketed for departure for Germany; all this brass was the official and governmental loot, what might be called the suzerain's first rights in pillage. But we found something still more interesting. In one of the galleries we came upon a pyramid of packages. They were neat packages, all the same size, wrapped in the same stout brown paper, tied securely with best quality of twine and with no careless knots or loose ends. At first we thought this was the German mail come in, parcels sent from German homes to their fighters. But a short study proved the contrary; they were all addressed to good



tending to be absorbed in the passing street cars. The first thought of these good Germans had been for their good wives: there were filmy waists, and good stout woolen stockings, and sheets and tablecloths and napkins—and many other things. I remember, as if I had seen it in a nightmare, a monstrous pantalet made seemingly for a giantess. But paternal love had also its place beside conjugal affection; the small Hanses and the small Gretchens had not been forgotten. There were little shoes and stockings, blouses and pinafores, dolls and tops and marbles and balls. In the heart center of a package I found six little French soldiers—a brilliant zouave, a horse chasseur with sky-blue tunic, a red-képiéd pioupiou, a natty alpin, a black artilleur, and an armored cuirassier—small ghosts of the brilliant, gay, and naive army of France before the Great War. I took those, I recaptured them. And now they are on my table, all in a row, looking on as I write, and seemingly quite well pleased to be here rather than in Germany.

We lunched on the provisions we had taken with us in the court of a big building which had been a convent before the war and a hospital since. A burst water main made a pretty gurgling sound and gave the illusion of an old fountain. Near by was a half-wild garden; when we looked amid the flowers, though, we found graves—simple French graves with the inscription: "Here rest three French soldiers," and more pretentious German graves each with a headstone proclaiming that a "Deutscher Held"—a "German Hero"—lay there, who had "died in defense of his Fatherland." Extraordinary how far one has to go to defend that Fatherland. The place was quiet, though our cannon thundered not a thousand yards away, and the city seemed not only deserted, but never to have been peopled.

### The Guns Go By

WE took a scouting dash along the north bank of the Marne afterward. The Germans held still a part of it, and we did not know just where that part was, everything was shifting so fast. We saw, a few kilometers up the river (the river, by the way, was the Marne, the twice-famous Marne), a French army corps crossing on pontoons—a marvelous sight.

It came to the river from the south, from the top of the high tableland there. The road along which it streamed dropped into the valley at first straight toward the river. Half-way to the river, though, it turned at right angles toward the east. It held this direction for perhaps two kilometers, then turned another right angle, and came once more straight for the river. At the river it turned once more, this time to the west, and followed the bank for two kilometers to the pontoons. We thus had it before our eyes for miles—a twisting road, flowing with the massed horizon-blue of men, with lorries, horses, tractors, wagons, caissons, and guns.

Taking position at the rear end of the pontoon—that is to say, on the north bank of the Marne which the corps was gaining—we watched the passing for a while

across this shaky floating bridge. It was artillery that was going by just then. I remember the first battery, one of heavy guns, each of which the artilleurs had baptized with a name written large on its rounded flanks. The first four were La Tosca, Carmen, Louise, and Manon. Reading these names, the Germans will know which corps it was which was crossing, but I take the risk, for that corps is no longer on that pontoon—it is much nearer Germany by this time. The river bank was high just at the place where the pontoon struck land there came a sharp rise which the engineers had not had time to cut down yet. At the top of the rise a short, square, vigorous little old captain stood. He would catch the eyes of the

(Continued on page 18)



"You are a nice boy, a very nice boy indeed, to go breaking my window like that!"

hat store into the jeweler's shop and the clocks of the jeweler into the wine shop.

We went up to the old castle on a hill rising in the center of the city, the old Château-Thierry, from which the city has gained its name and which is believed to be a relic of the Merovingian times. There, in the vast vaults and galleries of the ruins, we found—all warm still—the evidence of a very late boche occupation. There was, of course, the usual litter of arms and ammunition, of clothes, equipment, and rags, and, besides all the strange heaping of loot—chosen by minds, one feels, not quite developed—which one finds where German troops have lived. But, also, there was a table upon which cards lay spread as they lie spread when one

German Frauen; they had been on the point of departing for Germany in the mail when our advance had thrown all plans, even the best, into disorder. We opened one of them. Our curiosity then whetted, we kept on—tearing open package after package—and found spread before our eyes all that which was missing in Château-Thierry shops and homes. Those excellent, naive, thrifty, and family-loving German soldiers were, at this distance, stocking their chests and linen closets. All the sturdy domestic virtues of their race were displayed in their choice: what we found most in the parcels were those garments at which a young man blushes when, as he walks with his girl, she stops to view with tenderness an entire windowful of them. He stands by then, pre-





A boy followed him,  
like a dog at heel

# The Gun Crank

BY LUCIAN CARY

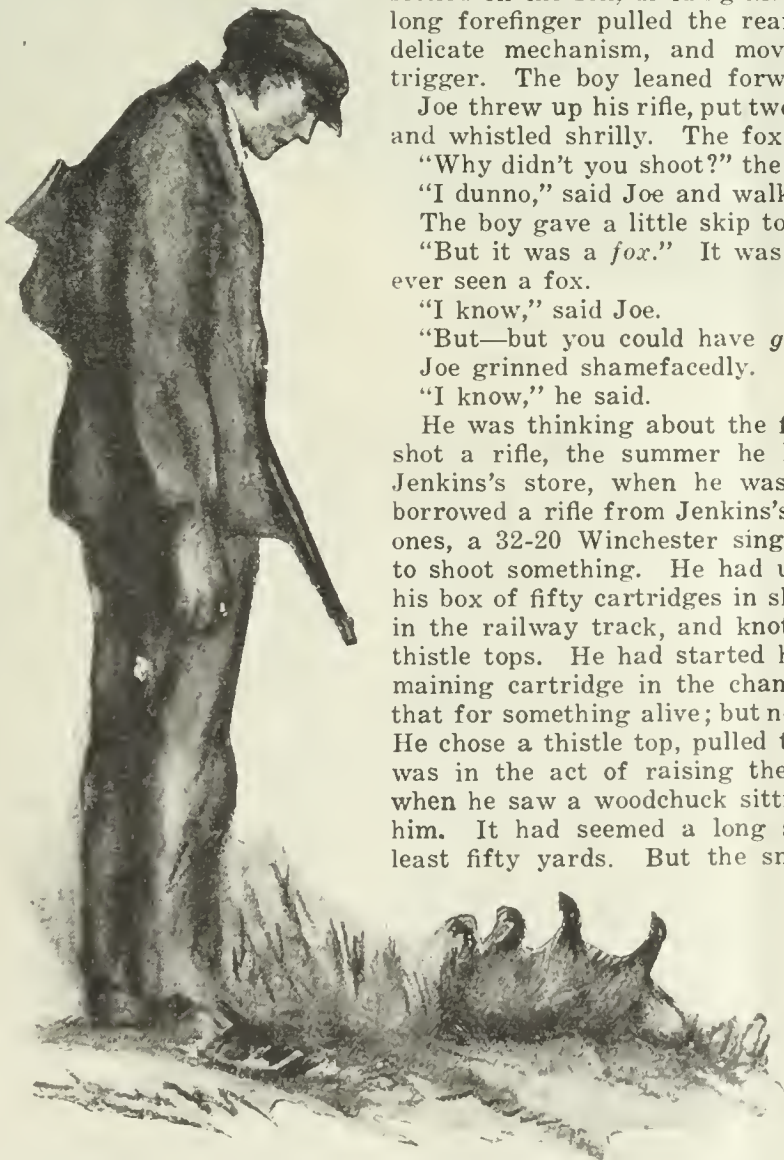
ILLUSTRATED BY C. R. WEED

JOE WILLETTS was walking up the river road, carrying a rifle. A boy of twelve or fourteen followed him, like a dog at heel. You would have known that Joe was walking fast only because the boy hurried to keep up with him. Joe was carrying the rifle cradled in his left arm, his right hand clasping the slender part of the stock just behind the trigger guard.

It was two o'clock of a Sunday afternoon, an Indian summer afternoon, warm and lazy and smoky in the distance.

Joe's rifle was not at all the kind you would find in the show case at Jenkins's hardware store. It had a bolt action, similar to the bolt action of the army Springfield. But the stock was the shapely stock of a fine shotgun, with a pistol grip curving sharply down behind the trigger guard and a straight butt plate. The trigger was double—a set trigger. And on the barrel was mounted a blued steel tube with two large micrometer screws—a telescope sight. Every detail represented thought—from the way the weight of the barrel was carried out to the muzzle to the way the steel butt plate was checked to prevent its slipping on the arm. It was the kind of rifle that anyone who knows about rifles would look at longingly, wishing to handle it. It was the chosen instrument of a gun crank.

Joe left the road just beyond the Byron place, climbed the fence, and struck off toward the ridge which makes one side of the valley. The



Until he lay still on his back

boy was only a yard behind him. High up on the ridge Joe saw a fox run out of cover and pause to look back. Joe stopped short. The muzzle of the rifle swung gently round, the bolt clicked softly, the butt settled in the hollow of his arm. The fox was a good hundred yards away, a vague shape in the brown grass. But the telescope showed him sharply. Joe's body stiffened ever so slightly, with that curious tension of the rifleman, so near to complete relaxation and yet so firm. The cross hairs settled on the fox, dividing him into quarters. Joe's long forefinger pulled the rear trigger, setting the delicate mechanism, and moved toward the front trigger. The boy leaned forward in his eagerness.

Joe threw up his rifle, put two fingers to his mouth, and whistled shrilly. The fox slipped over the hill.

"Why didn't you shoot?" the boy cried.

"I dunno," said Joe and walked on.

The boy gave a little skip to catch up.

"But it was a fox." It was the first time he had ever seen a fox.

"I know," said Joe.

"But—but you could have got him!"

Joe grinned shamefacedly.

"I know," he said.

He was thinking about the first time he had ever shot a rifle, the summer he had gone to work in Jenkins's store, when he was seventeen. He had borrowed a rifle from Jenkins's stock of second-hand ones, a 32-20 Winchester single shot, and gone out to shoot something. He had used forty-nine out of his box of fifty cartridges in shooting at bits of coal in the railway track, and knots in fence posts, and thistle tops. He had started home with his one remaining cartridge in the chamber. He was saving that for something alive; but nothing alive appeared. He chose a thistle top, pulled the hammer back, and was in the act of raising the gun to his shoulder when he saw a woodchuck sitting up and looking at him. It had seemed a long shot to him then—at least fifty yards. But the small brown body was

silhouetted against the green hillside. Joe shot and the woodchuck ducked his nose and turned somersaults downhill, until he lay still on his back with his small legs pathetically extended in the air. Joe turned

him over with his foot and saw that the fat bullet had gone through both shoulders, smashing the bones. Joe had spent nearly every Sunday for a dozen years with a rifle, but he had never again shot at anything alive. . . .

JOE and the boy walked on for half a mile, till they came to a little sandy hollow in the ridge. There was a wooden box with a padlock hidden under a bush. Joe unlocked the box and took out the joints of a fifteen-foot bamboo pole. The top joint had a white flag the size of a large pillow case fastened to it.

"Now, sonny," said Joe, "I'm going to try a few sighting shots until I get on the target and then I'm going to shoot three ten-shot strings. I want a fresh target for each string."

"Yep," said the boy and started off down the hill on the run. Joe looked out across the valley to the opposite ridge and then at the thistles near by.

"Not more than five miles—maybe six," he said to himself. He meant the wind.

Joe hauled three small bags of sand out of the box and, using two as a foundation, placed the third on top of them. He spread out a large handkerchief beside the bags. On the handkerchief he laid two rows of cartridges, each one separate from the next. That done he took a cleaning rod from the box and ran a small square of Canton flannel through the bore of his rifle. Joe had a prejudice against the first shot from a cold barrel, especially when it was full of oil.

Mysteriously a white target appeared at the base of the ridge opposite, a thousand yards away. It looked as if it might be six or eight feet square. A moment later a black bull's-eye appeared on the white space. Joe picked up the bamboo pole with the white flag and set it through a pair of rings on the end of the box. A white disk appeared against the black bull's-eye of the target and moved slowly up and down twice. It was the boy's signal that he was ready.

Joe lay down on his stomach, the muzzle of his rifle resting on the top sandbag. He made minute adjustments of his body to the ground and of the rifle to his body until he found the target comfortably. He took another look at the slowly swaying thistle tops in front of him and gave the micrometer screw on the side of the telescope an eighth of a turn. He gave the top screw a full turn down, reducing the elevation. He took out the cartridge in the chamber of his rifle and inserted one from the rows on the handkerchief. The brass cases were much larger than the regular army cartridge—necked down from a larger caliber to fit a bullet of the usual Spitzer shape.

Joe had necked down those cases himself and



loaded them, gauging every bullet before he accepted it, weighing each powder charge separately on an apothecary's scale. He had been working for months to get a load that would develop a higher speed than the army cartridge, with at least equal accuracy.

He had none of the elaborate instruments necessary for measuring the velocity of bullets, but he could guess pretty well what the velocity was by the way the bullet held up at various ranges. He thought that he had a velocity of 3,500 feet a second, which is nearly a third faster than the regular army cartridge. Joe had a theory that bullets could travel faster than they ever had.

He scrooged his elbows into the sand, seeking still greater ease of position, the butt of the rifle against his arm, the cross hairs on the distant bull's-eye. He took a large soft rubber cup, open at both ends, out of his pocket, fitted it over the eyepiece of the telescope, and placed his face close against it. The cup shut out all the light except that in the 'scope, permitting his eye to remain far enough away to escape the recoil. He took a deep breath and slowly expelled the air from his lungs. The cross hairs divided the bull's-eye precisely into four quarters, wavered slightly, drifted an infinitesimal fraction of an inch, and again divided it precisely. He released the rear trigger. His lungs were empty, his whole body relaxed—like that of a child going to sleep. His finger felt the forward trigger, and the thought that the sights were on the target passed through his mind. And passing, it compelled the slight pressure necessary to pull the three-ounce trigger. He was not conscious of acting. It was as if the thought, the image of the sights on the target, had done it. The rifle went off with the odd bo-o-omp of nitro powder, with a little jump so quick and hard that one could not be quite sure he had seen it and yet wondered if the shoulder behind it were not deeply bruised. "A little left," said Joe slowly to himself as he watched the target through the 'scope. A black disk went up, high up into the white, above the bull's-eye. Joe grinned. So he *did* have the velocity. The bullet had gone higher than he had calculated. He gave the top screw part of a turn. He looked at the thistle tops again. He knew he had pulled left, yet the bullet was square above the bull's-eye. He had allowed a little too much windage—and the error in pulling had corrected the error in allowing for the wind. He left the windage screw where it was and fired again. "Dead center that," he said aloud.

Again the black disk went up, and paused just clear of the bull's-eye to the left.

"H-m-m-m-m," said Joe and gave both micrometers a slight adjustment.

Again he shot.

"Just a little high," he said.

He had the trick of calling his shots aloud before they were marked lest he fool himself. In order to adjust his sights he had to know where he had aimed as well as where the bullet struck.

THE white disk came up and halted square in the middle of the bull's-eye.

Joe turned the elevation screw down the merest trifle. He got up and waved the bamboo pole back and forth as a signal that he was ready to shoot his first ten-shot string. As he lay down he pulled the handkerchief with its treasure of cartridges a little nearer. He did not wish to shift his position during the string by so much as reaching for a cartridge.

He fired again. Again the white disk halted in the bull's-eye.

He fired ten shots, shooting at intervals of a minute, and each time the white disk marked a bull's-eye. He had hit the three-foot bull's-eye every time at a thousand yards. The cartridge was all right.

It did not occur to him to be proud of his shooting. There were other men who could do as well, probably a dozen in the United States alone. Besides, he knew he could shoot better than into a thirty-six-

inch circle at 1,000 yards. He fired twenty more shots, making twenty more bull's-eyes, and then signaled the boy to bring up the targets.

They laid them out on the ground and bent over them together—the boy's face shining with enthusiasm, the man's soberly studious.

Only one bullet hole was more than a foot from the dead center, and that only by the fraction of an inch.

"Well, son," said Joe finally, "the load is all right." The boy looked up at him.

"All right?"

Joe stood with the rifle cradled in his arm, stroking the stock.

"Well," he said, "it's sort of satisfying—sort of."

It was the strongest statement he had ever made



*The cross hairs divided the figure of mist precisely into four quarters; wavered slightly*

about anything he had done himself. Joe produced a box of twenty miniature loads and gave the boy a lesson in shooting. They talked all the way home about the mysteries of ballistics—the queer differences that slight changes in the mere compression of powder in the case will produce. The boy was the only person Joe had ever known who shared his enthusiasm. He never talked about guns except to answer a direct question. He was really ashamed of his passion. He could not justify it. It wasn't as if he were a pioneer, dependent on his shooting for his food. The only meat Joe ever got came from the butcher shop round the corner. It wasn't as if he were an expert in the employ of the Government or one of the great arms companies. His shooting served no purpose except his own pleasure. And though he had never quite thought it out, pleasure, in his mind, was directly associated with wickedness. He regarded his afternoons with a rifle as a vice, a vice that might be condoned by the long hours he worked, but nevertheless a vice.

THREE weeks later Joe Willetts got his notice to report at the office of his draft board, prepared to take train for camp. It was not altogether a surprise; he had not expected to be called quite so soon, but he had known it was coming. He would have said he had no interest in the war. He had

avoided reading anything about it since the beginning. He had avoided discussing it. Of course when he was called, he would go. He had nothing to lose except his guns. And to lose them would bring a certain moral relief.

He got off early at the shop and went home. It was a simple matter to put his house in order. He had only to present his neighbors with the food on hand, to lock the back door from the inside, and to hang the front-door key on the hidden nail in the veranda pillar. He did not especially regret leaving the place where, ever since his mother's death, he had lived alone.

He took down his rifles one by one and reloaded them, not because it was necessary, but because he loved the feel of them. He took apart the 22 rim-fire repeater that had been his first. He had fitted it with target sights and let down the trigger pull himself. He took a look through the 'scope on the 25-caliber single shot—the first rifle he had had

with a telescope sight and the first one with which he had made experiments in reloading.

He worked the action of the 22 high-velocity repeater. He patted the butt of the bolt action 30-caliber which he had been shooting for the last two years. He loved that rifle. A

phrase he had often heard in church, a favorite of the minister's, occurred to him: it is time to put away childish things.

He was going to war, and going to war inevitably meant giving up his guns. The irony of the thought did not occur to him. The army

rifle was not what he called a gun. It was prob-

ably the best army rifle in the world. It was admirably suited to igno-

ramuses. It was fool-proof. But you could no

more compare an army rifle, with its clumsy stock

and its nine-pound crawling trigger pull and its

coarse sights, to his rifles than you could compare a

penny tape measure with a micrometer gauge. His rifles

were instruments of precision. It was childish to care about

such things, but he did care about them. There was a band the next

day and a cheering crowd and kissing and waving of handkerchiefs and

frank tears. Joe watched it all stolidly. He had had his hour of leave-taking the

night before, reiling his guns. He took everything stolidly for the next three months.

He was patient. He was patient when they gave him a wooden gun with which to learn the manual of

arms. He was even patient when the new service rifles were issued. But he was not enthusiastic.

The time came when his company went to the range and actually fired these roughly sighted guns

at the target. Joe accepted his orders without protest—as a chauffeur trained on Rolls-Royce cars

might accept an order to drive henceforth a coal truck. He was even a little curious to see what could

be done with so crude an instrument. The sights proved possible. He could not do good shooting.

But he could hit the bull's-eye three or four times out of five. He got an oilstone and went to work

on the trigger pull one afternoon. He would not reduce it very much—that would hardly be fair—but he took out the crawl.

THE next time he went to the range he made a string of bull's-eyes. He was too intent to note that he was being watched.

"See here," said the lieutenant, "you've shot before, haven't you?"

Joe saluted. "Yes, sir."

"How well can you shoot?"

"I'm shooting as well as I can—with this rifle."

The lieutenant gave Joe a hard glance. "What's the matter with your rifle?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Well, then?"

"Any man can shoot better with a telescope and set triggers."

"Not any man."

"I can, sir," said Joe doggedly.

The lieutenant turned on (Continued on page 27)



# Trains of the Roads

BY JOSEPH BRINKER



EARLY in the month of April, 1916, a big steamship, which sailed from Stockholm, Sweden, dropped anchor in the roadstead in New York Harbor. There was nothing unusual about this steamer nor had anything out of the ordinary occurred on her trip across. Among her cargo of miscellaneous goods there happened to be 44 tons of Swedish steel consigned to a large ball-bearing manufacturer who had just completed a new plant in Hartford, Conn.

The steel was unloaded from the ship and placed in the New York Custom House and orders were wired from Hartford to ship the material by fast freight in order that the new plant might be opened on time and without a serious loss due to idle labor.

The president of the ball-bearing company was startled on the following morning when he received a telegram reading: "Cannot ship steel. Indefinite delay. Embargo placed on all New Haven freight cars." He wired back to his man in New York: "Must have steel by to-morrow night. Pay the price to get it here by any method. Your job depends on your success."

With visions of his good job vanishing into thin air, the New York man at once began to scurry around town to find out how he could accomplish the seemingly impossible task. His only solution seemed to be the highway and motor trucks. He finally found a motor-haulage contractor who would guarantee to do the job. He at once became interested and asked the price. "Nine hundred dollars," snapped the contractor, who had been busy with his pad and pencil for a few minutes.

"What, \$900? Why, man, the rate by rail is only \$100!"

"Yes," said the contractor, "I know the railroad rate is \$100, and that you will have to pay at least \$20 at each end for hauling the material to and from the railroad, making your total cost \$140. But my price is \$900, and I will insure the steel for \$100,000 and guarantee to have it delivered at your Hartford plant by midnight to-morrow night."

With the end of the business day drawing near and with visions of a lost position, the New York agent agreed to the price and told the contractor to go ahead. At five-thirty that same night, the 44 tons of Swedish steel were loaded upon five 5-ton trucks and three 5-ton trailers. Three of the trucks each pulled a trailer, and the remaining two trucks operated as individual vehicles. The train left New York shortly after 5.30 p. m. and arrived at Hartford at 11 p. m. on the night following, one hour before the guaranteed time of delivery. The vehicles made a continuous run of about 140 miles in which the drivers slept in their cabs after running the trucks to the side of the road. Several very bad stretches of muddy road were encountered, and on two occasions it was necessary to hitch three trucks together to pull one of the trailers out of the muck, even with all three of the trucks pulling at the same time.

## The Business of Overland Haulage

YET the job was completed on time, as guaranteed, and the plant started in operation on the following morning according to the original plans. Notwithstanding that the truck rate was about \$20.50 a ton as compared with approximately \$3.20 a ton by freight, the president of the ball-bearing company considered the cost well worth the additional charge, since it enabled him to save several times the difference in idle labor and overhead charges.

This was one of the first beginnings of overland

motor-truck haulage, which has since developed to such a great degree that several hundred trucks are now operating on regular routes anywhere from 50 to 200 miles long in the territory along the Eastern seaboard and also for shorter distances in the Central and Far West. True, the case of the Hartford concern cited was not a typical one, but it did open the eyes of that manufacturer and of many others to the vast possibilities of motor-truck transportation.

This means of transporting goods has developed at the present time to a stage where it will continue whether there are railroad embargoes or not. Per-

On any good road at night you're apt to see a train of motor trucks carrying freight from one section of the country to another. In this article Mr. Brinker tells about this development. His next article, "Store Door Delivery," will appear in COLLIER'S of January 4.—THE EDITOR.

haps one of the best examples of the growth of this class of transportation is that of a Philadelphia concern which sells overland transportation as a business. It started with two motor trucks running daily between New York and Philadelphia, one from each end of the route. From an initial investment in trucks of \$10,000 at that time and one route, between New York and Philadelphia, 104 miles by road, it now operates a fleet of seventy large motor trucks valued at \$350,000 on eighteen routes. These trucks run not only to Philadelphia but to Bethlehem and Easton, Pa., to Wilmington, Del., Long Branch, Atlantic City, and Cape May, N. J., and as far south as Baltimore, Md., and Washington, D. C.

The trucks carry a great variety of goods, from raw material and manufactured products to perishable goods. One of the vehicles is provided with refrigerator body to carry food products without danger of spoilage on the hottest summer day or the coldest winter night. Recently 400,000 pounds of finished leather were carried from Philadelphia to New York for export during one week. At another time during the recent sugar shortage, 100,000 pounds, or ten full truck loads, of refined sugar, were carried to New York to help relieve the serious situation there.

In order to meet the sailing date of one of the munition ships of one of our allies, 100,000 pounds of ammunition were carried by trucks to New York in one week. If you live in New York and use a phonograph to entertain your guests in the evening, it is entirely possible that your record traveled from Philadelphia to New York by motor truck, for the overland haulage concern mentioned above has secured a contract with one of the largest musical concerns in Camden, N. J., for hauling its entire output of records to New York. Eighteen of the company's trucks have carried as much as 180,000 pounds of these records to New York in one day.

These trucks are run on regular schedule in much the same manner as railroad trains. The trucks are operated at night, to avoid the congestion on the roads in the day, and make the trip from ten o'clock, leaving from Philadelphia, until seven o'clock the following morning, when they arrive in New York, ready to deliver their loads at the opening of the business day. Warehouses are maintained at both

ends of the line, so that the overland trucks are not delayed in their work and that full loads can be collected for the trip in each direction. The rates charged are the same as the express tariff between the two cities. The average charge is 90 cents per hundred pounds delivered from the company's depots in one city direct to the customer in the other, provided the shipment makes up a full load or any multiple of a full load. The minimum shipment is \$1.50, which allows small shippers to take advantage of the direct house-to-house delivery without intermediate handling to and from the railroad. If the shipment is less than 5,000 pounds or one-half of a full motor-truck load, the charge is \$1 a hundred pounds. At the rate of \$1 per hundred pounds the total earning capacity of each truck on the one-way trip between the two cities is \$100—\$200 for the round trip. This allows the truck operator a fair margin of profit with sufficient leeway to make the necessary expenditures to keep the trucks in first-class shape so that shippers can rely upon the service offered.

The truck service has proved so successful and been so generously received by a sufficient number of New York and Philadelphia merchants that the same company has instituted a biweekly truck service for hauling cases of eggs 160 miles overland between Vineland, N. J., one of the largest egg-producing centers of the East, and New York City. The trucks each carry 210 cases of eggs and make delivery to the consumer in New York City in 36 hours. The rate is 40 cents a case, as against 36 cents by express and 27¼ cents by rail freight, although additional haulage charges must be added to the rail rate for collection and delivery. The egg truck calls at Vineland and at Millville and Hammononton, N. J., near-by points, at stated intervals, and the egg producers bring their crates to meet the truck on its route in all manner of conveyances from a wheelbarrow to a horse and wagon or light-delivery motor vehicle.

## From New York to California

WHILE the work of the above company may be cited as one of the most important in the Eastern territory because of the large size of the fleet operated, it is by no means alone in the field, for there are close to seventy-five other concerns operating trucks on sixteen regular routes passing through New York City in addition to almost fifty other concerns which operate tramp trucks, so called because, like the tramp steamer, they have no fixed destination, but will haul to any point for which a load is available. These routes run south into Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia as well as southwest through New Jersey and Pennsylvania; north into New York State and east into all points this side of Boston. One concern is operating two trucks on a regular route between New York and Boston, 249 miles. A large percentage of the haulage now carried on between Newark, the largest industrial center in New Jersey, and New York City, is now carried by means of motor trucks. One concern alone operating seven motor trucks handles all the leather for about 400 concerns, or practically every manufacturer or retail merchant handling that commodity between the two cities.

While overland haulage as a business has progressed more rapidly in the East than in other sections of the country

(Continued on page 29)





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# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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*R. J. Collier*

COLLIER'S feels privileged to print the following tributes to the late R. J. COLLIER from the two most distinguished citizens of the United States:

THE WHITE HOUSE, Washington,  
11 November, 1918.

MY DEAR MRS. COLLIER:

It is with sincere grief that I have heard of the death of your husband, and I hope that you will not think it a presuming intrusion on my part if I venture to express my very deep and sincere sympathy in this hour of your bereavement. A man of singular usefulness is gone. I did not know him as well as I should have liked to know him, but well enough to retain the most delightful personal impressions of him.

Cordially and sincerely yours,  
(Signed) WOODROW WILSON.

NEW YORK, N. Y.,  
10 November, 1918.

MY DEAR MRS. COLLIER:

Having been confined to my bed, I have kept putting off writing to you about your dear husband, hoping to be able to do it in person, but I can't, and my wife is now writing for me.

I was very greatly shocked and grieved by your husband's death. If ever there was a loyal soul, it was his; and he was so young, and gay, and energetic, and he combined such fine and high cultivation with such gallant bearing that I felt sure he had a really great future.

Believe me, I feel with you and for you with all my heart.

Respectfully and affectionately,  
(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

### *The War Is Over*

THE suddenness—to most of us the unexplained suddenness—of the German collapse has left the world in a daze. It is hardly to be expected that the Government officers who have worked in war times and at war pressure can accommodate themselves at once to the new conditions. They thought war for eighteen months, lived war, had no ideas that were not in the terms of war. They are in the habit of war making, and it is a hard habit to break off. The strange powers granted to them, and only conceivable as a war necessity, are not to be relinquished easily. No one grudged them their authority when the sharp exercise of authority was the urgent need of the hour. The country accepted their leadership gladly, because leadership was essential to the winning of the war. But it accepted that leadership with a thoroughly competent understanding that the country itself was doing a little something toward the winning of the war. The private in the ranks and the private who paid his taxes or bought his bonds or contributed to war charities were always conscious that they were taking their full share in this enterprise, that their personal reward would be nothing, and that they were as necessary perhaps as Cabinet officers. They glory in the achievement. It is hardly possible that anything can ever happen upon which Americans can look back with greater fondness. The unanimity of the people and their quiet obedience to orders that directly affected their lives and property have been a world's wonder. They have completely confused the leaders of discontent, who suddenly find their professional means of livelihood taken from beneath their feet by the courage and sanity of the American public. There could not have been a better test of democracy than the war. And the sobriety, intelligence, and discipline of the people in the stress of war should be a warning to political leaders that these same sober, intelligent, and disciplined people will not permit war conditions to continue after the war is over.

COLLIER'S speaks this way because there is in the air the belief that ambitious public men hope to continue their war authority in times of peace, that departments and bureaus of no use in times of peace will go on, that the Government—through both Congress and the Administration—will attempt to prolong the power which was ceded to it for war purposes. We think the public will not agree with this point of view. To give all you have to save your country is one thing. To give all you have to some officeholders is something entirely different. There is talk of maintaining a large army abroad to "police" Europe. The necessity is not obvious. The dangerous nations of Europe perhaps could be best policed by their neighbors, whose safety they have jeopardized for fifty years. No one would willingly take from our army the enjoyment of conquest. It deserves everything. It must have its frolic to its heart's content. But we guess that the young men who faced the war so serenely and with such an incomparable air of dealing with a matter of fact will turn with the same coolness to the difficulties of daily life.

The history of wars has shown that it is easier to demobilize an army than it is to demobilize the officeholders. They are tenacious. Give them time and they can create for themselves something to do that appears like work to the superficial observer. After that it is impossible to get them out. It would be mischievous if a consequence of one of our greatest achievements should be the saddling of a willing and obedient people with an enormous, permanent bureaucracy, and that the natural order of things should meet constant Government interference. The war has been costly. The country is under a burden of taxes that it has borne with unfaltering courage. But peace is here, and the problems of peace, the old familiar problems, are at hand. Readjustment of conditions must be accomplished. But readjustment cannot be brought about unless men in authority cease thinking in terms of war. We may have been too slow in entering the war, but we can hardly be too swift in getting out of it. In other words, the whistle has sounded. Let's to work.

### *Credulity*

IN the dizzy days immediately before the fall of kaiserism, one encountered great numbers of American citizens laden to the gunwales with the most esoteric information: that Germany had surrendered but that the fact was being kept from the Entente peoples for various ingenious reasons; that our Peace Commission—name, age, and office specified—was already in Europe; that President WILSON was himself in Europe, having departed thither for the purpose of accepting in person HINDENBURG'S broken sword in surrender. That Mr. WILSON had been visibly apparent that same day driving out of the White House gates; that the designated peace commissioners had been observed at their desks in Washington, was hardly proof. That was all camouflage. And one was left to wonder at the undetermined limitations of human gossip and human credulity.

In those same days one might have encountered eminent historical savants who refused to be deceived by what was going on in Germany. The symptoms of defeat and revolution were faked. The anguished outcries about never giving up Alsace-Lorraine and Posen were carefully rehearsed. The mobs calling for WILLIAM II'S abdication were magnificently drilled supers under the vigilant eye of WILLIAM II in the wings. At the predestined moment, when the desired object of deceiving the Allies had been attained, the stage director's hand would go up and the hooting mobs would change to cheering crowds of loyal Germans, the disheartened military critics would stalk out with bulletins of victory, and the armies fleeing before FOCH, HAIG, and PERSHING would wheel round and start once more for Paris. There could be no revolution in Germany because the Germans were an incurably servile and docile people which, in no imaginable extremity, would refuse to respond to its master's voice.

And who shall deny that two months ago it was much easier to imagine the President slipping off to Europe under cover of night than to imagine revolution in Berlin? Yet which sounds more intelligent to-day, the credulity of the crowds or the "healthy skepticism" of the scholars?



## Demobilization of Sacrifice

ONE useful way of preparing for peace is to realize right now that the transition from war to peace cannot be a leap, but a process. Warnings have already been issued that the policy of regulation must guide the return to a peace basis. With Mr. HOOVER, one prefers to think of it, not as regulation from above, but as sacrifice from below. The American people for a good many months to come will have to be content to do without; this they have done cheerfully in order to win the war, and this they will do in order to facilitate the firm establishment of peace. Only it will call for a stronger exercise of the imagination. Doing without wheat or fats or sugar while the French were battling for their existence was an obvious duty. But sacrifice here must continue while the French and the other Allies are clearing away the ruins and relaying the foundations of their economic life.

We must make sacrifices of food, not only for the Allies, but for our former enemies. In the case of the late Austria-Hungary, because its place has been taken by new nations who in a real sense were never our enemies and who now look to us as the guarantor of their existence—the Czechoslovak nation, the South Slav nation, the Poles. And even to a Germany that has laid down her arms we cannot refuse food, first in common humanity, and, second, in order to keep Germany from sinking into despair and anarchy. A Bolshevized Germany might poison the world.

We must continue to make sacrifice of raw materials and of machinery. Something may be recovered from the German factories of the tools looted from Belgium and France. But if the factories in Belgium and France are to be reestablished and the industrial population kept going, we shall have to spare from the needs of our own mills and factories.

We must continue to make sacrifice of service. We gave American lives for the salvation of Europe, and we must give American ingenuity and labor for the rebuilding. We have not the least doubt that, of the tens of thousands of American engineers and technicians who gave up their business to serve for the war, there will be many who will stay in France and Belgium to direct the war of reconstruction—at an army salary. Regulation will continue after the war, but it will be based on the spirit of sacrifice.

## Life Is Mostly Waiting Anyhow

IN counseling the first corps of women assistants that ever served a big banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria (they did it in Kansas and elsewhere years ago!), Chef OSCAR put it this way: "Serve slowly; don't take more dishes than you can carry, and help the waitress next you all you can." There may be better rules of life than that, no doubt there are, but we can't think of any just now. Can you?

## The Chimay-Fourmies-La Capelle Road

IT is agreeable to speculate as to the thoughts of armistice seekers ERZBERGER, WINTERFELD, OBERNDORFF, GRUENELL, and SALOW as they journeyed in their motor cars that cool November dusk down the Chimay-Fourmies-La Capelle road. Their white banners whipped in the breeze, and we may feel assured they were large enough to be seen plainly. A slender new moon was dipping through the clear twilight sky to the west, but under no posture could they have seen her over their left shoulders. They had plenty of time to think, for they were halted frequently while the shell-torn highway was patched by their road-mending detail.

Their spirits, too, must have needed mending. It was a *via non grata sed dolorosa* for the Hun commissioners. Defeat is always a dose that stings. Defeat in a good cause, however, has its own sirup. But to gamble away honor, fortune, the respect of humanity, and the lives and loyalty of one's own on a devil's game—and still to lose, that was the pellet ERZBERGER and his companions rolled upon their tongues as they neared the French outposts.

And the delicious dramatic completeness of it all! The quaint German Government blubbing its grotesque hypocrisy to the last, even as it sued for peace: "The German Government would congratulate itself in the interests of humanity if the arrival of the German delegation might bring about a provisional suspension of hostilities." Ah, how interested in humanity the dear old German Government became as soon as the tide began to ebb back her way!

The drama of it! The poetry of it! The glorified justice and human satisfaction of it! The bully and braggart begging for peace and his envoys waiting by the wayside for their peons to mend the roads themselves had shattered. When the Shakespeare of this war gets down to Act V, Scene III, he will head it: "The Chimay-Fourmies-La Capelle Road, on a November Dusk!"

Nov. 30

## Francs-Tireurs

ALL the hardships suffered by the men in the national service are not suffered oversea. "Cooties" may have their inconveniences, but are they, in the long run, more wearing on the nerves of enlisted men than the hordes of well-meaning civilians on this side of the water who persist in engaging every soldier or sailor they meet in intimate conversation?

To these insatiable seekers after military information the uniform of the United States is a sign in itself that its wearer is ready and willing to enter into a long and extremely personal account of just what he is doing and thinking. It is actually becoming unsafe for any young person in the service to venture out alone on the streets or in a public conveyance unless he is immune from dialectic attacks by old gentlemen who seem to be burning with curiosity to find out just what the warrior's emotional reactions are, whether or not he believes in a personal God, and whether or not he finds his leggings hot in summer. People who would never, under any other conditions, think of accosting a stranger and making him submit to a personal questionnaire are now moved by the proximity of a uniform to snuggle up to its wearer and ask him if he liked the war, if he knows a boy by the name of Miller who is also in the navy, or if he has found much time in camp life for contemplation on the higher things of life.

No doubt these sallies are prompted by the most benign motives. Their perpetrators probably consider that they are engaged in a branch of war work second only to building ships: that of keeping up the morale of the fighting forces by making the soldiers and sailors feel at home.

But there must be some young men who are so unsocial as to prefer to read their papers in peace or to walk through the town speaking only to their acquaintances. For such haughty beings service in France must have come as a distinct relief. They must even at times have misgivings over this democracy they hear so much about. There is such a thing as pushing a good thing too far, and it would be tragic to make democracy unpopular with its defenders.

## Who Wears the Clothes?

MR. AVERAGE MAN is firmly convinced that the women spend the money and that a lot of it goes for their dressing. Well, here are some facts on the matter: The Bureau of Labor Statistics in Secretary WILSON'S Department of Labor has been studying the yearly cost of clothing for a hundred representative families in the New York City shipbuilding district. The average income involved was \$1,300 per year. They found it cost \$73.17 to dress papa, \$52.04 to dress mamma; big brother's clothes came to \$70.41; big sister's to \$62.13; the kids in school ran from \$37.81 to \$40.46 for the boys, \$33.07 to \$38.86 for the girls; boys under six had to have about \$32.30 worth of clothes for the year, and male babies \$19.10; the little girls cost \$29.60 to dress, and the female babies \$22.36, and it is in this last class that the women, for the first and only time in their lives, are more sartorially expensive than the men!

## The World Comes Back

IT is difficult to believe; it is impossible to believe; one picks up every new edition of the newspapers with a sense of absolute incredulity. This little old world of ours is back on the track again after a weird and terrifying journey across rough roads. And everyone is thinking of reconstruction, of rebuilding, of helping his fellows in some way. Just consider these headlines from the front page of your morning paper the other day:

PRESIDENT PLANS BOARD TO AID RECONSTRUCTION  
WILL SEND FOOD TO GERMANS—PRESIDENT REPLIES TO NEW APPEAL FOR AID FROM CHANCELLOR

SIBERIA NEEDS MEDICAL STORES  
DOCTORS THERE HELPLESS BECAUSE OF LACK OF DRUGS AND ORDINARY BANDAGES

LLOYD GEORGE AGAINST VENGEANCE PEACE  
DEMANDS PEACE OF JUSTICE—ALLIES MUST FORSWEAR REVENGE AND AVARICE, PREMIER ASSERTS

RED FACTION DEMANDS ARREST OF VON TIRPITZ  
INDEPENDENT SOCIALISTS WANT GERMAN WAR INCITERS TRIED

From one part of this world to another the message flies: Cease destruction! Succor the ill! Help all you can! Feed the starving whether they were your enemies or not!

Charity and the love of one's fellow man have returned to the earth. And it is a remarkable commentary that the one cry for vengeance comes from Germany, where a people so long misled turns upon the rulers who misled it.

November 30, 1918



# The League of Nations—What Shall It Be?

Continued from page 6

Probably so heavy a diplomatic burden never fell on any other man. And with due hesitation about the use of superlatives, I doubt if any other diplomat ever handled himself better. There is no more satisfactory source from which you can get adequate thought on any subject included within world diplomacy. And this utterance on the proposed League of Nations was formal and deliberate. He made it during the early days of October, and it was his first public expression on any occasion during the two years since he retired from the responsibility for Great Britain's foreign affairs. He too avoided being concrete about the *machinery* of the league, but he was satisfactorily concrete about its *purposes*. And, after all, the machinery is less essential. If we can find a group of purposes upon which all can agree, the machinery to carry on can readily be set up.

## Viscount Grey Speaks

SUMMARIZED, the purposes which Viscount Grey set down as the functions of the League of Nations and the conditions of it are as follows. Anyone who wants a compact summary, from an authoritative source, of what may be taken as a fair average between the maximum and minimum proposals for a League of Nations, between the "Strong Leaguers" and the "Weak Leaguers" of England, cannot do better than depend upon it. For this reason I have been at some pains to try to express his list of purposes through quotations from his own utterances:

First, as to organization:

"The League of Nations must be formed at the peace. . . . The elaboration and consideration of a scheme will take weeks, and may take months, and as it must be formed at the peace, there is no time to be lost now. . . . The League of Nations is machinery, and machinery is of no use unless you have power to drive it. . . . The whole point in relation to a league of nations is that after the war there may be in mankind and in the world a motive power sufficient to work that machinery. . . . *The League of Nations will carry out the determination on the part of the world that there shall be no more war.* If that determination does not exist, the machinery will be of no use; but if the determination does exist, then I believe the world at large will insist on the machinery being brought into use. . . ."

Next, as to the essential purpose, disarmament: On this question he was cautious, as anyone must be who talks to an audience of Englishmen about disarmament of England. The British people are pretty soundly convinced that their fleet had a good deal to do with saving the world from Germany, and they aren't going to dismantle it until they are assured that it is prudent to do so. On this point Viscount Grey said:

"You have got to handle this question of disarmament very carefully. You will have many apprehensions in this country that somehow or other a league of nations is going to put us in a disadvantageous position, where we may be, by bad faith or otherwise, put in a position in which we are not sufficiently capable of defending ourselves. I think you have got to go very carefully in your League of Nations with regard to definite proposals that may be suggested or adopted with regard to what is called disarmament. One thing I do not mind saying: Before this war the expenditure on armaments, naval and military, had been going up by leaps and bounds. Germany had been forcing the pace in both. She has led the way up the hill in increasing expenditure on armaments. She must lead the way down the hill. That that is a first condition from our point of view

goes without saying—there can be no talk of disarmament until Germany, the great armer, has disarmed."

Next, as to the tariff relations of the members of the league with one another. On that point he took ground which is probably not too unpalatable for even the high-tariff Republicans who may dominate our next Congress:

"How is the League of Nations going to affect the fiscal question? [By "fiscal" Viscount Grey means what Americans mean by the word "tariff."] I take what I understand to be President Wilson's attitude. President Wilson says: 'No economic boycott within the League of Nations.' But he leaves each individual member of the League of Nations free within the league to settle its own fiscal question for itself. . . . With regard to the League of Nations, you may keep the fiscal question outside the question of the league and settle the fiscal question for yourselves in your own way. But having settled your fiscal system you must recognize that in a league of nations you will be bound to apply that fiscal system, whatever it may be, equally to all the other members of the league. You won't be able to differentiate. . . . That, I think, is a principle which must be accepted if the League of Nations is to be a league that will guarantee the peace of the world."

That is to say, merely that there shall be no *preferential* tariffs among the members of the League of Nations. On that point the Premier of one of England's own dominions, Premier Hughes of Australia, has come out in protest. He says that Australia has need of preferential tariffs, and he doesn't want Great Britain committed to a league of nations which would prevent such preferential tariffs. But it may be stated with confidence that Premier Hughes doesn't carry as much weight in England, or in the world, or even in Australia, as Viscount Grey does.

## The Economic Boycott

AS to the other aspect of international trade, the aspect that concerns nations which don't abide by the league's decisions, Viscount Grey took the ground common to all who have suggested such a league at all:

"During the war there has been brought into existence an economic boycott of the enemy countries. . . . The machinery for it is in existence. The Allies should keep that machinery ready as part of the League of Nations, and if in future years an individual member of the League of Nations breaks the covenant of that league, that economic weapon is going to be a most powerful weapon in the hands of the league as a whole. I think that economic weapon is most valuable as a future weapon in keeping the peace."

The next function Viscount Grey enumerated as:

The prohibition of the making of powder, arms, or other instruments of war, by private firms. The

Government of each nation must keep this in its own hands, and must agree "that they will give the fullest public information and the fullest opportunities for acquiring information as to the actual amount of what are called armaments being constructed, or available in each country at any given time. I do not see why that should not be done in the future. And if that were done, and you found some governments beginning to force the pace in armaments, I rather think that you would find the matter being brought before the League of Nations, and a discussion would arise as to whether it was time to bring the economic weapon into use before things went farther."

## To Abolish "Spheres of Influence"

THERE is one disputed point about which Viscount Grey is not explicit. Some advocates of the League of Nations propose that whenever one member of the league is unruly, and goes to war in violation of the league's decision, then all the other members of the league should use their armies and navies against the belligerent member. Such a use of power would, of course, be very formidable; it would be practically decisive against war. Other advocates of a moderate league would not go farther than the use of the economic boycott. On this point Viscount Grey did not make his position explicit. Possibly he wished to avoid debated ground. But there is a hint, perhaps unintended, in some words he used with reference to another point. He was explaining a detail of the working of the league:

"Supposing the league once formed, the treaty signed, the treaty binding the nations composing the league to settle any disputes that may arise between them by some method other than that of war, and each of them undertaking an obligation that, if any nation does break that covenant, *they will use all the forces at their disposal against that nation which has broken it.*"

The italicized words (italics mine) would seem to imply the use of the armed forces of all against any one that began war against the league's will.

Finally, Viscount Grey mentioned the function of providing administrators for weaker nations. He did not go so far as to make the suggestion that the League of Nations should succeed Great Britain—and the other colony-holding nations—in the business of managing the half-developed peoples of the world; should succeed England in the colony business, so to speak. A man who is in active public life in England would hardly care to go so far in a public declaration. And yet the indisputable fact is that England is more than a little tired of the colony business. She is "fed up," as the English say, with the empire business. More than a few of her responsible leaders have come to feel that England probably has been too much exhausted by the war to go on with the business of managing half the world's backward peoples, and fighting off other nations competing in the same field. What Viscount Grey meant was, plainly, that the present system of competitive "spheres of influence" should be superseded. England and Germany competed for spheres of influence in China; England and Russia competed for spheres of influence in Persia; England and France competed for spheres of influence in Africa; England and Italy competed in the eastern Mediterranean. For all that Viscount Grey, through the League of Nations, would substitute management which should represent the league jointly, not any one nation. He said:

"There are countries of the world, independent nations, but more loosely (Continued on page 26)



Mother Earth—"What do I see! My children disarmed—and trusting one another? How strange!"



# Firestone

## HOLDFAST ALL RUBBER PATCH STOCK

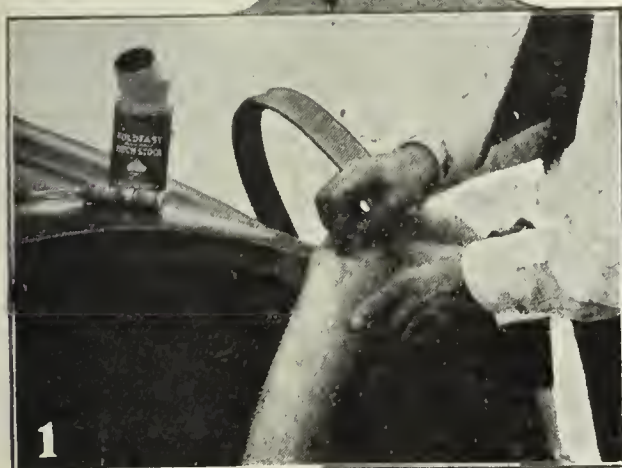
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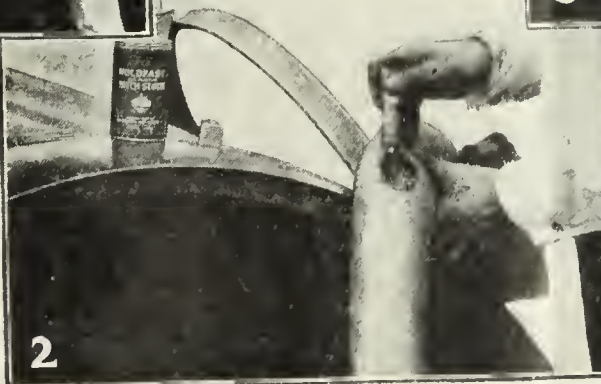


### No. 1

Buff tube thoroughly to remove "bloom" and to roughen surface.

### No. 2

After buffing, apply sufficient cement and allow to dry thoroughly.



### No. 3

Cut proper size patch from your strip of Firestone Holdfast, rounding the corners.



### No. 4

Apply patch by pressing center directly over injury, then press it out smoothly toward the edges.



# Emptying the Bag

Continued from page 10

outriders of each gun as they came calmly and lazily across the pontoon. At a certain moment he raised both his hands, snapped his fingers—and the entire gun crew was instantly transformed. Down came the little short whips of the riders on their horses; up and down, and up and down; the powerful horses seemed to squat till their bellies touched the earth; they galloped madly, at first in one place, without advancing, then gradually gaining speed; down leaped all the men who had been sitting side by side with folded arms on the limber; down they leaped and, catching wheel or piece, strained like figures on a frieze: to another urge from the cubic, strong captain all the pioneers working on the road leaped too, to wheel and piece—and in a great cloud of dust, a drumming of hoofs, a great noise of loose iron, the cannon fairly sprang to the top of the rise, furiously alive for the instant—to resume then its careless, harness-clanging course. We watched many guns go by thus; it was as if each, as it came beneath the eyes of the powerful little captain, within the fluid of his terrible energy, had been abruptly galvanized, given a furious life of its own, then, abandoned once more, had fallen back into the heavy inertia of matter.

We left the pontoon and went on, up the north bank of the Marne, with the river to our right and the valley heights to our left. The boche had held the river for several long weeks, but now he was gone. Somewhere ahead, however, where he had crossed, and then crossed back, his armies still touched the river. But that was some distance ahead, we thought. We came to another pontoon, and here one of our own divisions was coming over the river—all infantry as long as we looked; an endless dun-hued stream. It was coming from the south, crossing the river and then taking to the road we were following, in the same direction, between river and hills, toward the west. It was a division which had fought hard on the south bank and had there held the Germans; now it was marching on. The boys were tired, one could see; their feet were sore; but they walked cheerfully, jesting as they went, nonchalant and casual as if they had done this sort of thing for thirty years—seasoned veterans, all, after a few weeks of fighting.

## A Simple Stroll

AS they reached the road their formation would change to a file, and the file would take to the ditch that ran along the left side of the road. From the ditch the ground rose immediately to the left in the long slopes of the valley sides. What with these heights to the left, the concave road to the right, and the high grass within the ditch, the long dun khaki ribbon snaked along the river almost invisibly.

We ran by its side for perhaps two thousand meters, and there it again changed its course. It turned to the left, and in two files a hundred feet apart went straight up the valley slope to the heights above. We stopped and watched the boys going thus up the hill. They went up slowly, one after the other, in a leisurely manner, as if out for

an afternoon stroll. They held their rifles loosely at the end of their dangling right arms, like hunters who are going to hunt after a while, but have not yet reached the rabbit warren. Some of them were chewing tobacco.

We went on along the road. Before us, at a place where the river twisted and the valley narrowed, on a cliff which formed a promontory, a little stone town stood like a bastion. We thought it was in French hands, but as we approached shells falling on the road and a tat-tat-tat of machine guns told us that we were mistaken. We turned our car about and fled back, while shell after shell chased us



*There was at intervals the slow, lumbering, wheezing course of one of the big shells behind us*

on down. We came to the place where the boys were going up the hill, but did not stop, knowing we were under observation and that we might reveal their hidden march. We passed them in a flash, and it was only an hour later—and many kilometers farther—that it suddenly occurred to us that those boys, strolling so simply up the hill, had been marching to the attack of the little town upon the cliff.

Such is the sort of thing we would see in those days of the German retreat. There would be a long ride through the moving intricacy of transports, then of artillery being moved up; then over fields of late fighting, with their bloody offering spread beneath the skies. Short visits at divisional headquarters would follow, then to brigade P. C.'s, established in ruined villages or farms, under bombardment or living for the moment in a truce full of threat. As we went on the masses of men, of transports, thinned. They thinned strangely after we had passed through lines of artillery either firing or menacingly quiescent. For five minutes, for ten, we seemed in a desert; we were alone. Then, suddenly, there appeared before us wide, thin lines of advancing infantry, tenuous ghost lines, which seemed to have no strength and not much meaning—and which yet were the strength of the battle, the real meaning, the result for which all that tremendous activity and orderly turmoil we had traversed for so many hundred square miles all had worked. Usually, then, we fled, after just one look, with shells screaming after us.

I will tell of another day, which remains rather clear in my mind.

We started out early in the morning and again made for Château-Thierry, then from Château-Thierry again made along the north bank of the Marne. A week had gone by, though, and the north bank was altogether cleared of the Germans, so that we passed right through the small town on the hill from which we had fled the first time. All along our route were all the signs of hard fighting—destroyed villages, sterilized and torn forests. The ground was pitted with shell holes, torn with hasty intrenchments. On the hillsides the small rectangles

of the fields, which are so diverse in colors in French lands untouched by war, were barely distinguishable—dim as if seen through a film. Then there were graves, and in the rushes by the river suspicious huddles, as of old clothes thrown away. I remember a calvary at the meeting of two roads. The pedestal, the cross, the figure upon it were intact, but the lower part of the cross had been bent, so that the extended Christ above leaned far back and seemed to recoil from the horrors spread beneath His eyes.

We passed through Mézy, Jaulgonne, Le Châmel—all villages made immortal in the last few days—and all the time we were in a swirl of great traffic, in streams of artillery, munitions, equipment, and food moving up. Then, leaving the river and turning north, we came to the little village of Ronchères, taken only twenty-four hours before by one of our divisions after a bitter fight.

The little church had received several shells; its belfry had a large rent. We climbed up to the top

along shaky ladders, and found up there a machine-gun emplacement from which the boche had swept the country far and wide with swarms of steel bullets. Then we wandered about the little cemetery which was tight up against the church. It had been a little cemetery for a long time, filling at once and dissolving through the centuries and keeping withal its tight corselet of low stone walls. But of late it had greatly enlarged.

## "Let's Get the Blankety-Blank Blanks!"

WE saw the grave of seven French tirailleurs who had fallen here at the First Battle of the Marne in September, 1914. Then across one of the walls which had crumbled, the cemetery spread into the new German cemetery, with huge wooden crosses made of trunks and limbs of trees unbarked. And here I saw what I had seen in the town of Vermelles, in Artois, as far back as early 1915—showing that the boche, though he may change when he retreats, is always the same when he thinks himself conqueror. As in Vermelles, four years ago, so lately in Ronchères, he had stolen the pious ornaments of the village tombs, and had placed them upon his own. He had placed on his graves little Virgin-Maries and rosaries stolen from the village dead, and those naive wreaths of wired beads and of artificial flowers with which the French villager expresses the immortality of his grief. The wreaths bore inscriptions; he had heavily ignored their in-



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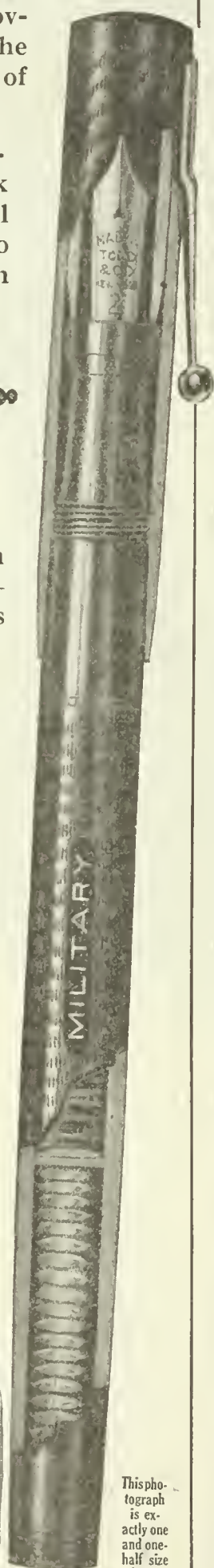
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congruity when applied to his dead, and one felt the last sacrilege consummated, and one felt there was something indeed wrong with that race, when, over the mound which delineated the form of some burly invader, one read, in black letter among the shimmering white beads: "To our mother" or "To my little baby girl" or "To our beloved little schoolmate."

Within the church also there was a grave. A marble plate was on a wall, and beneath that the heavy stone flooring held traces of lettering once cut deep, but now almost effaced by the shuffling steps of several generations. The marble plate bore the inscription:

*Was Buried in this Church  
The Very High and Puissant Lord,  
Messire François le Damier,  
Marquis of Joffreville,  
Viscount of Ronchères,  
Lieutenant General of the Armies of  
the King,  
Governor of Bapaume.  
Named by the Testament of King Louis  
the Fourteenth  
Under-Governor of the Dauphin,  
Since then Louis the Fifteenth.  
Deceased in Ronchères on the  
Fifteenth of February, 1731,  
Aged Sixty-six Years.*

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

Requiescat in Pace! I wonder if he had rested in peace, Messire François le Damier, Marquis of Joffreville, Viscount of Ronchères, Governor of Bapaume, lying there under these stones! Surely he must have stirred and turned and listened uneasily when in 1914 the tramp of the German legions had passed resonantly over his vault; surely he must have stirred, with a shiver of joy, when the clear-delivering bugles of the soldiers of Joffre had screamed a little later. And surely, again, his sleep must have been disturbed as by black nightmare when, four years later, the same heavy-booted steps had beat over his head; he must have slept most uneasily and oppressedly during the weeks the strangers had squatted there, inert like masters, over his head. But surely he had risen, sat bolt upright, to the sound of the second and final deliverance, to the rushing above him, swift like the passing of wings, of those young khaki-clad soldiers who had come from so far over the sea, those soldiers of a nation which had not existed when he had existed, and of whose coming existence he could never by any possibility have dreamed. Surely, if he had ears, he must have heard strange things—there, in his grave—"Deutschland über Alles!" "Vive la France!" "Hoch der Kaiser!" "Vive la France!" "Für Reich und Vaterland!" "Vive la France!" And then, abruptly after a strange silence, a young voice: "Come on, boys—let's get the blanket-blank blanks!"

### The Dead

WE went on, northeastward, in the line of advance, to Cierges, where the shifting headquarters of the division we were seeking had just moved. I remember passing a dead German on the way. He was almost beneath our wheels; we passed him swiftly. He was at the foot of the low bank, in the posture of one crawling along the ditch to scout. He had gone from life to death without having time to shift a limb, to move a muscle. And probably the last thing he had seen, as guardedly he had raised his head an inch above the bank, had been this extraordinary, this stupefying, spectacle of one of our thin, supple khaki-clad lines coming casually, as if on a stroll, across the plain. Then one of our nonchalant boys had raised his gun to his hip with a small, oily, almost imperceptible gesture—and had done for him with a bullet between the eyes.

A little later we saw one of our own dead. He lay to the left of the road, on the summit of a small rise, in the position of a sharpshooter—body pulled out to its full length, soles of feet to the sky, left arm extended ahead, the right crooked by the face—he seemed to be carefully aiming, and, brought clear against the horizon by his position at the top of the rise, he looked

tremendously big and formidable. At Cierges we found the division which had just established headquarters in a small chalet which, in a swale, had suffered comparatively little from artillery fire. The men of headquarters troops were at lunch; we took our place in line with them, and in borrowed mess kits, accepted their bread, corned beef, beans, and jam, eating standing up in a dead garden. The town itself was only a heap of ruins, but we found the German officers' club, evacuated but a few hours before, and there a cigar box (empty, alas!), the chromo picture of which represented the fatuous and self-satisfied face of the sinker of the *Lusitania*—thus given by his countrymen the largest fame which exists, that which we ourselves have bestowed upon Robert Burns, Alexander von Humboldt, the Prince of Wales, and Henry Clay.

We went on, toward the Vesle, which our advance lines were nearing, we had been told. We stopped at a little wood to which everyone had told us to go—because there was so much boche dead there. We found we did not need to go far into the wood; a heap of bodies was on the edge of the wood—eleven, all together—which sufficed. And across the road were five more, and a little farther (we did not count these; we were told) eighteen, all in one huddle. I did not like them—their faces were so black and their hands so white. Upon a lonely corpse, lying apart from the others, some "road-finding fool," some truck driver, arriving here gropingly in the depth of the night with the pious idea of feeding his fighting comrades, had dumped a whole load of bread. The bread lay in a mound, untouched; there must have been great disappointment and no little swearing when, in the cold light of dawn, the fighting boys had seen what the quartermaster man had done in the dark.

### "Um Grösste Ruhe"

AT a big farm farther on we found the brigade echelon. The young officers of the staff were very gay. They had been awakened at four in the morning to move up here—the boches had left at four yesterday afternoon—and they thought it a great joke. Sitting around a table where big maps were spread, they jested each other on the faces they had made when so rudely awakened. I said in an aside to the French officer attached to the staff: "They are gay, eh, Americans?" Upon which he answered swiftly: "Oh, they are not always like that. On the contrary, I think this staff very *triste*. But then, you know—when the cat is away—" And I perceived that the general was not about just then, and that the merriment had the giggling quality it has in the schoolroom when the teacher has gone for a moment.

From the back windows the ground sloped gradually to the valley of the Vesle in the distance, and against the horizon great columns of black smoke marked villages set on fire by the Germans. In the foreground, under a cypress, was a small German cemetery. The farm was half chateau, a beautiful old place with a Gothic hall—all looted and defiled, of course, by its late occupants. The officers of the staff had it that it was Prince Eitel Friedrich, one of the Kaiser's sons, who had been here up to yesterday. I don't know if they were right; I have a notion, one of my own, that the Kaiser's sons were much less at the front than rumor credited them with being.

But, anyway, upstairs, along a hallway, were several rooms which seemed to have been occupied by some respected personage, and at the head of the hallway a big sign was posted:

*Um grösste Ruhe im Hause  
wird gebeten*

Which means, if I remember any of my college German: "The greatest quiet in this house is entreated." By the side of this sign and behest there was a big hole in the wall, made by the shell of a seventy-five aimed by some of our disrespectful boys.

But still more interesting than the flavor left behind by the passing of a prince was the dog of the farm. He



was a big, shaggy woolen thing—a black Teddy Bear. He had been cut off by the Germans in their swift advance of the end of May and, abandoned of his masters and neighbors and friends, had been obliged to pass several weeks in their midst. He was the strangest dog. He would look at you with eyes dimmed by some sort of anxiety, and every once in a while he would give a big sigh, as though he were full of things to tell—maybe of sad, terrible things to tell—which he could not tell, especially since we were Americans and he was French. He was a troubling dog.

We went on, toward the north, in search this time of the brigade headquarters. We came to the big old farm where it was supposed to be—but it had moved forward. The farm was full of boche equipment and litter: a machine gun, rifles, bayonets, boxes of ammunition—long belts of it—and then, mixed with the dung of the court, old shoes, old clothes, caps, helmets, and bandages, all the sad, dirty stuff of which the wake of an army is made. And in a small stone sheep stable were two dead German soldiers. They had probably been wounded outside and had crawled here to this tight, low-ceiled place. Some one had tried to dress their wounds—on a shattered leg a rough splint made of the handle of some farming implement was tied—and then had come the retreat, the *sauf-qui-peut*, before the advancing Americans, and the two had been left there, in the hot delirium of pain, to die alone and forsaken. I wonder if all such small items are noted down somewhere in an account book kept on Kaiser Bill.

We went on, to the village of Dravegny, and here found the brigade headquarters. I shall always remember the first sight I had of that staff, seated on a few straw chairs in the empty taproom of a half-destroyed village inn which had just been swept out and cleaned for them—the terrible weariness there was in their faces, in their attitudes. When addressed they answered like somnambulists. The general, leaning back in his straw chair against the bare wall, toyed with a very red rose he evidently had plucked while passing through some garden. For three days and nights these men had not slept, had hardly eaten; and now there was nothing for them to do but wait at the telephone for news of the advance and then take measures swiftly and unerringly according to the news—that is why they sat on straw chairs in an empty room and twirled their thumbs. Because a battle was going on.

### Birds of Prey

OUR infantry, we learned, was approaching the Vesle, which ran some six miles north of here, and the taking of which would mark the end of the long squeezing-out process which was emptying the Soissons, Rheims, Château-Thierry bag of the last German. While my companion, Junius Wood of the Chicago "Daily News," went out on the scent of a private "story" of his own, I strolled through the streets a bit. Troops were coming in all the time, packing themselves into every nook and corner, and an endless stream was passing through—artillery, transports, supplies, ammunition, with a purring of motors, drumming of hoofs, clang of iron, creak of harness, tinkling of chains, rumble of wheels, and hissing of mud, over which our boys, on wagon or motor seat, on caissons, on horses, poised like careless young gods, nonchalant, chewing tobacco or rolling cigarettes, with an amused smile for the footmen they splashed, and, once in a while, an ironical and colored speech for one of their mules, or for some fellow driver or outrider for whose skill they held contempt. Above all this telltale, crammed activity, avions circled. I am sorry to say they were Germans that day.

Two were especially bold. They would come together, quite low, and peer down into the town, circling and circling lazily as though the whole air world were theirs. Every once in a while they would come within the area of fire of some antiaircraft batteries, and then

one would hear the wheeeez-crump, wheeeez-crump, wheeeez-crump of the guns while the baby-blue sky became dappled with pretty, pure-white puffs among which the planes, banking, swaying, dropping in long side slips, seemed to play gracefully. Then they would return and peer down on us some more. The reason for their audacity was apparent. Off to the west, so high that they seemed in another world, disappearing altogether at times in light wrappings of tenuous vapors, flew what seemed at first a swarm of mosquitoes. They were combat planes, watching from up there over the observers, and ready to drop down vertiginously, like falcons, on whosoever tried to molest them.

I was standing with a major—one of those surprising young officers of ours, who look like boys and have the knowledge of veterans—and he said, looking up at these two observation planes: "In just about an hour we'll be getting something."

In just about an hour we—or Dravegny—did. But that is not my story.

### "Think You! At My Age"

GOING toward the church, I was stupefied to see a woman. In this battle zone a woman! She was standing in her open door, chatting with a French chasseur. She was a little bit of an old woman, all bent and shriveled with age. She had nice blue eyes, and her clothes were all very clean and carefully darned and patched. I went to her and did not exactly flirt, but engaged her in conversation. It seemed that she had been in Dravegny all of the time. During all the time that the Germans had been there.

I said: "Didn't you go away when they came?"

"Pensez-vous!" she remonstrated. "Think you! At my age! I could not walk; I owned no horse. No, the neighbors were all leaving. I said: 'I stay.' Besides, I had been too unhappy when I had gone away in 1914. I said: 'Go on away, all of you, if your hearts tell you; as for me, I remain.' And I remained."

"Were you very much afraid when the Germans came in?" I asked.

Her old brain was not working quickly. It took her some time to get focused back to the past. But when she had done so her eyes flamed indignantly. "Yes," she quavered, "and do you know what they did to begin, those worth-nothings? Do you know what they did to begin? Well, they broke my window! Yes, sir, this window here! A big lout he was, and he came by and broke my window. I suppose he wanted to get into the cellar for wine. I said to him: 'Thank you for the Christmas present! You are a nice boy, a very nice boy indeed, to go breaking my window like that!' This shamed him, I think, because he looked crestfallen and slunk off down the street without saying anything."

"But," I said, "now *all* your windows are broken." Which was true. All the windows of her little house were broken. And the stone façade was pitted with shrapnel and had big holes, made by shell fragments.

"Oh, that was the bombardment," she explained. "The first one that came hit right in front of my house. Oh, I ran down into the cellar! And they bombarded all night. All night they bombarded."

"And did you stay in the cellar all night?"

"Pensez-vous!" she chided. "At my age! It is very damp in the cellar; it would be very unhealthy to stay there all night. No, I came up again. But," she added scrupulously, "I did not go to bed. I stayed up in my chair all night!"

She had gained the respect of the German town major, for a notice was tacked up on her door which said that nothing should be requisitioned from her excepting through his orders. I asked her if anything had been taken from her. "They stole my shoes," she said, her old eyes again flaming. "Two pairs of shoes. My wooden shoes, which were for the rain, and my good Sunday shoes, which were for the Mass! And all they left me were my slippers!"

I suggested that, now the Germans



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He will be strong in body, quick and sure in action, alert and keen in mind, firm and resolute in character, calm and even-tempered.

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were gone, she take the German sign down from her door.

But in her long life she had learned too much of the vicissitudes of man's fortunes. She looked up at the sign cannily, then up and down the street, at all those strange khaki-clad lads filling it, then again up at the sign, and said lightly: "Oh, I think I will let it remain there a little longer!"

### The Infantry Digs In

JUNIUS WOOD returned, his story in his pocket. Studying our map, we saw there was, less than three miles farther north, a village by the pretty name of Chéry, and we decided that if we went there we might be able to see something of the advance margin of the battle. Chéry was only something under four miles from Fismes, our main objective on the Vesle, which we had been told our boys were nearing by that time. Anyway, the name suggested a pretty village, it had drawing power, so we went on.

Immediately we left Dravegny the scene changed. We were no longer honking and threading and bluffing our way through tight traffic. The road was clear; absolutely clear except for a thin thread of infantry and machine guns working up slowly along the ditch, hugging the right bank. Also, as we shot up the height, leaving Dravegny behind us in its basin, there came a long, tearing sound, a shriek, and something banged in Dravegny—the first of what that young major, you remember, had announced due in an hour. I looked at my watch. The thing was on time.

The road went up, with a high bank and a hill to the right, then rose higher than the hill to the right, and we rolled for some five or ten minutes across a plateau on which we felt in view of the whole world. Then it shot down again, protected by heights, and went along a narrow valley. Ahead we saw where into this narrow valley another entered and where a road crossed ours. Then suddenly, with a squeaking of brakes abruptly applied and a rubbing sound of blocked wheels tearing macadam, our machine came to a standstill. The chauffeur turned to us significantly. He did not need to say anything; we could see. Our road, and the road meeting it, the whole basin made at the crossing of the two ravines, was one huge crater. The Germans had destroyed the crossroads with a mine.

It was getting to be very late in the afternoon; we were far, far away from our headquarters; looking at the devastation across our path, I was ready to turn homeward right here, but not so Junius Wood, sterling newspaper man, for whom starting for any place or anything means to get there. I could see this little village of Chéry, to which we had been going without firm intention, now growing tremendously in importance in his mind. Never had I witnessed anyone so vexed at the idea he could be stopped from going where he wanted to go. He got out of the car and investigated. Then the car, to his orders and suggestions, backed and filled and twisted and turned for half an hour, trying to find a way across. But there was no way across. All of this time, at regular intervals, something passed slowly and heavily over our heads, going whhhee-whhhee-whhhee-whhhee, and fell with a dull thud into Dravegny. Airplanes were circling over us, snorting and roaring, sometimes dipping very low—and we did not know if they were friendly or hostile, whether they would drop bombs, or fire machine guns, or simply like us. The destroyed crossroads was a deep, narrow place where two ravines met—a good place for cutthroats, but a still better place for concentrated harassing fire if the boche thought fit to harass.

Junius wanted the car to jump a little brook which meandered about the heavy stones and concrete blocks of the destroyed bridge. The chauffeur said very politely but very firmly that the car would not be able to jump the little brook.

I offered a compromise. I said coaxingly: "Junius (I didn't say Junius dear, but I would have if I had thought it would have helped any), let's walk

up to the top of that hill over there, and have one good look, and then go home."

"Well, I suppose that is all we can do," Junius answered, not at all graciously.

We went across the convulsed floor of the little valley, jumped the brook, then went up a steep hillside sparsely planted with pines. At the bottom of this hillside, in a sheltered nook, four doughboys—stragglers who were trying to catch up to their outfit—were camping about a small fire. At first the hill was very steep—a high bank—then it leveled out gradually and became treeless. But when we thought we were at the top it still rose before us, in the form of a tilted plateau, toward a crest beyond which it seemed to fall away abruptly.

We advanced some distance on this plateau, then stopped, a little uncertain and impressed. The scene was so strange. First of all it was so silent and motionless. There was no sound along the earth, if I may express the thing thus: what sound there was belonged to another, a higher layer; it was dissociated from us in some way, and only made more heavy the silence along our own plane. There was at intervals the slow, lumbering, wheezing course of one of the big shells going heavily into Dravegny, behind us. And avions, many of them, were snarling low above us, circling, sometimes dipping as with a notion to let go a round at us, their engines rising sometimes to a roar, and lowering again to a dull threat—uneasy avions, they were, of which we did not feel sure. But beneath these sounds there was nothing save silence and immobility. Nothing stirred. At least so we thought for a while as, kneeling, we looked along the leprous and disheveled flat. But suddenly Junius said: "What is that?" and I knew at the same time that I was seeing what he saw.

"It's infantry," he said after a moment's straining observation.

"Some of our boys," I said.

"They're digging in."

About a quarter of a mile from us, near the crest in which the tilted plateau ended, bisecting it from left to right, was a line made of small figures flattened rather far apart one from the other but always with an exact interval between. They were the color of the dry grass and would have been invisible had they not been alive with a secret, furtive agitation. Though they remained in place, each was agitated.

We could see now and then an elbow fly up, or sometimes, even, the white flesh of a hand. What we had before us was doughboys in skirmish line, digging small individual "fox holes."

They did not remain long where they were. Suddenly we saw the whole line rise and advance. They advanced slowly, as though on a stroll. We could see their rifles dangling loosely at the ends of their arms. We heard the tat-tat-tat of a machine gun. They all went down.

They were digging again; we could see again their strange activity along the ground, their stationary activity. But in a little while they rose again.

We saw them do this three times. And the third time they gained the crest, appeared gigantic for a second there against the sky—then vanished down the other side. We went home.

### A Good "Story"

AS we were rolling back toward Meaux, I said to Junius: "How fast do you suppose we were bowling along when we came to that blown-up place in the road?"

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "About forty-five miles an hour."

"And where do you suppose we would have gone if we hadn't been stopped, if that road had not been blown up?"

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "Right into Germany, I guess."

He was silent and pensive for a while. Then he added: "If we had, we would have been taken prisoners, and then we would have had a good story!" The thought seemed to please him, he was all brightened up over it, and I don't think I'll ride with Junius Wood any more.



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"Nature Tread" is a shoe for feet as they are.

It is as supple, willing and considerate as gentle leather can make it. In designing it we took for our text, "As the foot, so the shoe", and persevered in it to the last stitch.

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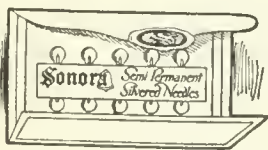


Fownes quality is  
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quality—in war  
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**30¢ today**  
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Once you use these improved phono-  
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"Not how cheap but how good"

These new phonograph needles are so superior that  
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They save constant  
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## Crane and the Layout Lady

Continued from page 8

"Well, I'll go and talk to the Layout Lady and find out what she knows," said little Billy, and off he went in the direction of the art department.

But he came back in a few minutes looking discouraged. "The Layout Lady telephoned in that she was ill and couldn't be in to-day, but I got Crane's address from the bookkeeper. Come along with me, John, and we'll see what progress Crane is making."

AS we walked across to the Ninth Avenue L that brisk April afternoon, little Billy unburdened his soul to me. "This thing gets me, John. If we'd treated Austin Crane with ordinary human decency, he'd have had a fair chance to make good on this job. And now the Layout Lady enters the affair. We've probably botched up two people's happiness instead of one's. Do you know anything about her? She's got a suspicious cough. When the bookkeeper told me she was away because she didn't feel well, he added that it was nothing unusual; said that she really wasn't worth much to the concern because of her ill health, but that old Fairweather kept her on simply out of the goodness of his heart. Say, we're learning quite a few unexpected things about the old boy, aren't we? He's the only one who's acted like a man and a gentleman in this whole sorry story. Well, we've got to make Crane toe the mark, John. We've got to. We can't let Fairweather's faith in human nature get a wallop simply because we've acted like a pack of dirty snobs."

We left the L at Fourteenth Street and started south for Gordon Place. It was, we discovered, a short and noisy street, a block or two above Hudson—a street of old tenements intermingled with older houses of a past era when Gordon Place was in a fairly fashionable neighborhood. The old houses showed that—wide old houses of brownstone, with bowed fronts and white doorways with fan-shaped transoms—only the white now was sadly scratched and marred and yellowed. The number for which we were looking was painted dimly on the steps of one of these old houses. In answer to our ring a thin, arrogant negress appeared. "You'll find Mister Crane upstairs," she said. "The room on the second floor back," and threw a thumb indicatively over her shoulder. Evidently in that slatternly household there was no time to waste on visitors who had the temerity to call upon lodgers.

We climbed the stairs, little Billy and I. "This is a devil of a place to live, isn't it?" he muttered. "I imagine I'd follow pretty close in Crane's footsteps if I lived here."

I knocked gently on the door before us. It was opened by Rosalie Foster.

She gave a little start as she saw us, and her hand went to her throat. "Oh!" she said, but after a minute her head went up, and in a low, passionate whisper she exclaimed: "What do you want here?"

From the inflection she put on the "you" she showed that she furiously resented our visit. Resented many things—resented our treatment of Crane; laid at our door his present disgrace, his relapse.

Little Billy pushed by me, and said humbly: "We've come to do what we can to help, Miss Foster. We're trying to make up for past performances."

"Oh, well, come in," she said wearily.

We entered and found the room dark. The shades were drawn, although through certain cracks and fissures the bright April sunlight was doing its best to break into that somber room. And presently we saw Crane, his length thrown across the bed; but even in the semidarkness we could see that his face was white, very white and hollow-cheeked. He was asleep. Rosalie Foster pointed. "That's what you've done with him," she said.

"It isn't too late to undo what we've done," answered little Billy.

"Not too late!" There was bitter mockery in her words. "Not too late when he ought to have finished by now

the best work of his life—the work that would at last have reestablished him in the world in which he belongs—where one accomplishes things and prospers."

"It's not too late," repeated little Billy doggedly, "so long as we are ready to help him."

"What do you mean?"

"We can write the copy for those Eastern Electrical ads, and have it ready for Fairweather to-morrow morning."

A flame of pride in the man she loved leaped up within her. "You can't do it as he would have done it!"

"No, we can't do that," agreed little Billy, "but we can do our best. He told me he had his notes ready. They were in his inside pocket, he told me. Where are they now?"

She went to the mantel. "I have them."

"We can follow his ideas and plans then. Don't you see how simple it all is? We'll have them ready for Fairweather the first thing in the morning—and we'll tell Fairweather that Crane wrote them, but that he was too ill to bring them himself. Fairweather need never know Crane fell—from grace."

"Can you possibly have them ready in time?" she asked incredulously.

"Yes," he answered. "Yes—if we work all night."

"Can't I help?"

"Yes, you must help. We need you to make the layouts."

It was an impossible idea which little Billy suggested, and yet such was his unswerving belief, his dogged air of purpose, that somehow he persuaded Rosalie Foster and myself, skeptical as we were, that it could be done. We planned to start work, little Billy and Dubuque and myself, as soon after five as we could, as soon as the office force of Fairweather & Linn had dispersed for the day, so that we might prepare the advertisements in secret. Rosalie Foster was to join us later, after eight o'clock, after we had taken time to snatch some dinner.

"There's no use in making too great martyrs of ourselves over this," said little Billy to me as we journeyed back to the office. "We ought to take time off for a jolly dinner somewhere. Besides, it will strengthen our morale. It isn't going to be the joke it seems now to work all night, especially when we don't know a damned thing about the subject which we're going to tackle." He suddenly laughed aloud. "Do you know, John, I'm enjoying this immensely. It's a bit of drama that's thrust itself into the dull routine of our workaday life."

But before he said this Rosalie Foster had accompanied us downstairs. Austin Crane's notes were now in the inside pocket of little Billy's coat.

At the door little Billy fumbled with his hat for a minute and then said hesitatingly: "You can count upon us not to—mention any details of our visit to-day, Miss Foster."

Rosalie Foster's pale cheeks flushed. "You mean by that you won't mention finding me here?"

"Yes," said little Billy, not looking at her.

"Tell it!" she cried. "Tell it to everyone. I'm prouder of the little I've been able to do for Austin Crane than of anything else in my whole life. We were—we were to have been married in June."

WELL, the advertisements for the Eastern Electrical Company were ready for A. Price Fairweather at ten o'clock the next morning. It was little Billy and Rosalie Foster, between them, who had accomplished the impossible. Dubuque and I were useless. For all night long little Billy crouched over his desk, writing feverishly. "No, don't bother me," he said pettishly to Dubuque when the latter offered to take his place. "One man has to do this, don't you see? I've managed to get an inkling of the proposition because of the two hours' study I gave it before dinner. How do you expect to sit down and write offhand an ad-



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We offer the first mortgage gold bonds on a large Chicago packing plant. Business established 30 years: absolutely safe: bank recommendations. Write us for particulars.

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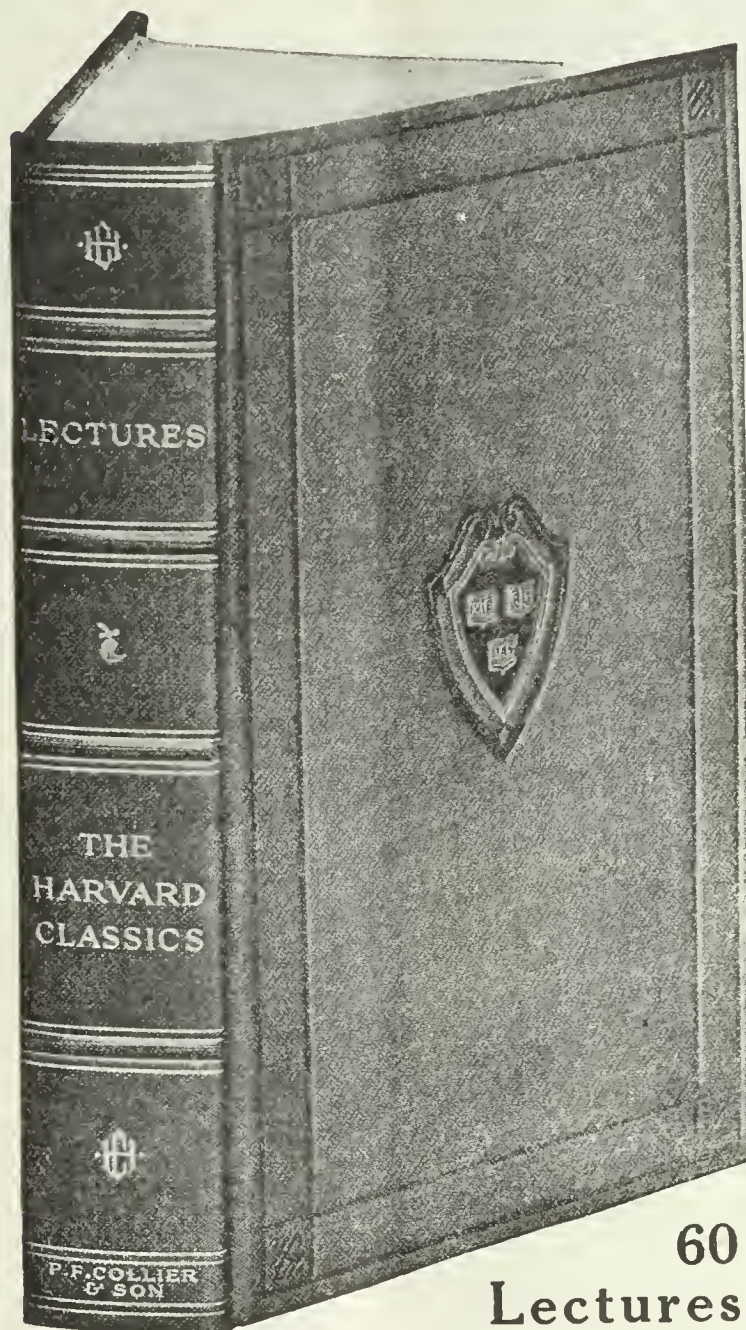
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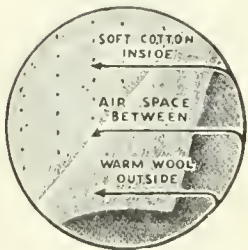


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**LOFTIS** The National Credit Jewelers  
DEPT. F887 108 N. State St.,  
CHICAGO, ILL.  
BROS & CO. 1875  
STORES IN LEADING CITIES

vertisement that will fit in with the rest? Go away and leave me alone."

As for Rosalie Foster, on the cardboard layouts she lettered the headlines that little Billy suggested, and sketched roughly in their proper places the illustrations which were to accompany the text.

My sole contribution to that night of frenzied activity was to go out, at three o'clock, and get a pail of coffee from one of those spick-and-span, white-tiled places which keep open all night.

At five o'clock the advertisements were finished. And then, very suddenly, just as she was erasing the pencil marks on the last of the layouts, Rosalie Foster fainted.

"Good Heavens, this is the limit!" said little Billy. "What shall we do now?" But it was he who, very tenderly, carried the Layout Lady to an open window and reverently loosened the collar at her throat and sprinkled water on her chalk-white face. And it was also he who insisted upon taking her home in a taxicab. "You two poor bachelors don't know anything about women," he said. "I'm married, with two kids and everything. I'm all right in an emergency of this kind."

We were all, with the exception of Rosalie Foster, back at the office the next morning at ten o'clock, and none of us, somehow, was as tired as he expected to be. And at ten o'clock little Billy took the advertisements into old Fairweather, with his story of Crane's illness and how Crane had finished the advertisements and sent them up.

IT was Monday morning before A. Price Fairweather got back to the office from Bridgeport. Austin Crane had not returned, nor had we heard anything

from him. Nor from Rosalie Foster. It was little Billy Dow who was summoned into the old boy's presence.

"Look here, Dow," he began, "after I'd gone over these advertisements I decided not to present them to the Eastern Electrical Company when I was up there Friday. They're not good enough. Although, I must say, they're surprisingly good for a rush job done overnight. Fortunately, as you know, I stand in pretty well with the president of the Eastern Electrical Company, and he's given me two weeks more to get up the advertisements."

Little Billy, as he explained to us afterward, was so surprised that he couldn't answer for a minute, couldn't get a word out of his mouth. He just stood there for a few minutes absolutely struck dumb. But at last he did manage to stammer: "How—how do you know all this, Mr. Fairweather?"

"Mrs. Crane confessed to me," said old Fairweather brightly.

"Mrs. Crane?"

"Yes, Rosalie Foster and Austin Crane were married last Friday. I've given them a week for their honeymoon. When Austin Crane gets back a week from to-day I'll get him to write those advertisements; he's got to earn a good salary now, what with his wife and everything. But I repeat now, Dow, that under the circumstances I think you did the best job of your life. And I mean that in more senses than one."

Little Billy, as he proclaimed afterward, had only one morsel with which to console himself. "I've always said," he boasted, "that the old boy is there! It's no use trying to put very much over on him."

But this time there was almost a touch of reverence in the way he said it.

## The League of Nations

Continued from page 16

organized, or for one reason or another incapable through their Governments of managing their own affairs effectively from the point of view of those other more highly organized countries that wish to trade with them, and they want assistance in the shape of officials from the more highly organized countries. . . . It is very seldom given because the weaker country which needs it is afraid of admitting foreign officials, for fear they may have some political design and interest. It is discouraged because individual countries are each jealous of one another getting a footing in some of these more backward countries, through officials. But, if you had your League of Nations, what was done for China in the form of an International Customs Service, to the benefit of China and the whole world, might be done in other countries which need that sort of assistance. . . . There would be much less chance of these jealousies, and much less chance of weaker nations being afraid of ulterior designs, and the trade of the world and that of individual states might benefit enormously by the confidence with which that assistance could be given if given under a league of nations and not by one individual country or group of countries."

### A World Police

SOME one has made the point, and made it very truly, that an institution which is designed to work only once in every several years, when the threat of a war comes up, won't work at all. A machine, to be effective and grow and escape rot, must have something to do every day. Viscount Grey met that with this suggestion:

"There is work for the League of Nations to do from day to day. I do not see why the League of Nations, once formed, should necessarily be idle. I do not see why it should not arrange for an authority, and an international force at its disposal which should act as police act in individual countries. It sometimes happens; for instance, when a wrong is done for which some backward country, very often a small backward country, will not give redress. Its government perhaps lacks authority, and you have seen from time to time

that in such circumstances a stronger nation has resorted to force and seized a port or brought some other pressure of that kind to bear. And then you had the jealousy of other nations existing, thinking that the stronger nation, in seeking redress, is in some way pursuing its own interests. I think these cases might be settled, if force be necessary, by a league of nations if it had an international force at its disposal, without giving rise to the suspicions and jealousies of certain political aims being pursued."

### Labor's Share

THERE is one allusion in Viscount Grey's League of Nations which, to the great bulk of Americans, will be utterly mysterious:

"Another thing the League of Nations may do. It may possibly do a great deal with regard to labor. . . . I think labor is undoubtedly going to take a larger and more prominent share in the governments than it has done before. It may be that here, as elsewhere, we shall have labor governments. Well, now, I put this forward only tentatively. Labor now has its international conferences, but they are unofficial. Is it not possible that as labor takes a larger and more prominent share in government it may find a league of nations useful as a means of giving a more official character to these international consultations in the interest of labor which independent labor has already encouraged and taken so much part in?"

The understanding of this last point must depend on an understanding of the position which labor and the Labor party now has in England. There is nothing analogous to it in the United States. Some description of it will be attempted in a future article.

There you have as concrete a summary of the League of Nations as exists anywhere in the whole mass of literature on the subject. It comes from a responsible English statesman of the highest type. It is probably a fair approximation of the plan which the coming Peace Conference will be asked to consider, and which our Government and our people later on will be asked to ratify or reject.



## The Gun Crank

Continued from page 12

his heel. Joe Willetts felt he had been reprimanded. What did the army know about guns, fine guns?

A week later he was sent, alone of his company, to the range. They gave him a rifle, a beautiful rifle. Miraculous, but true. It was as fine a rifle as the one he had caressed for an hour before he locked it up at home. The pistol grip was not quite so closely curved behind the trigger guard as was his own; he would have preferred a curved bolt. But the telescope was a very fine one, a prism 'scope that gave more light than his own; and the double-set triggers were perfect.

"Can you shoot with that?" the lieutenant asked sharply.

"I'd like to try," said Joe. He cradled it in his left arm, his right hand clasping the slender part of the stock just behind the trigger guard. It was a most unmilitary gesture; it was the gesture of a man who loved a rifle.

The lieutenant looked down at the rifle; the muscles of his jaws flickered; but he did not actually smile.

"The barrel," he said, "was made by Parker."

"U-u-u-uh," Joe began. A barrel by Harry Parker was rifled with a gain twist, finished to the last smoothness, a perfect barrel.

"Try it," said the lieutenant. "Get on that thousand-yard target and shoot a ten-shot string."

Joe made a string of ten bull's-eyes. That was the end of company drill for him.

WHEN his company disembarked in France he went to England, to the sniping school at Wimbledon. It was like a dream come true. He could shoot as much as he liked. He could shoot every day, except Sunday. He could shoot without the slightest sense of sin.

Two rifles were made precisely to suit him and as near alike as twin rifles or twin sisters can ever be. They taught him how to find cover, to judge distances, to spot enemy snipers' positions. They gave him practice in shooting at camouflage marks—at irregular shapes without contrast to their background. For a month he fired fifty or sixty carefully aimed shots a day.

On one of the last days at the range he overheard part of a conversation between the English major who directed the sniping school and the American lieutenant who was to be his commander.

"Ye know," said the Englishman slowly, "there must be something in this tradition that you Americans can shoot."

"Do they shoot well?" the young lieutenant asked eagerly.

"They—why, ye know, they aren't half bad."

"Oh," said the lieutenant. He was disappointed.

"Take that fellow there—Willetts. He's top hole."

"He's really good?" the lieutenant insisted.

"Right-o," said the major. "He's the best rifle shot living—quite."

"Well," said the lieutenant happily, "I guess he'll get his share of Huns."

"Lay you anything you like he averages three a week."

"He's never been under fire," said the lieutenant.

"No matter with that kind—he's all nerves. Everything going on inside, nothing outside. He'll do his bit."

The two passed out of hearing. Joe lay flat on his stomach. He wondered how the bland, blank major, who had given him never a second glance, knew that he was all nerves—that everything went on inside him and nothing showed on the outside. He did not resent it. He wanted to do the major proud.

Joe arrived at the front the night his old company went into the line for the first time—in a "quiet sector." But he was no longer under the orders of his company captain. He was a member of a squad of twenty, under com-

mand of the sniping officer. He was to do his work alone.

Before daylight he was shown the way to his post. It was a pit in a little rise of ground fifty yards behind the front trench. There was a loophole, with a sandbag on which to rest the muzzle of his rifle. Otherwise he was entirely protected from bullets or shrapnel. Only a bullet through the loophole or a direct hit from high-explosive shell could touch him. He was screened from enemy observation by the most artful camouflage. There was nothing for the enemy to see but a clump of grass—among thousands of clumps of grass.

He could see little more than grass himself at first.

HE had a large-scale map of the area visible through his loophole, with every distance marked and every likely spot specially noted in red ink. The enemy's front line was 460 yards. He could see nothing through his telescope except the stakes and the barbed wire of the entanglement. But he adjusted the sights of both his rifles to the distance. He judged the wind at ten miles and made the allowance accordingly. Then he went to work studiously to pick out every item on the map, checking and rechecking himself lest he should fail to note some change in the topography that had taken place during the night.

A new object, a new shape—something unrecorded on the map—meant an enemy work.

One of his rifles lay with its muzzle on the sandbag, loaded and cocked. The other rested beside him. Every hour he corrected the wind gauges. Hour after hour he watched, until he could scarcely control the focus of his eyes.

There was not the slightest sign of life in front of his company's trench. He could see the backs of their heads, even their shoulders. But he could not hear them speak.

At night he went back to his billet, two miles back. As a sniper he was expected to sleep well.

Day after day he took his place before dawn. Day after day he saw nothing. Day after day he gazed on a lifeless landscape.

He was given two days' rest. He wandered round a little French village, observing how happily the children played—just as if there were no war.

His return was delayed twenty-four hours by a German raid. The Germans had discovered after a week that they were facing Americans. They had promptly laid down a barrage cutting off a section of the front-line trench and then raided it. Men had been killed; more had been taken prisoners. The enemy had first blood. You felt the change in the air—like the oppression before a thunderstorm in mid-summer. The next night attack would end otherwise.

IT was on the day Joe got back into his pit that the thing began. Toward ten in the morning he became conscious that something had changed. He consulted his map. It was a full minute before he found the precise spot. It was the point marked: "Exposed traverse, 550 yards."

He could not at first see what the change in the shape meant. He got it in a flash. It was a man standing there. The outline of his helmet became steadily more definite.

Joe pushed his rifle slowly forward on the sandbag. He glanced at the grass outside. Twelve miles of wind, he judged. He manipulated the windage screw, raised the elevation a hundred yards. The cross hairs cut the shape—the vague, irregular shape of the helmeted head more than five hundred yards away. It was a long shot, but he felt perfectly confident of making it.

He scrooged his elbows into the soft earth. He took a deep breath and slowly



1848

## Colt's Firearms

have been supplied to the United States Government for many years. Troops were equipped with Colt made arms in the

1898

Mexican War, 1848, during the great struggle from 1861 to 1865, and in the war with Spain, 1898. Through all the years of this Company's existence we have been developing arms which have been adopted by the United States Government and which have made many thousands of friends for the Colt Company.

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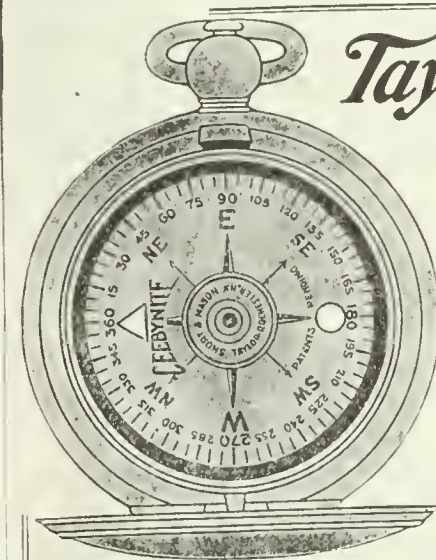
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1918

Colt's  
Patent Fire Arms  
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1861



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410

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expelled the air from his lungs. The cross hairs divided the man's head into four quarters precisely, wavered slightly, drifted an infinitesimal fraction of an inch and again divided it precisely. He released the rear trigger. His lungs were almost empty, his whole body relaxed—like that of a child going to sleep. His finger felt the forward trigger as the cross hairs steadied definitely to dead center. And then the image changed.

He no longer saw the cross hairs. He saw the small brown body of a woodchuck silhouetted against a green hillside. He saw the woodchuck duck his nose and turn somersaults downhill until he lay still on his back, with his small legs pathetically extended in air. He saw himself turning the little animal over with his foot. He saw the bloody place where the bullet had struck the right shoulder and the bloodier place where it had come out, a bloodier place flecked with bits of smashed bone.

Joe drew back the bolt of his rifle and ejected the cartridge. He could feel his heart beating. He could feel his pulse in his cheek, where it had lain against the butt of his rifle. He could feel the sweat starting.

Joe sat up. He clenched his fists and unclenched them. He was trying to put that image of the dead woodchuck out of his mind. It kept coming back. It kept swinging in front of his eyes. It made him tense all his muscles. He felt a curious pressure about his heart. He wondered if he would faint.

He did not faint. After an hour he grew calmer. Slowly he slipped back into his reclining position. Slowly he took up the rifle. Slowly he placed his eye against the soft rubber cup of the telescope. The man was gone.

JOE dreamed that night of the English major. He dreamed the major was fighting with a gigantic German. The major slipped and fell. The German stood over him with poised bayonet. Joe raised his rifle. Aimed straight at the German's head. The range was point-blank. And then he could not pull the trigger. He jerked madly at the trigger.

He awoke sweating. The next morning he watched nothing but the bit of traverse where he had seen the helmeted head. No head appeared. But he continued to watch. He could not keep his eyes from the spot. He ate his lunch at noon with one eye on the spot. At three in the afternoon the shape changed. He had not seen it change. But it had changed. It was the man's head that had changed it.

Joe pushed his rifle forward, placed the butt against his arm, found the target. He took a deep breath and slowly expelled the air from his lungs. He released the rear trigger. The cross hairs divided the man's head into quarters precisely, drifted an infinitesimal fraction of an inch. Then he saw the woodchuck again and could not shoot.

Day after day the thing happened. Sometimes at ten in the morning; sometimes at noon; sometimes late. Always the man appeared; always he stood calmly gazing, his head exposed, for five minutes. Always Joe found him with his sights; always the image of the woodchuck appeared; always he failed to pull the trigger. He dreamed at night, dreamed the dream of the major over and over again.

He could not act. He could not even die. He was in a spell. And the thing was getting worse. At first he had seen the image of the woodchuck only as he was about to pull the trigger; now the image of the woodchuck appeared when he endeavored to find the head in the sights.

And nothing ever happened in the daytime. There was always excitement at night—working parties and raids and counter-raids. But in the daytime one could only watch. He had been told that nothing would happen in the daytime.

On the morning of the tenth day

Joe took his place as usual before dawn. He had had another two days' leave. But the leave had been harder than the watching, harder than the struggle to keep the image of the woodchuck out of his mind. He could not wait to get back, to try again to shoot. He had eaten nothing, and he felt a little dizzy.

He knew as he made his body comfortable in his post that he could not ease his mind. He had tried and tried and tried. He had no control over the image that obsessed his mind.

Mechanically, as of established habit, he picked up his map. But it was too dark to check it. He could not see as far as his own front line. As the dawn came he saw that the area in front of him was garmented in mist. For a hundred feet the ground was very black; beyond the mist rose in waves, waves slowly twining and in-

tertwining. Joe watched the weaving mist as one watches the flames in an open fire. The movement of the mist was slower than the movement of flames, but more fascinating. It was easier to trace shapes in the mist. He could see hills and valleys in the mist. And in the hills and valleys of mist rose tall plumes of mist.

There were figures in the mist. He stared at the figures of mist through half-closed eyes. They became the figures of men—men of mist. The figures swam before his eyes, shifting, changing, forming, and re-forming.

Now it seemed as if the figures of mist were a line of men, a widely spaced line of men advancing toward him. It was as if the enemy had come out of its trenches a quarter of a mile away and was advancing toward him—an enemy of mist.

Joe pushed his rifle into position, mechanically shifting the elevating screw.

He glanced at the grass close by his peephole. There was not the faintest trace of wind. He set the wind gauges at zero. Slowly his sights settled on the figures in the mist. He chose a particular figure that seemed sharper than the rest. It was almost sharp enough to aim at.

Joe moved automatically, like a man who is unconscious of what he is doing. He scrooged his elbows into the earth. He took a deep breath and slowly expelled the air from his lungs. The cross hairs divided the figure of mist precisely into four quarters, wavered slightly, and moved with incredible slowness as the center followed the center of the moving figure of mist.

Joe's lungs were almost empty, his whole body was relaxed—like the body of a child going to sleep. He released the rear trigger. His finger felt the forward trigger.

The thought that the sights were on the target passed through his mind. And passing, the thought compelled the slight pressure necessary to pull the three-ounce trigger. The figure of mist crumpled.

JOE found another figure through the sights. Like a man in a dream he pulled the bolt back and pushed it home. Like a man in a dream he brought the cross hairs slowly into place. Like a man in a dream he shot. Again the figure of mist crumpled. He shot four times in rapid succession. Each bullet found its man, found him as surely as a trained pianist's fingers find the keys.

He seized the other rifle. The misty figures paused, wavered, ran. Joe shot and shot again. They were gone.

He sat back. He was vaguely conscious of the long, ripping bursts of machine-gun fire, the repeated thunders of shell, the popping of rifles. It was as if there was a battle going on.

Then he knew what had happened. Then he knew that the figures of mist were real. Then he knew that he had shot, and shot to kill. He had broken the spell.

Another story by Lucian Cary will appear in an early issue of COLLIER'S.



## Trains of the Roads

Continued from page 13

because of the greater number of railroad embargoes in that territory, overland haulage companies are springing up almost overnight in the State of Ohio. For instance, a striking example of the use of the highways is presented by a census for a week taken in March of vehicles traveling over the 40-mile stretch of road between Cleveland and Akron. The registration gave a total of 13,979 vehicles, of which only 685 were horse-drawn. Fifteen per cent of the total, 2,097, were motor trucks, which carried 5,014 tons of freight as compared with 6,630 tons shipped by the three railroads between the two cities. Thirty-three thousand people were transported over the roads during the week in passenger cars.

Even in the Chicago territory, where Illinois roads, long famous for their mud, have held up motor-truck transportation, motor-truck express lines are now operating over the roads within a 35-mile semicircle drawn about Chicago as a center to points as far south as Gary, Ind., through Joliet, Aurora, and Elgin on the west to Waukegan on the north. A recent survey made in this territory showed that approximately 23,000 railroad cars are used yearly in the territory for handling less-than-carload lots of freight and that motor trucks are now receiving some of these goods and thereby releasing the freight cars for other longer haul work.

Nor does the use of motor trucks in overland haulage work stop at Chicago; it extends westward through Kansas City and clear to the Golden State. As a typical example of work performed in the Kansas City territory, one of the musical concerns in that city recently shipped a 5-ton load of pianos and phonographs to its branch store in Tulsa, Okla., a distance of about 250 miles.

After computing the cost of the freight, the company found it would be no more expensive to ship by trucks than by rail with the added advantage to the truck that the goods would arrive in two days instead of perhaps two weeks by rail.

In southern California the use of the motor truck in city to city transportation has increased at least 400 per cent since the country entered the war. Regular truck freight routes have been established from Los Angeles to San Diego, 125 miles, this distance being covered daily. There is a veritable network of truck transportation lines from Los Angeles to the various beaches, the routes ranging from 15 to 50 miles on one side and from 10 to 100 miles from the city to the inland towns and cities on the other.

### Profits in Trucking

IT is not only between the large cities that overland truck haulage pays. Large fleets of trucks are enabling quantity production to be realized in the great mining States of California, Nevada, Arizona, Utah, and Colorado. In Rutherford, Napa County, Cal., one contractor is operating a fleet of seventeen big-capacity trucks hauling ore over 20 miles of the worst mountain roads to the nearest railroad where it can be shipped east to enter into the manufacture of munitions. These trucks average 240 tons of ore hauled a day. Anyone who knows how Western mountain roads wind through the cañons between mountain slopes on one side and precipices on the other can realize what an attempt to haul 240 tons of ore a day by mule teams would mean. To handle this tonnage by mule teams would require eighty wagons, each with six animals, mules or horses, and driver, and the round trip would take two days, as compared with two trips in a 12-hour day for each truck. Owing to the great congestion which would be inevitable if animal teams were used, it would be next to impossible to handle the required tonnage by that means of transportation.

In other words, without trucks the

war output of the mine would have been impossible.

A truck operator running a line of motor trucks between Denver and Parker, Colo., is employing one 2-ton and two 1½-ton trucks with three men. He hauls milk and freight for the farmers and the merchants of the two cities, and in a recent letter to the Highways Transport Committee in Washington, D. C., stated that he is saving the man power of fifty farmers along the route daily by the use of his three trucks and three drivers.

Perhaps one of the most unusual instances of where motor trucks have helped relieve freight congestion is that of a large Chicago packer who is now employing huge refrigerator trailers hauled by motor tractors for the distribution of fresh meat between the Chicago plant and the near-by branches within a radius of 50 or 60 miles. The trailers are huge affairs mounted on rubber-tired wheels so as not to damage the roads, and equipped with a dense air refrigerating system requiring no brine, ice, or liquid.

### A Permanent Institution

WHILE the Return-Load Bureaus established in the various States have served their purpose of bringing the question of overland transportation to the attention of shippers in their respective centers, they have not performed up to expectations, and serious evils have crept into the business such as price cutting on one hand and exorbitant charges on the other. The future development of overland transportation will follow closely upon the lines of railroad growth. The most successful concerns will operate large fleets of trucks and run them in much the same manner as railroad trains. Such concerns will have to erect warehouses in the various terminal cities to which goods may be brought for the assembling of full loads so that the overland trucks can operate with capacity loads in each direction.

The successful overland haulage company of the future will have its work divided up into seven main departments of traffic, finance, operation, mechanical, legal, purchasing, and planning, with heads of each responsible for the successful supervision. Business solicitors will have to be employed continuously to hold the present business and obtain new work so that the trucks can be operated during all periods of the year.

Many of the failures of concerns entering into the business have been due to unfamiliarity with the work and to the belief that business would be forthcoming without any serious effort on the part of the truck owners. Such concerns obtained sufficient work during the embargo periods, but, once these were over, were at a loss as to how to sell the idea of motor transportation to the average shipper, so they failed.

The coming of the big overland haulage transportation companies, based on railroad ideas and principles, will bring with it standardization of rates and protection for the shipper in case of damage to goods in transit. Already truck owners in the large cities of New York and Detroit are forming their own associations in an attempt to standardize rates which will allow them a fair margin of profit and to eliminate the evil of price cutting which some truck owners indulge in when they find they have not sufficient work to keep all their trucks busy. If these associations do not accomplish their end, the regulation of highway transportation rates through State or governmental agencies is a foregone conclusion. When that time arrives only those concerns which operate their trucks on a firm, businesslike basis will survive. Already there are enough of such concerns as these to stamp overland truck haulage as a permanent institution from this time forth in the haulage of a certain percentage of the nation's goods.

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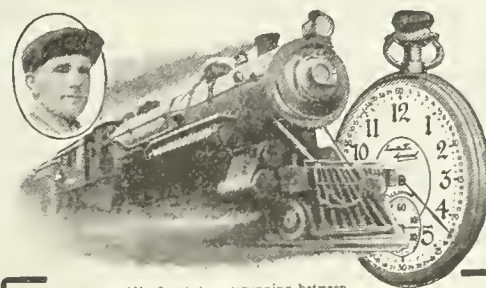
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# The Voice of Business

FORMERLY THE "BUSINESS IN WAR TIME" PAGE—EDITED BY THE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT OF COLLIER'S

## No. 21: America's Overflow of Production

THE biggest business problem that peace brings before us is to find an outlet for American manufactures. It is for this reason that leaders of business thought are concentrating their attention upon the subject of exports.

Mr. Hurley of the Shipping Board several months ago, long before the majority of us realized that peace was so near, told us to prepare to use, after the war, the new American merchant marine which the U-boats forced us to build. Mr. Sullivan, in COLLIER'S of last week, pointed out that next to Great Britain we now own more ships than any other country, and that, if we continue with our shipbuilding at the present rate, we will in little more than a year own more ships than Great Britain. Mr. Burwell S. Cutler, Chief of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, says in his introduction to a pamphlet, "Economic Reconstruction," recently published by the Department of Commerce: "It may not be out of place to point out that our own Government has already put certain laws on the statute books which will prove of great assistance in the after-the-war period, and that many of our Government officers have done much either directly or indirectly in contemplation of the reconstruction period. The Government's greatest preparation for after-war trade is the construction of a large merchant navy, backed by large and efficient shipyards and dry docks. We have, of course, the Webb-Pomerene Bill, authorizing our exporters to combine for foreign-trade purposes. Our Federal Reserve Board and banking system have wide leeway in foreign-trade banking matters and are alive to the needs of our trade and are meeting them."

Why is this? Why does it seem at first glance as if a preponderance of attention is fixed upon export instead of domestic business?

The answer is simple.

The United States can no longer come anywhere near absorbing its own production.

At the beginning of the world war our manufacturing capacity, stated in dollars, was approximately 21 billions.

At the present time a moderate estimate places it at 50 billions.

The war, therefore, has doubled—much more than doubled—our manufacturing capacity.

As long as the war went on even this greatly increased capacity was not sufficient to take care of war's demands. The cry was always for greater production, more speed. We all know how many of our plants, normally engaged in making peace products,

were converted into war plants. And in addition to this converted manufacturing capacity, all the increased manufacturing capacity—29 billions—was for war work exclusively.

But what is going to happen when all this machinery can no longer be fed with war work? Are we going to abandon this increased capacity?

Think what it will mean if it be left unfed.

It will mean vast plants idle throughout the country, entire cities that formerly hummed with industry left to rot

have more people earning money in America than we have ever had. And the money that is paid them for working is greater than it has ever been. This means a much larger buying or absorbing capacity. But these people, all of them, must be kept busy if their absorbing capacity is to be maintained. The thing, you know, works in a circle. The greater our production the more we ourselves can consume. But the demands of the war swelled our production so suddenly and so vastly that, as we have already shown, we ourselves cannot come anywhere near absorbing the total production.

The world, of course, is hungry for the products which America can give it.

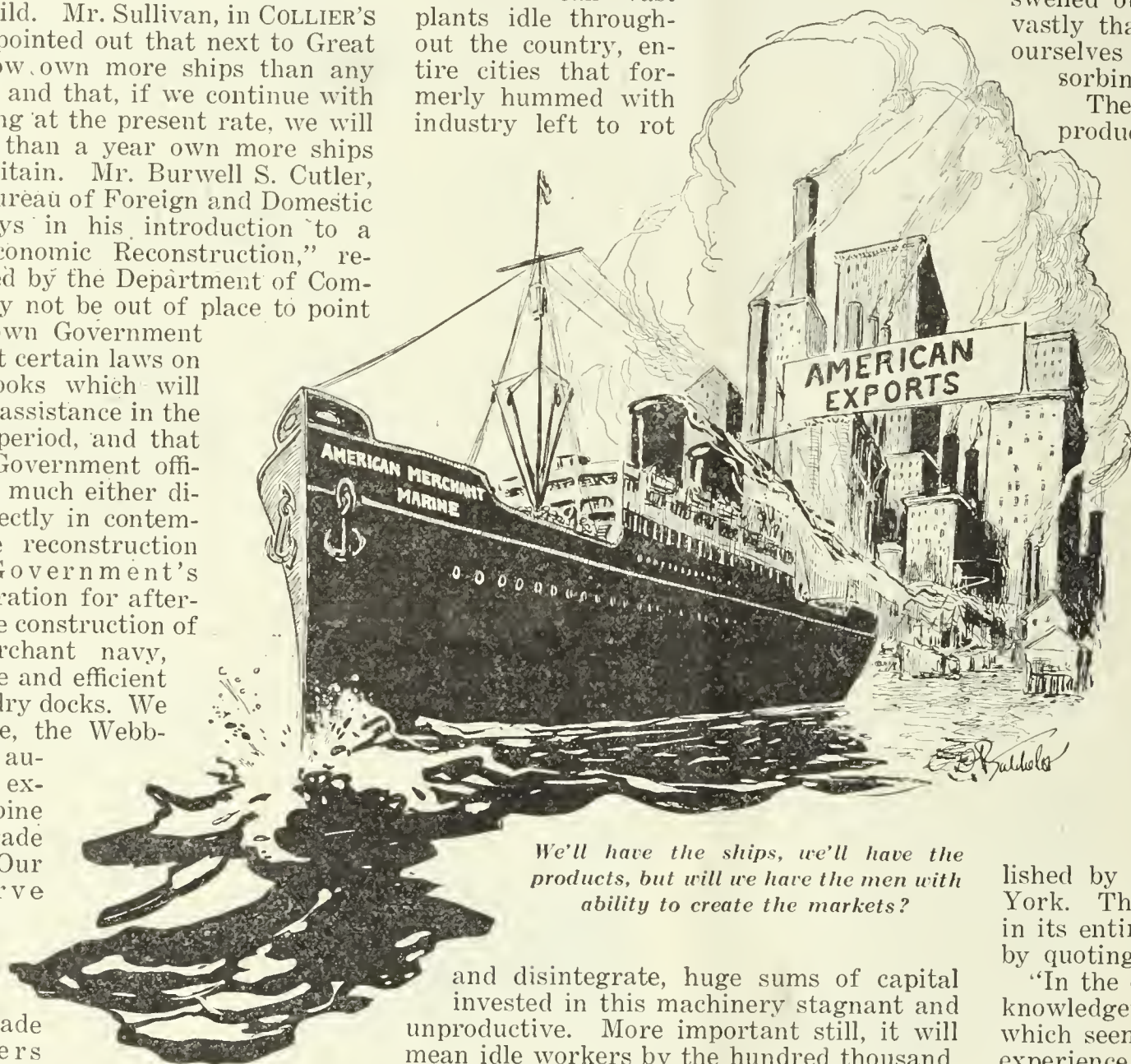
There is only one other nation at present beside the United States which can supply this hungry world. That is Great Britain. Great Britain and the United States, in a way, must become business partners in supplying the world with goods.

But American business must know how to go about this affair of supplying the world. You can no longer in this modern world charter a ship, as our New England forefathers did, fill it with a cargo of trinkets, set sail for some foreign shore, and hawk your goods on the beach. There is a complication of trade arrangements to be made; there must be a very exact knowledge of the foreign markets in which you are going to sell your goods. There is a very impressive article on what you must do in "The Americas," a periodical published by the National City Bank of New York. The article should be read carefully in its entirety, but let me conclude this talk by quoting briefly from it:

"In the doing of foreign business, a 'little knowledge' is expensive and many things which seem obvious to shrewd men without experience are found to be exactly what successful exporters do not recommend. There is a vast fund of good, practical information about the right way to organize for exportation available in this country.

"The emphasis is upon individual preparation. There is a general belief that our after-war trade expansion will find its greatest success not in the theoretical advantages of cheap standardization of everything which foreign customers will probably reject, but through the extension over good foreign markets of our typical American methods of live sales campaigning and distribution of articles which appeal by their individuality of excellence, and are introduced to ultimate consumers through the most skillful methods of large-scale advertising and stimulation of demand.

"Efficient individual organization by individual exporting manufacturers is the only way by which this American business genius will find its particular adaptation of home methods to foreign conditions."



*We'll have the ships, we'll have the products, but will we have the men with ability to create the markets?*

and disintegrate, huge sums of capital invested in this machinery stagnant and unproductive. More important still, it will mean idle workers by the hundred thousand. If this machinery be left unfed, it will mean people left unfed.

Abandoning this huge and increased manufacturing capacity, therefore, is unthinkable. It is also unnecessary.

For America can find an outlet for its overflow of production. And the entire world is the outlet. This is why the subject of exports is of such engrossing attention. It is a subject of which heretofore the general public, by which I mean you and myself, have been grossly ignorant, and yet which now confronts us as one of the most vital, if not the most vital, in after-the-war conditions. It has a bearing on the life of every man, woman, and child in these United States.

We can, of course, absorb within our boundaries more manufactured goods than we have ever done. The war has created entirely new classes of workers in America. Through adjustments and additions it has increased our man power tremendously. We



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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

DECEMBER 7, 1918

VOLUME 62 NO. 13

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A story of a night's adventure in Mexico, by C. E. Scoggins

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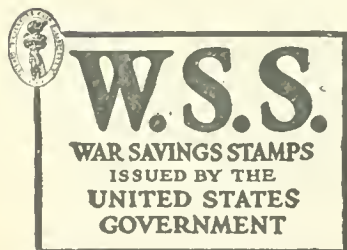
he does or not—*Remington UMC* will be glad to make his acquaintance for shooting right.



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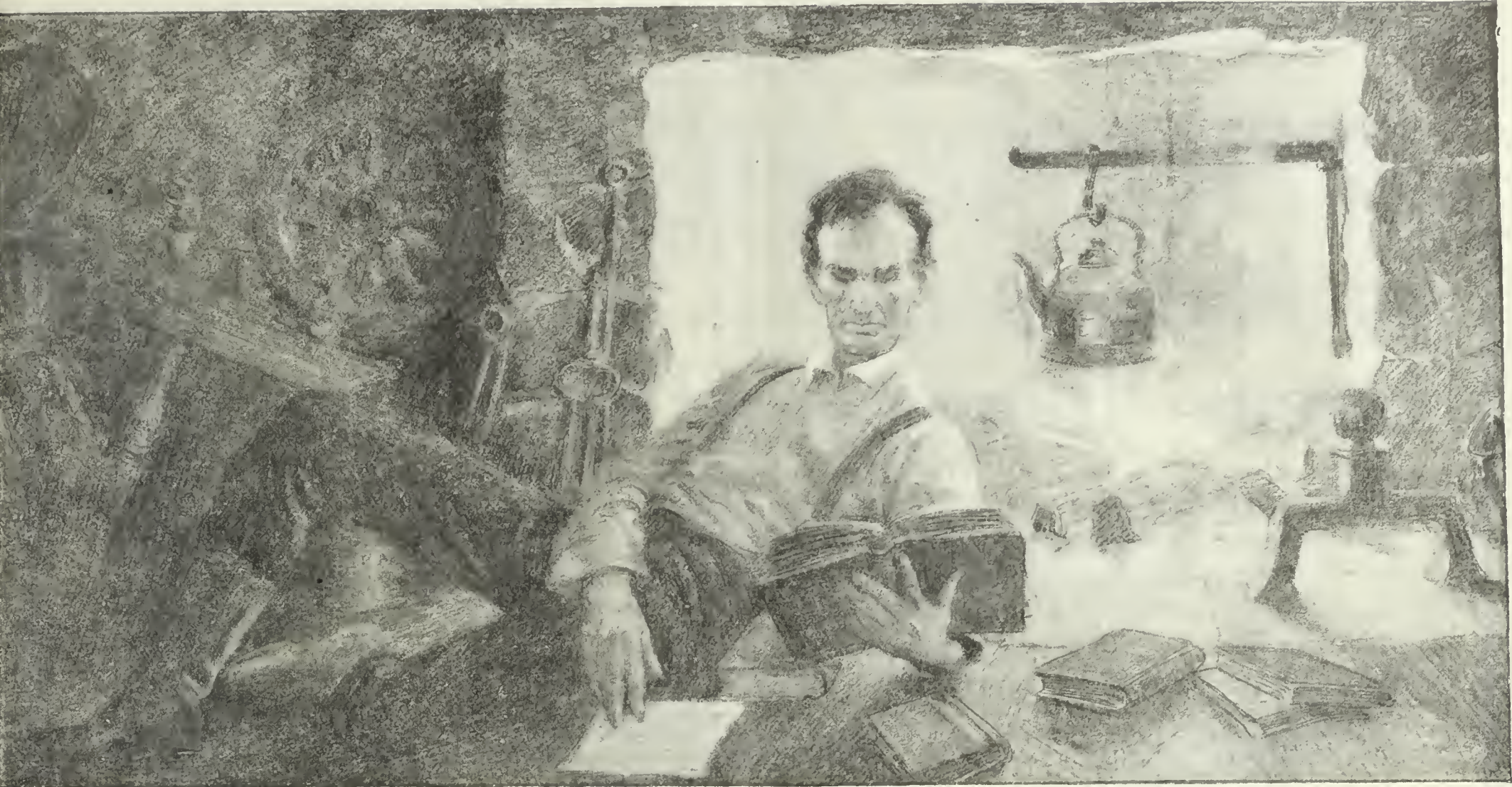
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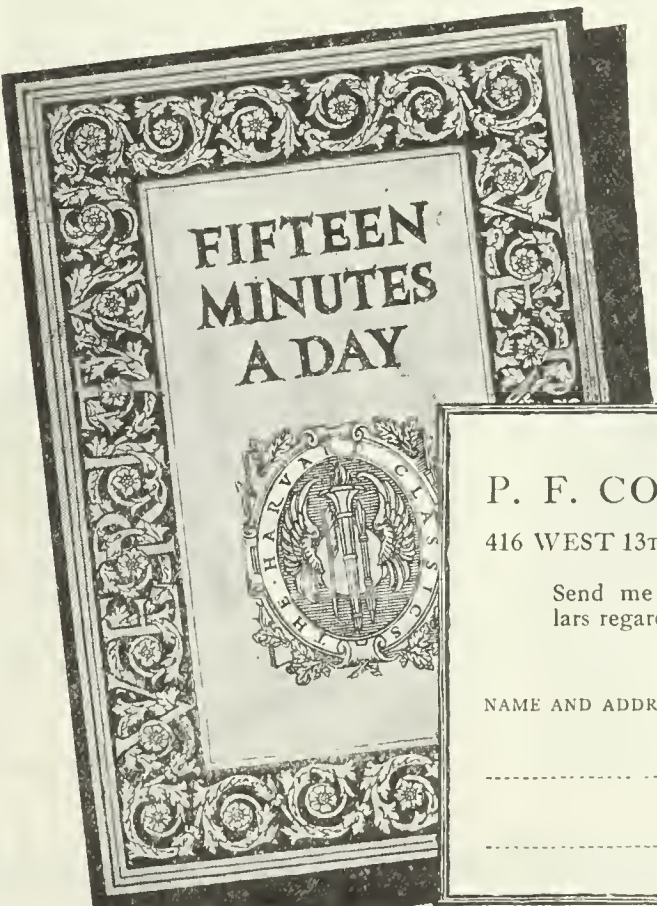
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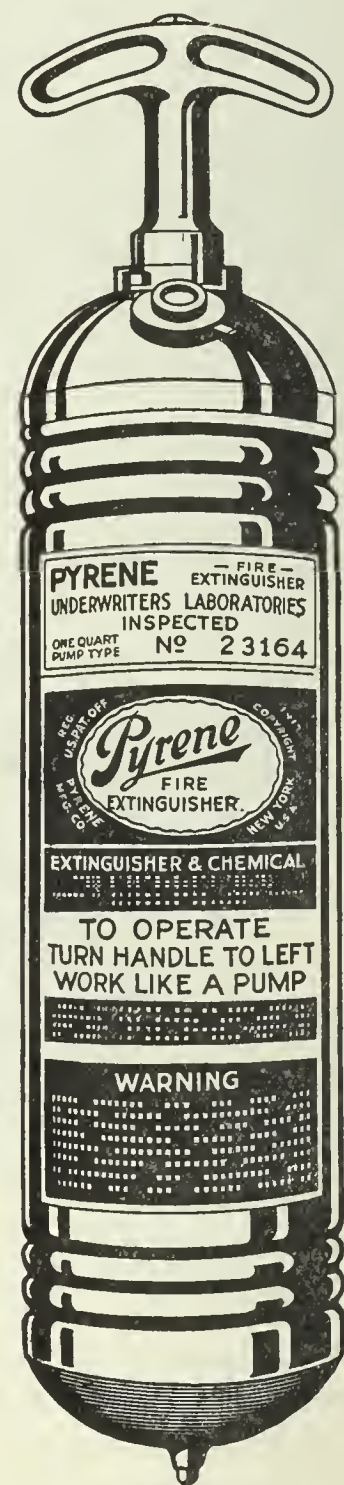
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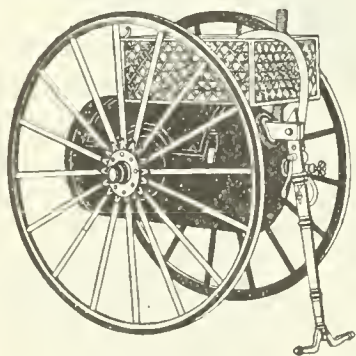
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# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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'Twas ever thus—the morning after.

## The League of Nations—Shall America Go In?

Part III of "America's Part in the New World"

BY MARK SULLIVAN

WHEN a party of Americans, who had lately arrived in London, called on Admiral Sims one day in September, the admiral was in a jocular mood. "Well," he said, "how many submarines did you see on the way over? You saw just hundreds of them, didn't you? There were so many that they almost scraped the paint off the sides of your boat, didn't they?"

And then the admiral made us all guess how many German submarines there were in the Atlantic Ocean. Anybody else who tried the same thing on his uninformed friends could have got as much amusement out of it as the admiral did. We all guessed anywhere from seventy-five to two hundred. The admiral referred to some official figures and informed us that during the twelve days we had been on the ocean the total number of German submarines in the ocean was exactly nine. And he informed us further that during the entire period of submarine warfare, nine had been the average, sometimes a few more and sometimes a few less. The highest number ever out at one time was sixteen. Later on, in a room at the London offices of the American Navy Department, we saw a huge map covering one side of the room, in which the position of each German submarine each day was marked by a pin, and the submarines' courses were routed with lines of red dots. When the war began the Germans had about forty submarines. During the course of the war they built about two hundred and seventy more. Of these the Allies, in one way or another, destroyed or captured about a hundred and fifty; when the war ended the Germans had been expected to give up one hundred and sixty; the revised armistice terms said "all." At the time of writing eighty-seven had surrendered.

The reasons why Germany, with anywhere from fifty to a hundred and fifty submarines in existence, could only keep an average of less than ten in actual operation in the Atlantic Ocean and the North Sea are several. One is that the training of the crews is a difficult task. At all times there were between thirty and forty submarines in use as training ships. A submarine crew is like a college racing crew or a football team. It must be well drilled into quickly and accurately coordinated action. Such groups of men, for one hour of active

service, must go through fifty hours of training. Then, too, the submarine is a delicate piece of machinery. There are always a good many in the home ports being repaired.

Out of this surprising bit of information about the career of the German submarines the reflection which instantly comes to the mind of a thoughtful person is this: Suppose, instead of nine, there had been ninety? Or even nine hundred? Some one put this query to a navy man. He smiled a grim smile and answered: "That is the question of the next war, whenever there is one."

That is one of the main reasons why everybody is thinking how much more horrible than this war a "next war" can be—and coming around to the league-of-nations idea as a means of seeing to it that there shall not be any next war. If there are to be other wars, if the great nations are to continue in a competitive career of constantly increasing armaments, then whatever nation "gets the jump" on the rest of the world at the beginning of the next war will be able to sweep the seas and otherwise paralyze humanity within the first week. And if such a war should continue for any length of time, the destructiveness of it would make the present war seem mild. It is not merely with respect to submarines that any future war will be much more desolating. In every

branch of science and invention the lessons learned in this war will be perfected. War in the air will be vastly more destructive to cities and human beings. The ingenious and terrible possibilities of gas warfare will be worked out to perfection. An American general told me that if the Germans, on the day they first used gas, had also provided their soldiers with gas masks, so that they could have gone forward over the gas-covered territory which the Allies had to retire from, they would have won the war then and there. The military experts who will study the recent war for years to come will have much to say about "if the Germans had had more submarines," and "if the Germans had had a larger gas supply," and "if the Germans had had more airplanes." In the next war, if there is one, and if nothing is done to restrain armaments, the aggressor will have all these things and will have them in numbers sufficient

Continuing his discussion of the League of Nations, Mr. Sullivan in this article speaks more directly of America's participation in it. He states President Wilson's attitude, Mr. Roosevelt's ideas, and Senator Beveridge's arguments against it. And yet Europe considers a league of nations imperative. Says an Englishman, Professor Gilbert Murray: "Without a league of nations we cannot agree. And we must agree because if we do not agree we perish."

Mr. Sullivan's next article is: "Who Shall Be Mistress of the Sea?"—THE EDITOR.



to be decisive. And such a war will be so deadly that failure on the part of humanity to prevent it will be equivalent to the mutual suicide of the human race—certainly that large part of the white human race which lives in Europe. As it was put by one of the leading English advocates of the League of Nations, Professor Gilbert Murray: "Without a league of nations we cannot agree. And we must agree, because *if we do not agree we perish.*"

This plain apprehension of the appalling consequences of any future war would be enough to account, alone, for the earnestness with which Englishmen and other Europeans advocate a league of nations. But there are other reasons in addition. Some of them are material, some of them are spiritual. On the material side those Englishmen whose main concern is with trade and ships and finance, and all those material elements that go to make up the substance of the British Empire—these men want some kind of league of nations from perfectly sound material reasons. Vast numbers of other Englishmen want the league for spiritual reasons, so as to consolidate and crystallize and keep forever some definite spiritual compensation for the sacrifices that have been made in this war. England is in a rather exalted spiritual mood; England has been *through* a war; we Americans have merely been *in* a war. This spiritual exaltation is based on sacrifice, and it is not yet certain whether our sacrifices have been great enough to bring this spiritual elevation to us. There is some danger of our mood at the end of this war being merely cocky and triumphant. If that should turn out to be our mood, then we shall never feel about the League of Nations with the same intensity of moral earnestness that multitudes of Englishmen have.

### Uplifting Internationalism

GREAT BRITAIN is tired. War has given her a feeling of exhaustion. She has lost over half a million men in dead. In seriously wounded, in those who have been more or less incapacitated for future work, she has lost two million more. Her dead include about one out of four of the flower of her race, of the men between twenty and thirty. She has spent nearly half of all her material wealth. It is little wonder if she is weary. The idea of a future war has for Great Britain the repugnance which it can only have to a nation which has borne the burden of the present war. The avoidance of future war is a more acute purpose with Great Britain than with a nation which has been less deep in the horror. Great Britain is content to have made her sacrifices for an exalted purpose, but she is in no mood to countenance the idea of any future war for merely British national purposes, merely to make the empire bigger. *England wants the results of this war capitalized into something higher than insular national patriotism.* Viscount Grey (long known as Sir Edward Grey) expressed this eloquently in his speech calling on the English people to indorse President Wilson's idea of a league of nations:

"I believe that in this war, as in no war previously, the young men have given their lives in a finer spirit than ever before. In previous wars you have had a comparatively small part of the population engaged, and that generally composed in this country of that particular part of the population

which by temperament or physical aptitude chose the profession of arms, but in this war, in the beginning before we had conscription, young men who disliked fighting as much as anybody, who hated the idea of war, who had no turn, they thought, for soldiering, came forward by thousands. They attained heights of physical courage which have never been surpassed, and they showed, whatever their previous predilections might have been, all the finest qualities of the best soldiers. Well, they have died, many of them. They rose to heights not only of physical courage, but of exaltation of spirit, and by thousands, on those heights, they have given their lives. Now, surely, we must do our best to live up to the spirit in which they gave their lives, and it is *because I believe the League of Nations will take international relations on to a higher and better plane than ever before; because I believe that the peace will give an opportunity such as the world has never had before of getting international relations on that plane, that I trust that in Great Britain the advocacy of the League of Nations, laid down, as I believe it has been on the soundest lines by President Wilson, will receive that measure of popular opinion and support which will enable the governments concerned to carry something of that sort into effect, and place the international relations of the world on a higher plane than they have ever reached before, or was ever possible before.*"

### From Dominance to a Trusteeship

THAT is one expression of England's reaction of weariness with war. She is disgusted with war as such; and so far as wars are caused by national ambitions and national aggressiveness, she wants to put aside ambition. She doesn't want to fight any more wars for the purpose of making bigger spots of British red on the map of the world. While she knows it was only Germany that entered the Great War for purposes of national expansion, she knows also that many of her own past wars were caused by the same sort of national ambition that led Germany. For herself she is through with all

the world goes on as it has gone on, whatever nation is dominant in the world, whoever is Mistress of the Sea must also be Master of the Air. And she feels that she isn't physically capable of that, has not got the material resources to add preponderance in the air to preponderance on the sea and maintain both permanently. She is through with the possession of dominance, and she wants to turn dominance over to a trusteeship, to a league of nations. From England's point of view that is the main purpose of the League of Nations.

And there is another expression, a very interesting expression, partly of England's physical weariness, partly with her exaltation of spirit. Great Britain is a little "fed up," as the English say, with the empire business. She is fed up with the poetry of the far-flung frontier and the land that the sun never sets on. She is not sure that she wants to go on with the world responsibilities she already has, the governing of that large portion of the world's population which composes her colonies, the work of administration for the backward and semicivilized peoples of the earth; and she is quite sure that she doesn't want to take on, alone, the additional responsibilities of the German colonies. That these colonies must not be handed back to Germany she is quite positive, as everyone is who knows the circumstances. But she would be glad to turn over her individual national responsibility to a trusteeship, that trusteeship to be so small as a partnership of herself and her dominions, like Canada and Australia, with the United States; or so large as a league of nations, whichever of the two may be brought about. She would have herself and us, or a larger league of nations, do jointly what she now does alone with respect to Egypt, India, and the like. It is with no thought of disparagement, but merely to illustrate the situation, that one says that England is looking for a big brother, or is like a man looking for a partner with capital to invest in an old-established business. As one American expressed it at the end of a conversation with one of the most responsible British statesmen now in office about the

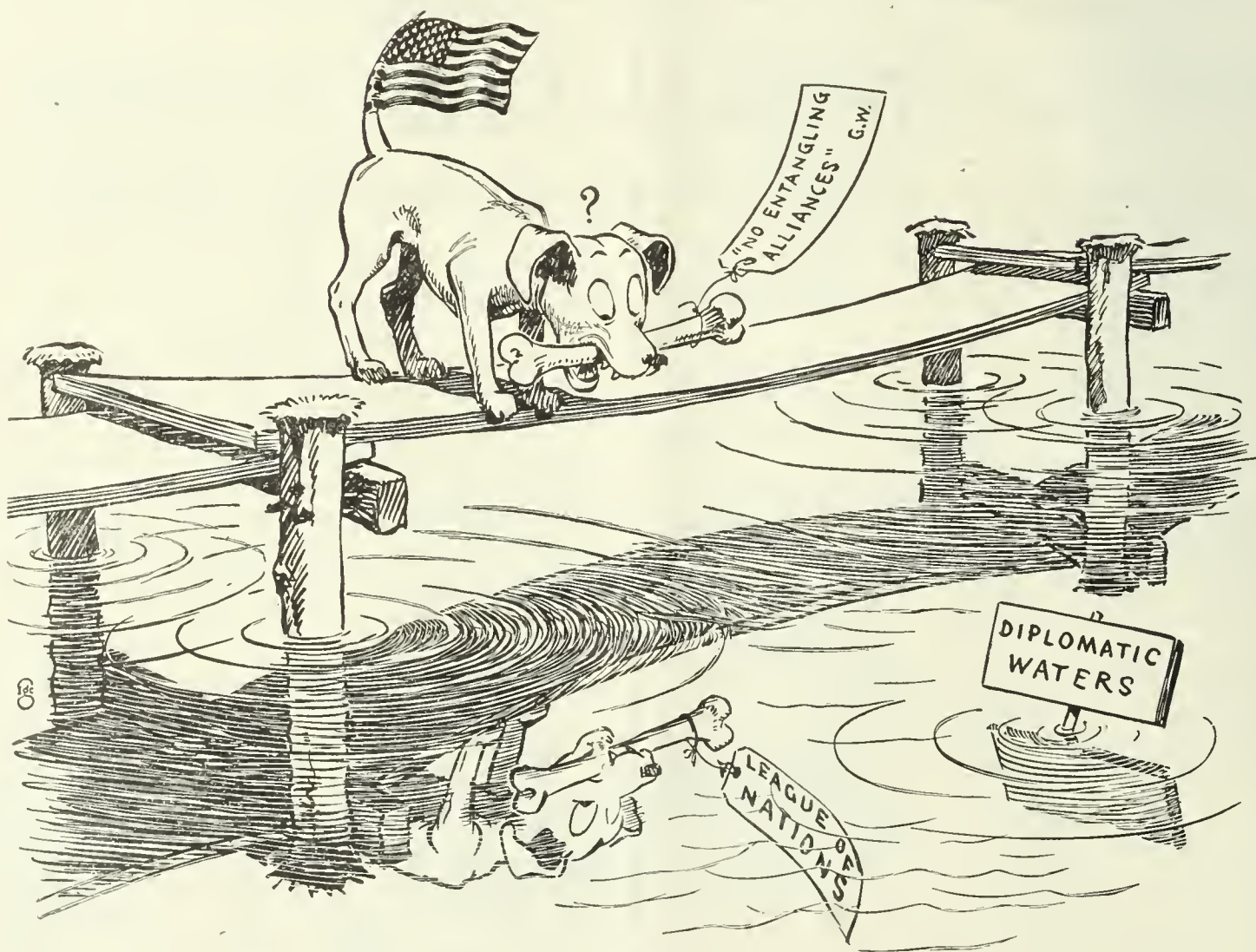
future of the two countries: "It is quite apparent that you propose to leave a mulatto baby on our doorstep." And the minister replied: "Some one must look after the mulatto babies of the world." It is this, the work of governing and managing and educating, of administering the half-developed peoples of the world, that a large part of official England looks upon as one of the principal functions of the proposed League of Nations. (The other principal function, the prevention of future wars, is, of course, in the mind of everybody who assents to the idea of such a league in any form.)

### A "Next War"

NOW, if Great Britain is willing, and even anxious, to bring about a league of nations in order to prevent future wars, every other country in Europe has much more reason to be anxious. Every other European country has

greater reason than England to be apprehensive about the consequences of a "next war." It is true that England, superficially, seems more vulnerable to the submarine than the Continental countries, but in the combined sea-air-and-land shock of another war that distinction would matter little. The chief distinction is in the relative power to wage war. And England ends this war

(Continued on page 37)



The Beveridge point of view: What would he get for what he'd drop?

of that, and she wants to set up an institution which will make all future wars of national aggressiveness impossible—impossible for her, for Germany, and for anyone else. Her mood is partly one of physical weariness, partly one of spiritual exaltation. She shrinks from the rôle of going on and continuing to hold the position in the world which she has held in the past. She knows that in the future, if



# A Midsummer Night's Scream

The Further Adventures of Ed Harmon, First Lieutenant, A. E. F.

BY H. C. WITWER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER AND ARTHUR W. BROWN

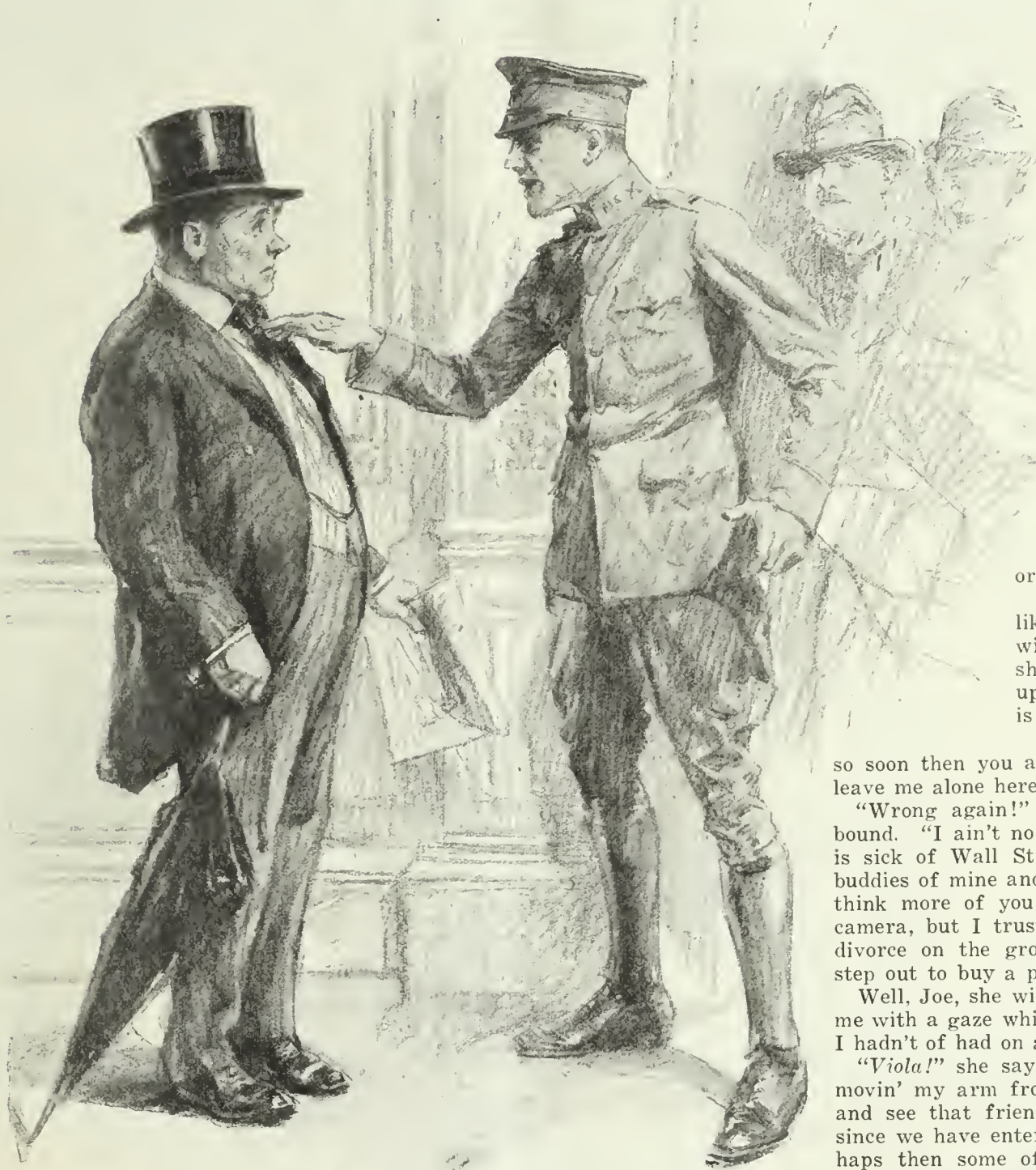
A PORT ON THE HUDSON,  
Frequently called New York.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, I'm takin' a chance on you gettin' this letter, because for all I know you may be in Berlin by now with the A. E. F. which was goin' there so fast when I left 'em that they was a lot of the Heinies got trampled to death on account of our gang runnin' right over 'em! No doubt you also have been over the top and etc. and learned enough French to order a steak and get bacon and eggs instead in one of them Paris restaurants and have come to believe that they is only one word in the German language and that's "Kamerad." Of course you or nobody else will never have no adventures like befell unto me, but still with the war goin' on and etc. you will prob'ly find enough to do to keep you from passin' away of idleness whilst in France, hey, Joe?

Well, me and Jeanne and my baby is somewheres in New York now, and in a few days I will be down at a joint by the name of Yaphank, L. I., teachin' them draft babies how to get across the Rhine without payin' no ferry fare, and the like. Right now we are livin' in a swell hotel, and they can't tell me Jesse James is dead because I'll tell the world fair that guy is runnin' this place! It costs more money to live here than it did to build Brooklyn, and we are gonna grab off a flat somewheres in Harlem as soon as I can find one where the rent don't sound like the fare to Australia by taxi.

Joe, it is sure great to be back in New York once again and hear good old United States bein' spoke all around you, not that I got anything against the French language, which is all right once you get used to it, only who expects to live 200 years, hey, Joe? Also it is fine to deal with dollars and cents instead of this franc, centime, and pound stuff which no American will ever get through his head if he stayed on the other side till the Hudson River turns to grape juice.

Well, Joe, the old town ain't changed a bit since I left except things is a lot different with lightless nights, meatless days, useless cabarets, and seatless subways. Broadway still looks like a steal on No Man's Land with more trenches in it than I ever seen in France. Joe, I can't get through my dome why they are always pickin' and shovelin' on New York. They can't let it alone for a minute, and as soon as they get one subway built, some other guy comes along and gets a permit to dig up the gas mains partly on account of they bein' a leak somewheres, but mostly on account of him havin' been a leadin' accessory to the crime of electin' whoever gives out the contracts. Joe, my advice to the young men from Bird's Nest, W. Va., and Cereal Crossin', Iowa, which is thinkin' of comin' to New York to make their fortune is the followin': Bring a pick and shovel with you and you will never want for a day's work. My idea is that half the guys in New York is contractors and the other half is workin' for 'em diggin' streets. If you can't get a job from



"The kaiser had his fling, now it's our turn"

nobody, don't let that worry you. Take your little old pick and shovel, select a avenue and go to it. Everybody else is doin' it, and they won't be a soul bother you!

Well, Joe, of course it was just my luck to run right into this Spanish Influence thing which is all the rage just now. Joe, they is one thing about the U. S.: when we fall for anything they ain't no half-way with us; it sweeps the country. First it was Chaplin, then come the Brazilian tango, and now it's

Mr. Witwer's next account of the adventures of Ed Harmon will appear in an early issue.—  
THE EDITOR.

the Spanish Influence. Joe, where does Spain get off to send that influence thing over to us? I thought they was neutral! Well, anyways, Joe—we licked them babies once and we can do it again. I already beat German bullets and the like, and I got a constitution as strong as the one the U. S. has, so I guess this influence thing won't gimme no trouble, hey, Joe?

Well, Joe, Jeanne is tickled silly with New York and ain't a bit homesick, only havin' wished she was back in Paris about three million times so far. Little

Bill is likewise doin' fine and is now somethin' like two months of old. He can't read or write yet, but that don't say he's no dummy, and I guess it's a little early to start him to school. Still and all, when I was his age I was able to play the piano and auction pinochle, but then I was always a trifle above the average, hey, Joe?

Joe, I got Jeanne and my baby all settled in the hotel and then I says the followin':

"Well, honey, I am goin' uptown for a coupla minutes now and see all my old-time pals, which I ain't laid a eye on since I cast the dust of the Hudson River off of my feet. I won't be long, and I will bring back the pick of the lot to meet you, and we'll have a big dinner together, afterward takin' in a show or the like, hey?"

Well, Joe, you'd think a layout like that would tickle the ordinary wife silly, hey? Not Jeanne! Joe, she turns that million-dollar gaze upon me and does what they claim is poutin'.

"Edouard!" she says. "Of the so soon then you are tired of Jeanne? You would leave me alone here by myself desolate?"

"Wrong again!" I says, crossin' the room at a bound. "I ain't no more tired of you than Morgan is sick of Wall Street, only these birds is all old buddies of mine and I'm crazy to see them again. I think more of you than Mary Pickford does of a camera, but I trust you ain't gonna sue me for a divorce on the grounds of desertion every time I step out to buy a paper or the like, are you?"

Well, Joe, she wiggles her shoulders and presents me with a gaze which would of froze me to death if I hadn't of had on a overcoat.

"Viola!" she says, still sixty below zero and removin' my arm from around her waist. "Go then and see that friends. I am as of nothing to you since we have enter the New York. Oh, oui! Perhaps then some of the friend are the mesdames, n'est-ce pas?"

"There you go again!" I says, grabbin' hold of a chair and sittin' down near by. "You're always puttin' interior motives on everything I do! They ain't no dames got nothin' to do with this—these friends of mine is all members of the male's sex. Why, Jeanne, since I first seen you I ain't even glanced at another woman. I don't even read magazines which has dames on the cover, and my own sisters would have to identify themselves before I'd even speak to 'em! I'm crazier about you than the Kaiser is about peace, and they is few knows it better than you. If you feel that way about it, I'll forget my pals and me and you will have a party all by ourselves!"

Well, Joe, with them few remarks I go over to the crib and start to rockin' my baby. Jeanne gets up and comes over to me and in a second I am wearin' her arms around my neck.

"Allons, je plaisantais!" she smiles. "Go then and see those friend. Of the certain they would desire to look upon mon brave. Bring them here so Jeanne can see them too." She stops and draws up the corners of her mouth till any rosebud in the world would of took one look and quit cold. "Or—or—is it then that Edouard would not like his friends to meet poor Jeanne?"

Joe, I grabbed her up tight till she hollered, and I had some difficulty with my throat on account of my Adam's apple gettin' loose and bobbin' around, whilst at the same time my eyes gets kinda damp.

"I don't want them to meet you, hey?" I hollers.



"Why, them big stiffs never seen nothin' like *you* in their lives, and one guy has been to the Grand Cañon! The minute they lay a eye on you I'll have to keep 'em apart so's they can't hatch up no plot to assassinate *me*! I'll be back in a hour at the most."

Well, Joe, we was half a hour sayin' good-by.

I went downstairs to get a taxi and they is a lotta kids runnin' around sellin' papers and yellin' that Germany is beggin' for peace. A fat guy which is on his way over to get theatre tickets at the counter almost bumps into me.

"Do you hear that?" he hollers in my ear. "Isn't that great? Germany is ready to quit!" He dances around. "I pray to Heavens that's true and nothing will come up to stop the negotiations. Why, this infernal war has ruined my business and—"

"Aw, shut up!" I says. "You guys oughta be interned somewheres! What d'ye mean Germany wants to quit? Why the hell shouldn't them big tramps wanna call it off, when they're gettin' the tar licked outa 'em? Look at all them guys has did since they started this thing four years ago. Look at the women and kids they killed—and worse, look at the towns they burned, look at the prisoners they tortured, the hospitals they bombed, and a million other things which nobody heard tell of till them guys got in the field! Ask the people of Belgium and France whether *they* want peace now—them's the birds that oughta be considered, not *you* guys. Ask the marines and doughboys which has gone through Hell over there so's you and your kind won't have to, if *they* want peace! Sure, they want peace—they wanna piece of the kaiser, a piece of the Crown's Prince, and a piece of all them rotten Huns! That's the peace we want and that's the only peace we wanna consider. The kaiser had his fling, now it's *our* turn, and, believe me, buddy, we'll make them babies pay triple for everything they done! When Pershing's gang gets into Berlin and them bums has been taught a lesson that their *great-grandchildren* won't never forget, then it'll be time to talk peace!"

Well, Joe, this guy gets as red as

women of France with their men away at the front—they begged them German hellhounds for peace when they come rushin' through like drunken roughnecks and—say! I can't talk about it no more! I get crazy when I think of the things them guys done. I wish I was back there now. I—" Joe, I stopped and grabbed him by the arm. "Hey!" I says. "How many Liberty Bonds have you got?"

"I'm up to the neck with them now," he says. "And—"

"Well, that's better than bein' up to the neck in the mud of a front-line trench!" I says. "I see they's a booth over there. I'll take another one if you do—what d'ye say?"

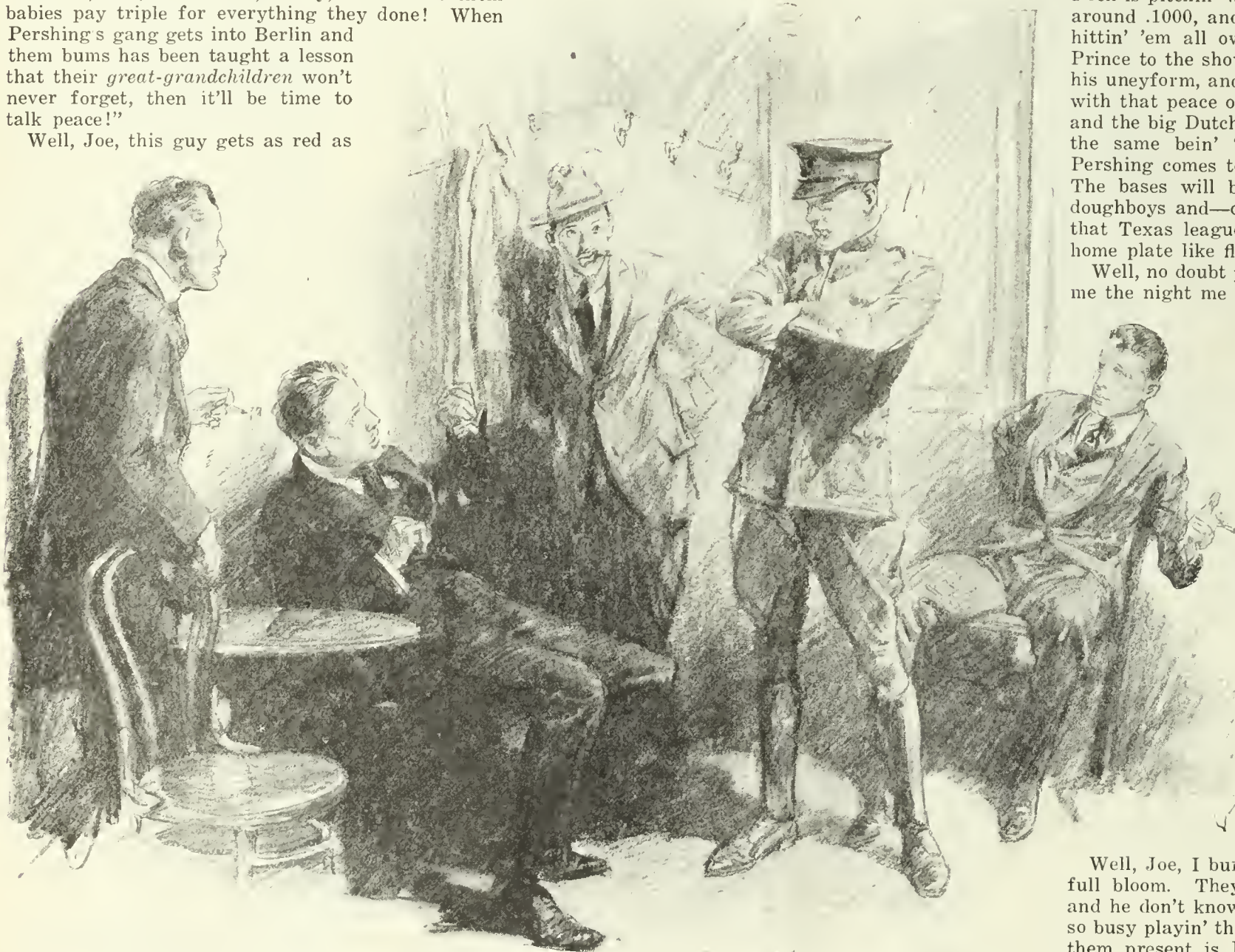
Joe, they was a dame in the crowd and she breaks through and holds out a handful of books to this guy.

"C'mon!" she says. "Take at least a hundred-dollar bond. Show this man that you appreciate that he has fought for you and yours!"

Joe, he looks at me and he looks at the crowd, which is no more interested in the thing than a kid at his first circus.

"Why, this is an outrage!" he says, blusterin' up. "It's nothing but a holdup. I've taken all the bonds I can afford. The idea of being placed in such an embarrassing position by—"

"Yeh?" I butts in. "Well, I was in a embarrassin' position myself a few months ago. I was ten feet from a German trench at two in the mornin', with but a automatic between me and heaven! I was out there so's that a couple of years from now maybe *your* home would be safe from the rottenest bunch of dogs that ever infested the earth. I expect to go back there again. What will the boys think if I tell



"Am I to take it that I am a unwelcome visitor here?" I says in a cold, deadly voice

a three-alarm fire and stares at me with his mouth as open as Bronx Park. They is quite a little crowd collected and when I get through, what do they do but let forth a cheer which brung everybody within hearin' distance on the run!

"Why, I—" he stammers. "Why—I—I should think you'd welcome peace! Especially being a soldier. There will be no more of this horrible bloodshed and—"

"They won't, hey?" I hollers. "Don't kid yourself! They'll be barrels of it—but it'll be German! Peace, hey? The little kids in Belgium and the poor

them that you guys over here ain't willin' to stand behind them with every nickel you got?"

Joe, this guy stares at me, looks at the wounded stripes, and bangs his hands together.

"C'mon!" he bellers all of a sudden. "By Heavens, you're all right, son! I'll start it off with a thousand! Who's next?"

Well, Joe, they was quite a rush, and in ten minutes I have sold thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of bonds, takin' a coupla hundred dollars of 'em myself for my baby. Joe, I can no more afford them extry two hundred than you can afford to buy a

country place on Fifth Avenue, but I'm out to beat the kaiser if it takes my last breath, my last nickel, and my last drop of blood! You big stiff, I hope you got a fistful of them bonds yourself—if you ain't, I'll run you ragged when I meet you in Berlin!

Joe, I just seen in the papers what Pres. Wilson's comeback to the kaiser was. Oh, boy!!! He told it to 'em, hey? Say, Joe, he is some baby to be head of the U. S. right now and a much greater man than even Buffalo Bill was in his palmiest days and that's sayin' a lot, because Buffalo Bill was always my favorite hero in olden times gone by.

Well, Joe, I have got to close now on account of Jeanne askin' me have I turned author and stop writin' letters for Heaven's sake for a minute. I will tell you what happened the night we went out in New York at my earliest convenience.

Joe, since we come into this war I'll bet they is one guy the kaiser is good and sore at and that's Columbus, hey?

Yours truly,

First Lieutenant EDWARD EDISON HARMON.

(I see the Liberty Loan went over. Joe, it's a good thing I made that speech in the hotel lobby, hey?)

SOMEWHERE IN A HARLEM FLAT.

DEAR JOE: Well, Joe, I see where Bulgaria has called it a day and Austria and Turkey is yellin' for the cops also. I guess I better hustle back to France so's the war won't be a failure with everybody walkin' out on it like that, hey? Joe, don't get the idea that the war is all over yet on account of that stuff, because it ain't—not by a long shot! It's the beginnin' of the ninth all right, and it looks like we got the game all sewed up in a bag, but keep your seat, Joe, they's a few more guys gotta be fanned yet. We knocked Hindenburg outa the box, Foch is pitchin' world-series ball, Pershing is battin' around .1000, and every other guy in the line-up is hittin' 'em all over the lot. We sent the Crown's Prince to the showers long ago with nothin' left but his unction, and when the kaiser tried to pinch-hit with that peace offer we sent Wilson in against him and the big Dutchman fanned on three pitched balls, the same bein' "Fight-to-Finish!" Joe, wait till Pershing comes to bat in the last half of the ninth. The bases will be crowded with leathernecks and doughboys and—oh, lady!!!—when he hammers out that Texas leaguer we'll all swarm over the Berlin home plate like flies on a upset sugar bowl!

Well, no doubt you are anxious to hear what befell me the night me and Jeanne and my baby landed in

New York. Well, Joe, I went outside the hotel after my spectacular rally for the Liberty Loan and hired a taxi with the command to whisk me to McDermott's place up on Lenox Avenue where you and me and the rest of them ale and pinochle hounds was wont to while away the idle hours. (That's class, hey, Joe?—I got it off of a steamship folder.) Well, in less than no time, or about a half hour, I was outside the place. I tipped the chauffeur half a buck and he swooned on me, and for all I know he's out there thankin' me yet. Joe, I have been usin' that French dough for so long that I thought I was givin' him a twenty-five centime piece which is about a nickel and would of been ample. However, by the time I found out my fatal mistake I was inside of McDermott's.

Well, Joe, I burst right into a auction tourney in full bloom. They is a new bartender on the job, and he don't know me, and the rest of them guys is so busy playin' that they don't even look up. Among them present is Eddie Stevens, Cutey Miller, Tornado Eagan the box fighter, and Phil Bloom the bookmaker. They has just been a deal and the bid-din' is in full swing.

"Two-fifty!" says Stevens.

"Three-fifty!" hollers Miller.

"I got everything stopped," remarks Bloom, like he always does. "I pass!"

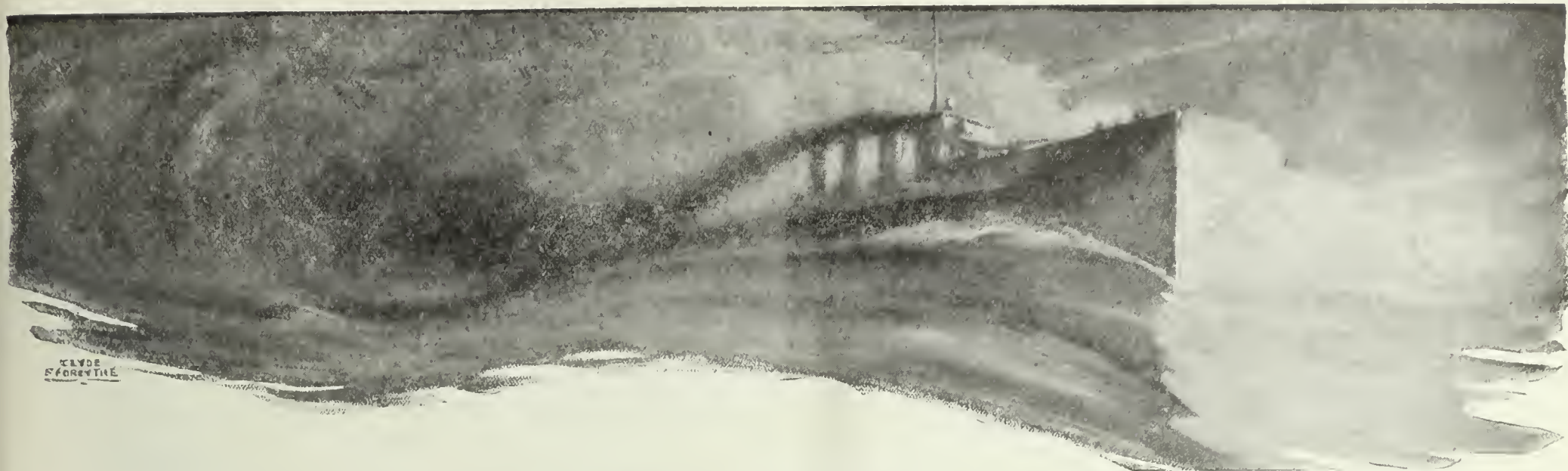
"Three-sixty!" bawls Stevens.

"My Gawd!" says Miller, lookin' around and seein' me. "See what's here!"

"I don't care what's here," says Stevens, without raisin' his eyes from the cards, "as long as they's a ace of spades in that blind!"

Well, Joe, Miller, Eagan, (Continued on page 32)





# Beejum's Progress

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

COLLIER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

SO far as native gifts go, the subject of this sketch could very well have been any one of five or six or seven hundred thousand of the two millions or so who have left our shores for war service abroad. Physically or mentally, he was nothing to set people talking. Except for his name, few people meeting him for the first time would have asked a second question about him. His name? If I could set down his real name, it would save a paragraph or two of explanation, but real names are forbidden by the censors in France, so let him be called—well, Beejum, that being nothing like his real one. Our Beejum is no hero, not even of that kind which, having done something—or nothing—stands up at the organized banquet and says: "No, no, gentlemen, it is not for me to say I am a hero. I only did my duty."

Our Beejum was the sixth of his line. There must certainly have been other Beejums before that whom the family never had done in oil, so do not matter: simple folk, probably, who paid their debts, obeyed the laws, and let other people alone.

Counting back, there were five Beejums between our Beejum and that one who first thought to load ships with rum and blue beads and bring them back with ivory, black men, gold dust, and other marketable commodities from the far-flung barbarous coasts. A later Beejum shifted his return cargoes to tea, silks, and fragrant spices. A yet later one, taking a bird's-eye view of things nearer home, grabbed off railroads, steamship lines, banks, and the like. He was the first great Beejum, consulted by kings and presidents, father to our Beejum's father, who still lived.

## A Four-Flusher's Job

WHEN the big war broke out in Europe our Beejum viewed it from his mahogany office chair and early knew it for a wonderful event. In his father's office by day and at his father's table by night his ear had been attuned to the talk of great financiers; but where their talk before this war had been of millions or tens of millions, it was now of hundreds of millions, of billions. It was a most wonderful war! Let it run on a few years and most of the coin of the world would be on this side of the water, and of that coin what the elder Beejum and his band would let get away could be minted into dollars and carried home in a hand bag.

Young Beejum had a friend who sometimes set him thinking outside the regular channel. Pulmun by name, son of a man who might have rivaled Beejum's own father had he lived; but he did not live, and so young Pulmun while still young enough to be malleable had been carried off by an odd fish of an uncle, his mother's brother, who said he was going to lift the boy out of the slough of his moneyed world and make a human creature of him. About every two years or so young Pulmun and his uncle came back from strange corners to stop off for a while in the city of their forefathers.

Our Beejum had respect for Pulmun: you simply had to dislike or respect a man who never asked for favors and always dared to say what he thought. It

was Pulmun who once said to him: "You and I, Beejum, have merged from our ancestral shells with not two germs of thought we can call our own. Our long-gone ancestors, for all their crude, brutal ways, were much more of men than we may hope to be. They showed daring, persistence, imagination even at times. They took gamblers' chances, risking their capital, their lives sometimes, for the profit in the game. But not we to-day. Not a chance. Every path from our birth has been smoothed before us. In school we were kotowed to, in college we were kotowed to, our every little virtue celebrated, our every sin condoned. We are dealers, not producers. Our fathers hand out the constructive organization

In this article, which reads like fiction but is based on fact, Mr. Connolly tells of the test placed upon one typical sailor—who happened to be a millionaire's son—and of how he met that test. Another of Mr. Connolly's articles will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITOR.

bunk, which reads well, but it is mostly somebody else's money they risk, and the large profit is mostly their own. All of which is trite, but originality is not the gift of your kind or mine. But the point: we have been given a batting average in a bush league, being told all the time that it is a big league, and the time is on us when we will have to go out and hit in a league where our people will not own the umpires and scorers. All the old records are going to be wiped out. This war in Europe is going beyond the bounds originally set for it. Our country will soon be in it. Before it is over there won't be a young man sound in wind and limb who won't be in it. We all of us will have to serve in some way."

"My father," said Beejum, "has already decided to give—give, not sell—his big steam yacht."

"My, but you speak proudly! And what part are you going to play?"

"I expect to serve on her—as ensign probably."

"And she, no doubt, to cruise in safe waters!" Which Beejum did not like; but Pulmun was always saying things to jolt people.

"Would you have me go as a common sailor?"

"I would not want you to go as anything except what you want to go as, but our people in the narrow lines they chose were at least earnest performers—for God's sake, Beejum, don't take any four-flusher's job!"

## "When Do You Leave?"

WE went to war, and Beejum joined the Naval Reserve. Quite a few fellows he knew joined the Naval Reserve, most of them going in early and getting commissions right away. Some were given office billets ashore, some took station on yachts which held the sea for as much as ten miles offshore when the weather was fine and scooted early for harbor when it blew. They were supposed to be doing coast-patrol duty. Beejum was one of them, and

with others he knew managed it so that they were never too far from ports where the dancing and dining of nights were pretty good. They wore their new uniforms so bravely that the regular naval officers took to wearing civilian clothes only—until orders came for all officers to wear their uniforms at all times.

All this time Beejum was doing some thinking, but not yet enough to worry himself. One day he met Pulmun in a marine private's uniform. He was back for a two days' liberty, he said.

"You could have had a major's commission, a captaincy at least. What is your idea?" asked Beejum.

"My idea," said Pulmun, "is to get in where I think I will be of some use. My outfit is shoving off for France next week. When do you leave?"

The way he said it was as bad as what he said, but that was Pulmun. Beejum felt sore, but it set him thinking again. After a week or so he went to his father and told him he thought of putting in for naval service in European waters. He had doubts how his father would take it, for his father, more than anyone else, had drilled into him the fact that some day all the family prestige and wealth were to be his, therefore his life was not his to do with as he pleased. But his father took this matter better than Beejum had hoped. His main question was to ask if he thought he would be up to the service, which—so he learned—was pretty rough, also dangerous.

## "Did You Draw an Insect?"

OUR Beejum said he did not know—he would like to try it; at which his father shook hands, said he was glad to hear a son of his talk like that, and to go ahead. Returning ten minutes later and entering his father's office, as usual without knocking, Beejum found him gazing fixedly out of the window. Young Beejum came near to giving voice to some of the thoughts which were crowding in on him, but he did not. He had never been trained to speak freely in all matters; his father's talk was always of measures and policies, never of emotions; between them they managed to say never a word of what they would have liked to talk about most.

Young Beejum put in for the chance to qualify for service in European waters. In good time he was ordered to report to such and such a place, where he was put through one of those short, intensive courses; and by and by he was ordered across the water.

Beejum and some of his classmates reached the other side with the nourishing notion that, being truly commissioned officers of a great and respected service, they were now of professional importance. At the naval base they learned different. A group of them were on the flagship, waiting to be called in to the higher presence when two rather young-looking officers, known to be destroyer commanders, paused in the passageway.

"Did you draw an insect?" asked one.

"Not yet," replied the other. But"—this with an air of resignation—"I suppose I will have to come to it."

Beejum's group inquired with interest what the officers meant by insects. After a time they were



told that they were the insects. All the young fellows who were being jumped out of civil life into naval commissions were insects. The news chastened them. For Beejum it was his first glimpse of the long road before him.

### "Something in the Financial Line"

BEEJUM was ordered to destroyer 666. He was on his way when the captain of the 666 was pointed out to him in the smoke room of the local hotel. He was a young man for his rank, which was lieutenant commander, and he looked younger than he was. Not many men in civil life that Beejum would not have approached with ease. There were a dozen officers or so standing about when Beejum made his way to the commander of the 666, saluted, and said: "Sir, my name is Beejum."

"Beejum?" The destroyer captain seemed to be puzzled.

"I'm detailed to your ship for deck duty, sir."

"Oh-h, yes. You must be my new watch officer. What did you say your name was?"

"My new watch officer! And his so casual air! Beejum went in to shake him up. "My name is Beejum. My father is something in the financial line."

A gentle hush stole over the room; and then a voice said: "Something in the financial line! Oh, baby!" From another corner floated, piously, softly: "Ruler and Lord of all the earth and all things thereon, I thank Thee. All the days of my life I shall thank Thee for creating me not as other men, but as a Beejum!"

What anybody might have to say further did not interest Beejum. He hurried to the landing pier and took a boat to his ship.

The 666 was on the rough convoy work of the Bay of Biscay and the Irish coast. Beejum was given his watch, but never left alone with it: always the captain or the executive was somewhere handy when he had the bridge; with which he found no fault, because he was most of the time seasick. They were rather easy on him in his seasickness, telling him that officers who had been months on this destroyer work sometimes got seasick.

Next trip the weather was better, and Beejum not so sick. They were able to sit down to three meals, which was pretty good for that coast at that time of the year; but, fine weather or not, they were not yet leaving him alone on the bridge. It was not until his next cruise they allowed him to run through two hours alone, and then it was daylight and the sea smooth.

Next trip he stood a whole night watch alone. It is true they were not convoying anything at the time and it was the finest, clearest night, but it was a night watch just the same and Beejum came down to the ward room wanting to talk to everybody; but all hands except the people on watch were asleep, so he had to wait till breakfast before he found somebody to talk to, and then he had not got well started when he heard the skipper from his room say to the executive: "I haven't heard the insect have so much to say for himself since the day he introduced himself as Beejum, son of the great Beejum." Which discouraged Beejum for the rest of that cruise.

### Keep Her at Twenty Knots

NEXT cruise he stood another lone night watch, in weather not so smooth as before, and his courage began to come back. Ashore after that cruise he met his senior watch officer, who was his own age exactly, and invited him to lunch with him. The senior watch had another engagement, he said, so

Beejum lunched in humility alone. That evening he caught the third watch officer at the hotel. He asked him to dinner. Third watch said he would be glad, and they had a nice time, the third watch letting Beejum talk all he pleased of sea matters; all of which was so much of an achievement that Beejum wrote home about it.

Back home young Beejum had had to guard himself against new acquaintances. He came early to understand why; he was the son of his father and people pulled wires to get to know him; not so much to borrow money or to sell him things as to be on the inside of what was coming off. Over here there was so much less of that! Here it was he who was so eager to make new friends; and a lot of them did not seem to care whether they knew him or not. There were, of course, those who were eager, those who on meeting him would brighten up and say: "Beejum! Not the son of—" and Beejum would say yes, and try to get away. If they had too much

the little 666 logging twenty knots, were making for a lively time on the ship.

Orders were to keep her at twenty knots. Their convoy was made up of five of the fastest and biggest ships in the transport service, former great German liners all. They were making their twenty knots also, but twenty knots in a twenty- or thirty-thousand-ton liner and twenty knots to a little low-built destroyer—it is not the same thing.

The 666 was quivering and shaking when Beejum took over the bridge. The quivering would start at her bow and run the whole length of her. Steel plates of three-sixteenths of an inch have advantages; they give to a blow, and in so giving save themselves possibly from being at once smashed in—Beejum's wardroom mates had said just that more than once, and it sounded very well, but had never quite convinced Beejum.

It was dark on the bridge; it was dark all around. Those whales of transports and his little destroyer

mates—they were out there. There were no lights to mark them, but they were there—every now and again the huge shadow of one of the big ones would loom up on his quarter. Whenever that happened Beejum wasted no time in moving the 666 out of the way. One little tap from one of those big fellows and the little 666 would go—gug-g-g—down before they could get even the life rafts over the side.

At one o'clock there came a guarded, pre-arranged signal. It meant a change, of course. With the new course came a change of sea conditions. They had been running through a short, side-swiping sea. They now were plunging into a long, roaring swell. Woo-ruh-ruh! she went, how under. Wsh-shh-shh! up she came. Woo-ruh-ruh! and wsh-shh-shh! — shaking herself with a new kind of a lift, and

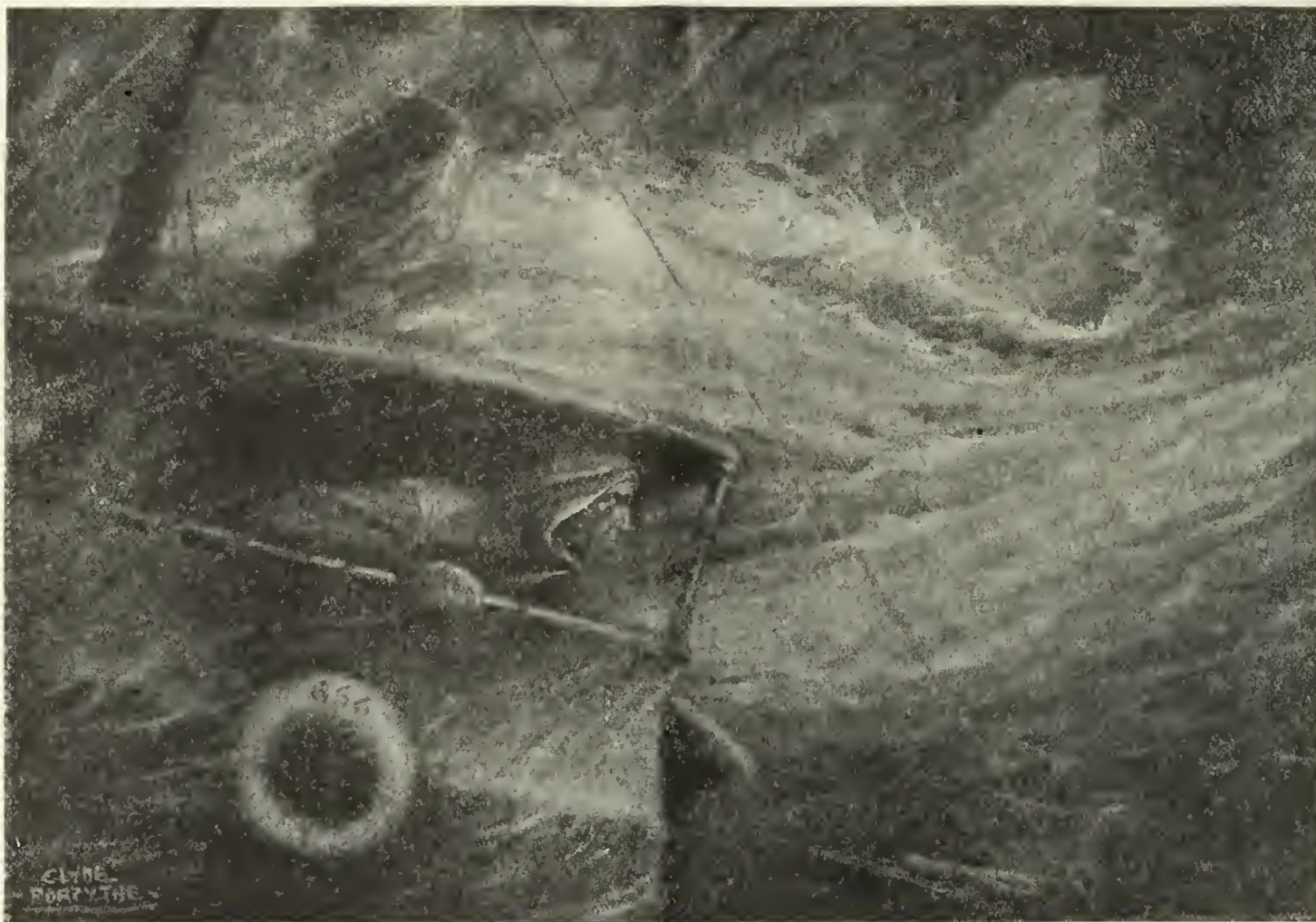
shaking tons of water off herself with every lift.

Beejum had never stood a watch, nor any part of a watch, in anything like that before; not even with a senior on the bridge to stiffen him. He looked around for comfort. All he saw was the man at the wheel with a face turned always toward the screened light of the compass; beyond him, a row of dim shapes of men, their profiles of heads and faces set frozenlike toward the sea. The comfort would have to come from within himself.

### Roll, Roll, and Roll

SOMETIMES it would be an all-white, spitting, swashing foam which came aboard; sometimes all solid stuff that he knew for green by daylight, but all black now—all black until it broke over her foc'sle head and went broken and tumbling to the deck below. She took it head on mostly; but not always. She had a way of twisting, of easing herself, a sort of turning one side to it, like a person running with one shoulder thrust forward. She would roll a little and wiggle a little and twist with a corkscrew motion, and not cease twisting and wiggling sometimes until she had gone her whole length through it; and then, twisting and wiggling out of it, pile it high overhead till the swash of it came up to the bridge, and then she would let it go piling aft and roll below again, two feet deep on her jumping deck. And keep on rolling sometimes—roll, roll, roll—scooping low her rolling sides till she filled with white water the whaleboat hung to her skid deck aft.

About all they could do on the bridge was to hang on to the window casings or the chart desk or anything that would not give way. One lookout must have had only a loose grip. He came careering across the bridge, head-on (Continued on page 36)



*It was an elegy, a dirge, that Beejum fancied he heard in the night*

rank, he had, of course, to stay; but those were not the kind he wanted to know.

He was a proud man the day he ran into the first watch officer after the next cruise and the first watch said: "Hello, Beejum! What do you say to a little snifter?"

That was getting on; but by this time he had learned not to presume.

Once more the 666 put to sea. Other destroyers put to sea with her, all to proceed to such and such latitude and longitude and pick up a convoy: which they did as usual, and herding them in as usual with their slim, fast-moving bodies, laid their zigzag courses for that port to which at this time we were sending most of our troops.

Throughout all that first day the weather was fine. Next day it was not so fine; coming off watch at noon, Beejum noticed that the sea was growing lumpy, which fact, however, did not stay so long on his mind as did the fact that only the skipper had come on the bridge during his watch, and he had only stood behind the man at the wheel, gazed around on the convoy, asked Beejum a question or two, said "That's good," and gone below.

Beejum was waked out of his sleep that night by being bounced from his floor to the deck. He had hardly found his feet when the watch messenger came in to say: "Quarter to twelve, sir," meaning that it was time for Beejum to make ready to take the midwatch.

Beejum got into his heavy outer clothes and, gripping hard on both ladder rails on the way, made the bridge and took over the watch. A strong tide was running westerly at the time, there was the Gulf Stream running easterly, and a strong wind coming down from the north; these three items, with





*The English language wasn't made to describe what I was seeing. Men and women joining hands and dancing; mad processions forming*

# Mad Thursday

*What the Headline "Germany Surrenders" Did to New York*

**BY WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF**

I WAS riding downtown on Thursday on top of a Fifth Avenue bus. For a few hours we all thought the date was going to be historic—that November 7, 1918, would be remembered as is July 4. We were wrong, but never mind. November 7 has its own place in history.

It was about one o'clock. It wasn't warm; it wasn't cold. It was the sort of day that doesn't come to bless any place in the whole world except New York. There wasn't a cloud in the sky. The light was a golden flood of sunshine. And the air was like bubbling wine. It filled you with exhilaration. Really I'm not saying this because of what happened, but I did feel that there was something strange and tense in the air, something that kept my head up, my ears open, my eyes darting about.

As far down Fifth Avenue as one could see flags were being whipped out straight by the wind. The street had lost some of that mad air of carnival it wore during the wild weeks of the Fourth Liberty Loan. But, Heavens above—it was gayer that minute than any street in the world! And it was crowded. Usually, at that hour, people are having lunch, and there is a little lull in the traffic of the avenue. It wasn't so on Thursday. There seemed to me to be as many motors and people as there are, generally, at five or six o'clock, when everyone is going home.

We weren't a companionable crowd, on top of that bus. It had come lumbering down Riverside Drive, you know, picking up pleasant people, but people

with the reserve of the city, in the habit of keeping themselves to themselves, and thinking a good deal of introductions and such formalities. I happened to be sitting next to a rather scared-looking girl. I think her mother must have impressed upon her that whenever, by some mischance, she found herself abroad alone, she must always look straight ahead, lest some bold, bad man be encouraged to speak to her. I was the only man on the bus; the other seats held stately dowagers and matrons from the ultra-respectable upper West Side. One of them, if the way she looked at me meant anything, held pronounced views about men who smoke on bus tops.

## *Fifth Avenue!*

A WHISTLE began blowing. It sounded like the noon signal of a factory. But it wasn't noon. And in a second another whistle had cut loose. And then every whistle and siren in New York went mad. Motor horns joined in. The bus slowed down, and we all stood up and stared in all directions. Down in the street people were shaking hands with one another, and running around in circles. The girl next to me grabbed my arm.

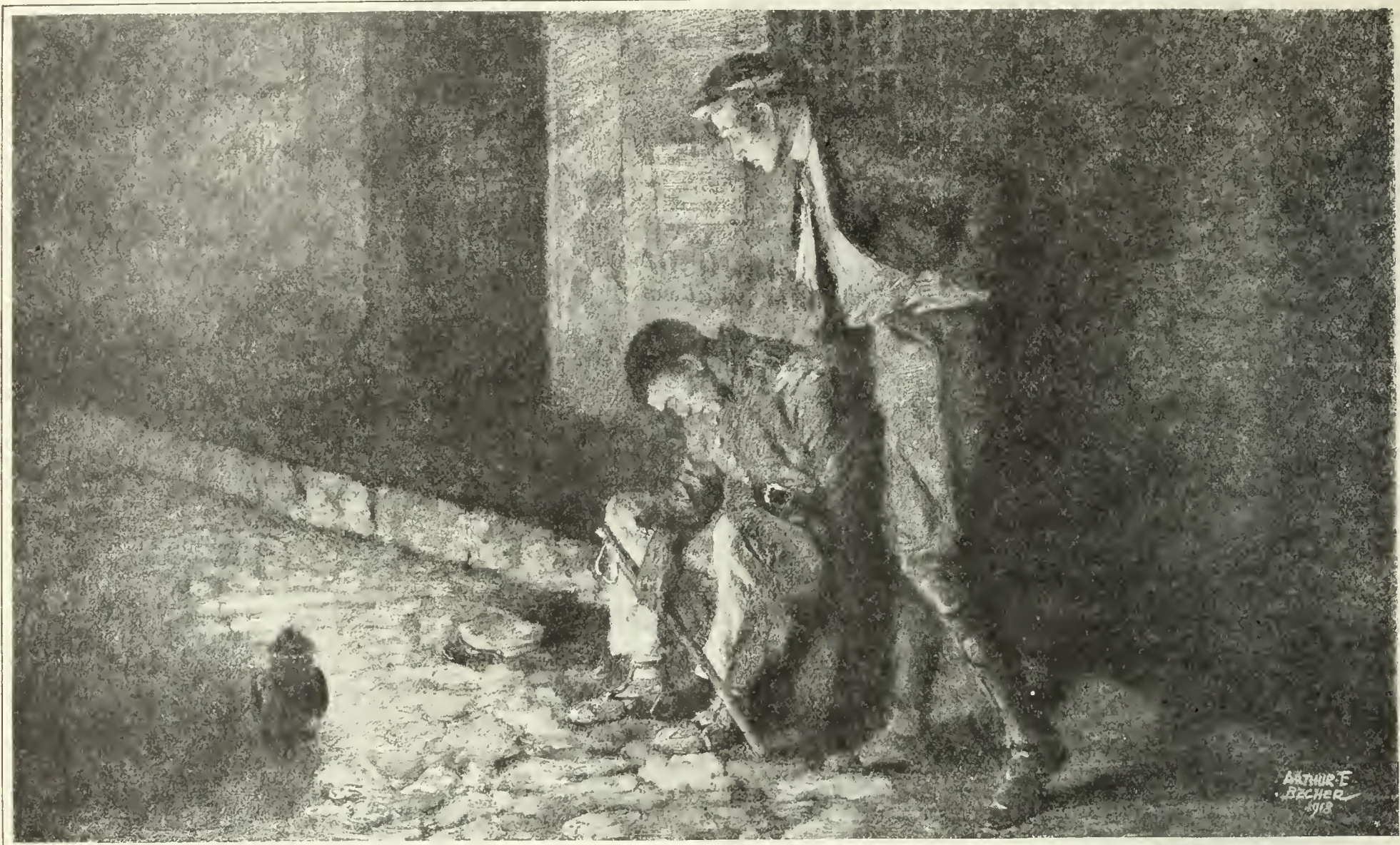
"Look!" she cried. "Oh, look, look!"

I looked up, following her eyes. And I saw scraps of paper fluttering down, hundreds of scraps, thousands, millions. The wind tossed them up, threw them high above the cañon walls of the buildings. Above the darkness of the chasm the buildings made the sun turned them into dancing leaves of gold.

From every window they were tossed—bits of waste paper, torn books, yards, furlongs, miles of ticker tape. The lady who hadn't liked my cigarette was crying. "It's peace!" she said, her voice broken by a sob. "Look—some one in that automobile has a paper—Germany surrenders! Oh, thank God! He can come home! He needn't be killed!"

She patted my shoulder. And I think I patted hers, probably. I'm not sure, because I was trying to see what was going on. Fifth Avenue! The English language wasn't made to describe what I was seeing. An English officer, shrieking, his face purple, on top of a taxicab. Three French sailors, mobbed by girls who kissed them again and again. A bewildered and indignant doughboy kissed by an Italian officer whom he had tried—in a moment of temporary aberration, I suppose—to salute. Paper, indescribable quantities of paper, fluttering from every window. Men and women joining hands and dancing. Mad processions forming, running into one another, struggling for a moment for the right of way, coalescing into laughing, crying, fantastically shaped parades that grew like huge snowballs as they rolled along. And all the time more and more noise. I never heard such a din. At Forty-third Street there was a yammering, compelling poignancy to the noise, and I looked over and saw that the men in the fire-engine house had brought their machine out and started its siren going. Big army trucks were tearing along, making a noise like the explosions of a battery of quick-firing guns. (Continued on page 21)





"Oiga, amigo!" he said more loudly. "A representative of the public implores a moment of your time!"

# A Place to Sleep

BY C. E. SCOGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

HENRY slept. He was not exactly recumbent, but he managed to approximate that position: his long legs sprawled before him on the stone flagging, the small of his back rested on the stone seat of the bench, and his cheek cuddled comfortably in the stony angle of its back. Be it said in his behalf that Henry did not know what an undignified spectacle he presented; not that it mattered much, for the hour of the evening promenade was over, and the long triangle of the Plaza de la Unión was deserted. The fact is, Henry did not even know he slept.

A sandal-footed gendarme padded across the cobble street. For a moment Henry's defenseless hobnailed soles were in grave danger of a peremptory rap from the night stick, for a tree cut off the light of the nearest arc; fortunately, however, the gendarme lifted his lantern to Henry's peaceful face and changed his mind. It was better not to be too hasty with these señores Gringos.

"Señor," he said courteously—"señor, eet ees not permit' to sleep here."

Henry gulped in his sleep, wriggled, and turned his face away from the disturbing lantern. The policeman smiled; he had a small Indian at home who, when his sleep was molested, acted just like this long young señor Americano.

But he knew his duty. He shook Henry's mutely protesting shoulder. "Señor!" he insisted. "Eet ees not permit' to sleep here!"

Henry watched his lantern twinkle around a corner, meditating sorrowfully on to-day and hopefully on to-morrow. Well, if he might not sleep, he could stay awake for one night, surely. And to-morrow—to-morrow would be another day.

Where the dickens did vagabonds sleep? He recalled all he had read about knights of the road, but the only free sleeping quarters he could think of

were haystacks by the wayside. Here there was not even a wayside, much less a haystack. An alley, perhaps? But he had seen enough of Guanajuato to know that all the streets were alleys, turning and twisting here and there, uphill, downhill. It would be just his luck to pick a main thoroughfare to sleep in, and then—the hoosegow, the cooler, the jail. That was the penalty! But stay! A brilliant inspiration seized him. Guanajuato was a large town, but it did not cover the whole country. The railroad station, he remembered, was on the outskirts, and not much more than a mile away. And beyond—surely there was no law against sleeping in the hills?

HE sprang to his feet, and hurried away at once—not because he was in a hurry, but because it was his way to go headlong at anything he started. He was sure he could find his way to the station.

Around the corner where his friend the gendarme was wont to vanish, he came upon a lantern sitting in the street; lighted, but apparently abandoned. There was no sign of any excavation; then why the warning lantern? Then he realized that it was the lantern of the gendarme; and, huddled in the gloom against the wall, the gendarme himself sat faintly snoring. "'Eet ees not permit' to sleep here,'" commented Henry sarcastically and passed on.

A few more crooks and turns of the street, and he came upon another guardian of the peace, likewise recuperating in the arms of Morpheus; his faithful lantern standing watch, mid-street. Henry's hobnailed soles, grating on the pavement, almost trod on the sandaled foot at the end of an outthrust leg, but he saw the white trousers in time, and stepped over. The gendarme never stirred.

"Sleep on, O majesty of the law!" apostrophized Henry. "Ten or eleven o'clock, and all's compara-

tively well. Has everybody in this darned town got a right to sleep but me?"

Five minutes later Henry knew that he was lost. He tried to remember the contortions of the street—or was it the same street he had started on? He had the feeling that he was walking back toward the center of the town.

Down a cross street he caught the glimmer of a lantern. A policeman might be of some use after all! He hurried toward it; what was the word for station, now? Oh, yes: *estación*; *estación*. The gendarme slept, like his brothers; elbows on knees, head drooping, he sat on the narrow sidewalk, his lantern resting on the cobblestones, five feet away.

"Do you mind if I sit with you, and go to sleep on your shoulder?" inquired Henry bitterly. He spoke aloud, but his voice did not penetrate the folds of honest slumber. "Oiga, amigo!" he said more loudly. "A representative of the public implores a moment of your time!" He stooped and shook the law by one of its relaxed shoulders; an elbow slipped off a knee, and was replaced. That was all.

"Hennery, the man is your master," reflected the exasperated Henry. "I wonder if he gives lessons in sleeping!"

At this moment the gendarme stirred slightly, shifting his face away from the lantern; and instantly an impish impulse popped full-grown into Henry's uncritical brain. There was a long day of weariness and cumulative discouragement behind him; the law had harried him from his innocent slumber: very well, upon law and order and common sense he would be avenged.

"Well, well," he crooned, "and does the nasty old lantern shine right in its precious eyes? Never mind; daddy'll fix it!"

He stepped behind the huddled figure, swung his



arms, and leaped flat-footed over the drooping head. His heavy boots descended squarely on the defenseless lantern. There was a crinkle of glass and yielding tin; darkness; and the affrighted policeman starting up, crying: "Who goes? *Por Dios*, who goes?"

There was no denying that some one had gone; that was Henry. He went at top speed, the clatter of his boots on the pavement resounding from the narrow walls. He was in no doubt as to the seriousness of his offense, but he chuckled as he ran. Some men, you know, yearn all their lives to do a thing—to throw an egg into an electric fan, for example—and die without having arrived at the high moment of daring to do it. Henry had gratified his one most gorgeous ambition at its birth. He had thrown an egg into the Majesty of the Law!

The policeman's whistle shrilled suddenly behind him. From ahead there came an answering whistle; around the corner, another; another, and another. Henry stopped short, and searched the gloom with his eyes.

"Wow, Hennery," he ruminated ruefully, "the clans are certainly gathering. Let's find a nice, deep hole, and pull it in after us!"

TEN feet away a square of deeper blackness in the dim wall showed an open *zaguán* door. He dived into it, trying to keep his hobnails from clicking on the stones. Listening, he heard the anxious voices of his pursuers calling back and forth. They were trying every door along the street; inevitably they would find the open door of the *zaguán*. He tiptoed farther into the blackness, and tried the iron-grated *cancel* of the inner court.

It was not locked. He pushed it cautiously open and slipped inside. There was a small fountain, some potted plants, and nothing else. The court would not have provided a hiding place for a rabbit; and Henry was considerably larger than a rabbit! There were a number of doors leading from the court, but he dared not try any of these. There was a second-story balcony running around the court, but there were no stairs that Henry could discover.

Night sticks rapped thunderously on the wooden leaf of the *zaguán*. A man's voice quavered from somewhere within: "What offers itself to you, *señores*?"



"It's very hard to tell you," she faltered

"An evildoer has hidden himself in your house!"

"And yours," answered the voice in the stock phrase of hospitality. Bare feet whispered across the stone floor.

The balcony was a good three feet above Henry's head. Could he make it? He had to! For the second time that night he swung his arms and leaped. One hand caught the ledge; he worked the other to a firm grip and heaved himself up. He rolled over the iron railing, and lay still, trying to stifle his heavy breathing.

The lanterns were poking all over the court now. Once a searcher lifted his lantern and peered straight at Henry's hiding place, and inquired concerning the location of the stairs; but, knowing nothing of Henry's reach, and being of modest stature themselves, they did not consider the possibility of other means of ascent. With a reprimand to the householder for the open *zaguán*, and an admonition for the future, they reluctantly withdrew.

Henry's involuntary host proceeded—with highly unnecessary promptness, Henry thought—to remedy his oversight. There was the creak of the great door closing, a heavy bolt shooting home; the clang of the *cancel* and the grinding of the lock. And last—most fateful sound of all—the jingle of keys being borne away.

Henry all but groaned. His brief acquaintance with native houses had led him to expect the keys to be left in the usual place—on a peg beside the inner door. He was a victim of unfair discrimination!

There was no way open but to the sky. He lay gazing at it, trying to calculate how many lifetimes in the hoosegow would be his sentence if housebreaking were officially added to the list of his crimes.

When he judged that the household had returned to slumber, he began a reconnoissance, and found that he could scale the rear wall without difficulty. He found himself looking down into another court; he wriggled along the wall, lying flat lest anyone make him out against the sky, and gained the roof. There was a vast flat expanse of it, broken only by adobe copings and the black wells of numerous courts. The houses varied in height only by a few feet; he took his way across them until he was safely distant from his impromptu prison, and sat down against a coping.

"Alone at last!" he sighed, and proceeded to fill his pipe. When the gendarmes had recovered from their excitement, and had surely composed themselves once more to sleep, he could climb down an outer wall; there would be balconies and window gratings galore, and surely one that he could reach. In the meantime—

"Don't do that!" said a shocked and reproving voice—a feminine voice, right over his head.

HENRY gave one guilty start. Then he realized that the voice spoke English, and that a lady bent on his capture would hardly address him in this very casual manner. He craned sidewise to look up, and could make out the dark blur of her head above the coping. "Do what?" he inquired.

"Strike a match! They'll see you—the gendarmes."

"Not unless their necks have sprouted—like Alice's—since I saw 'em last," said Henry, puffing his pipe comfortably alight. "Er—do you mind?"

"Mind what?"

"If I smoke. I don't know if I may consider myself strictly in your presence, but I give myself the benefit of the doubt. This is horrible tobacco, but—may I?"

There was a quick scramble, a rustle of skirts, and she dropped, cat-footed, beside him. "Now you're in my presence," she said briskly. "Surely you may smoke." She sniffed. "I think my dad gets his tobacco off the same tree."

Poor Henry's wits had survived the first shock of her sudden appearance from pure reflex action, but now he felt them failing; the only fact that he could get a grip on was that he was sitting there, puffing violently and idiotically at his pipe, while she was



He was a prisoner on a roof, with the prospect of escaping from it to a jail

standing. He made a movement to rise. She stepped apprehensively away.

"I only thought I ought to get up," he explained humbly. "I never entertained a lady on the roof before, but—"

HE could see that she was slight and small—no more than that. Certainly she was young—every inflection of her voice proved it. And how easily she moved—she had vaulted that four-foot coping like a boy! "Man to man, Hennery," he marveled, "what do you make of it? Why does a young lady seek a fugitive from justice—on a roof at midnight?"

"I think you must be a very bad burglar," she observed pensively.

"Aren't all burglars bad?"

"A poor burglar, then."

Henry was beginning to get his balance again. "Poverty drives us to dreadful lengths," he sighed. "No, no—an unsuccessful burglar! You're so big and you make so much noise!"

"Perhaps rubber soles *would* be better than hobnails," he admitted maliciously. "And—how do you know how big I am?"

"I saw you. When you came up on the roof, you almost stepped on me. You're as—as big as a house!"

"And—weren't you afraid?"

"Oh, no," she denied calmly. "I could scream, you know, and they'd catch you in a minute."

"Not the ones I've noticed," said Henry. "Or—perhaps a scream would wake them. I tried everything else."

She gave a sudden little chuckle and slipped confidentially to a seat at his side. Nothing could bewilder Henry now: surely the justly famed climate of Guanajuato had some effect beyond his understanding. He was thinking that it was odd that he had never heard a woman chuckle before; odd, and regrettable. They ought all to learn to do it!

"I know you're not a burglar," she confessed. "I heard you running in the street, like a herd of elephants in wooden shoes. What did you do—kill a man?"

"Do you prefer assassins to burglars?"

"Well," she replied judiciously, "stealing is mean, and little, and sneaky. And men, you know, get mad, and fight, and—"

(Continued on page 29)



# How to Cut Your Coal Bill

BY GEORGE H. CUSHING

WHAT we have always with us in great abundance is the ready-to-use mixture. We simply add some element common to every household. It is America's royal road to elegant ease. Coal, in these days of distressing shortage, not only joins the numerous company, but actually appears as the originator of that whole category. It was the original ready-to-use article. To get the perfect result, you have only to add a little air to it and set fire to both. Air to coal is what hot water is to prepared soups and so on. It adds the final touch which transforms the forbidding mass of coal into the luxury of a warm house.

It all seems so simple, one wonders why it should be necessary to write long articles about it and organize a whole department of the Fuel Administration—with Mr. Noyes nervous, energetic, and resplendent on top of it—to teach the people just how to do it. If air is all that is necessary, why not start a fire, open a window near the furnace, and let nature caper?

A simple fact or two may solve the seeming puzzle. I have been around coal mines following explosions. In one case I was convinced that the complete mixing of air with less than a thousand pounds of coal had caused all the damage. And in that mine a hundred or more men were killed, every piece of steel and copper machinery in the mine was destroyed, great solid concrete facings were torn from the walls and ceilings of the entries, and the heat escaping up the shaft had melted down a great steel tippie ninety feet tall as though it had been made of butter.

That same winter I burned seven tons of that same coal in six weeks in a vain effort to warm a small seven-room house. I never got the temperature of the living rooms above 65, and one night some water pipes froze and burst.

When so little coal can do so much if completely burned and when so much coal can do so little if improperly burned, and when the air mixture accounts for both results, it is evident that properly to mix air with coal rises to the dignity of an art. It suggests that one should approach his furnace in a tam-o'-shanter, Windsor tie, and velvet coat instead of overalls. And it justifies the long articles and even the conservation department of Mr. Garfield's administration.

## Coal Facts

WHAT I am driving up to is: There are a million and one—more or less—ways to burn coal because there is possible an infinite number of mixtures of the particles of carbon in coal with the particles of oxygen in the air. But there is only one right way to burn coal in your furnace. That consists simply of so setting the four dampers in your furnace that they will let the exact amount of air pass through that is needed by the amount of coal you want to burn.

What makes it an art is the fact that all coals are not alike. Indeed, there are dozens of varieties of coal, and each must be approached a little differently. But any kind can be managed if the simple rules here set down are followed. As a preliminary to the rules, I ask indulgence while I tell a few rudimentary facts about coal.

All coal—anthracite and bituminous alike—is composed of five elements. We call them fixed carbon, volatile matter, ash, moisture, and sulphur. Only two of the five are burnable—the fixed carbon and the volatile matter. The fixed carbon is the part which will lie quietly in any furnace and burn under any conditions until consumed. It will "stand without hitching." The "volatile" matter is what its name indicates—a gas which has a tendency to fly away. The burnable part of anthracite is composed mostly

If you're at all interested in getting the utmost heat out of the coal you put into your furnace—and thus reducing the amount of coal the furnace requires—don't neglect to read this article by Mr. Cushing, who, as editor of "The Black Diamond," knows what he is writing about.—THE EDITOR.

of fixed carbon. Indeed, it is not anthracite at all if it has more than 12 per cent volatile matter or gas in it.

Bituminous (soft) coal is so called because it has more than 28 per cent of volatile matter—with some bitumen or tar in the gas.

Semibituminous—the trade name for it is Pocahontas—is so called because it has from 12 per cent to 28 per cent of volatile matter or gas.

Anthracite is a dense, hard, and closely compacted coal. Being hard and compact, the air cannot eat rapidly into its shell and consume it. Therefore it will lie in any furnace and burn very slowly or with deliberate haste in direct proportion to the amount of air or draft that anyone puts through the furnace. That is why you and I have preferred it. It is as nearly automatic or foolproof as is anything in nature. It gives us the maximum result with the minimum expenditure of intelligence.

Semibituminous—Pocahontas—unlike anthracite, is a very soft coal. One with bare hands can break a lump of it into small pieces. As delivered at your bin, it is mostly fine coal. In a fire this fine coal exposes many minute particles to the air.

This forms a crust over the fire which shuts off the flow of air. That automatically slows down the fire.

Bituminous coal is of many varieties. Some is coking coal—just described. Much of it is non-coking. Extreme examples of noncoking coals are the cannel coals from the East and the "niggerhead" coals from Colorado. A lump of cannel coal seems to be nothing more than a series of thin layers. In a fire these thin layers can be separated by a touch. The niggerhead coal is mined in round pieces. In a fire these open like a huge bulb and assume fantastic shapes. Several of these lumps burning at one time look like a burning flower garden. There are all possible degrees of bituminous coal between these extremes, and each coal burns fast or slowly in direct proportion to its tendency to break up and allow the air to get at its particles.

Also, bituminous coal varies greatly in the percentage of volatile matter or gas which it contains. Some of it has as little as 28 per cent; other grades have as much as 45 per cent.

It is in burning bituminous that the mixing of air with the coal becomes an art. If you are dealing with a coking coal, you can be a little careless with the draft; the fire will soon seal itself over and shut off the excess air. You can determine whether yours is a coking coal by running a poker into the fire after it has been burning for half an hour. If it seems pasty or sticky, it is a coking coal.

If it is a noncoking coal, you have to determine how much it cracks up in a fire. If the lumps hang together solidly, you know it will burn only from the outside and therefore relatively slowly. If it cracks open and exposes a lot of ragged edges for the air to encircle, you may know that it will soon be consumed unless you shut off the draft.

About how to burn the volatile matter or gas, I will have something to say farther on.

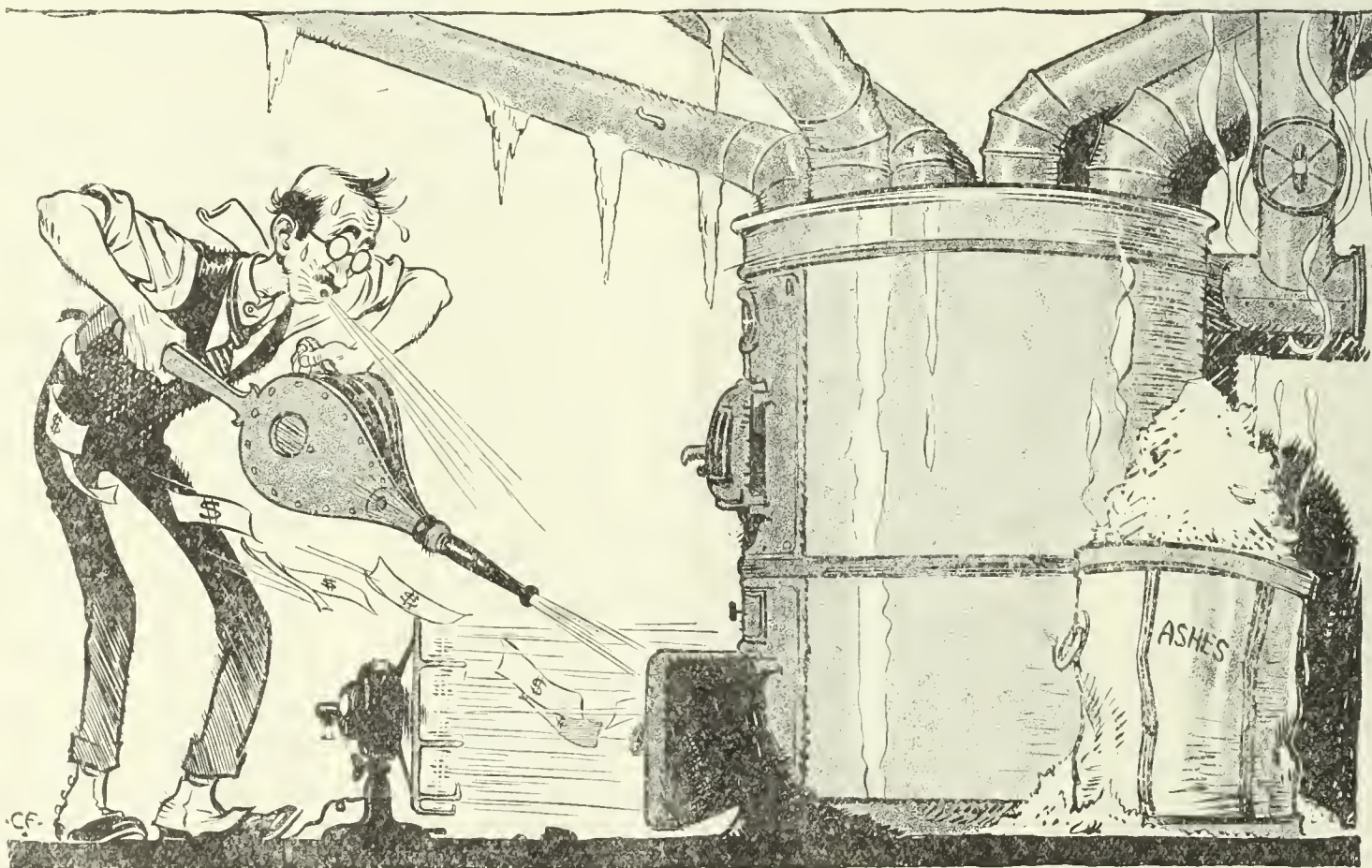
## Understand Your Furnace

THE next thing of importance is the furnace itself. Before venturing on this puzzling subject, I want to draw as sharp and as clean-cut a line as is humanly possible between the furnace itself—the

place where the coal is burned—and the contrivance attached to the furnace by which the heat when generated is transferred to the living rooms. This elemental distinction is necessary because so few men realize that there is any difference between the two.

With that common-sense distinction in mind, I am going to confine myself to the furnace—to the place where the coal is burned. This takes on many shapes, forms, sizes, and other things which attract the eye. But, when all is said and done, it is a simple contrivance. It consists of a basket in which to hold the coal; a place to let the air in to mix with the coal, and a place to let out the gases. For convenience—but it has nothing to do with the burning of

the coal—there is an ash pit. The basket which holds the coal—the fire pot—is important in one respect only: Is it big enough to hold the amount of coal which, while burning slowly, will yield the amount of heat needed to warm the house? Little can be said about this further than: It (Continued on page 39)



It is a question of experimenting until you know what to do—but you needn't experiment this way

Therefore it takes fire more quickly and hence heats the house faster. This seems to indicate that it will be consumed quickly. But it is what we call a coking coal. That is, the small particles, when burning, swell and adhere to each other in a sort of paste. The coal, when burning, fuses or runs together.





# The Whole Truth

BY DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

ILLUSTRATED BY RUDOLPH TANDLER

NAVIN, the youngest correspondent, was not yet the slave of his notes. So, while the other journalists scribbled busily, Navin's pencil lay idle as he listened to the steady voice of the major general. Never before had he been in the presence of a major general. Up to the present even colonels had bulked huge and haughty, while brigadiers had been remote beings of whose sayings and doings one heard indirectly.

Had the slightly ecstatic condition of Navin's mind been allowed to continue, his paper would have been the loser by several excellent paragraphs, but, happily, he was jarred into a sense of the present by the prodding elbow of the veteran who sat next him. "Good stuff the Old Man's handing out!" whispered the veteran, tearing off a sheet of notes and stuffing it into the pocket of his coat.

Navin faintly resented the jocund disrespect of the veteran's tone and phrase, but realized the truth of the statement. It was good stuff! After the sappy stories they had been forced to write for weeks, it was meat and drink to the hungry newspaper men.

The general—who had come to the green and gawky division with the reputation of being something of a martinet and very much of a disciplinarian—was telling them just what he was going to do with his new command. Navin blinked at the successive statements: shortened leaves, longer hours of drill, no more free week-ends, Sunday inspections, daily practice marches with full kit, semiweekly reviews by regiment!

"Whew!" thought Navin. "He's going to make the division stand up on its hind legs!"

He took notes feverishly for a few minutes, then stopped. He didn't need them. The facts were sitting themselves into his eager mind. The general was beginning to amplify statements already made. Navin lost interest in the words and concentrated his attention on the man who was uttering them.

GENERAL WHITE was a huge tower of a man, six feet five in his shining boots, with a corresponding breadth of shoulder and arch of chest. His face was tanned and ruddy, clean-shaven save for a crisp white mustache. The blue eyes were set wide apart, the nose was long and high-bridged. Navin could not see the mouth because, as he talked, the general was forever fussing with a short pipe which appeared to give him endless trouble. The hair was gray, astonishingly well preserved, and smooth. The smoothness began to exert a fascination upon Navin.

He stared at it. He discovered the truth with something like a shudder. That smooth, crisp crop was a wig! The general was bald!

Almost unwillingly the youngest correspondent began a reexamination of that saddle-colored face. He went over the features inexorably. The general's monotonous voice droned steadily into his ears:

"... hope that this division may give as good an account of itself as the Iron Division, which I formerly commanded... care of the teeth and general health... that straight shooting which wins battles... in open country, which will follow the breaking of the Hindenburg Line... during the weeks I spent on the front in France..."

The general stretched out his hand, struck a match, and held it above the bowl of his pipe. The flame flickered, although there was not a breath of air in the room. Presently, that he might speak the better, he removed the pipe from his lips, and one hand strayed across his mouth. It was a gesture which Navin connected with his grandfather, doddering in his armchair in the sunlight.

"He's old!" cried the protesting spirit of the youngest correspondent; "he's an old, old man!"

A little later the correspondents filed out of the office into the cheerless sunlight of the December morning. They formed at once a little knot. Matches flared, blue smoke arose, voices chattered eagerly, and fat bunches of notes were stuffed into inside pockets.

Navin did not join the group. He lighted his pipe, thrust his ungloved hands into the pockets of his mackinaw, and trudged down the frozen ruts of the road between the unpainted pine barracks. Fifteen minutes earlier he had been all eagerness to write his story. Now it had gone cold and lifeless in his hands. What he had stumbled upon was no mere news story of the day, but the bitter tragedy of a waning life!

"I get it!" he muttered. "He's hanging on, tooth and nail, grim and determined not to let go. He's doing everything in his power to blind other men and himself to the fact that he's old. The fag-end of the Indian wars, the shindy with Spain, a bit of the Philippines—that's all he's had. Now here's this greatest chance of all the ages at his very finger tips and slipping away. God! No wonder he fights!"

He swung round the corner of a green-walled "Y" hut and out on to a drill ground where the wind caught him full in the face.

"And he counts on us!" he went on. "That's

what's beneath all this eagerness to talk, to be interviewed. He counts on us to tell the world what General White, maker of the Iron Division, is doing with these thirty thousand raw young soldiers. Clutching at straws, anything to fend off the inevitable!"

He could not write the truth, and yet anything else—the story he would have to write—became the merest travesty in the light of that single senile gesture he had seen. For a few minutes Navin wrestled with his problem.

"I'll help him hang on!" he decided finally. "God knows, I'll be old myself some day!"

LATER, jolting over the uneven roadbed of the interurban trolley line which carried him to and from the cantonment every day, he blocked out his story. When he entered the office, flung off his coat, and jerked the cover from his typewriter, a new eagerness to write was upon him.

"Say," remarked the city editor half an hour later as he thumbed Navin's copy, "this man White made you his press agent?"

Navin started. He had not realized that he had been quite so obvious. "It's all right," he defended himself. "White's a rip-snorter, a soldier of the old school. He's going to make a crack division out of those rookies in no time!"

"If he can get some punch into your copy," the city editor said unfeelingly, "you can call him anything you please!"

All through the winter that buried the cantonment under a two-foot blanket of snow, and the long siege of rain and mud which followed, Navin wrote and watched. His writings—for this is only incidentally the story of Navin—did not make history. Principally he watched.

Between him and that towering, aged figure at headquarters no closer relations were ever established. To the general, Navin continued to be merely a part of that blur of men with white-and-scarlet badges on their sleeves who filed into his office from time to time and listened respectfully to what he had to say.

Although Navin caught no more than occasional glimpses of the general, he felt that he saw more than was revealed to the eye of the casual observer. He missed no chance to watch the commanding officer—walking to the office with his adjutant, talking, bareheaded in the snow, to the bandmaster of a serenading infantry

(Continued on page 18)





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# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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### *The Plight of the Democratic Party and Its Causes*

THE last two months have witnessed the most extraordinary political upset in the history of the country. An Administration clothed with authority never before equaled, led by a man of fascinating address, at the close of a victorious war and almost at the very moment of victory, turns to the people for their approval. To emphasize and make more binding the expected mandate for a continuation of full authority, the President addresses to voters a moving appeal in his best and most convincing manner, calling on them to return to Congress men of his own political party in order that he may be unhindered in the pursuit of his politics during one of the most complicated and difficult periods in the history of civilization. What is the response? Instead of granting the mandate as a matter of course, the intelligent and independent voters of the United States sharply deny the appeal. In the present Congress the Democrats have a large majority in the Senate and a safe but small one in the House. In the next Congress the Republicans will have a majority of two in the Senate and a majority of about forty-eight in the House! And it will not be a mere party majority. It will constitute an inexorable opposition to the plans and policies of the Administration.

What is more, the feeling of hostility to the Administration, which was manifested at the polls in November, has grown in intensity. The newspapers, at last ungagged and unfettered, are speaking their minds. We seldom see a paper of any consequence that does not contain sharp criticism of the President and his advisers, and this statement applies to Democratic as well as Republican organs. The people one meets, of all political affiliations, are of one voice in condemning such acts as the appeal to voters, the proposed journey of the President to Europe in the company of GEORGE CREEL, and the seizure of the cables at a time when the freest communication is a public necessity. If it is ever possible to judge political probabilities from the expressed opinion of many men, an election held to-day would give the Republicans such a majority in both Houses of Congress as they have not had for many years.

What has brought about this amazing revulsion of feeling? No better summing up of the causes could be made than the article written by the Washington correspondent of the New York "Evening Post." This writer has been in the President's counsel, has pleaded for him in season and out, and has been generally accepted as the spokesman of the Administration. The validity of his criticism is enhanced by the fact that he is one of the fondest worshipers of the President, and has often written about him with intolerable fulsome-ness. His reasons for the diminished popularity of Mr. WILSON and the enfeebled condition of his party have been well expressed in the following paragraphs:

Mr. Wilson, in his absorption in international questions, has got himself out of touch with "the true spirit of America" on domestic questions. The sort of democracy which the President preached for years is no longer beheld in the autocratic and bureaucratic character of the advisers who now influence his actions, or in the high wall he has built around himself.

He has made a mistake in deciding to take along with him to Europe Mr. George Creel, "who has lost the confidence of the American press, and thereby of the people."

The taking over control of the Atlantic cables by Postmaster General Burleson at the time of the announcement of the transfer of Creel's activities to Europe is denounced by the President's most loyal friends as a colossal blunder.

The Cabinet is superannuated and in a rut, and Mr. McAdoo should not have been permitted to quit his offices until after Mr. Wilson's return.

The President has been shutting his doors to qualified advisers and depending too much on his own judgment and the counsels of a small body of "provincially minded advisers."

He hasn't consulted Republicans as well as Democrats on foreign affairs.

He is attempting to manage the Government "in a personal and private way which does not square with his professions of democracy."

He has failed to take the people into his confidence with regard to what he means to do at the Peace Conference, or with his arrangements for the transaction of executive business during his absence from the country.

It would be impossible to write a more severe criticism of the statesmanship of the man to whom all the civilized world looked for leadership a few weeks ago. It is equally an indictment of the sagacity and good faith of the President's advisers. With the exception of Mr. TUMULTY, he seems to have no one in his confidence who will give him advice that is at once intelligent and candid. His Burlesons, Creels, and Kitchins have put the Democratic party on the rocks. It will be saved, not by them, but by men who know and respect its honorable traditions and the useful part it has played in the upbuilding of the nation.

### *The Long Choice*

THE task of statesmanship, as EMERSON said of something else, is to believe what the centuries say as against the days. That is precisely true of winding up this war. If the leaders of our modern world want to figure on a German people not particularly burdened by misdeeds, not suffering much from opportunities forfeited, but rather growing and flourishing somewhat as of old, that vision can be accomplished. It is all a matter of the sort of people which is to possess Europe some scores of years hence. This world is supposed to be concerned with a process of selection in which certain better qualities gradually attain victory over the worse, and that process is supposed to be of eternal significance. If the German quality as recently displayed in action is desirable, then statesmanship can arrange opportunities so that that race will enlarge its numbers. There is an old and wise saying that a man can save his soul alive if he turns him from the evil that he has done and does that which is just and right. What sign of such turning is there in this German socialism headed by men formerly useful to the Kaiser, this triumphant democracy which whines and blubbers over the terms of the armistice before its signature is dry on the paper? What freedom of heart is there in these emancipated workers who are afraid to say "Belgium"? Is this German congeries of republics anything more than an attempt to evade justice? Time will show. Also, whether we like it or not, time will eventually prove to us that our indulgence toward Germany had better be proportioned to the sincerity of German atonement for wrong done.

### *Education Once More*

EDUCATION, being the human race in process of self-improvement, is necessarily critical and gets criticized. Any human process can be thus scanned and improved unless it is limited to a very narrow field—which no one has ever alleged of this subject. Is it worth noting that education deals with the most refractory material known to man—himself—and has so dealt, in recent times, under the very adverse circumstances of sophistication and prosperity? When people have too much and know too much, relative to their own capacities, it becomes rather hard to teach them anything. (There is a proverb to the effect that a pint pot soon spills.) Anybody can make up his mind that the schools ought to turn out young people as he would like to have them, and can then show how most teachers fall down on that job. H. G. WELLS's latest book (October, 1918) is a brilliant example of this sort of thing. It is useless to remind such debaters that FRANKLIN or LINCOLN, if alive to-day, would be astonished and delighted to see the great web of mental opportunity which modern education, in all its aspects from university to billboard, spreads abroad over our human world. We hold no brief for schools as they are, but, when it comes to making tests, etc., it is safe to say that the percentage of teachers who should be doing that work is probably quite as high as the percentage of pupils who should be engaged in learning. This war has put fire and stiffening purpose into many a young fellow's quest of knowledge, and so has proved that education is not solely an affair of teachers. Finally, it is worth remembering that when schools do the most "forming" and "molding" and claim the most authority, they do the most harm. Education is freedom or it is nothing.



### Women at the Peace Table

CONSISTENCY, expediency, and the plain rights of the case are all for giving to women a proper share of representation among our delegates to the Peace Conference. The obvious objection has already been made: an American delegation, exclusively male, can be trusted to represent women's rights as faithfully as the women themselves might do. But this same objection has been made in the matter of men doing the square thing by their women at the ballot box, and has been found unconvincing. The logical result of woman suffrage is full participation in the life of the state, and there is no use in grousing about details when the main principle has been conceded. It didn't take that unemotional assembly, the British House of Commons, very long to decide that if women can vote for Parliament they can sit in Parliament. If women have worked for the war so resolutely as to win the vote in Great Britain—and almost winning it in Louisiana—they are entitled to their chance in working for peace.

There is another consideration, not as sentimental as may seem at first sight. The chances are that from a socialist Germany based on universal suffrage there will be women among the delegates. If Russia is to have a voice in the peace discussions, it is not unlikely that among her advocates will be that pioneer of Russian freedom, the heroic KATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY. It would be out of the picture if the western democracies alone should refuse full partnership to their women in the great readjustment.

The proposal is all the more practical because the Peace Conference is likely to take the form of a large number of special commissions intrusted with the study of special problems. In such specific matters of interest it is inevitable that women should find an opportunity. It may be recalled, for instance, that one of the first subjects of international collaboration in modern times has been the question of white-slave suppression.

It will be the purpose of the historic conference to safeguard the world against wars of all kinds—wars of conquest, trade wars, class wars as envisaged by the Bolshevik crusaders. Why not seize the opportunity to signalize the end of that sex war of which the novelists are so fond of talking? Women at Versailles would be the unmistakable recognition of a great world fact, woman's attainment of her full majority.

### The Modern Salesman

IT will be bitter news for sales managers, but they must be prepared to bear it; the day of the prewar type of sales manager is clearly past. War-work drives and Liberty Loan campaigns have developed an appetite in the public that will not be satisfied by the quiet, persuasive methods we have known. The other day, as we passed along Fifth Avenue where a drive for funds was in progress, we noted a salesman at work upon the crowd—the type of the salesman of the future. Did he move about among them with arguments and “reasons why”? He did not. Arrayed in red trousers, a yellow coat, and a Salvation Army hat, he climbed a fire ladder, rising higher with each added subscription, and almost losing his life in his gyrations. In Wall Street Big BILL EDWARDS also gathered subscriptions, kicking a football across to one of the partners of J. P. Morgan & Co. in lieu of exhortation. As we watched we could picture the scene that will be enacted in the office of the prominent customer after the war. A knock on the door, and the private secretary enters: “Sir, two traveling men with samples to see you.” “Show them in,” the customer will say. “They say they can't come in, sir,” the well-trained secretary will reply. “One is riding an elephant and the other has a steam calliope, and they ask you to step out into the yard a minute while they put on their shows.”

And the customer of the future, standing appreciatively while the rival shows are pulled off for his benefit, will doubtless step up to the best Barnum of the two and, taking his order book, write down a figure that will put him over the top.

### Backing Up the War Machine

WHEN that last German signature was grudgingly set down on FOCH's armistice paper, certain mighty affairs in our own country began to lose significance. The frantic hunt to get and place workers at all the needed tasks of war was turned by the scratch of a pen into planning for peace-time employment. We Americans are said to be a versatile people. Now is the time to show it. We rather think it will be done. The ingenuity that set piano factories to making airplane parts will surely be able to get safely back on the familiar peace footing. Now is the time to plan jobs for the men who will sooner or later be taking ships home from France. Cities that

postponed making municipal improvements, communities that have let their roads run down, regions that need new public utilities of all sorts, factories that should be getting ready to supply the goods-hungry foreign trade of the half-impooverished world—all these and more should be laying their solid practical plans. The Government will have to make these things possible by releasing raw materials and other essentials. The country has the advantage of a really national banking system to handle the credit operations involved and of a United States employment service to bring men and jobs together despite any difficulties of distance or strangeness. That service is valuable when business is dull and even more when it is active, for there is no waste like the waste of unused human time and skill. This is the age of conservation, and “e pluribus unum” really means “no dead time.” Thousands of men have gotten new skill, new interest, and new self-reliance in tackling work under war conditions. Now is the time to plan and prepare our American utilization of the greatest national opportunity that economic history has ever recorded. Our task is to serve and help the world, and, if we succeed, the reward will be in proportion to our deserving.

### Lawyers' Humor

MR. HOHENZOLLERN says he prefers not to think of his exit from Germany as a “flight.” While we would like to agree with WILLIAM, we cannot help thinking of a phrase that occurs in real-estate leases. When a tenant is thrown out for not paying his rent or for abusing the premises, the lawyers call it “an amicable action in ejectment.”

### The Pacifist's Chance

THE trade-mark on the pacifist's soul is that he is always eager to believe the worst about his own country and the best about his country's enemies. For over four years now we have been hearing from these fellows that Americans in Vera Cruz were just the same as Germans in Louvain; that the British navy about Greece was indistinguishable from the Kaiser's armies over Belgium; that SHERMAN's men on their way to Atlanta acted like Huns in retreat from Laon. So they say, and evidence to the contrary means nothing to them. There is now one more chance for the pacifist to learn something. Under the terms of the armistice all prisoners of war, both military and civilian, are to be released by Germany, but not by the Allied countries. It will then be possible to make direct comparison between the condition of French or British soldiers returned from German captivity and the condition of boches detained by the Allies. We do not believe that any pacifist could make such a comparison and stick to his convictions. It is fairly certain that none of them will try, for the facts emerging would show too clearly what the purpose and temper of the Huns has been.

### Back to the Land?

THE apostles of that much-orated gospel of farm life for others are now hanging their hobby on our returning soldiers. The same movement is also under way in Canada and in Great Britain. Every hero is to be helped to having “forty acres and a mule,” or their equivalent in modern agricultural equipment. Friend FORD is set on proving that man, tractor, and ten acres, in productive combination, are the solution of all our social problems. Perhaps, but the answer, whatever it is, will be found only by certain dispassionate statisticians comparing the relative growth of our urban and rural populations from 1900 to 1930. It may be that the average soldier will want a life in the open air, but it is our guess that a great many of him will want even more to get the smell of mud out of his nostrils. Others will be tired of stumbling around in the dark, and will find street lights and all such municipal improvements exceedingly to their taste. Various writers such as our own JAMES HOPPER and BILL S. McNUTT have noted the remarkable gregariousness of the enlisted men, how they stick to their “own crowd” and feel lost when parted from it. (That, to our notion, explains why semialien pants makers from New York City's swarming East Side made such good soldiers: for the first time in their lives they “belonged,” i. e., were in a greater whole which fed and led and cared for them and claimed their best in return.) As a business, farming lacks capital and therefore lacks that prospect of promotion which many bright young fellows regard as the test of a job worth having. The probabilities are that long after the war-time force has been entirely demobilized those working the soil will still be of the two ancient types: those who love it and those who cannot get away from it. May the former increase!



(Continued from page 15) regiment, galloping back from parades with his staff, once dancing at a ball in the city.

Always he watched for a definite thing. He knew that the general would not break, but that he would betray the fact the instant there reached him that dread summons of dismissal against which all this silent struggle was being fought.

Navin's writings never breathed a hint of all this. They stated, sometimes a little flamboyantly, that General White was carrying out his promises to the letter, that in spite of frightful weather and other handicaps the division was being whipped into a fighting unit.

Came finally the time when the command, glorying now in the name of the Bronze Division, made ready for the long journey. During these days Navin became a veritable lynx—but the thing did not happen. He packed his own kit in some peace of mind.

"They're going to let him take his men across!" he decided. "But I'm not sure that that isn't just making the tragedy deeper!"

LIKE every other American force which sailed proudly across the sea, the Bronze Division was doomed to immediate disappointment. Measuring its preparedness wholly by its eagerness, it judged itself ready for the road to Berlin, and became one vast articulate roar of protest when it found that there lay before it many weary weeks before it could hope for such a day.

It was manhandled by the Supreme Command in a most unfeeling and casual fashion. It was broken into bits, stripped of its old officers, mauled out of all semblance to a division, scattered to the four winds. Its very name seemed a mockery, yet upon the records of the army it was still the Bronze Division, Major General Eustis P. White, commander.

For some weeks these intolerable conditions continued; then, while the eyes of the world were occupied with matters of greater moment, the scattered bits of the division were unobtrusively gathered and welded together.

Navin and others wrote guardedly of these changes, and Navin's watchfulness increased. "Now," he said, "the thing is going to happen. This is the moment for that high comedy of the gods which is the tragedy of mortals!"

But nothing happened. General White moved up his Bronze Division and took over a rather dull sector of trenches from the splintered remnants of some British brigade, which laughed at the newcomers, cheered them, and slapped them on the back in the same breath. The correspondents were allowed to write home that the Bronze Division had become an integral part of the front.

To the amazement of his companions, Navin did not share their feverish desire to get a few feet closer to the actual front than was permitted them. While other men schemed and plotted, alternately begged and stormed, cursed their failures, and crowed loudly over insignificant successes, he seemed supinely content to loiter about headquarters.

Yet, for all he had watched so zealously, it was not Navin who caught the first whisper of the rumor. He heard it from Kenyard, the Chicagoan, as the two were foraging for cigarettes far in the rear of the lines. "Got a tip the Old Man's to be relieved," Kenyard said. "Suppose it's true?"

Although this had been the thing uppermost in Navin's mind for nearly a year, his response came in the most casual of tones.

"Might be," he said with seeming indifference.

"Sort of hard lines," Kenyard suggested.

"Oh, in a way," admitted Navin's lips, while his mind hummed like a dynamo. From that moment Navin became a leech attached to the immediate neighborhood of headquarters.

It was about two o'clock the same afternoon when history commenced to make. The many wires leading to headquarters and a wind from the east brought the news almost simultaneously. The Hun had begun an offensive in force: the Bronze Division was entering upon its real baptism of fire!

At almost exactly the same instant a car bearing the newly appointed commander of the Bronze Division set out from Paris.

If it had been possible for the division adjutant to shoot correspondents that afternoon, he would have done so with a light heart and an untroubled conscience. He was besieged by a yelping pack of

them at the first sounds of the distant artillery action. They forgot all the training of their months in the field, and begged him to let them get to the front. Their lives, they insisted, were worthless bagatelles, their discretion was absolute. They merely wanted to see. After that he could do anything with them.

Happily the adjutant was a man of indefatigable industry, long patience, much wisdom, and considerable subtlety. He scattered the journalists far and



It was that grimmer foe which had finally beaten him

wide, dropping them—here singly, there in pairs—into isolated spots where they could see nothing and do no harm. He suddenly found himself rid of them and went cheerfully back to his enormous labors.

IT happened that Navin, who had been beset by no desire to reach the front, had been overlooked in the general sweeping-out, as at that time he was thoughtfully smoking a pipe under a tree at no great distance from the headquarters building.

All that afternoon Navin sat beneath the tree and smoked, until the grass became studded with the dottle from his pipe. He did not know of the gray car which had set out from Paris, yet some premonition of its coming had reached his mind. The distant battle was to him a secondary consideration. He paid no attention to the coming and going of couriers or to the grim sounds borne on the wind. He watched a certain door in the building before him. Just before nightfall his vigil was rewarded. For a moment there was framed in the doorway a towering figure. The general did not glance toward the front, where the division he had made was locked in a death grapple with the foe, but along the white road which led to Paris. Navin caught his breath.

"He knows!" he muttered. "It's happened!"

It was ten o'clock that night when Navin, still at his lonely watch, saw the tall figure step out into a bit of neglected garden which lay back of the sprawling, hastily constructed buildings which housed the head-

quarters offices. Quite unashamed of what he did Navin crept close. He maneuvered until he could see the general's face.

One glance, and then the youngest correspondent drew back as though he had boisterously pushed open a door through which he had no right to enter. He had intruded upon the spectacle of an old man's tortured soul laid bare to the night! Never in his life had he seen such agony as was written upon that face with its working lips and twitching nostrils. No black news from the front could have broken the old warrior's spirit. It was that grimmer foe which for years had been creeping upon him from the rear which had finally beaten him to his knees.

Navin drew back, a little frightened at what he had seen, then a hot wave of desperate purpose caught him, stripped him at once of fear, discretion, every restraint. With a single wrench he tore from his sleeve the red-and-white brassard of the correspondent, plunged through the shrubbery which had screened him, and stopped within a yard of the astonished general.

Suddenly gifted with a tongue which leaped always to exactly the right word, with such eloquence as he had never penned, Navin poured out his mad speech. He gave the older man no time to answer, hardly time to understand. He talked with a concentrated fierceness, as though his tongue was battling for his life—or for another life infinitely more precious than his own.

"There's a motorcycle with a side car standing there by the door, sir," he finished. "I can drive it. I'll find the roads. There's time now, sir; in ten minutes it may be too late!"

Speech on the part of the general was impossible, out of the question. He turned and walked back through the door of his office. Navin could not know what had taken place in the general's mind. But already his madness had carried him so far that he would not turn back. He sprinted across the barren garden, vaulted a hedge, flung himself into the saddle of the motorcycle, kicked the engine into roaring life, and waited, sick with apprehension.

Almost at once that hulking figure reappeared. The light from the window gleamed on a steel trench helmet and the scabbard of a sword. The general got into the side car.

"Go on!" he said in a voice hardly recognizable.

Not ten minutes after the stolen motorcycle had roared off toward the front, carrying with it the general who had just been relieved of the command of the Bronze Division, the gray car containing his successor slipped out of the darkness and stopped before the door of headquarters, in which stood a much perplexed adjutant and a softly cursing chief of staff.

"ANYHOW you look at it, it's the queerest of all queer tangles," declared Kenyard. "What's more, it will always be a mystery, because old White is dead, Navin's apparently silent against all persuasion, and the lips of the army are sealed as usual.

"Nobody on earth will ever know how General White and Navin got to the front that night. Neither of them had any business there, neither of them could have got there, and yet there they were!"

"And look how it pans out for the two men most concerned! Here's White, a battered old ruin, actually been superseded in command of the division at that moment if he'd known it, slated to be laid on the shelf, and knowing that the world would know they thought he was too old to handle the division in its first fight. That's what ought to have happened, but instead of that he turns up there at Bois Rouge just as the 700th Infantry is beginning to give way, throws off thirty years, puts the fear of God into those chaps, gets 'em in hand and back into the fight, lives just long enough to know that his division's covering itself with glory, and then gets a Mauser bullet square through the head. Dies with his boots on instead of being chucked into the discard!"

"And Navin, whose whole conduct is a mystery, but who certainly should have been sent home in irons, writes a story that makes staff officers weep and makes the whole lot of us look like so many novices!"

He paused and rubbed his chin reflectively. "Some day," he said, "we'll make Navin tell the whole truth!"

But there he was wrong. Since it would never be possible for Navin to tell the whole truth, he never told anything at all.



# Mad Thursday

Continued from page 11

"They're flooding their carburetors!" the scared girl beside me shrieked. And for at least a minute the one thing she wanted most to do was to explain to me exactly what the process was. She wasted her time. All I know is that you can make your motor backfire, if you like. You'd be arrested for doing it, as a rule, and be sent to jail, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the population. But that Thursday people wanted to buy champagne for the man who first thought of doing it.

It took about twenty minutes for the bus to move from Forty-third Street to the Public Library. The library, ever since the war began for us, has been New York's rostrum. It has been the center for Liberty Loan drives and all sorts of patriotic demonstrations. Now you couldn't see the notorious lions at all; they were hidden by the crowd that had swarmed all over the steps and the wide terrace. Up on one pedestal an English officer was making a speech and leading the cheering. He was quite mad.

There was a frame where, during the Liberty Loan drive, a picture was painted each day by some distinguished artist. Now an artist who wasn't distinguished at all, but knew what the crowd would like, was making a sketch of Woodrow Wilson. A little farther along was a huge war map—one of the few that show Germany and Berlin. Berlin's name had been changed to Canarsie. All over the map German cities were being renamed.

In the street signs were being improvised for the mad procession that zigzagged along. About ten thousand people had the same bright idea. They wanted to know, in colored chalk and lampblack, in paint and in red ink they wanted to know, who in hell ever said that guy could fight?

And then a policeman shooed my traveling grand stand off Fifth Avenue. He was right, much as I resented his conduct at the time. That bus had a chance to choose among three courses of action. It could stop and be an island. It could go on, and be a Juggernaut, crushing out the lives of innocent people who couldn't get out of its way if they wanted to, which they didn't. Or it could wander off toward Madison Avenue, which wasn't quite so mad as Fifth. So it went east, and I fell down the steps and let the crowd swallow me.

At once I realized what hadn't been plain from the top of the bus. These people were happy—Lord, yes! They were wildly, deliriously happy. But they weren't happy because of victory. They were crying, ever so many of those people were crying. Men and women. And people were remembering, every second, some friend who could come home now, who needn't be killed. They were like Abraham, you know, taking his only son to be a sacrifice to the Lord, and learning that the sacrifice need not be made. They had offered all they had, and this news meant that the proffer was enough. And there were others, men and women in mourning, in whose service pins the blue star had been turned to gold. You just took off your hat as you saw them, you know, and wanted to speak to them, and then knew that there was nothing for you to say. Abraham Lincoln, writing to Mrs. Bixby, knew what to say in a like case, but Abraham Lincoln knew how to say many things that lesser men must leave unsaid.

People were pouring from all the stores. Doors were being locked—signs sprouted everywhere. Who wanted to work on such a day, indeed? Wanted to work? Who could work?

I walked on down Fifth Avenue. Not a wheel was turning above Twenty-third Street. From curb to curb the roadway was given up to the crowd. Bands were in evidence now. One would come along, braying "Over There," and a great roar would go surging down the avenue, so that people a mile away would be singing to an accompaniment they couldn't hear at all. And when there wasn't a band people sang anyway—sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," "The Marseillaise," and once, and most impressively of all, a song I haven't heard a crowd sing since we went into the war—Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic":

*Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;  
His truth is marching on!*

There had been time by now for definite, coherent groups to form, processions. Just below Fourteenth Street came Skelly's Gang—grimy stokers and firemen from the North River piers where the camouflaged liners lay. "We coaled the ships that beat the Kaiser!" their signs proclaimed.

And a little farther down, when you came to Greenwich Village, there was the maddest sight, to me, of that mad day. Through Eighth Street there came a little procession led by a man beating a drum. I knew him. I like the man, but I haven't wanted to see him much lately because he was a pacifist of the virulent type. Behind him there danced two girls in smocks, with bobbed hair—pacifists too. They'd both been trying to get sent to jail under the Espionage Act. And one had a broom and the other had a tin pan, which she was beating madly. And behind them, waving an American flag, was a Russian-American girl who has for months been proclaiming her adherence to the Bolsheviks!

There were the leaders, and they led about all the known pacifists and Bolsheviks and I. W. W. sympathizers in Greenwich Village!

One of New York's Little Italies lies just below Washington Square. It hadn't stayed at home. It filled Fifth Avenue now, on its way uptown. There is a home-talent band on nearly every block below the square. And now every band was out, in full uniform, playing away for dear life.

November 7 was the anniversary of the founding of the Soviet Republic in Russia—the present Bolshevik Government. On the East Side a dozen meetings had been planned in celebration of that event. Strange things happened to those meetings. So many of those who came carried American flags, French, British, Belgian, Italian banners, that the blood-red flags of the revolution were made to look pale. And it must be discouraging to start singing "The Marseillaise" as an anthem of revolution and have thousands of people take it up as a triumphant tribute to an Allied nation come to the end of four years of martyrdom!

## We'd Got 'Em!

IT was about five o'clock when I first heard doubt cast upon the news that Germany had signed the terms of the armistice. Late afternoon papers were beginning, by that time, to spread the Government's denials. But it didn't make much difference. It wasn't the signing of a treaty New York was celebrating—it wasn't the addition of one more scrap

of paper to the world's store! It was peace. "Who cares? If they haven't quit to-day, they will to-morrow! The war's over!"

There was New York's answer.

The city went to the heart of the thing. There was no doubt, you see. The same newspapers that



had proclaimed, by one of the most amazing blunders of newspaper history, a peace that was not true were telling of a revolution in Germany. American troops had entered Sedan of bitter memory.

"On les aura!"

So France had cried as her armies reeled back to the Marne in 1914. So she proclaimed, proudly, as she raised her bloody head after the battering of Verdun in 1916. So France said, and believed, in the black days last spring before the turn of the tide came at last at Château-Thierry. "We'll get 'em yet!" might be an American paraphrase of that French saying. And that Thursday New York knew that we'd got 'em!

So the State Department's denials made little difference. To eat dinner outside of your own home that night meant the storming of a be-

leaguered restaurant. But it was worth while to wait your turn for a table, to be pushed and jostled, to have a frantic waiter bring you broiled chicken, which you don't like, when you had ordered filet mignon, and keep you waiting hours even for that. It was gay, it was real. It all helped to make you understand what the four years of war had involved in the way of repression, of agony of spirit. And, better still, last Thursday showed you that others had shared your emotions.

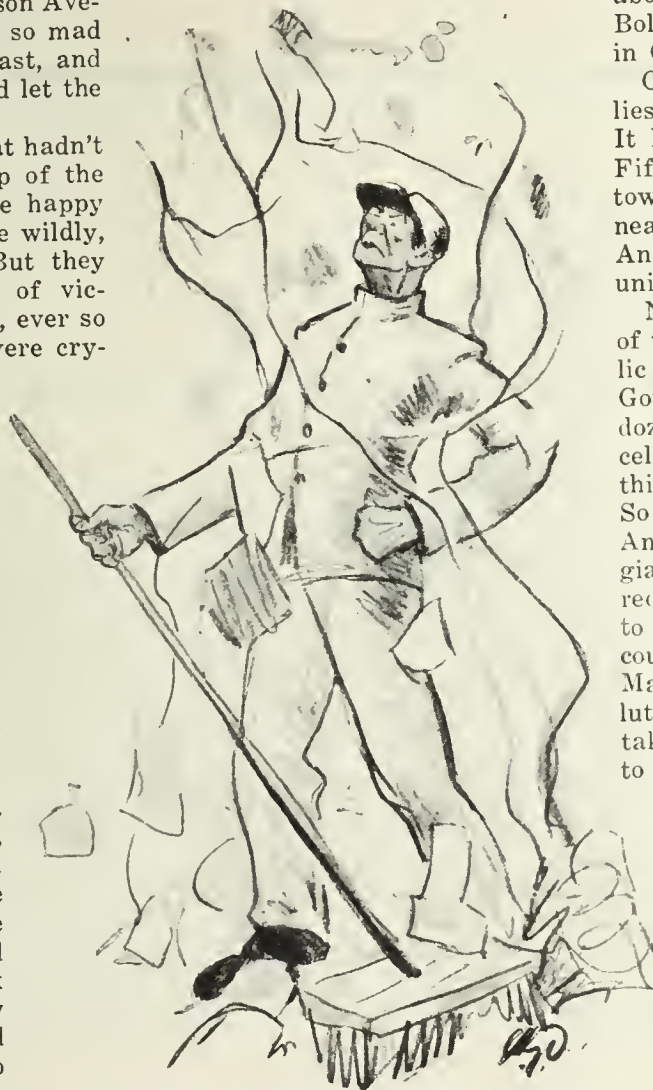
## The Real Thing

NIGHT brought its change in the quality of the celebration. But it wasn't like the calculated, prearranged, determined gayety of a New York election night. All day I had wondered if it would come to that. All day I had been thinking of the time, more than eighteen years before, when I had seen the news of the relief of Mafeking, during the Boer War, send London mad with joy. I had been remembering the excesses of that night when the word to maffick had been coined.

Broadway laughed away my doubts. The crowds surged up from tunnel entrances, pouring from New Jersey, Long Island, the Bronx. They filled Broadway from curb to curb, as earlier they had filled Fifth Avenue. But the noise they made was a laughing noise. Cheers, songs, swept along, started who knew where or why? Boys beat tin pans, improvised drums—oh, there you had the secret of that night! It was all improvised! You couldn't buy horns—the ones that brayed in your ears had been resurrected from attics and forgotten corners. You couldn't buy anything to help that celebration. No one had been ready, as on Election Night every faker has for years been ready, to commercialize, to exploit, that outburst of delight.

And in the morning, although we all knew the news had not been true, we weren't sorry in New York. We had nothing to regret. The memory of the day and night of carnival was clean and good—a memory to cherish. Still there were men who were too busy to cherish it, too busy to think such thoughts as were the common heritage of the day for most New Yorkers. They had missed a great opportunity. They were resolved that since, in defiance of the adage, that particular opportunity was sure to knock at their doors again they would be ready.

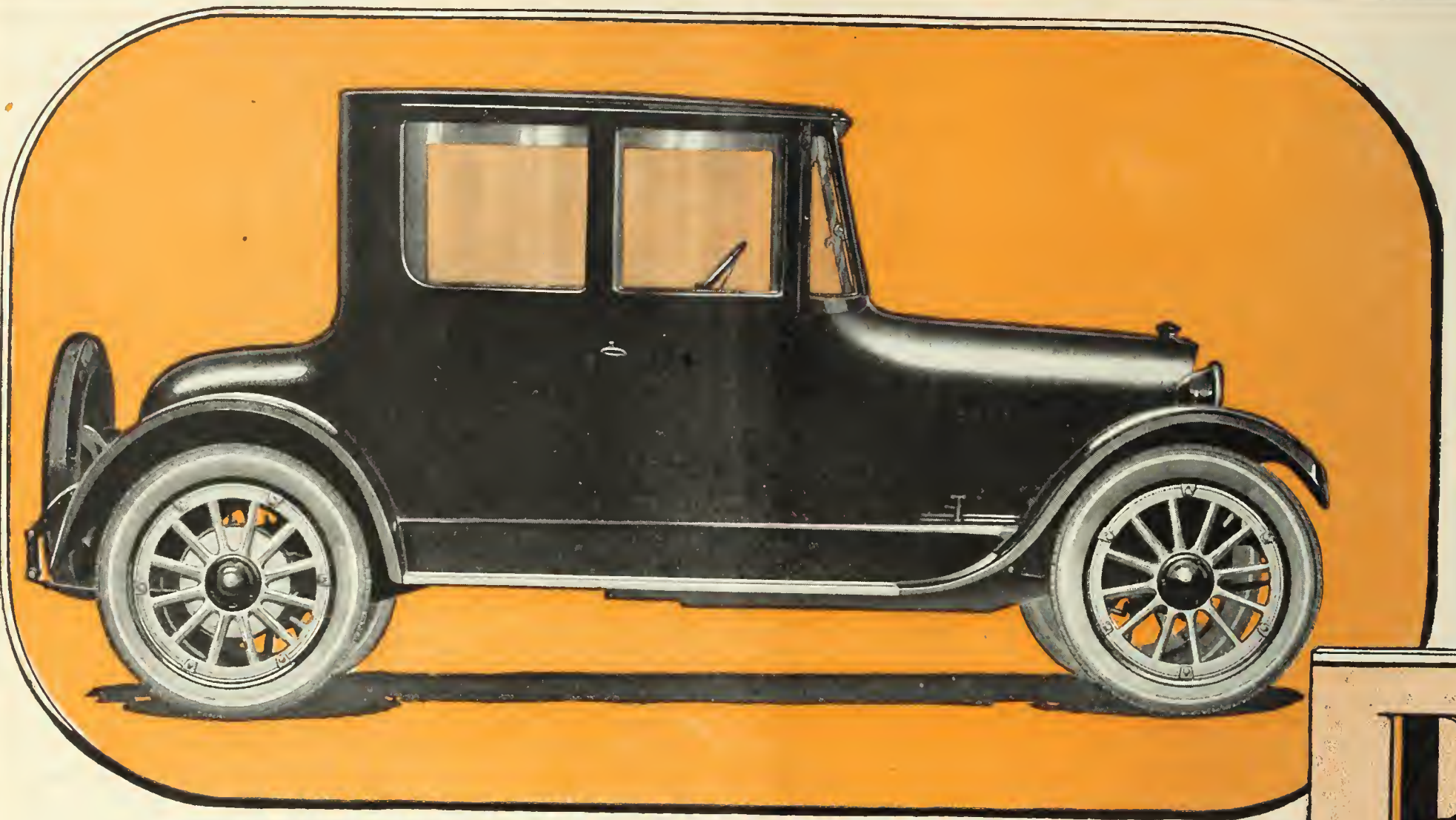
For when, on Monday morning, the true news came, the life, the spontaneity, of Thursday had gone from New York. There was real rejoicing, of course, but there was so much that was like the rejoicing of a trained musical-comedy chorus greeting the prima donna's entrance! Isn't it the law of life that a great emotion can find spontaneous expression only once? No—it was on the Thursday that New York celebrated Germany's surrender. It's the mad Thursday New York will remember.



*Bits of waste paper, torn books, yards, furlongs, miles of ticker tape*



# 4 Passenger Coupe



# REO

## This Reo Is a Joy to the Owner-Driver And Withal a Most Luxurious Equipage

**HAVE YOU EVER RIDDEN** in that four passenger Reo Roadster—the model we have been making the past three years?

**IF YOU HAVE** you will agree that the seating arrangement was just about ideal for that type of car.

**THAT MODEL** was the result of many months of study—and many costly experiments in body building.

**THE PROBLEM WAS** to seat all four passengers well within the wheel base.

**THE IDEAL PLAN** would be to seat the passengers directly over the center line between the two axles. That is impossible.

**THE REO PLAN** of advancing the driver's seat several inches in front of the main passenger seat; then making the emergency seat—the fourth—so it folds out of the way to permit entrance and exit of passengers, proved very nearly ideal.

**WELL, THIS NEW REO COUPE** is built on that same plan—we could find no way to improve on that arrangement.

**JUDGING BY THE TREMENDOUS** popularity of that model we felt we could not do better than to follow that general design in building this enclosed model.

**IT IS ROOMIER** even than was that popular roadster—two 200-pound adults find liberal room in the main seat.

**ONE NOTICEABLE CHANGE** is facing emergency seat the other way in this model.

**THE DRIVER'S SEAT** is a joy—with its arm freedom and ample leg room. The form of the seat braces you for any emergency and makes driving not a task, but a recreation.

**PERHAPS WE DID** devote special attention to this feature—for the driver of such a car is generally also the owner.

**ASK YOUR REO DEALER** to show you this new Coupe—and to explain its many fine points. No expense has been spared to make this a finished and a well high perfect four passenger equipage.

**FOR EXAMPLE:** one detail small in itself but worth its weight in gold to you any night when driving in rain or sleet is that window wiper.

**IT TAKES THE PLACE** of the extra glass shield—always noisy—always smudged—that failed to do just what it was intended to do.

**DRIVE THIS REO** yourself, then you will know.

**BY THE WAY** this is the ideal coupe for milady—Reo simplicity of control and Reo dependability make it that.

**U. S. ROYAL** Cord tires on all wheels.

**PRICE—SAME** as the Sedan, \$2175.00.

# The Gold Stan



# 5 Passenger Sedan

## In Factory Parlance This New Sedan Is The Finest "Job" Reo Ever Turned Out

**TO SAY** that this latest Reo is built and finished regardless of cost is to use an hackneyed phrase, but the only one that adequately expresses the fact.

**REO BODY WORK** has long been famous for its stability and hence for its durability.

**IN THIS LATEST REO** we have gone just a little bit farther than ever before in perfection of finish and refinements of details.

**THE TIME HAS COME** when the buyer of a moderate priced car need not deny himself any luxury of finish—need not apologize, even mentally, for any slightest detail.

**FOR EXAMPLE;** automatic window lifters, which until recently were found only in the most expensive cars, are now a standard in Reo enclosed models.

**THE "FRAMELESS GLASS"** with the felt covered rubber "anti-rattlers" adds that great luxury of a noiseless body—appreciated by the fastidious buyer.

**FRENCH VELOUR** upholstery in the rear compartment. Leather in front seats—in keeping with the fashion of the day for Sedans.

**SILK CURTAINS** harmonize in design and in texture with the rest.

**TO MENTION** the solid silver handles on window lifters; the same quality and design of lamp sockets; door handles, etc., is only to say that every last detail is in keeping with the whole.

**WE ARE PROUD** of this piece of Reo bodycraft. It is, as it should be—being our latest—our best.

**MOUNTED ON** springs of right design and Reo quality and equipped with Royal cord tires, this Reo is the last word in luxurious riding.

**WE OFFER THIS SEDAN** to the critical Reo clientele without a single reservation mental or otherwise.

**WE CAUTION YOU** however on one point—the number obtainable is most limited.

**ONLY 25 PER CENT** of the number our dealers asked for and we had planned to build—reduced as you know by government order to make way for war needs.

**IT IS TOO LATE NOW** to attempt to make any more—for this type of body cannot be hurried through, even were that the Reo way, which it isn't.

**OF COURSE WE WILL** make more—many times more—just as soon as we can get back to normal conditions.

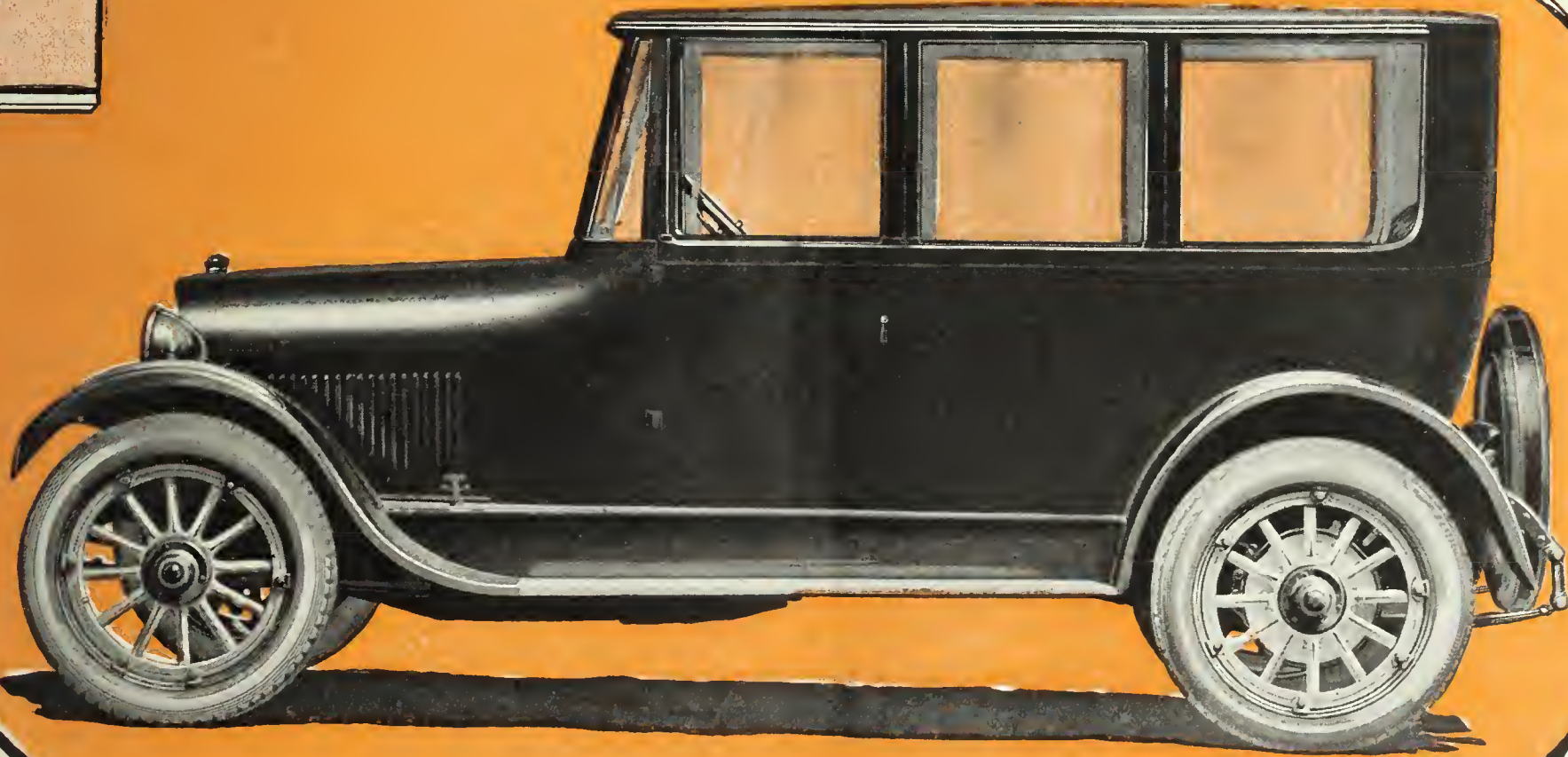
**BUT THAT WON'T HELP** the family that needs a luxurious enclosed Sedan for the coming winter.

**THERE WILL NOT BE ENOUGH** to supply even a reasonable fraction of that demand—those who desire a cozy Sedan and who also insist on Reo quality and low upkeep.

**YOU WILL APPRECIATE** this when you hear the price—\$2,175 plus freight and special Federal Tax.

**SO DON'T DELAY.** Place your order at once.

**TODAY** won't be a minute too soon.



ard of Values





## The Gift for Everybody

This is a year when presents *must* be practical. THRIFT is the big word now. For 20 years the Conklin Pen has been *the* gift for sensible people. Make it *your* gift this year.

The Conklin's little *Crescent-Filler*, the pioneer of self-filling devices, is still the standard of them all. Cleanly, quick and positive in action, it fills the Conklin in 4 seconds. It also prevents the pen from rolling off the desk.

And writing qualities! Well, just try it—pilot a Conklin across the paper. Note the superb smoothness of the point. That's the "acid test."

Sold in handsome gift boxes, by leading stationers, jewelers, druggists and department stores everywhere. Exchangeable after Christmas if point is not perfectly suited to the handwriting.

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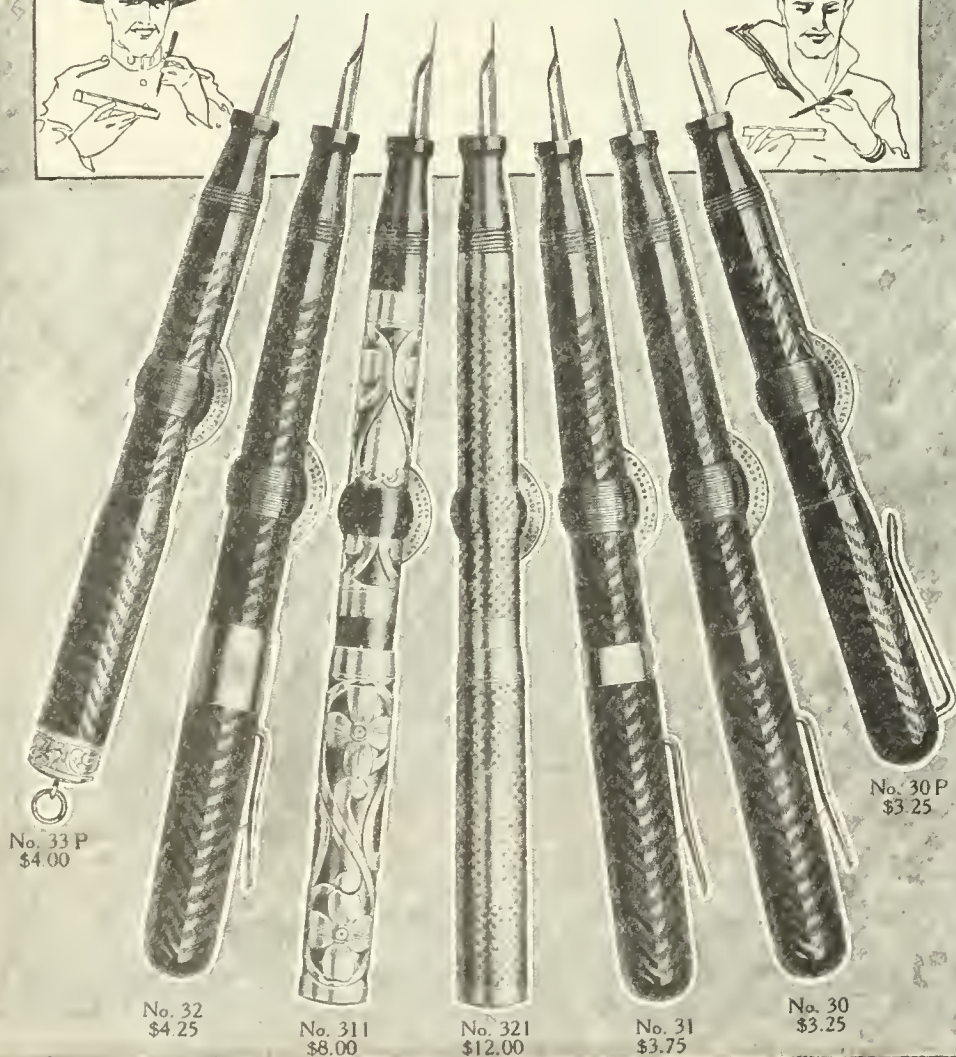
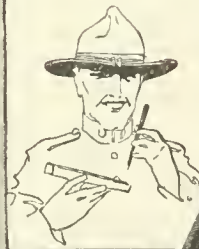
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Self-Filling  
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In Canada, 50c additional.

# Salesmanship and Success

## Fourth Article: Opening a Clam

BY WILLIAM MAXWELL



"FOR a long time I believed myself to be a poor closer. Where I got that impression I do not know, but it remained with me a long time. All I have to say now is: give me a good start and the closing will take care of itself. I do have some little trouble, however, in making myself at ease with two classes of prospects. One man won't say anything, or but very little, in response to my talking; he silently admits, or seems to admit, the arguments I make, but still remains apparently unmoved. The other expressly concedes the desirability of the product I am selling and its superiority over other similar products, but will not attentively listen or respond to selling talk that he thinks might influence him to own such a product. If there are any ways to pry open clams of this sort, I'd like very much to know them."

### "I Ask You!!"

THE young Minnesota man who wrote the foregoing donned Uncle Sam's uniform. I hope this issue of COLLIER'S will get to him wherever he chances to be. His letter propounds a problem that is encountered by lawyers and clergymen as well as by salesmen. I was once told by a clergyman of evangelistic gifts that "it is hard to convert a complacent man," and I know that a juror who gives no sign either of accord with or dissent from the arguments presented is usually a source of irritation to trial lawyers.

Perhaps it will be worth while to consider how evangelists and lawyers deal with the abnormally complacent man, particularly as they seem to have more systematic and scientific methods of opening a clam than those practiced by the average salesman.

What makes a man act like a clam? There are various causes. He may be silent solely because he is too stupid to be otherwise, or he may be purposefully silent because he is conscious of his mental limitations and finds silence his safest sanctuary, or he may be an evasive sort of person, who agrees with you on inconsequential points, but dodges the issue when you seek decisive action on the main question. Of course there is also the grouch, but he doesn't matter much, as grouches cut very little figure at any time in anything. To be a clam successfully, one must maintain a detached, impersonal attitude. The moment you make a clam

the central figure in a picture which you draw for his benefit, and cause him to think of himself as the possible beneficiary or victim of the circumstances you describe, that very instant he ceases to be a clam. The transformation may not manifest itself in words, but it has occurred, and you will be able to reap the results of its occurrence if you proceed properly.

Recently I saw an editorial in which William Sunday was characterized as a man who had dramatized vulgarity. That is scarcely fair to Mr. Sunday. He does not dramatize vulgarity. He dramatizes the hopes and fears of his audiences. Many of the people to whom he speaks are clams—stupid clams, or self-repressive clams, or smooth, evasive clams. Billy Sunday shocks and scares these clams until they open up their minds. He holds each member of his audience over the searing fires of hell and seemingly tries to make each of them feel an individual consciousness of fear. When he has done that he renders it easy for them to "hit the trail." In other words, Sunday preaches personal sermons that open human clams.

Likewise, the skillful trial lawyer, who observes a juror of apathetic or unfriendly attitude, will usually try to get such juror to feel a personal interest in the case, and in particular will endeavor to make the juror contemplate himself as standing in the shoes of the lawyer's client, beset by all the intrigues and double-dealing which the lawyer ascribes to his opponents. How familiar is the brand of forensic oratory wherein the eloquent advocate, after pausing to inhale a deep breath, says in full-throated tones: "Gentlemen of the jury, I ask you what you would have done had you been situated as my client was. I ask you! and I ask you!! and I ask you!!!" He seems to ask every man in the jury box, but the emphasis of his final pause rests on the juror of whom he is afraid—the clam juror—the one whom he wishes to bring to life, no matter what the consequences may be.

How can a salesman use the methods of an evangelist or lawyer in opening a clam? First of all, the salesman must have gained the attention of his clam. The evangelist and lawyer invariably get a clam's attention before they attempt to open him. Too frequently, however, the salesman tries to open a



# Uniformly High Mileage

**E**VEN more telling than the record-breaking individual mileages made by Goodyear S-V Solid Tires are the very sizable general averages they maintain.

Indeed their most sensational scores are simply the peaks of a long list of other S-V marks set uniformly high.

In the case of the Western Electric Company of Chicago, twelve of these tires, though subjected frequently to gruelling punishment, have delivered a total of 313,200 miles of service.

All of them have been used on a 6-ton truck which transfers freight over a 65-mile circuit daily.

Under full cargoes of machinery and apparatus, they have been driven regularly across bumpy rail crossings and along bad stretches of block pavement that administers rapid-fire beatings.

And they have had to contend with the various sharp metallic objects that litter freight yards and work havoc with tire treads unless these are exceedingly tough.

Consequently the work done by these twelve

Goodyear S-V Solid Tires may be classed conservatively as hard service that tests to the utmost every bit of the stamina of a solid tire.

In this duty, their average mileage of 26,100 per tire stands out as a characteristic S-V score quite in keeping with S-V performances under similarly trying conditions.

It is typical of the way in which S-V Tires prove to truck owners the remarkable toughness of their treads and the firm bonding of the rubber with the steel base.

*"The very high average mileages given by our Goodyear S-V Solid Truck Tires is decidedly gratifying to this company. No other tires that we have used approach their endurance in our freight transfer service."—J. W. Bancker, Asst. Gen. Superintendent, Western Electric Company, Chicago.*

It should be added in important record that the lowest mileage delivered by any of the twelve tires was in excess of 22,000 and that the particular tire giving this mileage was severely injured by being driven for long distances in car tracks.

The consistent economy of Goodyear S-V Solid Tires, as shown on the cost sheets of users, is the plain result of that vast amount of research, experiment and development which Goodyear has conducted in the solid tire field.

Any one of more than 800 Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealers can supply S-V Tires and advise correct size and proper care.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

# SOLID TIRES



# The Voice of Business

FORMERLY THE "BUSINESS IN WAR TIME" PAGE—EDITED BY THE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT OF COLLIER'S

## No. 22: Where Business Is Going

THE other day I had a talk with the head of one of our largest advertising agencies.

A business man of that sort has an advantage over other business men. In this way: instead of seeing and understanding and planning the inside workings of just one business he sees and understands and helps to plan the inside workings of many businesses. If such a man be capable, if he has any imagination and insight at all, he gets a broad view of industry generally; his vision runs no danger of being confined within the limitations of one business.

For instance, the advertising agency of which this man is the head, handles the advertising of a number of companies, seventeen of which are the largest in their respective industries. The most interesting thing to know about a business, just as the most interesting thing to know about a man, is not so much what it is doing at present but where it is headed for. The future always has an intensity of interest not possessed by the present. And this man, you see, has the advantage of knowing not only what at least seventeen businesses are doing, but, much more important, where at least seventeen businesses are headed for.

My first question after I had been shown into his office was, "What part will advertising play in this period of reconstruction?"

Mr. Brown sighed at that question; he sighed as if the question were a pretty large order. (And, by the way, his name is not Mr. Brown; I am just using "Mr. Brown" for convenience.) "Before answering that," he said at last, "we have to understand some of the tendencies of to-day's business. In the first place, there are getting to be fewer and fewer companies in any given industry."

By way of proof, he handed me an advertisement which his agency was to publish in *Printers' Ink*, which is the trade paper of the advertising business.

This advertisement, with figures from the Census of Manufacturers published by the United States Department of Commerce, showed that in 1869 there were 37 companies making watches; in 1914 there were only 15. In 1869 there were 7,858 manufacturers of clothing; in 1914 but 4,830. In 1869 215 manufacturers of carpets and rugs; in 1914 97. In 1869 2,076 manufacturers of agricultural implements; in 1914 601. In boots

and shoes, 1879 showed 1,959 manufacturers, while 1914 only had 1,355. In ten years soap manufacturers had decreased from 436 to 371. Automobiles, a comparatively new industry, was the only one on the list that showed an increase.

Although the number of manufacturers in each industry had decreased, the volume of business done had in each case increased

furniture was made by a near-by cabinet-maker. But steam enabled these articles and many others to be manufactured in quantities. Business began to spread. Steam applied to the locomotive was the next step. That afforded the means of distribution. Business began to spread more and more. And then came the third step: advertising. Advertising enabled a company to sell its

products all over the country. Millions of people throughout the country could be told simultaneously about a thing and their desire for it created by the printed page."

"And you feel that in this new postwar era these methods will be intensified?"

"Yes. There will of course be certain readjustments in the methods. Our attention has been concentrated more on the matter of production than on selling.

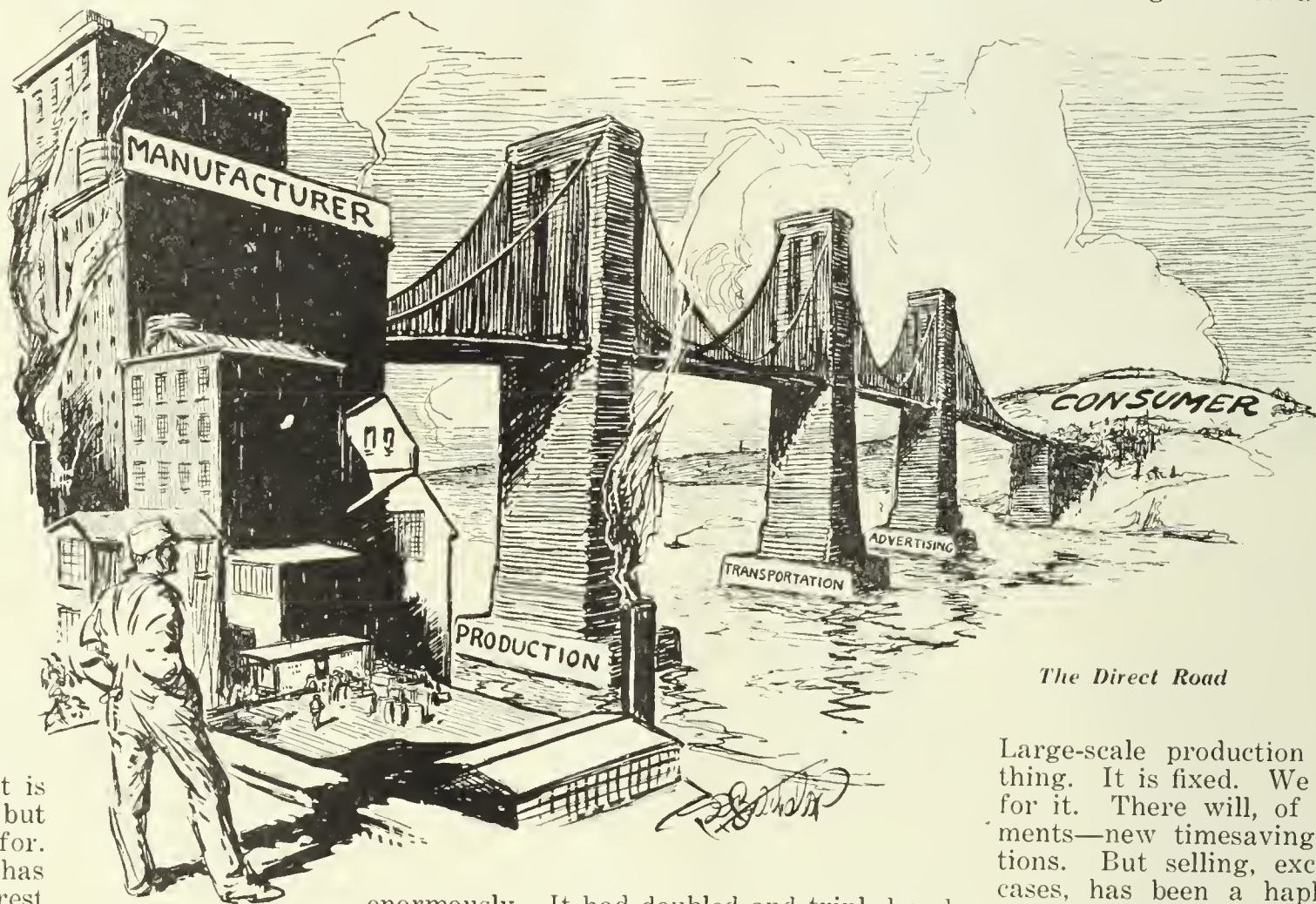
Large-scale production now is a scientific thing. It is fixed. We have the machinery for it. There will, of course, be improvements—new timesaving devices and inventions. But selling, except in certain rare cases, has been a haphazard affair. The business thought of the future will be more concentrated on selling. Its purpose will be to make selling as scientific a matter as is production."

"And advertising will be a part of this scientific selling?"

"An integral part. Advertising is large-scale selling. It is the machinery of large-scale selling. That is what business as yet does not wholly understand. In the past it has regarded advertising as an extraneous affair, something to take a plunge in when the coffers were full. But in this new era of large-scale production, large-scale distribution, large-scale selling, advertising must be recognized in its true light. It must be seen as an indispensable part of the whole. It must be made scientific. A certain amount of advertising to sell a certain amount of production under certain given conditions must be arrived at as scientifically as—as you know a machine will turn out a fixed number of pieces of work a day."

"And when will this all come about?" I asked.

Mr. Brown smiled and handed me the figures again which showed that there were fewer and fewer manufacturers within an industry each year, and that those fewer manufacturers did a far greater volume of business. "It has come about," he said.



enormously. It had doubled and tripled and quadrupled. For instance, the 1,959 manufacturers of boots and shoes in 1879 had produced \$166,050,000 worth of shoes, while the 1,355 manufacturers in 1914 had produced \$501,760,000.

Mr. Brown looked at me quizzically after I had studied these figures for a moment. "Do you understand their meaning?" he asked. I'm afraid I looked puzzled.

"In the stress of competition more and more companies are being forced out of business or into consolidations," he explained. "Only those companies remain who do business on a large scale—large-scale production, large-scale distribution, large-scale selling. In this after-the-war period you'll find the tendency of fewer manufacturers within a given industry even more pronounced."

I had been talking to an export man not long before and therefore I was able to add a bit to the argument. "I have been told that if we are to compete in foreign markets," I said, "American business will have to be brought together into fewer units than it has ever been before."

Mr. Brown nodded. "It is a simple matter to trace the development of this thing. Large-scale production began with the invention of the steam engine. Before then, business was local. Your shoes were made by the shoemaker around the corner; your clothes were made by the local tailor. Your



five years, but I certainly appreciates the compliment."

I think an Iowa tenant farmer would appreciate the compliment of being canvassed on a \$3,500 automobile, and it wouldn't be bad salesmanship either if the salesman left the way open to come down to a cheaper car gracefully. The other day I entered a Fifth Avenue store to purchase a cane. The salesman showed me a stick of some rare wood that was priced at \$25. When I protested at the price, he remarked: "You want a stick for real service, don't you? Here is one at \$5 that will stand rough usage better than the \$25 stick."

I bought the \$5 cane. If the salesman had sized me up from my somewhat unkempt appearance and showed me the \$5 cane at the outset, I should probably have bought a \$3 stick.

To my mind there is a hint in our Iowa friend's letter that he is a trifle too quick on the trigger. He seems to feel that he must be able to say to a prospective customer: "I know just what you want."

I think it would be better to say:

## A Place to Sleep

Continued from page 13

and sometimes you have to do it in self-defense. Did you?"

"Well, not lately," admitted Henry. "But I could easily go and kill one now."

"Don't be silly!" she commanded.

Henry was silent. He had never been particularly girl-shy, had Henry; in fact, he had rarely missed an opportunity to sit beside one; but never before had he sat beside one whose presence he could feel—though there was a foot of space between them—as he could the presence of this small shape in the darkness. How she came there, he no longer attempted to conjecture, but one thing he knew: if she objected to silliness, old man Death himself should be no more serious than he!

"Or—yes," she retracted suddenly.

"Do be silly! I'm the only silly person I know, and I'm so tired of it!"

Henry frantically threw his mental machinery into reverse gear. "Idiocy is my specialty," he claimed cheerfully. "Where shall we begin?"

THERE was a silence—of minutes on end, it seemed to Henry; and second by second his heart sank. Why could he not think of something entertaining, something clever, to say? She'd be going in a minute, and then—she'd—she'd be gone!

But while he was groping wildly for inspiration, she spoke, a little wistfully.

"I wonder," she said—"for instance, I wonder if you know why you'd come out on the roof, at night, and—lie on your back, and—look up at the stars? And the great, big night—"

And then Henry forgot that he was searching for words. Her voice called up a picture to his mind: a little boy slipping from his bed in the forbidden hours of the night, craftily past mother's door and down the stairs; out on the wide lawn, to lie flat upon the grass; and thence to nameless voyages among the stars, bringing back dreams.

"I know," he said slowly. "I know." He had almost forgotten: when was it that the little boy grew into an awkward middle-sized boy, and then into a big one? Somewhere along the road he had learned to fear ridicule as he had never feared mother's anxious scoldings anent the danger of colds to be contracted on the dewy grass; when was it that he had learned that it was "queer" to go on voyages among the stars?

He wished dumbly that he might find one of those lost and forgotten dreams, even the littlest one, to show her that he understood; but he could find no more than that to say: "I know."

But she knew, he thought, what he would have said, for she went on eagerly: "And those little lights out there in the hills"—her hand pointed dimly—"in the daytime, that is La Presa—where the waterworks are, you know; that is the power plant; those are the stamping mills of the Aguila

"I don't suppose there is a man, woman, or child in the United States who hasn't thought about owning a car. I don't believe there is anyone who hasn't at least thought how big and how fast a car he would like to have, what color he would want it to be, and what he would do with it. If you were going to buy a car this year, what would you want it to be like and what would you want it to do?"

I don't claim that the foregoing is a good approach. I merely suggest that in some circumstances it may be better than an attempt to tell a stranger what he wants.

Needless to say, a prospective customer's occupation, the location of his residence, and the extent of his financial means, if known, are leads that should be utilized by an automobile salesman in planning his approach, but to make intelligent use of such information is quite different from the scatterbrained "sizing up" process, which many salesmen fatuously believe they can successfully apply to anyone at first sight.

mine, and so on. But in the night they're a bracelet of stars around the city—or the park lights of fairyland. Don't you see? In the daytime things are real, and—heavy, and solid, and maybe ugly, but in the night they're so shadowy and unexplained that you don't have to remember what they look like. You can just sit here and—remold them nearer to the heart's desire!"

"Are you"—said Henry thoughtfully—"are you well acquainted with the hills? I've got a secret grief about them. When I was little there weren't any where I lived; I used to look at pictures of them and imagine sitting on a peak up in the sky to look down at the world. And the first mountain I saw—not a very big one, and not wild at all, I guess, for there was a nice thread of road running right up it—I sat all afternoon looking at it; and early the next morning I sneaked off to climb it. I walked and walked, and it kept backing away from me; and when I did catch up with it and climbed it—right to the very top—it lay right down under me! I wasn't up in the sky at all!"

"I sat down and cried—you see, I wasn't very big, and I was terribly tired, and I hadn't had any breakfast. All mountains do that. I can prove to you that it's simply a matter of perspective; but, just the same, some day I'm going to sneak up on one when it isn't looking and climb it before it can lie down!"

He heard a comfortable little sigh, and with a sudden unconscious gesture the girl laid her hand on his arm. "I knew you'd be like that," she whispered. "Listen!"

The bells of some cathedral chimed off four tuneful, deliberate measures, and then a deeper note: *One!*

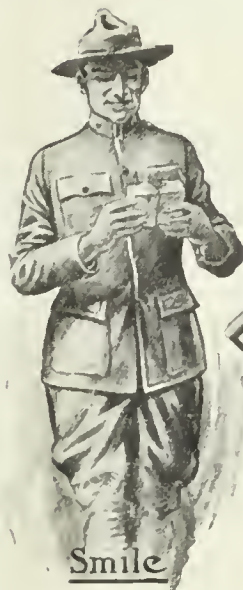
Henry held his breath. One o'clock! She would be going now. . . . No, *two* o'clock! Confound the man that invented time!

But the slow bell boomed on, importantly, mindful that with each stroke it marked off an hour of eternity. Henry drew a long breath. Why, it was only twelve o'clock, after all! He sat very still, not knowing what to say to hold her, with some vague hope that she might forget that the clock had struck.

"I'm going to stay till one o'clock," she said defiantly. "I don't care if it is bedtime. . . . Look: can you see the stars up there?"

HE looked—poor, practical Henry—and saw no stars. It was a very black night indeed. But when he would have said so he remembered that it was not so that the game was played. Ah, if this girl might have played it with him—then he would not have forgotten! "You look a long time," he said, remembering—"far off—"

"Nights when you can see them plain-



Smile



Smile



Smile

MILITARY  
No. 7

Khaki  
Service  
Outfit

## GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR

Who smiles while shaving?—the man with a **GEM**—however stiff his beard. Smiles over his **GEM Service Outfit** in its neat, compact little khaki case—Smiles on the hike at its featherweight—Smiles in the trenches as he shows it to his comrades—Smiles because he knows that in that little case are seven of those wonderful **GEM Blades**, which guarantee a quick, comfortable shave any time, anywhere—use a **GEM** and smile.

Brighten his Christmas  
with a GEM

\$1.00 **GEM**  
Outfit  
Complete

Outfit with Trench Mirror \$1.35

Add 50c to above  
prices, for Canada

Gem Cutlery Company, Inc., New York  
Canadian Branch, 591 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal



Complete  
Compact



# for Xmas!

A

B

C

## AFTER CHRISTMAS did you ever say?—

"Nice present...but oh how I wanted (something else)!"

Don't let anyone say that of yours.

You know how everyone needs a fountain pen—it is the most practical Gift in the world—but what if it is a super-fountain pen?

Here is one—the

# "SWAN SAFETY"

## FOUNTAIN PEN

It cumulates our seventy-five years of pen manufacturing experience. It is *better* than yesterday's best—better in design, in material, in construction.

As a gift it is *perfect*. It is put to practical use *daily*—a constant and pleasant reminder of the giver.

Consider the three models here selected:

- 'A'—Swan Safety Self-Filler—short length for my lady's handbag or a man's vest pocket. Beautifully mounted in gold-filled or sterling silver. Silver covered, \$8.00; gold-filled, \$10.00.
- 'B'—Swan Safety Self-Filler—the pen for business man and student; engraved, gold-filled band; and new pocket clip. Price, \$4.00.
- 'C'—Swan Safety Military Model—carries the famous Swan Ink Tablets in end of barrel, enough for 6 to 7 hundred sheets of writing. Has gold-filled band and new pocket clip. Price, complete, \$4.50.

All Swans have 14 kt. gold pen points. There is a suitable point for every hand and every style of writing.

Obtainable from leading Stationers, Jewelers, and Druggists everywhere—or direct from the manufacturer, if remittance is enclosed.

MABIE TODD & CO., ESTABLISHED 1843.  
17 Maiden Lane, New York

209 South State St., Chicago  
and at London and Paris.

Best Wishes

ly," she said, "they're near and wonderful and friendly, but no more mysterious than a candle shining in a window down the street. Now, to-night, you just look up and up and up—and there they are; and the world isn't anywhere at all. Nothing but the wide, wide night and other stars; no top, no bottom, no end anywhere—"

Henry was listening, not to her words, but to her voice—listening, too, to a secret, merry little tune that was singing in his heart. "Henry," he exclaimed, "Henry, boy! And we've come all this way, not knowing! Why, this is our girl! The years that are before us, boy—the games we'll play!"

The merry little tune sang on. He did not know when it had begun, but he heard it very clearly now: listening to it, confusing it sometimes with the voice of the girl beside him, Henry forgot to fear the next stroke of the clock. He did not need to see her dim, small shape in the darkness, nor to hear her voice: a nameless comfort would have told him she was there. And secret whimsies of his own, unacknowledged even to himself, put themselves confidently into words, and were rewarded with understanding or with that sudden little chuckle of companionable mirth. So that dismay fell stark upon him when he heard the bells begin again their four tuneful, premonitory measures. Why, it couldn't be one o'clock already!

One! said the deep-voiced bell. Two! "My—goodness!" whispered the girl blankly. "I—I must run!"

She scrambled hastily to her feet; Henry rose, and stood looking down at her, his throat tight upon words that he must not say. "A homeless burglar—thank you," he said gravely.

She made an inarticulate little sound, and then suddenly laid her hands upon the coping and was across it. She stopped there, looking back at him, and offered him her hand.

"Good night," she said as gravely. "It has been very—pleasant."

"Mayn't I," he begged, "strike a match, and—see you, before you go?"

"Please, no," she refused quickly, and stepped back into the gloom. "Good luck—burglar!" There was the quick pat-pat of her rubber soles across the roof, and then silence.

Henry rested his elbows on the coping, and stood gazing into the darkness long after the footsteps had quite ceased. "Girl," he whispered—"playmate! I didn't even know you lived!"

UNCONSCIOUSLY he lifted his face to the night and the unseen stars and to the Power beyond them that made these things to be. He thought no words, but in effect it was a prayer of thanksgiving. Then he dropped his arms and walked to the edge of the roof. The street was dark; he went along the wall, searching, until he found what he sought: a balcony within reach. He was about to let himself down, but changed his mind.

"Hennery," he grinned, "the Law has chased us right into a place to sleep. It's three hours till daylight, and there's not a soul to say us nay!"

He took off his coat, rolled it into a pillow, stretched, and lay down. How was it he had never heard a girl chuckle before? Ho, hum. She lived somewhere in this block, and there would not be many American families. How comfortable it was, the knowledge that she was near. Henry slept.

And then he found himself blinking confusedly at a sky of cool pearl, flecked through with rosy clouds; a most pleasing sky, but puzzling. And he was lying on something hard; why had he slept on the floor? But wait; floors were not usually so largely open to the sky. Why, it was a—a roof. Remembrance came dancing back, and his heart set up its merry little tune. He sprang to his feet and laughed: this was Guanajuato, where he had come to find—the girl!

He stepped quickly to the wall, with an automatic impulse to carry out his plan of descent. A sleepy servant was scrubbing his balcony.

Now he knew what was the matter with the bright, cool sky. Pleasing as it

was, in its place there should have been a sky of velvet black!

He made a cautious round of the block. Few were astir, but too many: a milkman, speaking ungentle words to his herd of goats; an early water carrier, with his diminutive donkeys staggering between their huge jars; serving women scrubbing inside the barred windows. As long as he remained on the roof he was safe; no one would suppose that he was other than an eccentric *Americano* who chose to take the air in this fashion. But to climb down an outer wall, or into some perfectly strange courtyard, would pass even the limits of eccentricity, and would certainly call for explanation—and then, the hoosegow! "H'm," observed Henry to himself. "You would have a place to sleep, Hennery. You found it; now let's see you check out!"

THE ancient city of mines lay tumbled on its innumerable hills, still asleep. Hills, blue with the mist of distance, rimmed in the bowl on whose uneven bottom the city lay; behind them a young sun rose to pour its brightness into the bowl; and, arching from rim to rim, there rested on them that cover of cool pearl, flecked through with rosy clouds. Under its loveliness Henry's spirits refused to acknowledge gloom. He hummed a snatch of tune, perhaps an echo of that cheery inner one, and perched upon a coping—thinking, thinking. First, he was a prisoner on a roof, with the prospect of escaping from it to a jail. Second, he had not eaten since noon of the day before. Third, he had no job, and no money. Fourth—ah, fourth! Surely fate had not brought the girl to him across the roofs only to abandon him afterward to starvation or to the tender mercies of the hoosegow!

But the young sun waxed vigorous, and the sky of pearl was cool no longer. A too-genial warmth radiated gently from the roofs, and there came no obliging zephyr to brush it away. Henry knew that the space between his belt buckle and his backbone was a horrid void; that growing weakness in his mid section was robbing him of his courage; something must be done, and soon.

He slipped from his coping, and began a wary inspection of the courtyards. A court momentarily deserted—a quick dash for freedom—that was his best chance. But the courtyards swarmed like beehives; the people in this block employed servants by the hundred!

He wandered on, wiping the sweat from his face with a sodden handkerchief. He was getting dizzy with hunger and the heat; was he doomed to spend the rest of his natural life here, prowling the roofs like an outlawed cat? At first it had seemed that at the worst he could await the fall of night again; but in the meantime a sunstroke would overtake him; some day they would find his emaciated remains. If he only had a drink of water!

He sought the narrow shade of a coping; and was reminded of the girl. The girl? Surely he had dreamed it. The little song was quite gone now from Henry's heart; gone, too, was his hunger; there remained only a thirst and a dizziness and the smothering heat from the roof.

Inch by inch his shade contracted; he tried to think, and with difficulty remembered why he was here. What would happen if he was caught? Why, the hoosegow; but the hoosegow could be no worse than this.

FROM the nearest court there came a sort of hissing sound. It puzzled him at first, until with it he heard a faint splashing of water. Water! It was a shower bath he heard: water—to drink, to revel in!

He got up and went unsteadily to the edge of the court. Let the hoosegow do its worst; he would at least get a drink of water first. There was a flight of steps; he went down them, and looked about for further exit. There were servants in the court, but Henry had discarded caution.

A door at his elbow opened, and a man stepped out; a man in a bath robe,



a short, dark man with brown eyes and a clipped black mustache, his black hair awry and damp. He stopped short, and eyed Henry quizzically. That he did not at once set up a shout for the police revived hope in Henry's mind; he could pretend to be a visitor in a neighboring house who had lost his way.

"Buenos días," he said, awkward as to pronunciation, but, he fancied, self-possessed as to manner.

"Buenos días," responded the man in the bath robe courteously. "Gusta usted pasar á su casa?"

"No tengo—" stammered Henry, "that is, no hablo—"

"I thought not," said the dark man, showing his white teeth. "Suppose we talk English, then. My name is Carson."

Henry opened his mouth, shut it, and then managed to find his voice. "Mine's Wade, Mr. Carson," he croaked. "Is there—is there water in there?"

"Lots of it," said Carson. "Help yourself!"

It was, as Henry expected, a bath—an American bath. He drank thirstily from the tap, and then turned the shower for one grateful moment on his dizzy head. At once he felt refreshed, steadied; mopping his hair uselessly with his handkerchief, he stepped out into the sun again.

"Mr. Carson," he said steadily, trying to forget that he must present a ridiculous picture, with the water trickling from his wet hair down his unshaven face—"Mr. Carson, I called at your office yesterday, and—what's his name?"

"Cuesta?"

"And Mr. Cuesta said that you did not concern yourself with hiring men. Said he attended to it; but he didn't attend to me—not very closely, anyway," amended Henry, with a grin.

"And so," said Carson, "not being able to reach me by the usual route, you come at me over the roof, eh? I'm afraid Cuesta didn't look closely enough at the angle of your jaw, or he might have warned me!"

"I didn't come for that purpose, but I wasn't going to miss the opportunity," said Henry earnestly. "I'm looking for a job. I'm a mining engineer—Colorado School of Mines, naught-five. And—"

"Just out of school, eh?"

"Over a year, Mr. Carson; and I've had some good experience, and done well so far—"

"Why did you leave the job you had?"

Henry smiled feebly. "The Cinco Estrellas outfit made me what sounded like a good offer, and like a fool I didn't wait to investigate. Got here yesterday, and found them shut down—bust—floocy!"

"That's too bad," smiled Carson sympathetically. "I hope you'll find a job soon."

SOMEWHAT dazed, Henry discovered that he had been led to the lower floor, and was standing by the open *zaguán*. Freedom was his; nay, was being forced upon him!

"Mr. Cuesta has my office here in charge," said Carson. "I suppose you put your application on file? I am glad to have met you, Mr. Wade. Good morning." Then he caught the look on Henry's face. "If you need a—a stake," he added kindly—"a temporary loan—"

"No, thank you," said Henry stiffly.

And then, over Carson's shoulder, he was looking into another pair of brown eyes. They knew him, did those eyes; they were looking recognition straight into his. And if he had not known the poise of that slim white figure in the doorway, he would have known that voice at the end of the world: "Dad!"

And to know that she had witnessed his humiliation made Henry's misery complete. It outweighed the fact that he had found her; outweighed the fact that he loved her—was made unbearable by it. He clenched his hands to master a wave of dizziness that whirled the court into a kaleidoscope of gray and brown about a spot of white, bowed, and went blindly away.

He had his freedom: now—what? Go begging for a job? Certainly he could not ask for one decently, with the weak-

ness of hunger breaking his nerve to bits. Or go back to the Plaza and touch some prosperous stranger on the sleeve and say as a derelict had said to him: "Ey, pal, slip me somethin', can't yuh?"

SANDALED feet came running behind him. A hand clutched his arm; he turned, indifferently, with some vague thought that the gendarmes had caught him at last, and saw an obsequious native, hand in hand, panting.

"Dispense usted, señor—el señor Carson dice que le haga favor de volver."

Henry caught only one word of the rapid speech—Carson. He hesitated, and then, piloted by the servant, retraced his steps. Carson, still in his bath robe, was waiting in the court, and rose to greet him.

"I have just recalled," he smiled, "that I need a young man of your qualifications at the Obrera mine. Good prospects for the right man. I will start you at whatever the Cinco Estrellas people were going to pay. Is that all right?"

"Oh—surely," gulped Henry. "Surely!"

"If you will excuse me for a few minutes, I'll go and dress. By the way—why didn't you tell me you knew Sheila?"

Henry's poor, harassed pride stiffened his spine again, set his face aflame with new humiliation. "Mr. Carson! Do you mean—just because she—"

"Don't be a nut, my boy," admonished Carson kindly. "You asked me for a job, didn't you? Don't go away. Lunch will be ready in a few minutes."

"Thank you," accepted Henry miserably.

Light feet came across the floor. Grave brown eyes looked up into grim blue ones, but Henry found no word to say.

"Poor boy," she said, "you stayed on the roof all night, didn't you? I was a pig not to think of it. I went back, but I thought you were gone."

Her pity was salt in Henry's wounds. "Your father has offered me work," he said dully. "Thank you."

The hurt showed in the brown eyes, and then they began to wink very fast.

"If that isn't just like a man!" she cried stormily. "You're so—so darned proud that it hurts you to be under obligations to a girl—is that it? But if I needed help, and you could give it to me, that would be all right, wouldn't it? Then why shouldn't I help you if I can, and—want to?"

"Because you could see I was broke—and hungry? That's why it hurts."

She twisted her hands together with a little distressful gesture, and then broke out unexpectedly. "Don't clamp that awful jaw of yours that way!" she said fiercely. "You did that at poor Cuesta yesterday, and scared him out of a week's growth!"

Henry's dazed mind caught feebly at the inference. "You—you were in the office yesterday?"

"I saw you last night in the Plaza too! You didn't look so angry then, but you looked like a nice, big, discouraged little boy. And that impatient way you put your hand in your hair when you're worried—" She gave one of her sudden little chuckles. "Oh, I watched you. Remember? You picked up a fat, dirty little Indian baby and played with it, and stopped being worried to smile at it? And it wasn't afraid of you, and they are of most Americans. And you talked English to the policeman, even if he was asleep, and said silly things to him—and—I knew all the time that you could play games with yourself, and—pretend things." She repeated the distressful gesture with her hands. "It's—very hard to tell you," she faltered. "You're so grim. You'd smile at a little Indian baby, but you won't smile at me. Please see that it's all right, because—"

If Henry's face was grim, it was because his mind had gone off and forgotten it. He was listening to her voice, though the sense of her words reached him dimly; looking into the brown eyes, very sweet and wistful now. And suddenly he knew that it was all right, because—

And then the merry little tune in his heart began again.

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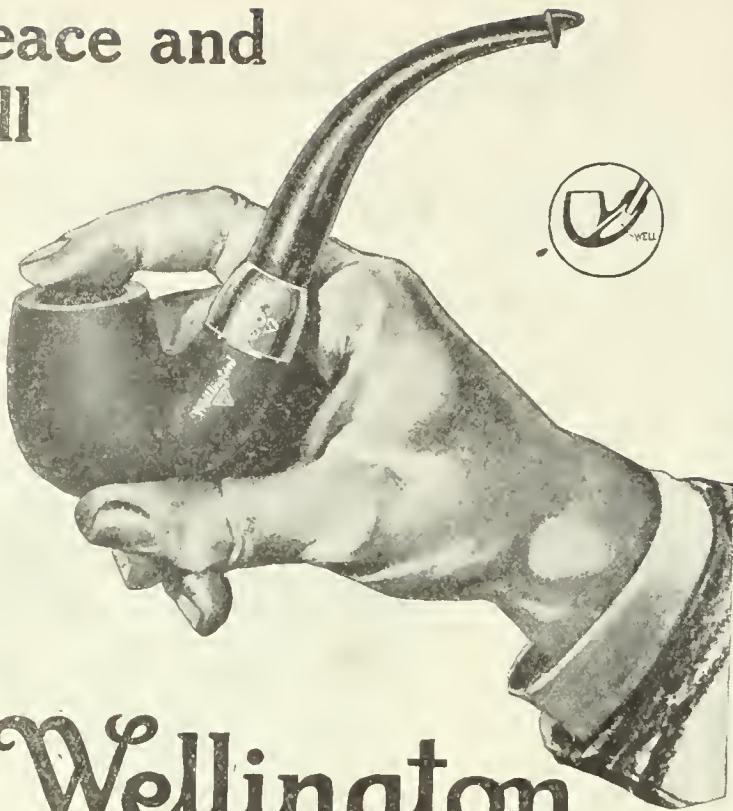
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## A Midsummer Night's Scream

Continued from page 8

and the other guys jump up, and the cards goes all over the floor. For about ten minutes I shook more hands than Roosevelt ever seen. Alongside of the reception I got Pershing would be treated cold if he walked up Fifth Avenue. It reminded me of the old days when I was czar of the pitchers and used to walk forth on the diamond raisin' my cap with a nonchalant air to the cheers of from 25,000 to 32,000 frantic admirers, accordin' to the weather and who we was playin'. Well, Joe, they are all tickled silly to meet me except Eddie Stevens which would kick about the accommodations in heaven, not that he'll ever get the chance. He says I have spoiled a 400 spade hand on him by comin' in just then. Miller runs to the phone and starts callin' up the rest of the gang, and invitations to go different places is showered at me by the barrel.

"Let's step into the back room," says Phil Bloom, "where we can talk without all these plumbers and the like buttin' in."

"Who's deal is it?" says Stevens, shufflin' the cards again. "I'm \$8.40 in the hole. We can hear this guy's adventures next Friday. C'mon, I got a hour to play, and—"

Joe, ain't that bird the limit? Always thinkin' about money, and friendship to him means no more than a quarter's worth of nickels means to Rockefeller. Well, I quailed him with a glance, and he folleys the rest of us into the back room where chairs is drawn up, and in come a waiter.

"What are you gonna have, Ed?" says Bloom. "They's no limit—anything up to and includin' champagne!"

"I'll have a shine," I says. "I ain't drinkin' a thing and—"

WITH that, Joe, the whole bunch of them butts in and claims I gotta take somethin' right then if I never did before in my life, because this is a rare occasion and etc., and fin'ly I says all right, I'll have a seidel of Scotch.

"I'm sorry, sir," says the waiter. "It's against the law to serve intoxicants to any man in unction!"

Well, what d'ye know about that one, hey, Joe?

"All right!" says Stevens. "Give him some beer then."

"I can't serve that either!" says the waiter, presentin' us with a grin. "That's intoxicatin' too."

"Well, that's a new one on me!" says Stevens. "If they's any alcohol in beer, they must of put it in this mornin'—I know I never been able to get no bun on with it! Well, bring us our stuff anyways, and—"

"I'm sorry, sir," says the waiter, still in complete possession of the grin, "but it's against the law to serve any alcoholic liquors at the same table where there is a soldier."

"He ain't no soldier—where d'ye get that stuff?" bawls Stevens, on the verge of bein' enraged. "Look at that baby's unction; he's a—a—general or a ensign—or somethin' of the sort. They was five guys saluted him to death here not a minute ago! C'mon, shoot the stuff—"

"I'm sorry, sir," says the waiter, "but—"

"Get outa here!" bawls Stevens, "or they'll be another guest at the morgue!" He turns around to the gang and points at me. "What d'ye know about this big stiff, eh?" he says. "On account of him comin' back we can't get no brew. He always did crab everything when he was here before, and now—"

Well, Joe, I got up and stood over this baby!

"Am I to take it that I am a unwelcome visitor here?" I says in a cold, deadly voice.

Joe, the rest of 'em jumps up and the air is full of exclamations of undyin' love and affection for me and what they said about Mister Stevens would never of give his parents a swelled head. I stopped the uproar with one wave of my hand.

"Shut up!" I says. "I'm talkin' to Stupid, here!" Joe, I stuck my face right into his like I used to do with the squareheads. "Am I welcome or am I not, hey?" I says.

Well, Joe, Stevens looks at the gang for a minute, and then he looks at me, and then he looks at the floor.

"Well, Ed," he says all of a sudden, holdin' out his hand, "I certainly am glad to see you! When did you get back? You must tell us some of your adventures and the like. Well, well, well! Why, Ed—why—I'd rather see you than have a drink!"

With that, Joe, the bloodshed was prevented.

WELL, Joe, I wanna tell you somethin' about this "No-booze-for-the-soldiers" thing. At first it made me sore the same as it prob'ly has a old bar bizzard like you, but after thinkin' it over I'm satisfied it's a good thing and perfectly right, like everything else Uncle Sam has did. Joe, suppose all the doughboys was rollin' around the streets stewed, that would be a fine-lookin' sight for them pro-German guys, wouldn't it? I don't claim they would all get stewed, but some of them would the same as they did in civilian life, and you know few hates a guy with a bun on worse than a drinker himself. Then, again, a guy with a unction on feels he's a little better than a guy in citizen's clothes, and they's no reason why he shouldn't, only if he got hittin' up the stuff his chest and head would be gettin' bigger and bigger every minute, and the first thing you know he'd wanna lick everybody in the place on account of him bein' a soldier. (You know what a cop with a bun on is.) Also, a drunken soldier is liable to tell important secrets like when he's gonna sail and how many is goin' with him, and the like, without knowin' what he's doin'. They is one other thing too, Joe—A U. S. soldier don't have to take off his hat to no man either as a fighter or a pleasant sight to look upon. He oughta be stiff and neat all the time, and he oughta think that they's a lotta mothers which has boys in France watches him as he walks along the street, and if he's stewed he's givin' 'em pain that they shouldn't have, because they can't help thinkin' I wonder if my boy's doin' that too? Joe, they is nothin' heroic in a guy rollin' from one side of the street to the other with "U. S." on his collar. The big stiff oughta be shot!

Joe, it's a fine thing, and you may have noticed it, that they is less stews on view in the U. S. army than any in the world. Our boys has give up the brew without a yelp, the same as they give up everything that was asked of them, and a drunken doughboy is as rare a sight either here or in France as a squarehead that will stand up before a American bayonet with the odds even. Anybody that says anything else is a liar and helpin' the kaiser!

WELL, Joe, most of the old bunch which gimme indifferent support whilst I was pitchin' for Mac is now workin' in the shipyards here and there. This guy Stevens, which was born with a hammer in his hand and has been knockin' ever since, says that if them guys can't hit a rivet any better than they could hit a baseball they will never give the kaiser insomnia with the ships they turn out. Then Phil Bloom says Lefty Regan, the big busher which lasted somethin' like two innin's with the Cubs, has got a commission as a lieutenant in the Intelligence Division. Well, Joe, at that Stevens busts out laughin' and says Lefty was a boob to accept that when he could of beat it by seven miles. I says "How?" and Stevens says Lefty could of got made Field Marshal in the Ignorance Division if he had only asked for a examination. Can you beat that guy, Joe? I bet he thinks Niagara Falls is the bunk!

Well, Joe, I told a lot of my adven-



ures and everybody listens with the most undivided attention. Everybody but Stevens. This guy kept buttin' in every few minutes with sarcastical remarks. He claims he read some of my letters to you in a magazine and they must of fed me nothin' but opium whilst I was in France. He says if I got wounded I must of fell outa the wagon that takes you to the guardhouse and I win all the medals in a raffle. Joe, they was three or four times when I would of bust him in the nose, only a U. S. officer has got to be dignified and then again Stevens is big enough to snap at Willard and you know it. Fin'ly I says:

"Well, boys, this here's all very fine, but I gotta leave. I promised the wife I'd be right back and—"

"What wife?" sneers Stevens.

Oh, boy!!!

Joe, I got up and pushed Phil Bloom outa the way so's he wouldn't be hit by no fallin' bodies.

"Mine!" I says.

Joe, he laughs kinda nasty.

"Stop it!" he says. "If you gotta wife, I gotta million bucks! Any dame that would wed you—"

Well, Joe, you'd be surprised how life in the army toughens a guy's muscles. It only took a simple left swing to put Mister Stevens on the floor, and he went down so hard he would of fell in front of a subway express if the floor hadn't been concrete. He is out about a minute, and when he come to life he gets up, rubs his chin and staggers around the room.

"I told McDermott to fix that ceilin'," he murmurs. "I knowed sooner or later it was gonna cave in on somebody! Was they many killed?"

WELL, Joe, I explained to him that the ceilin' was still there and it was me that hit him and not no earthquake. I also throwed in the information that I had a right hand besides a left and I would be pleased to let him have it if he didn't apologize in full view of the audience.

"Ed," he says, "you win! If you put me away with a punch, I'd be a idiot to go any farther with you. I don't know what started this, because I'm still a little hazy, but whatever it is I take it back! Also, I wanna thank you for not hittin' me in the eye. If that wallop had hit me there, I'd be a fine-lookin' guy to go out with a dame to-night, hey? Why—"

"All right!" I butts in. "We're all liable to make mistakes. All is forgiven. Now you go and get that dame you're goin' out with, and, Bloom—you get Mrs. Bloom and Miller and Eagan can get their girls and we'll all go down to my hotel and get Mrs. Harmon. Then we'll have dinner and the rest of the night will be devoted to—"

Tornado Eagan butts in. "Count me out," he says. "I gotta fight to-night for the Red Cross."

"What d'ye mean?" I says. "I thought the scrap in Europe was for the Red's Cross. They is lots of them over there and—"

He give a bum imitation of a grin. "They is a big boxin' carnival at Madison Square to-night, Ed," he says, "and the gate goes to the Red Cross. I'm gonna fight Knockout Smith, the light-weight champ. We stall four rounds for nothin' and—"

"Wait a minute!" I says. "If you're so anxious to fight, why don't you go in the army, hey? You're in the draft age and you—"

"—And I report to Camp Upton tomorrow mornin'!" he says. "I got my ticket to-day." With that he lets forth a sigh and looks out the window. "Ain't that tough?" he winds up.

Well, Joe, I jumps up and bangs him on the shoulder.

"Tough?" I hollers. "What d'ye mean tough? Why, you little stiff, you oughta be tickled silly! You're gettin' a chance to fight for your country like—like Nathan Hail and—and me did. You call it tough, hey? What are you—yellah?"

Joe, he throwed over a chair gettin' up.

"Ed," he says, as white as milk should

be, "you can get away with that because I like you and you done a lot over there. But you got me all wrong! I'd give my left arm to go over to France, and I may give both of 'em before I get through. That ain't the point. I got a mother and a invalid sister to think of, and you know it. You know why I ain't married to Mamie Young, too—I can't throw 'em over and I ain't makin' enough to keep us all. Now I'm goin' in the army and how the hell can I keep Mom and Sis and even the little I'd need for myself on thirty bucks a month—hey?"

WELL, Joe, that was different, and when I looked at his little, earnest, pale face I seen they is more than a few laughs in this thing they call life!

"Well," I says, "that lets you out. You can claim exemption, can't you? You're there with dependents."

"D'ye think I'm yellah?" he snarls. "I don't want no exemption, and Mom wouldn't let me claim it if I did. She's as game as they make 'em. Why, say—d'ye know what she tells me? She claims she can get a job as a saleslady somewheres and—why, say, Ed—Mom's sixty-eight years old!"

Well, Joe, the gang all starts lookin' at the pictures on the wall and Miller starts a nervous whistle. Even Stevens found trouble with a bad cough, and Phil Bloom gets somethin' in his eye.

"Say!" says Bloom, "I got it! A big benefit might—"

"Shut up!" snarls Eagan. "My mother would kill me dead if I took any charity—we're Irish, you big stiff!"

Joe, they is quite a silence, and I thought I'd break it up.

"Have you got any chance with this champ if the fight was level?" I says, more to change the subject than anything else.

"Chance?" snorts Eagan. "I've chased that bum all over the country for six months. I can knock him kickin' any time I want! I got a draw with him in Boston eight months ago, and he wouldn't get in the ring with me for a sure-enough scrap since then if he was paid a thousand bucks for every punch he missed. Don't you ever read the papers?"

"I been in France," I says, "and the Paris papers didn't print a line about it, prob'ly on account of the war. Why don't you bounce him to-night then?"

"Huh!" says Eagan. "This here's a exhibition bout. Neither of us has trained for it. I practically promised to stall, and I don't believe in this double-cross stuff." He gets up and reaches for his hat. "Say!" he says, "why don't you guys come down and see this thing to-night? You can bring the ladies along, because they won't see nothin' rougher than they would at a checker tourney. You can get good seats for five bucks the each and you'll be helpin' a good cause. You ain't got nowhere particular to go, and it's your last chance to see me in action. C'mon, Ed—do it for me! Everybody knows you now, and I'd be tickled silly to introduce you at the ringside. C'mon—be a good guy!"

WELL, Joe, you know this kid Tornado Eagan. He don't look no more like a fighter than I look like Napoleon, and with that kid Irish face of his he's got a way of askin' for somethin' that would make Foch throw away his commission if he asked him to. Besides, that stuff about his mother, and you know his sister Mary—the little paralyzed kid we used to wheel to school—well, Joe, it got me, and I was tryin' to figure a out for him. Then, again, I ain't seen a box fight since the Reds win a pennant, you might say, and I always was crazy about the game, so I made up my mind quick.

Well, Joe, the rest was all with me except this guy Stevens, which claims he don't wanna see no fake fight. I says if he don't go he'll see a real one and they'll be two guys in it. I'll be one and I'll give him three guesses on who'll be the other. He says one guess is enough and climbs into the taxi.

In half a hour, Joe, we are down at

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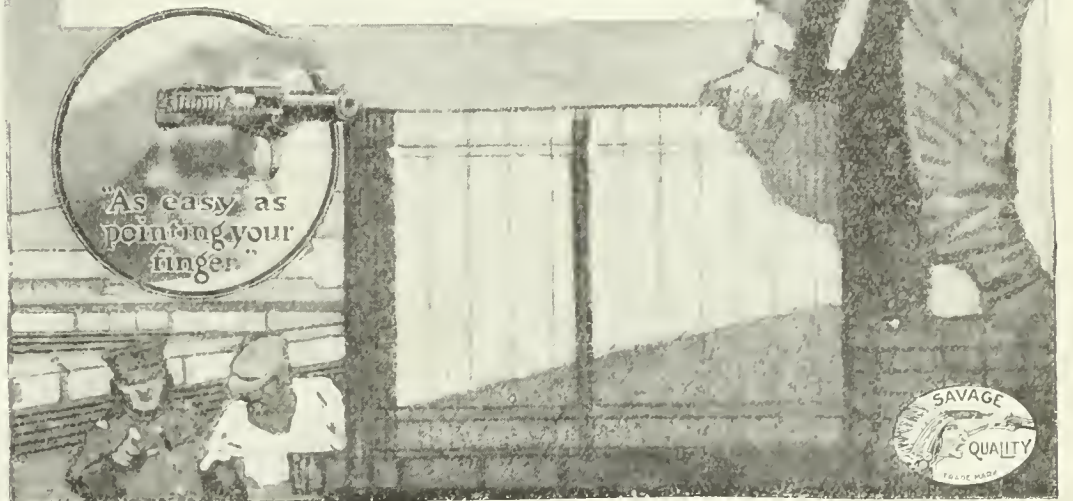
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**Philosophy of Health**  
DENVER, COLORADO

my hotel. They have all brung their wives or sweethearts with 'em, all dressed up like the City Hall durin' a Elks convention. The women goes crazy over Jeanne and my baby, and the maies all stand around in what is knowed as open-eyed admiration, lookin' at Jeanne. Stevens says he wished he had gone into the army, and his girl gets sore and says the war ain't over yet. I fixed up a mêlée with the greatest of difficulty. Well, Joe, for two bucks and found I hired a chambermaid which called me colonel to watch my baby whilst we went out for a coupla hours. It took me a other hour to get Jeanne to see into it. Whilst all this is bein' had, Phil Bloom the honest bookmaker disappears. By the time we are ready to leave and the dames has all raved over Jeanne's new clothes from Paris, Bloom comes back. He claims they is somebody has got to see me right away in the pink and green room of the hotel, and when I got there I liked to swoon. Joe, they is a feed there fit for Billy Sunday or Douglas Fairbanks with more waiters mobilized than I ever seen in my life!

WELL, Joe, I don't know where they get the idea that the Jewish people is crazy about money, because that feed must of shot at least \$200 all to pieces, not countin' the tips to everybody but the stockholders of the hotel. After we have got through with the finger bowls and thankin' Bloom, we all set sail for Madison Square Garden to see the bouts for the Red's Cross.

Joe, they is no more people packed in there than they is in South Dakota, but with the aid of Tornado Eagan, I managed to get ringside seats. All the big leaguers from the governor to the head waiter at Hectors is there, also all the swell society dames which is helpin' the Red's Cross. Jeanne and the rest of these dames is as excited as a yegg awaitin' his first sentence, and Mrs. Bloom says she hopes it won't be brutal, and I says I hope it will. Jeanne says for me to stop talkin' to Mrs. Bloom, which is a good looker, and Stevens wants to know if me and Jeanne is gonna scrap for the Red's Cross too. The six seats between us saved him.

Well, Joe, about ninety people is introduced from the ring, and Joe Humphreys is doin' the announcin', and fin'ly his eye falls on me. I tried to duck, Joe, because you know how I hate public notoriety and the like, but he tells the crowd I am there, and, oh, boy!!! Joe, they was a cheer went up which come near shakin' that bareback dancer off of Madison Square roof. Well, Joe, that's the wages of bein' popular, so nothin' would do but I gotta climb through the ropes and make a little speech myself before all them frantic thousands consistin' of bankers, bricklayers, judges, yeggs, society guys, and etc. Well, Joe, I told them what wonderful work the Red's Cross is doin' in France and the like and I feel sure baseball will come back unto its own and I think woman's suffrage is a good thing if they don't go too far with it and how I got wounded and the like, fin'ly leavin' the ring amidst the wildest applause. They is some more guys gettin' ready to be introduced with waiters' suits on and all, but havin' seen me the crowd is all through and hollers for the fighters.

Well, Joe, they is four or five preliminaries, and none of 'em would of made no stenographers or sweet young graduates cover their eyes and moan at the slaughter. Them babies acted like they was all roommates or brothers, and it was a felony to hit each other. Outside of showin' some new dance steps they did nothin' but fall into a fond embrace every second. If they was any blows struck, I failed to see them. By the time the star bout between Tornado Eagan and the champ is to be put on, the crowd is gnashin' its teeth and yellin' murder. They have paid out their good dough to see fights and not dancin' exhibitions, and if the big scrap ain't rough it looks like they'll be a busy time for the cops.

Joe, they is a long delay, and Joe Humphreys leans down and whispers to

me that the champ is stallin' and may not go through with the scrap, because he now claims he thought he was to box a exhibition with a sparrin' partner. He figures Eagan too dangerous, and the crowd is hootin' and hiss'n, and excitement was at its height, as the guy says. All of a sudden one of Eagan's handlers pushes his way through to me and says the Tornado wants to see me right away in his dressin' room. I folleyed him back.

Well, Joe, inside the dressin' room Eagan is all set for the ring. His face is the color of a dress shirt and he's as nervous as a race horse full of hop. The handlers are runnin' after him tryin' to get a bath robe on him and he don't even notice 'em. The minute he sees me it's different.

"Git outa here!" he bawls at the handlers.

"The crowd's yellin' murder, kid," says one of 'em. "And—"

Eagan's answer was to throw the water bucket at him, and they all bloled.

Well, Joe, with that Eagan drags me into a corner and tells me that he's up against the toughest thing he ever faced in his life and he's come out winner in fifty-four mêlés in a twenty-four foot ring. The champ has sent him word that he wants him to take one on the chin and dive in the fourth round so's it'll look like a clean knockout and therefore boost the champ's stock 100 per cent, because Eagan is the leadin' contender for the title. In return for this little favor the champ will support Eagan's mother and sister till he comes back from the war. The champ's argument is that even if Eagan scored a knockout himself, which would make him lightweight champion of the world, it wouldn't make no difference because Eagan has got to go into the army the next day, and the title would get him no more dough than a buck private. They'll make it look like a fight till the fourth round, then the champ will shoot one over and Eagan takes the count. The crowd is satisfied and Eagan can go into the army knowin' his folks will be taken care of.

Well, Joe, Eagan says he never throwed a fight in his life, and he don't know what to do. He knows he can knock the champ as sure as he knows J. P. Morgan is well off, but if he wins he's throwin' down his mother and sister, because what will they do whilst he's in France? He can't even give 'em any sugar from this fight, because he's fightin' for the Red's Cross for nothin'. On the other hand, why not take the fall and be done with it, knowin' his folks will be sure of eats and the like till he comes back?

Joe, he puts it up to me, and I don't know what to tell him. The thing is too big for me, and before we can argue it over they send for him. He flings on the bath robe and steps to the door.

"Ed," he says, "I made up my mind. T'hell with my rep and everything else—I owe my mother somethin', hey? Every guy does. Ed, I'd rather lose my arm than do this, but—don't bet no money on me, no matter what the odds is. I think the champ's gonna win by a knockout. S'long!"

With that he's outa the door and up the aisle before I can stop him!

WELL, Joe, I get back to the ringside, and the bettin' is 8 to 5 on the champ. Phil Bloom takes five thousand on Eagan before I can open my mouth, and—well, Joe, I bet a thousand myself—never mind which way.

The champ sits in his corner, grin-nin' like a wolf at his friends, and Eagan sits on the other side rubbin' his feet in the rosin and lookin' straight at the floor. He don't even glance up when Bloom and the gang hollers to him. He's as white as the canvas under his feet.

Well, Joe, the crowd had no cause to complain about that scrap as you no doubt have seen from the papers. The champ beat Eagan all over the ring, hittin' him with everything but the referee and it looked like only the bell saved him from a knockout. The mob

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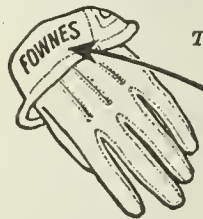
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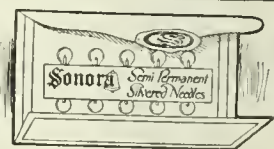
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is on its feet yellin' like maniacs and some of the women is a trifle hysterical when the boys went to their corners after the toughest three minutes of maulin' I ever seen in my life.

Joe, the bell rings for the second round, and they feel each other out for a minute. Then the champ is short with a left swing to the jaw and they fall into a clinch against the ropes right over us. Eagan looks desperate, and the champ is still grinnin'. He ain't even got his hair mussed, whilst Eagan looks like he's been sparrin' with a buzz saw. I hear 'em talkin' to each other as the referee runs over to break 'em.

"You little bum!" pants the champ, "I could of trimmed you anyways. I was a fine simp to make a deal with you. Hurry up and take the dive, I gotta date."

"Shut up!" hisses Eagan. "It's bad enough now. If it wasn't for my mother, I'd knock you kickin'!"

"Well, your old lady's out in front," sneers the champ, pullin' away. "C'mon—show her what a fancy high diver you are!"

**JOE**, this here champ never in his life made a more expensive remark even when he asked his wife to wed him. Eagan straightens up with a snarl, shoves him a foot away with one lunge and shoots a left to the jaw from somewhere down around his heels. The champ staggers back against the ropes and Eagan puts a left and right to the face. Zan!!! down goes the champ sprawlin', and the crowd begins smashin' chairs, hats, and everything else, includin' their lungs. Eagan dances around this guy whilst the referee starts the count, and I must say this here champ was game because he's on his feet at "eight" staggerin' around, punch drunk but willin'. The crowd stops yellin' for one second—they're seein' a title changin' hands. Eagan measures the champ as cold and businesslike as if he was a punchin' bag. Sock!!! A right hook to the jaw and over in a corner is a ex-lightweight champion, dead to the world!

Oh, boy!!! Joe, the Battle of the Marne was quiet alongside of what took place in the Garden then! The well-known pandemonium, or whatever they call it which is always breakin' loose at political conventions and the like, broke loose again, and them ten or twenty thousand yellin' maniacs had a field day.

Eagan has flopped into a chair in his corner and buried his face in his hands. Me and Bloom climbs through the ropes and he looks up—weepin'!

"I'm a yellah dog!" he moans. "I throwed down me own mother! I told you guys to bet against me, and I prob'ly lost all your dough. Ed, I couldn't help it! I knowed I could trim that baby and I never laid down in my life. I let him beat the life outa me—I give him every chance to knock me cold in a level way, and when I seen I could take all he had—Ed, I hadda bounce him!"

"You didn't lose nothin'!" I says. "Me and Bloom and the rest of the gang cleaned up on you! Your mother and sister will never want for nothin', because they're gonna live with Jeanne. Maybe your mother can give her some tips on how to bring up a infant. I lost my mother, kid—well, a long time ago, and—well, kid, maybe your mother won't mind adoptin' another son, hey?"

**JOE**, he almost knocked Bloom through the ropes jumpin' up.

"You guys won on me?" he hollers. "After I told you I was gonna lay down?"

"Sure!" I grins back. "I knowed once you got in the ring and this champ stung you, you'd forget everything for the minute except trimmin' him. I knowed you had it on him whenever you wanted to cut loose. And as for that layin' down thing—hell, you're Irish, ain't you?"

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## Beejum's Progress

Continued from page 10

against something solid and, with a little surprised cry, dropped to the bridge deck. Beejum flashed a hand light on him, at the same time sending a messenger to break the doctor out of his bunk. They found his scalp torn, his forehead cut, his nose broken.

"Otherwise he is all right," said the surgeon.

In five minutes Beejum had forgotten all about him. He was below and safe, but sea and wind were still with him. He could feel his little ship all but collapsing under the pressure of it. He imagined, perhaps he did feel her sides caving in and springing out; but there was no mere fancy to the thrust, thrust, thrust of her shafts, the beat, beat, beat of the heart of her great little engines as they drove her on.

She was a wonder, the little 666, and still mounting the seas at twenty knots an hour.

Beejum looked at his wrist watch. Two o'clock. Two hours yet to go, and already he was feeling the strain of it! If no other destroyer were near, or no convoy, he would have sent a messenger to the skipper for permission to slow her down. A month back he would have sent for the skipper anyway. That he knew. But not now. If the skipper would only come of himself! But he did not come. He had come on other nights with one-quarter of the excuse, but to-night never a sign of him! Well, there was only one thing to do—the 666 had to hold her position. Out in the smash and swirl of it were other little destroyers, none of them any bigger or stronger than the 666, and they had to keep position too. On the keeping of each of his place in times of stress depended the success of the transport service. What one could do another would have to—that was all there was to that!

Beejum gave up then and there all thoughts of sending for the skipper.

### Shooting the Chutes

IT was not himself who was keeping him there. Beejum was too clear and cold of mind not to admit that. We have said in the beginning that so far as natural gifts go Beejum was a most ordinary young man. We stick to that; but Beejum had been trained to marshal his thoughts. Clever junior partners of the Beejum organization might be furnishing the original ideas, but the head of the house was to be always trained to weigh and consider. Such had been the dictum of the house of Beejum for generations. Beejum had fear of this thing now. His was not the excess vitality of the sons of generations who take life as they find it, who have no fear of danger because they enjoy that too, with never a worry that the world will stop revolving if they die. His was not the bounding youth of the undistinguished. He had fear of what might happen now, but he had to go through with it. It was easier also to go through with it than to stand before his mates and say he dare not go through with it. So the months of training, the habit of the fleet, had molded him; and so, in the spirit of the service, he faced his job and, facing it, watched her anew, rushing up one side of a hill of water like a roller coaster and down the other like shooting the chutes.

Sometimes after shooting up she did not so quickly come shooting down. She seemed to stick there, the bow of her to the foc'sle break hanging over the edge, as it were, giving Beejum a cold fear that the whole forward end of her was going to break off like a stick of candy. Those were the times when he most wished that the skipper would drift up and pass judgment.

The wind came stronger, the seas yet higher. The lookouts to windward had to turn their faces inboard because of the pellets of water which were shooting into their faces like little bullets. The sea was more white than black now, almost all white when the thick squalls of rain were not washing it

from their sight. And the wind was playing tunes. Not much rigging on the 666 for the wind to play tunes on, but the smokestack guys were there. Smokestack guys braced good and hard make for high notes. Slack 'em away and the notes are lower; and low notes make for melancholy. The low rolling smokestacks must have eased the guys away that night, for it was an elegy, a dirge, that Beejum fancied he heard in the night.

### "Pretty Rough, Sir"

THREE o'clock! Another hour of it. Half past three! Another half hour of it. At quarter to four they should be raising a light ahead. At quarter to four a lookout sighted it. When Beejum brought that light abeam it would be four o'clock—so the instructions were.

At four o'clock he brought that light abeam, the proof in itself that the 666 had never slacked away from her twenty knots. The white horses of the sea were still charging across her bow, and the wind still whistling dead marches through her standing gear, and standing on her bridge and sparing a look below and aft Beejum saw the white belt still rolling by to either side of her waist, and astern she was still reeling out an endless tape of boiling white.

"Whee-yeu!" said the first watch officer fervently as he came on the bridge. "I got yuh," he added, and relieved Beejum.

Beejum went below and turned in. When he awoke the ship was in port. He dressed and went on deck. He looked around. One, two, three—they were all there, every destroyer and every transport, the transports with their tens of thousands of troops, all safe in port. And he had helped to bring them there.

The skipper came up through a hatch, a warrant machinist behind him.

"Hello, Beejum!" The skipper hailed him genially.

Beejum had never seen him smile so. "She broke two of her frames last night—in your watch probably, and we will have to lay in for repairs. How did you find it up there last night anyway?"

If Beejum had said what he really thought, he would have said a bookful, but the virtues of the service were coming to him with every second these days. A great virtue is not to overstate a danger one has been through.

"Pretty rough, sir," he answered now. "Pretty rough? I guess it was. Were you worried?"

"Every minute, sir."

The skipper grinned. "You had reason to be. I was on the deck below you, in the chart house, through two hours of it. I was expecting you to send for me, but you didn't. It was a tough night for this little old battler kicking out twenty knots. You won't have to stand 'em any tougher than that. You did damn well, Beejum—damn well."

"Thank you, sir." That was all he allowed himself. There were a dozen of the crew standing around when the skipper said it, and Beejum knew that they would thereafter look on him with a new respect.

### He Was No Hero

HE would look upon himself with a new respect. He was no hero, and he knew it, not even of the kind which, having done something—or nothing—stands up at the organized banquets and says: "No, no, gentlemen, it is not for me to say I am a hero. I only did my duty."

A year before Beejum might have stood up at a dinner after a night like the night previous, and said just that, and said it with conviction. But not now. He had something now that his people had not willed to him.

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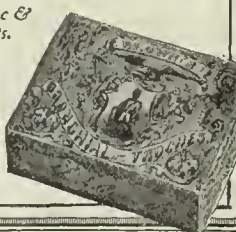
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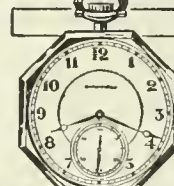
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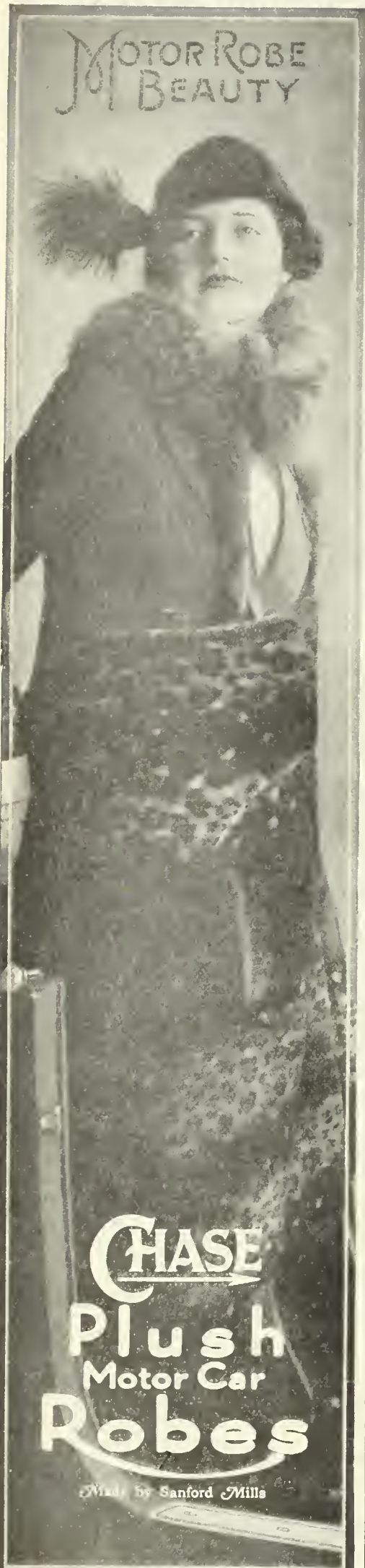


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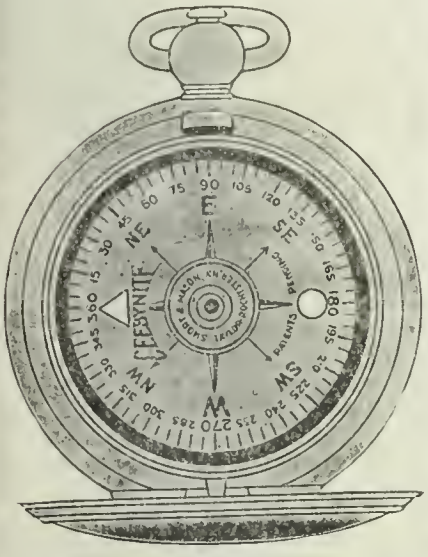
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## League of Nations

Continued from page 6

far better able to carry on future wars than any other two European powers. Exhausted as she is, it yet remains true that every other European power is much more exhausted. Every country in Europe needs the League of Nations, for reasons that are apparent to the slightest examination. But in the need for a league of nations, in the need to be apprehensive about future wars, there is a great distinction between the nations of Europe, on the one hand, and America on the other hand.

On the altruistic side we ought to have and do have just as much concern with preventing future wars as any other nation. But on the material side the case is very different. We are in a better position both to escape being involved in future wars and to defend ourselves if we are involved. It is true that the next war, if there should be one, will probably be more terrible than this one. The military and naval men all know that.

But, admitting this, an American can't get as apprehensive over it as any European necessarily must be. What H. G. Wells says is quite true: "There is not a capital city in Europe that twenty years from now will not be liable to a bombing raid done by hundreds or even thousands of big airplanes upon or even before a declaration of war." That, of course, spells destruction for London or Paris or Rome or Berlin or Petrograd. But it does not contain any equal menace for Washington or New York. For us our distance is still our defense, and the Atlantic Ocean is our moat. Mr. Wells recognizes this. He wants America to come into the league; he hopes we will; he even assumes we will. But he knows that our situation is not the same as that of England or any other European country. He reveals that he knows it by his repetition of the word European. "All the European empires," he says, "are becoming vulnerable at every point. . . . The only wise course before the allied European powers now is to put their national conceit in their pockets, and to combine to lock up their foreign policy, their trade interests, and all their imperial and international interests into a league so big as to be able to withstand the most sudden and treacherous of blows."

### Geographical Influences

GREAT BRITAIN and the other European nations must have a league of nations or perish; America can get along without one. From a callous material point of view we could say: "Let Europe stew in her own juice; we propose to go it alone in the future as in the past. We shall go on taking advantage of our geographical immunity. We shall stick to our Monroe Doctrine and to Washington's warning against foreign alliances." For us, "splendid isolation" is a more logical doctrine than it was for England when it was proclaimed; we are better equipped to practice it than Great Britain ever was. We are no sprawling empire, vulnerable at a hundred points; on our continent there are no powerful rivals within an airplane's sailing radius of our capital and our metropolis. Mr. Wells, as a European, may well have nightmares about "fleets of 40,000 airplanes with a maximum nonstop range of a thousand miles." But we are more than a thousand miles away. He truly predicts that "in a year Belfast and Berlin will be accessible to bombs of two or three tons." Yes, but not Boston or Chicago.

This difference between our situation with regard to the League of Nations and the situation of the countries of Europe must be borne in mind if there is to be candor or reason in our thinking on the subject. If we go into the League of Nations, we do it on altruistic grounds; on the material side we gain little or nothing that is of immediate and obvious value, and we give up several things that our people prize greatly. (I ought to qualify this by saying that President Wilson has not yet wholly revealed all the details of

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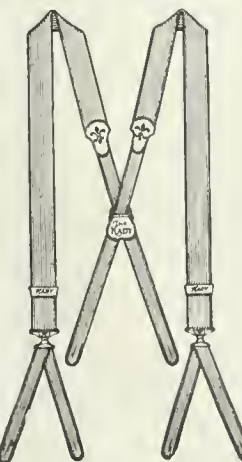
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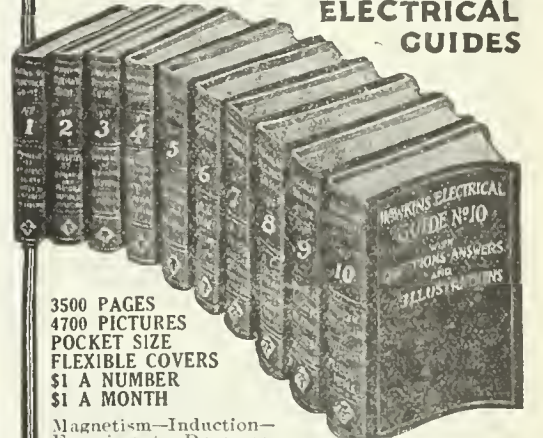
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**FEDERAL TRUCKS at Work for Democracy in Spruce Camps and Shipyards.**

**OVERLOADS AND OVERWORK SEVERE TEST FOR TRUCKS**

**War Service in Forest and Shipyard Put Carriers to the Acid Test—Federals Make Record.**

Down on the water front there is a call for haste. Uncle Sam needs ships. In the timber regions of Grays harbor and Willapa harbor Uncle Sam is rushing out spruce for airplane stock. The need is urgent and will brook no delay. Federal trucks are doing their bit in both places. Thousands of them are in the government service in all parts of the country, but the spruce camps of Washington are probably giving the Federals their hardest tryout. The roads are just common makeshifts that are typical of logging camps. The cry of the hour is speed and more speed. Overloads and overwork are the order of the day, and trucks, like man power, are expected to be on hand from sunrise to sunset and off to the night, carrying the spruce to the railroad. When the spruce produc-

tion was put under a forced draft, the signal corps of the army, which has the spruce work in hand, investigated the performance of the various trucks then in operation in the timber regions, and the result was that a fleet of Federals was ordered for the work. The splendid record of the Federals in the woods has made them the favorite of the soldier-loggers, and the slogan, "Another Federal," is the call of the loading stations when the logs come in particularly fast.

At the Seattle Construction & Dry Dock Company another Federal is making a record for stability and speeding up the ships that are to perform their part in beating the Hun on the battle fields of Europe. The two-ton Federal works two eight-hour shifts in the shipyards hauling heavy

plates and ship fittings from the shops and unloading platforms to the sides of the ships. Overloads are the customary thing at the big plant, and it is a rare occasion when the Federal carries less than twice its capacity. For nearly a year this has been going on, only each succeeding month has seen the work heavier and the overloads greater, yet the Federal is a stranger to the shop, and the men who drive it claim that they have not lost thirty minutes because of any mechanical trouble.

That is the Federal record in Washington. Hundreds of other Federals are doing their bit in speeding up business, saving man power and reducing overhead cost in order that America may quickly and effectively reach its maximum efficiency in the world war.

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**Federals Make Record.**

his plans for a league of nations; when these details come out at the Peace Conference, we may learn that America, in common with other nations, will be seen to get, ultimately, some material commercial advantages out of the internationalizing of colonies and sources of raw materials. In all this discussion it must be borne in mind constantly that much depends on exactly what the League of Nations, when it is put up to us for adoption in concrete form, turns out to be.)

### Wilson, the League Leader

THE American whose name is most commonly associated with opposition to the League of Nations is Mr. Roosevelt. But Mr. Roosevelt's position is not unqualified opposition. In one of his "Metropolitan Magazine" articles some months ago he said: "We nationalists are ready to join any league to enforce peace . . . which offers a likelihood of, in some measure, lessening the number and the area of future wars, but only on condition that . . . we do not surrender our right and duty to prepare our own strength for our own defense."

More lately I gather from conversation and correspondence with Mr. Roosevelt that, at the present time, he shares the general desire for some kind of international league; and he is just now especially concerned that, in the starting of it, emphasis shall be laid on certain factors that appeal to him as fundamental. One of these is that we should begin by including in the league only the present Allies, and admit other nations only as their conduct warrants it; another is that we should expressly reserve certain subjects, like immigration, to be determined by ourselves alone, and not to be subject to any international tribunal. The final point that Mr. Roosevelt insists upon—and his emphasis on it gives one an emotion of regard for him—is that we shall be extremely careful not to make any promises that our people either can't keep or may not want to keep when the time comes. "Let us," he says, "with deep seriousness ponder every promise we make, so as to be sure that our people will fulfill it."

The real American antagonist of the League of Nations is ex-Senator Beveridge. If you are, as most advocates of the League of Nations are, in a rather exalted mood about it, you will be made very peevish by Mr. Beveridge's cynicism; if you are open-minded, you may enjoy its pungency; and if you are candid, you will be forced to admit that, in spite of the oratorical arm-swinging and tremolo, Mr. Beveridge has done a painstaking piece of work. One would like to hear a joint debate about the League of Nations between Mr. Beveridge and Mr. H. G. Wells. That would be an international oratorical contest worth going far to hear. Only you feel sure that Mr. Wells would be very irritated and, probably, would walk off the stage in anger at the Indianan's extreme Indiananess, so to speak. Mr. Beveridge is very much from Indiana; he is also from Missouri, from the remotest fork of the creek in the Ozark Hills. Mr. Beveridge keeps his feet firmly on the banks of the Wabash, on the distant hills he sees the American eagle, George Washington's farewell address is clutched tightly in his right hand, and the "wisdom of the fathers" is his law and gospel. He is strong for "the sacred traditions of Americanism" and "the stern and splendid days of old." Mr. Beveridge's philippic against the League of Nations was delivered as a commencement address at De Pauw University, at Greencastle, Ind., on the banks of the Big Walnut River, and it belonged there. It breathes the atmosphere. (You can take that as something to smile at or something to admire, just as you happen to feel about it.)

Mr. Wells, on the other hand, as a man "thinks internationally"—the phrase is Mr. Wells's own—is really very exalted about the League of Nations. If you are one of those who have read everything Mr. Wells ever wrote, and if you have been particularly ap-

preciative of the quality of humor in "Tono-Bungay," you find yourself a little surprised and saying to yourself that you didn't know Mr. Wells was a man of so much poetic feeling. On the League of Nations Mr. Wells is lyrical; he is like a man in love. He says the League of Nations is "the most creative and hopeful of political ideas that has ever dawned upon the consciousness of mankind." He urges you to let the idea "swing freely in your mind," so that you come "to feel the bigness of it."

To this kind of exhortation Mr. Beveridge retorts with what is really a witty controversial phrase. "Just now," he says, "a gale of international mysticism, issuing from a foreign cave of the winds, is blowing across the Atlantic to America." The phrase is witty because it is true. There is a kind of mysticism in the exhortation of the more exalted evangelists of the League. Mr. Beveridge calls it a "gust of emotion, a storm of sentimentality." Also, throughout his argument, Mr. Beveridge would say to Mr. Wells: "You're an Englishman." He says the same thing, and says it as if it were a rather unpleasant epithet, about nearly everybody else who advocates the League of Nations. He speaks of innocent Mr. Carnegie "as a powerful American citizen of foreign birth." He says that "any foreign nation whatever," meaning England, "would be only too delighted to renew itself from our fresh, young strength, only too happy to have our help to pull us through the sloughs of historic troubles." He intimates that "foreign" statesmen are smarter than ours, and in a league of nations would be constantly putting things over on us. He appeals quite frankly to our historic American prejudices. He fights the Revolution over again, and exults as he does it. He denounces the League of Nations as a "project not of American origin," but the foreign fruit of "a highly organized and well-financed propaganda." Mr. Beveridge sees himself summoned, as by the ghost of Washington, to expose "this sapping and ruining of American public opinion which is being conducted with so much skill, energy, and persistence."

By all this kind of innuendo Mr. Wells would undoubtedly be extremely mystified, for he regards himself as fighting in England for the adoption of an idea that emanates from President Wilson. He is always earnestly asking Englishmen to take their leadership from Mr. Wilson rather than from their own politicians. The fact is, the President of the United States is the pioneer, the leading exponent, and the most earnest advocate of the league-of-nations idea. It is true that England has more need of the league than we have, but it decidedly is not true that she is trying to beguile us into something. On the contrary, several Conservative English statesmen are lying awake nights trying to square their ideas to fit Mr. Wilson's liberalism. Everybody in England and France thinks of the idea as coming from us.

### America in the New World

IN spite of his purely provincial point of view and his frank appeals to prejudice, Mr. Beveridge does perform the useful service of pointing out exactly what are the objections to the League of Nations from a purely and selfishly American point of view. He asks: "Would the Monroe Doctrine be impaired?" He says that "as a member of the league the United States would have no more to say about Mexico than Holland or Siam. . . . American rights and honor, as affected by Mexico, would be at the mercy of the majority vote of every nation, little and big, near and remote, friendly or hostile, that is a member of the league." He says: "If the league would prevent foreign wars, it would take out of our hands the settlement of vital American questions and put the settlement of them in the hands of foreign nations; if the league would not prevent foreign wars, then, as a member of it, we would be bound to take part in those wars." To join this league, Mr. Beveridge declares: "We must take from Congress

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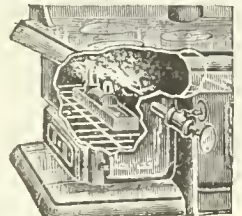
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the power to declare war, and, by treaty, bind ourselves and our children to wage any war, anywhere on earth, that the majority of the league decides to be necessary." He queries whether the League of Nations would affect our present right to have protective tariffs. He asks whether the League of Nations would have jurisdiction over the migrations of people from country to country and thus supersede our own immigration and naturalization laws.

Anyone with an open mind who goes deeply into the huge volume of argument about the League of Nations comes out with a feeling of diffidence. For one thing, we don't know yet just what the league is to be. We can't tell what things it will include until the debates in the Peace Conference have thrashed it out. What is said by a recent circular of the National City Bank of New York is a literal fact: "This decision that the world must make regarding the future among nations is the most tremendous problem in political economy that the world ever knew."

And that is just where the difficulty lies. Primarily, the League of Nations is an institution to prevent future wars. So far as that aspect of it goes, as the Detroit "Saturday Night" says, "that the heart and mind of humanity are set on it is undeniable." But the League of Nations involves also the biggest problem of the peace-time relations of the peoples of the earth with each other that has ever been brought before the world. And on this latter aspect of it, anyone who can take a final position on it in advance of those Peace Conference deliberations which alone can reveal what the details are, is more self-confident than the writer of this article finds it possible to be.

The truth is, whether we go in or stay out, America is bound to be in the new world a figure of unimagined power, moral and material. In any future war the contestants will do exactly as they did in this: they will appeal to our moral judgment, and in future cases, as in the present case, the side whose moral position we approve will be known to be the winner from the moment we draw the sword.

And as to preventing future wars and bringing in an era of permanent peace, I find the last word in one of the most obscure but thoughtful papers in the United States, the "Villager," published at Katonah, N. Y. Paraphrased somewhat, this pregnant utterance is: "The League of Nations cannot offer mankind security; nothing can. It is watchfulness alone which is our strength. If the League of Nations has not behind it the gathering force of centuries of tendency, and ahead of it the complete determination of mankind, then it is a mere device."

## Your Coal Bill

Continued from page 14

is better to have it too big than too small.

The places where the air enters the furnace and the place through which the gases leave the furnace are all-important. It is by opening or closing these that you control the volume of air entering the furnace. It is by working one set of dampers against the other that you hold the air in the furnace until it has done its work. Therefore, these simple devices are all-important.

In the door leading into the ash pit—and hence underneath the fire—there is another small door or opening of some sort. If you open it, you allow air to pass up through the basket or fire pot to mix with the fuel bed. Through it you should let in half the air you need to burn the fixed carbon.

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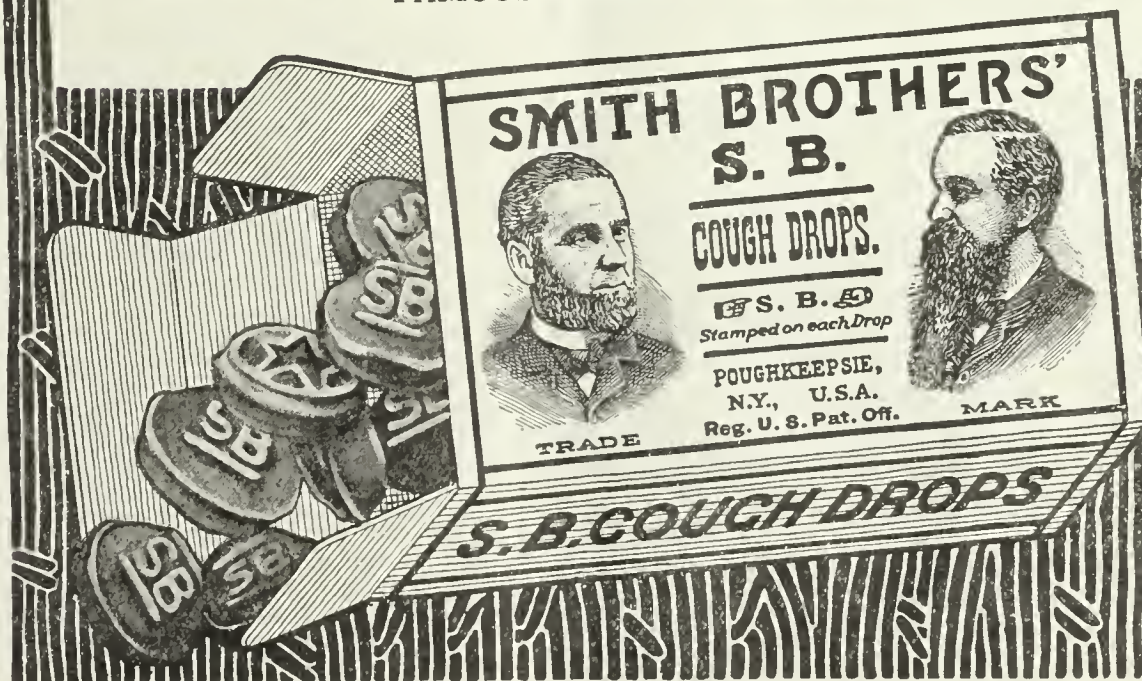
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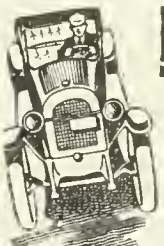
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On top of most furnaces there is another small door—the check damper. In the smoke pipe there is a hinged door—the stack damper. These control the outflow of the furnace gases.

In everyday practice—unintelligently in the main—these two sets of dampers are worked in conjunction and almost as though tied together. That is to say, the following is the common practice: When more air is wanted in the furnace to burn more coal, you open the dampers in the ash-pit door; commonly you open the ash-pit door itself. Having done that, you open wide the stack damper. Your theory is that the air must have free passage through the furnace.

A far more practical thing to do is to let the air into the furnace by opening the lower dampers, and then to hold it there—by partly closing the stack damper—until it has been mixed thoroughly with the burning coal. That is what I mean by "working one set of dampers against the other."

When I have reached this point, in my discussion of coal burning, some sharp on chemistry always comes forward to say: "You let air in from underneath and heat it. That expands it. Then you take solid coal and convert it into gas. You expand its volume tremendously. Now you propose to shut down the stack damper, in part, so that volume of gas cannot escape. My dear sir, you are a new variety of amusing idiot. You overlook the fact that if you prevent this gas from going up the chimney it will go into and fill the house. You are simply planning to smoke the householder out of his heated rooms."

Such gentlemen lose my point. I do not hold the gases after they have been made. I simply do not make an unnecessary volume of them. What I am trying to do is to get heat. This does not come merely from burning coal. It comes from burning coal completely. So I am trying to get heat and still to save coal. To get the greatest amount of heat I want to mix the coal and the air thoroughly—the way it is done when a mine explodes. So I arrange to make a lot of air available to the coal by letting it in from beneath and holding it there by partly closing the damper until it has finished its work. I give the air plenty of chance to get at the coal but limit coal burning by limiting the amount of gas which soon goes up the chimney. There is a big point.

## Eliminating Clinkers

MY personal experience has suggested that, contrary to popular belief, every house furnace has far more draft than it needs. My rule is:

Allow to pass into a house furnace only one-half of the air you think is absolutely necessary. Then, arbitrarily, divide that amount by two or three. The same rule applies to letting gases into the chimney.

One of the best coal-burning appliances I have seen for house use is the hot-blast stove. Yet when its lower damper is wide open the space through which the air passes is only one-seventh of the size of the grate upon which the coal is burning. If this is true, then evidently it does not take near as much air to burn coal as we all suppose.

On the contrary, in most house furnaces, the ash-pit door is about twice as big as the grate on which the coal is burning. When you want a "good draft" you throw the ash-pit door wide open and then open the stack damper wide. That allows about fourteen times as much air to pass through the fire as it can accommodate. The result is half-burned coal, a cooling of the fire, and an awful waste generally.

In most house furnaces—which have warped from long use and overheating—enough air will leak in around the loose ash-pit door to sustain the proper sort of a fire. If the ash-pit door is tight, to open the ash-pit damper an eighth or a quarter of an inch is enough.

Another valuable aid to controlling the flow of air is to leave a layer of ashes on the grate. I make it a rule never to shake down more than just the ashes which have become finely powdered. A few shakes of the grate are enough.

By this process I also avoid the formation of clinkers. A clinker is formed by creating a lot of heat at the bottom of the fire and then by piling coal so compactly on top that the heat cannot escape. It stays in the fire and melts the ash until it runs together. That is a clinker.

It is impractical to put so little coal on a fuel bed that even a great amount of heat when made can escape through it at once. Therefore I use the simpler method. I fire enough coal to last a desired length of time. Then I create no more heat than can pass conveniently and easily up through the compact coal. I do this by slowing down the draft and by leaving the ashes on the grate. That saves coal and also avoids the formation of clinkers.

Those Mysterious Dampers

HENRY KREISINGER, the fuel expert of the United States Bureau of Mines, has lately proved a point in this connection which every householder should know. That is: Coal will burn completely if the draft is let in from the bottom only, if the fuel bed is no thicker than four inches. For this reason, he says that all coal—even anthracite—must be burned only one-half on the draft let in from the bottom and the other half on draft let in on top of the fire.

That has been my experience in my own house furnace. To let the air in on top of the fire I open the damper—the draft slide—in the feed door. If anthracite is being burned, I allow this opening to be of exactly the same size as the opening allowed in the damper in the ash-pit door.

The importance of this fact about air both above and below the fire cannot be overstated when you are burning bituminous (soft) coal. In burning soft coal you have to contend with the volatile matter or gas which is not present in anthracite. It has a decided tendency to stew out of the coal and start to fly away. The air which enters the furnace from beneath can drive this gas off from the coal, but there is not enough air to burn it. It rises to the level of the feed door as good burnable but unburned material. It must be burned at that point or it will escape as smoke. Therefore it is necessary to let in, through the feed door, not only enough air to complete the burning of half of the fixed carbon, but enough more to burn all of the gases. To burn these gases I open the damper in the feed door three times as wide—immediately following the firing of soft coal—as I do when burning anthracite or as is necessary when the soft-coal fire is half an hour old.

As Mr. Kreisinger says, there is no royal road to success along these lines. Every man's furnace and draft are a little different from those of every other. It is a question of experimenting until you know what to do. When beginning an experiment I recommend that you start with what you consider no draft at all. Then open the dampers ever so little at a time. When you have the right mixture, the fire will hold—even when using soft coal—and give you an even and desired temperature for four to six hours. You are using too much draft if any kind of coal burns out or if the fuel bed burns thin in any furnace inside of four hours. With most coals there is too much draft, for economy, if the fire thins perceptibly or burns out inside of six hours. This is true regardless of the weather.

If you burn any kind of coal in this way and still do not get a warm house, one of three things is wrong:

First—The house is at fault in that it is leaking the heat through walls or windows.

Second—The furnace is too small and is not creating enough heat.

Third—You are creating the heat in the furnace, but there is something radically wrong with the system by which the heat is transferred to the living rooms.

The one question which I am asked most often is: "What size of coal do you recommend?" This is an involved question and seems about as hard to answer as its equivalent: How long is a string? It all depends. There is,





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14



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caused the deformity seen at the left. It had existed 9 years when the McLain Sanitarium straightened the foot. See other picture. The patient writes:

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however, one golden rule: the smaller the piece of coal, the quicker it will burn because there are more points of contact between the coal and the air. If you use coal of the size of a hen's egg, it will naturally burn much faster than coal of the size of a grapefruit and vastly faster than coal of the size of a pumpkin.

That being true, it stands to reason that the smaller sizes of soft coal will not only burn faster, but will throw off vastly more smoke than will the larger pieces. I have proved this to my sorrow by having a smoke explosion in my furnace due to driving off too much smoke from the smaller coal. However, I have also proved that these smaller sizes are really better—if you control the draft. To burn them properly, let less air in from underneath and more air in from above the fire.

### Heat and Humidity

UP to this point I have been telling how to generate the greatest amount of heat while using the least amount of coal. But I do not pretend to say that it saves coal merely to burn it properly. That would be foolish. Really to save coal you must get all of that heat into the living rooms. And you must use no more heat than is necessary to keep you comfortable. Right there we run headlong into the fact that "comfort" is a relative term. It is possible for the same persons, on the same day and in the same health, sitting in the same room, dressed in the same clothing, to be equally comfortable through great changes of temperature.

The answer to this seeming enigma is that completely dry air—if such a thing is possible—at a temperature of, say, 79 is as comfortable as air wholly saturated with moisture at 54. Therefore one might start the day in dry air at 79 and allow the temperature to fall as the relative humidity increases. If the two are equal, he would be unconscious of the change. Or, if he starts at a temperature of 54, with the air saturated and if moisture is extracted as the temperature rises, he will not know the difference. This indicates that to save coal, really, the thing to do is to humidify the air and heat it to a lower temperature.

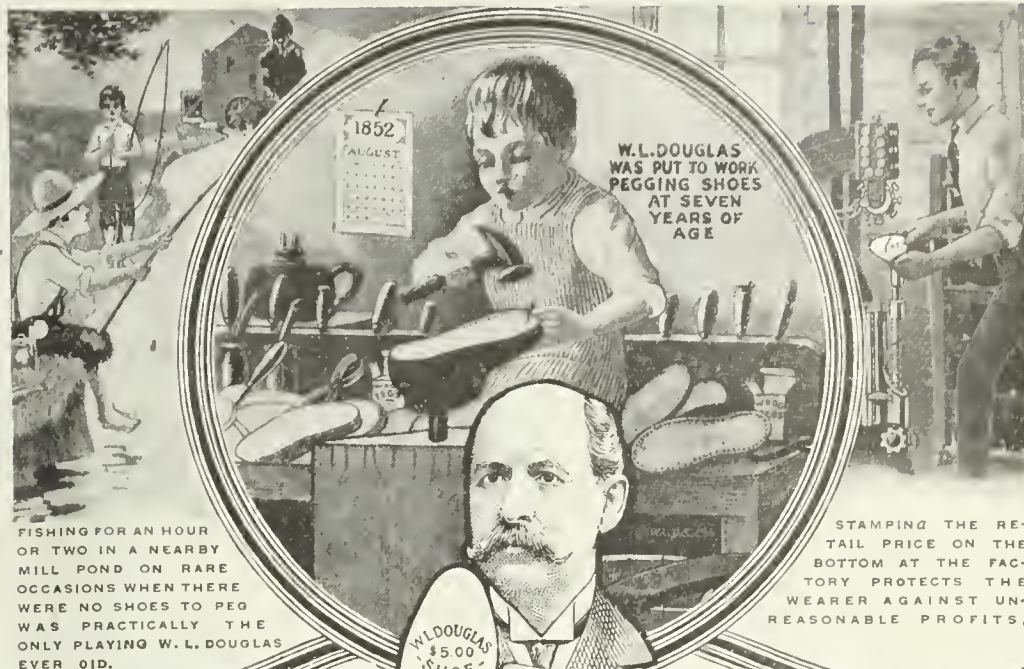
In the Temperate Zone the natural relative humidity of the air is from 60 to 75. In the regions around large bodies of water the relative humidity is generally 75. In the inland it is 60.

If the air inside the house is kept as moist as it is outside, in the inland the house temperature should be 64 and the relative humidity should be 60. Next to large bodies of water the house temperature should be 60 and the relative humidity should be 75. The following table will tell at what relative humidity and house temperature the "comfort" of the individual is the same (H, relative humidity; T, comfortable temperature):

| H     | T  | H     | T  | H      | T  |
|-------|----|-------|----|--------|----|
| 0...  | 79 | 40... | 69 | 80...  | 59 |
| 10... | 76 | 50... | 66 | 90...  | 56 |
| 20... | 74 | 60... | 64 | 100... | 54 |
| 30... | 71 | 70... | 61 |        |    |

To know what to do to get the proper humidity in a room—assuming there is to be a complete change of air every hour—one illustration will serve. A room that is 12 x 15 feet with the ceiling of ordinary height should have evaporated in it about one-third of a gallon of water every hour. If the heating system is steam or vapor, this moisture can be sprayed into the air. If one uses a stove, a hot-air furnace or a hot-water system, the water will have to be evaporated into the air by the use of pans. . . .

Since writing the above I have made an experiment which will bring comfort to many householders who are forced to use soft coal this year. By using the air-controlling method described in this article I have caused a quick-burning Illinois coal to hold fire for eighteen hours. If I can do it with a free-burning Illinois coal, you can do it with a slower-burning coal from elsewhere. This method of draft regulation assures that you can keep up heat and still hold a fire overnight.



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# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



DECEMBER 14, 1918

VOLUME 62 NO. 14

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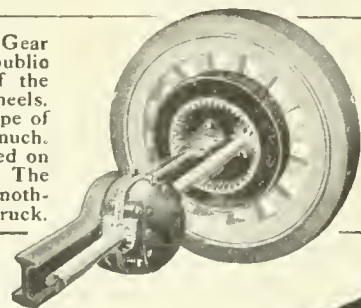
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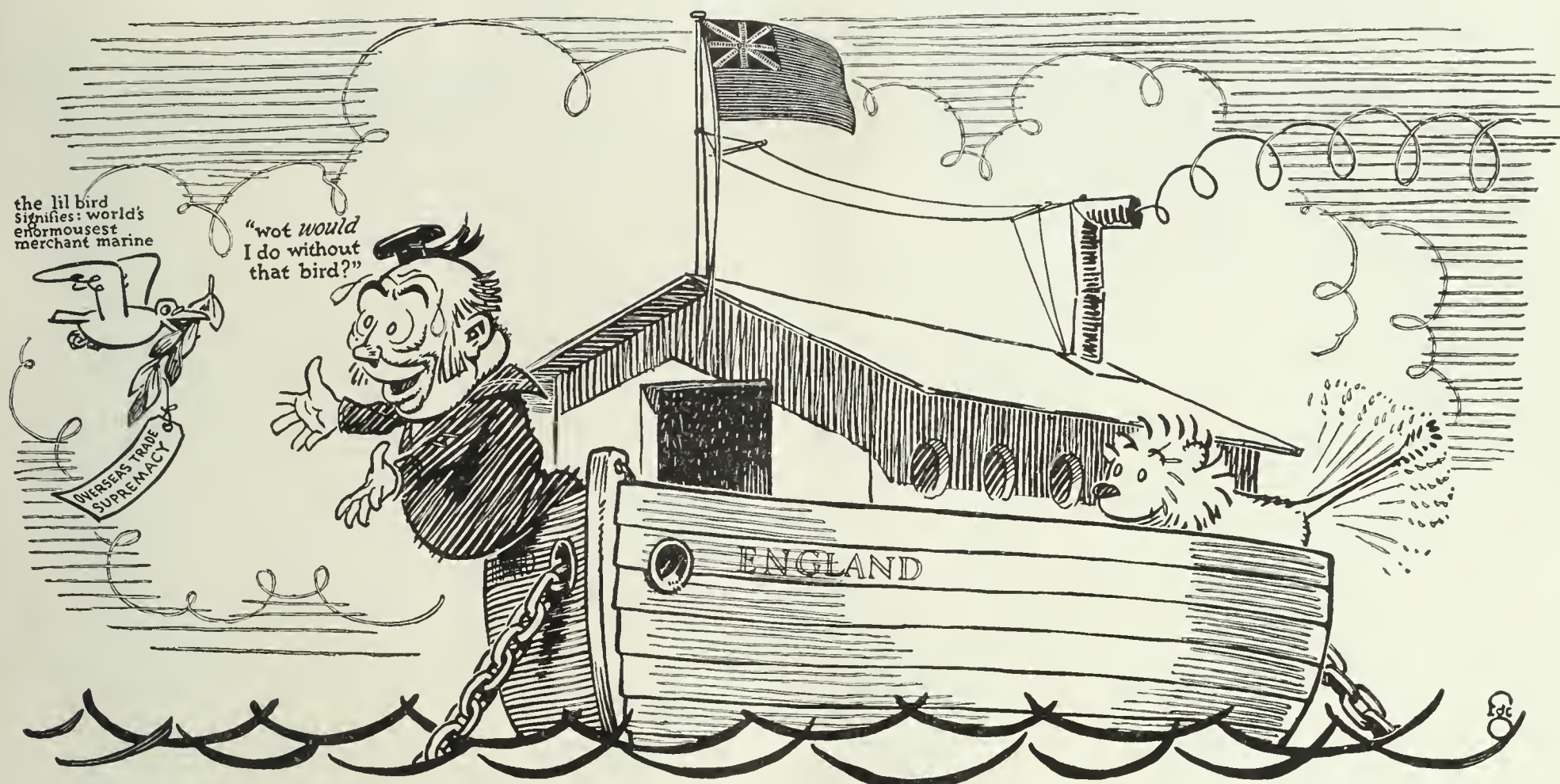
# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

New York: 416 West 13th Street. London:  
6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 14, 1918

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# Who Shall Be Mistress of the Sea?

Part IV of "America's Part in the New World"

BY MARK SULLIVAN

IT will take no effort for anyone to recall what was going on in the world during the early days of last August and the closing days of July. Château-Thierry had just been fought; fragmentary details about it were just coming out. For that matter, the world has not yet had much more than fragmentary details. The full history of what the Americans did at Château-Thierry must await a competent historian. I do not know where the military experts will place it in their lists of the world's great battles. But, basing my opinion upon what I have heard from men who saw it, and from other men more highly placed who knew the results of it, I feel justified in saying that it would be impossible to overstate the dramatic quality of the thing the Americans did at that little French town. The manner of the men who saw that fighting, when they speak of it, has something of awe and wonder. On one day the Germans were driving headlong on toward Paris, confident, strong, and proud; on another day they were falling back, baffled, apprehensive, fear in their hearts. And up and down the whole line, from Switzerland to the sea, along the German line as well as the Allied line, there leaped from mouth to mouth a hurried whisper, a wild rumor carried on the winds: "The Americans are in the line; they have met the Prussian Guard; they have beat the Prussian Guard." And it was this wild whisper, at the apex of the year, that reversed the intangible thing that is called morale and turned the German tide in a backward course which to-day has landed it behind the Rhine.

I shall never forget the manner of General Mangin when he spoke of those first American troops who fought with the French between Château-Thierry and Soissons. This most dashing of the French generals looks like a miniature replica of the great German, Hindenburg. Like Hindenburg, he is short, and wears his hair pompadour, cut flat across the top, so that it looks as if you could safely set a cup of coffee on its wiry ends. He has the same deeply lined fea-

tures as Hindenburg; but where Hindenburg's face is stolid and brutal, General Mangin's is characteristically French, alert, and always under the play of feeling, stern or humorous. He was obviously glad to see American visitors. "Tell them," he said to the interpreter, "that I have commanded two divisions of their troops." And then he spoke of the American troops in friendly terms. The compliments were not merely formal expressions of politeness; they were obviously spontaneous and sincere. He spoke of the Americans' initiative; he said they like to be allowed to fight in their own way, and that, fighting in their own way, they are wonderful. And then, as he said his concluding sentence, something reflective and wistful came into his features, as if he was recalling things he might have done in his own youth, something dashing, gallant, even reckless and wild. "Those Americans were in the field, going forward, fighting, within fifteen minutes after the trucks had brought them up," he said.

It was dashing; it was even reckless; it was wasteful of life. The actual ground at Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood could have been won at smaller cost. But it was just that prodigal pouring out of

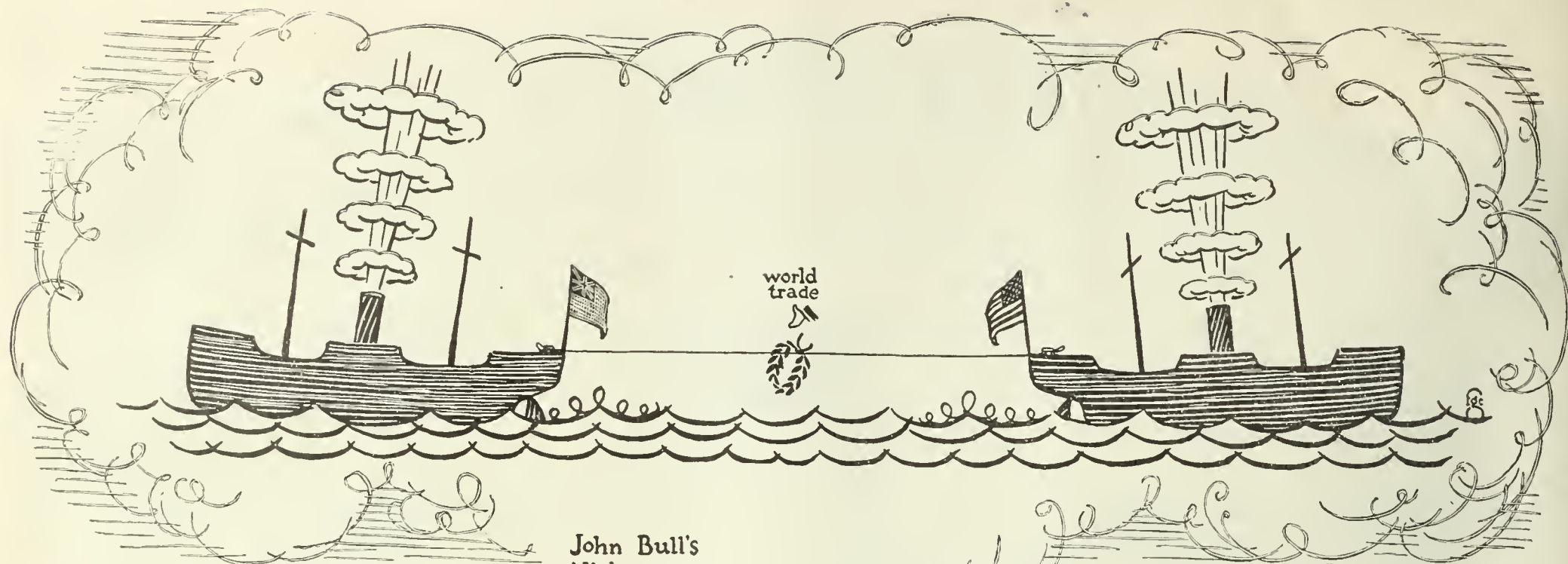
youth and strength and high spirits that was needed to turn the tide, to effect the change in morale which was all-important. That it should be the Americans who could and did make this contribution of invincible dash was, of course, merely one of the incidents of the way the war has gone. The French and English had been equally prodigal when they too were fresh, but they had been worn down by four years of grueling. It is not too much to say that during those midsummer days the fate of England, of France, and of civilization was in the even balance, and that the balance's turn against Germany and in favor of the Allies was brought about by the Americans who were in the fighting at Château-Thierry and by the other Americans who were rushing across the ocean at the rate of 10,000 a day.

Now, this being the state of nations, and these being the things that were

Why England is dependent upon her shipping, the competition of America as a ship-owning nation, the possibility of an international agreement upon the pay of those who man the ships—these are some of the questions Mr. Sullivan writes about in this article. And it is well for us all to know something about these problems now because they will come up before the Peace Conference.

Mr. Sullivan's fifth article, next week, will be on "Labor in the New World."—THE EDITOR.





John Bull's  
Nightmare

happening on the battle field, let us examine what was troubling the mind of the British House of Commons. On the 7th day of August, one Pringle, M. P., arose in his seat and addressed himself to the Parliamentary Secretary of the Shipping Controller.

"Does the honorable gentleman know," said Pringle, M. P., "that the British flag has disappeared from the trade between North and South America, and that six vessels under the American flag sailed from New York to South American ports between June 26 and July 15?"

(It will not escape the reader that Pringle, M. P., is shocked that ships which carry American goods from an American city to South America, nowhere touching any British port, should carry an American flag instead of a British one.)

Pringle, M. P., was followed by Hogge, M. P. His language was quite expressive, though colloquial rather than elegant. Hogge wanted to know if the Americans were "collaring our trade."

(Note again the air of ownership: "Collaring our trade," a trade between a United States port and South American ports.)

Then Pringle, M. P., and Hogge, M. P., were reenforced by Houston, M. P. Houston, M. P., wanted to know whether the honorable gentleman and the Shipping Controller and the British Government altogether were "aware that the British flag has disappeared from this trade between New York and South America."

### "The Common Cause"

THE member to whom the questions were directed, and who answered officially as the representative of the Shipping Controller, was Sir Leo Money, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Shipping. Money, M. P., answered with the air of being patient and tactful, and a little embarrassed by this blurting out publicly questions of a character to make a good deal of a squeak in the harmony of the Allies. He said the facts were as stated. He said the Shipping Controller was acquainted with the facts. They had been brought to his attention again and again. He recognized the importance of them. The situation was very lamentable. The Shipping Controller had made the War Cabinet aware of it. It was a difficult situation. The Shipping Controller had done the best he could.

And then Sir Leo Money put in words the facts which lay beneath the whole situation, and which were the immediate cause of this particular irritation.

(The more fundamental cause of this whole concern of the British for their trade and their prestige will be discussed more fully later on. It is a grave concern, because the events of the war as a whole were threatening Britain's position as Mistress of the Sea, and tending to give that position to the United States.)

Money, M. P., explained to Hogge, M. P., and Pringle, M. P., and Houston, M. P., and the rest of the British Parliament, that the British ships which had formerly covered this trade between New York and South America had been withdrawn in order to bring American soldiers to Europe. He said: "We



It is a source of grave concern. . . . An ally of  
to-day may become a trade rival after the war

are lending these ships to America in the common cause of the Allies, and by so doing 10,000 American soldiers are arriving in Europe every day."

(Sir Leo Money used the word "lending." It struck me as a dubious use of that particular word, for I had already been informed that America was—and still is—paying for the use of these ships, paying what struck me as a rather stiff price: namely, seventy-five dollars for each soldier carried, and the soldiers are packed on the ships with a closeness which makes you think of a huge brown beehive in swarming time. I heard a good deal of complaint expressed in England because, as it was said, the French were charging rent against the English and the Americans for the use of the trenches in which they were fighting. That accusation isn't quite true. At least it isn't true in the sense in which one hears it talked about. When the American troops, in camp or elsewhere back of the line, occupy land and dig trenches in it for practice or for other purposes, an arrangement is made with the private owner of the land to pay him a reasonable sum for the use of it. The arrangement was discussed with me by the American generals who made it as if the whole basis struck them as entirely proper and reasonable. Whatever may be said about it, it does not seem to differ materially from the British charging us for carrying our troops over.)

### England Apprehensive

MONEY'S explanation didn't seem to give any particular happiness to the irritated Hogge. Apparently Hogge thought America ought to get off the earth. At least he said quite pointedly that America ought to get off the sea. "I would suggest," he said, "that American ships should be withdrawn from this service." Houston, M. P., said the same. Pringle, M. P., was less exacting. He merely suggested that "British and American ships should be used in equal proportions in the general cause of the Allies and not for particular trading."

Thus ran the colloquy of Pringle, Money, and Hogge. It was merely the blurting out in public on the House of Commons floor of a subject and a point of view which for a year have been talked about by Englishmen with increasing seriousness. The subject is much wider than the one incident covered by the remarks of Pringle, Money, and Hogge. The withdrawal of British ships from old-established trade routes for the pressing purposes of war; the rapid depletion of the British mercantile marine by submarine sinkings, and, above all, the entry of America into the shipping and shipbuilding business on a tremendous scale—all this has caused most thoughtful Englishmen to be apprehensive.

### Vital Trade Routes

NOW let us all be candid. The need of being tactful in the service of preserving harmony among the Allies is not as urgent as it was when we were faced by a common enemy on the battle field. No one even yet would like to show quite the same manner as Pringle and Hogge, and no one needs to in order to be candid. But we can say openly what we feel and admit, that this point of view of Pringle and Hogge will have on most Americans about the same effect of not overpleased surprise that it had on me. And, having admitted that, let us turn the whole thing around and try to get the British point of view, not the point of view of Pringle and Hogge, but the point of view of entirely reasonable Englishmen. It will be a useful exercise in the business of "thinking internationally," which is just now so strongly commended to us and which, in all seriousness, is really necessary in the new world in which we all find ourselves.

It is quite true that American soldiers were going into the war at the rate of 10,000 a day, and it is quite true that their entry was decisive for the life of England, France, and all the Allies. But it is equally true that those American soldiers were only enabled to get into the war by the action of England in devoting her ships to the work of carrying them over. Without those ships America was impotent.

Our own Admiral Sims recognized the true analysis of the situation. "You are boasting about sending over 10,000 soldiers a day, aren't you?" he said to some American editors with the rallying jocularly that goes with his agreeable frankness and lack of pose. "You are speaking of it as an 'American miracle,' aren't you? Well, it isn't as much an American miracle as it is a British miracle. It is a miracle of British ships, and, most of all, it is a miracle of the British fleet. Sixty-five per cent of those American soldiers would have to stay at home but for the British ships that carry them—and 100 per cent of them would have to stay at home but for the British fleet."

It is true that England let us have these ships for our soldiers only through sacrifice, sacrifice of a kind and degree which the world doesn't know about. It is not merely that she was disrupting the ocean trade which is her single great resource, though that is a more serious matter than can be realized by a people like (Continued on page 25)



# "Gam mire"

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

BLUE and lavender shadows, frayed with mid-summer sunshine, waggled gayly across the grass beneath the trees of a tiny orchard beside Mr. Atwater's old-fashioned brick house, but trembled with justifiable timidity as they hurried over the billowing surfaces of an abnormally wide and thick colored woman who sat upon the steps of the back porch. Her right hand held in security one end of a leather leash; the other end of the leash was fastened to a new collar about the neck of an odd and fascinating dog, seated upon the cement walk at her feet, and regarding her with a gravity which seemed to disconcert her. She was unable to meet his gaze, and constantly averted her own whenever it furtively descended to his. In fact, her expression and manner were singular, denoting embarrassment, personal hatred, and a subtle bedazzlement. She could not look at him, yet could not keep from looking at him. There was something here which arose out of the depths of natural character; it was intrinsic in the two personalities, that is to say; and was an addition to the bitterness consequent upon a public experience which had been brought upon her partly by his appearance (in particular the style and color of his hair) and partly by his unprecedented actions in her company upon the highway.

She addressed him angrily, yet with profound uneasiness.

"Huh!" she said. "You ain't feelin' as skittish as whut you did, li'l while ago, is you? My glory! I dess would like to lay my han' to you' hide once! I take an' lam you this livin' minute if I right sho' you wouldn't take an' bite me."

She jerked the leash vindictively, upon which the dog at once "sat up" on his haunches, put his forepaws together above his nose, in an attitude of prayer, and looked at her inscrutably from under the great bang of hair which fell like a black chrysanthemum over his forehead. Beneath this woolly lambrequin his eyes were visible as two garnet sparks of which the colored woman was only too nervously aware. She gasped.

"Look-a-here, dog, who's went an' ast you to take an' pray fer 'em?"

He remained motionless and devout.

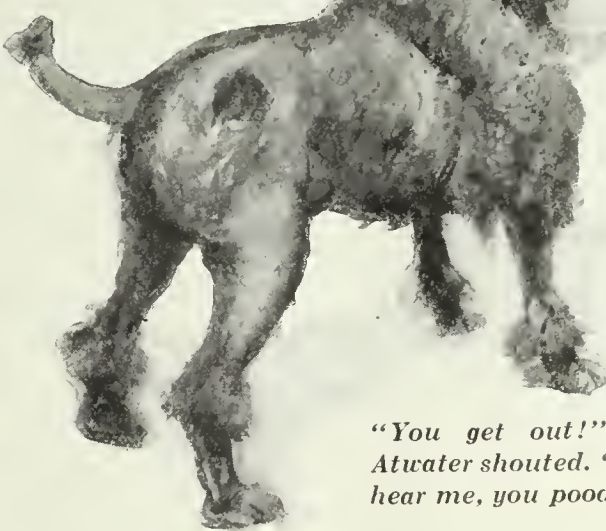
"My goo'niss!" she said to him. "If you goin' keep on thisaway whut you is been, I'm goin' to up an' go 'way from here, right now!" Then she said a remarkable thing. "I ain' never los' no gran'child, an' I ain' goin' 'dop' no stranger fer one, neither!"

ELUCIDATION rests upon the looks and manners of him whom she addressed. This dog was of a kind at the top of dog kingdoms. His size was neither insignificant nor great; probably his weight would have been between a fourth and a third of a St. Bernard's. He had the finest head for adroit thinking that is known among dogs, and an athletic body, the forepart muffled and lost in a mass of corded black fleece, but the rest of him sharply clipped from the chest aft; and his trim, slim legs were clipped, though tufts were left at his ankles, and at the tip of his short tail, with two upon his hips like fanciful buttons of an imaginary jacket; for thus have such dogs been clipped to a fashion proper and comfortable for them ever since (and no doubt long before) an imperial Roman sculptor so chiseled one in bas-relief. In brief, this dog, who caused Mrs. Kitty Silver so much disquietude, as she sat upon the back steps at Mr. Atwater's, belonged to that species of which no Frenchman ever sees a sample without smiling and lovingly murmuring: "*Caniche!*" He was that golden-hearted little clown of all the world, a French poodle.

To arrive at what underlay Mrs. Silver's declaration that she had never lost a grandchild and had no intention of adopting a stranger in the place of one, it should be first understood that in many respects she was a civilized person. The quality of savagery, barbarism, or civilization in a tribe may be tested by the relations it characteristically maintains with domestic animals; and tribes that eat dogs are usually inferior to those inclined to ceremonial cannibalism. Likewise the civilization, barbarism, or savagery of an individual may be estimated by the same

test, which sometimes gives us evidence of sporadic reversions to mud, such as those German soldiers who left (for the French to find) a thin cat nailed through the paws to a barn door, a cigar in its mouth. Reversions closer home are the stomach priests: whatever does not minister to their bodily inwards is a "parasite." Dogs are "parasites"; they should not live, because to fat and eat them somehow appears uncongenial. "Kill Dogs and Feed Pigs," they write to the papers, and, with a Velasquez available, would burn it rather than go chilly. "Kill dogs and feed pigs—and let me eat the pigs!" they cry, even under no great stress, these stern economists who have not noticed how wasteful the Creator is proved to be, if he made themselves. They take the strictly intestinal view of life. It is not intelligent; bacilli will get them in the end.

But Mrs. Silver was not of these. True, she sometimes professed herself averse to all "animals," but this meant nothing more than her unwillingness to have her work increased by their introduction into the household she served. No; the appearance of the dog had stirred something queer and funda-



"You get out!" Mr. Atwater shouted. "D'ye hear me, you poodle?"

mental within her. All colored people look startled the first time they see a French poodle, but there is a difference. Most colored men do not really worry much about being colored, but most colored women do. In the expression of a colored man, when he looks at a black and woolly French poodle, there is something fonder and more indulgent than there is in the expression of a colored woman when she looks at one. In fact, when some colored women see a French poodle they have the air of being insulted.

NOW, when Kitty Silver had first set eyes on this poodle, an hour earlier, she looked, and plainly was, dumfounded. Never in her life had she seen a creature so black, so incredibly black, or with hair so kinky, so incredibly kinky. Mrs. Silver's young mistress had not observed her closely nor paused to wonder what thoughts were rousing in her mind, but bade her take the poodle forth for exercise outdoors and keep him strictly upon the leash. Without protest, though wearing a unique expression, Kitty Silver obeyed; she walked round the block with this mystifying dog; and during the promenade had taken place the episode which additionally upset her nerves.

She had given a little jerk to the leash, and spoken crossly to the poodle for some lingering near a wonderful sidewalk smell, imperceptible to anyone except himself, when instantly the creature rose and walked beside her on his hind legs. He continued



to parade in this manner, rapidly, but nevertheless as if casually, and without any apparent inconvenience; and Mrs. Silver, never having seen a dog

do such a thing before, for more than a yard or so, and then only under the pressure of many inducements, was unfavorably impressed. In fact, she had most definitely a symptom of M. Maeterlinck's feeling when he found himself left alone with the talking horses: "With whom was she?"

"Look-a-here, dog!" she said breathlessly. "Who you tryin' to skeer? You ain't no person!"

And then the blow fell. It came from an elderly but ever undignified woman of her own race who paused, across the street, and stood teetering from side to side in joyful agitation, as she watched the approach of Mrs. Silver with her woolly little companion beside her. When this smaller silhouette in India ink suddenly walked upright, the observer's mouth fell open, and there was reason to hope that it might remain so, in awed silence, especially as several other pedestrians had stopped to watch the poodle's uncalled-for exhibition. Moreover, the woman was only slightly acquainted with Mrs. Silver, who moved in another and much blue-veined set, and the breach of etiquette was the harder to bear with dignity on that account; for all at once the elderly rowdy saw fit to become uproarious.

"Hoopee!" she shouted. "Oooh, Gran'ma!"

AND so, when the poodle "sat up," unbid, to pray, while Kitty Silver rested upon the steps of the back porch, on her return from the excursion, she fiercely informed him that she had never lost a grandchild and that she would not adopt a stranger in place of one; her implication being that he, a stranger, had been suggested for the position and considered himself fit for it.



He continued to pray, not relaxing a hair. "Listen to me, dog," said Kitty Silver. "Is you a dog, or isn't you a dog? Whut is you, anyway?"

But immediately she withdrew the question. "I ain't astin' you!" she exclaimed, superstitiously. "If you isn't no dog, don't you take an' tell me whut you is: you take an' keep it to you'se'f, 'cause I doe' want to listen to it!"

For the garnet eyes beneath the great black chrysanthemum indeed signified that their owner was about to use human language; casually, too, in a human voice. Instead, however, he appeared to be content with his effort, allowed his forepaws to return to the ground, and looked at her with his head wistfully tilted to one side. This reassured her and even somewhat won her. There stirred within her that curious sense of relationship evoked from the first by his suggestive appearance; fondness was being born, and an admiration which was fundamentally

a form of Narcissism. She addressed him in a mollified voice: "Whut you want now? Don't tell me you' hungry, 'cause you awready done et two dog biskit an' big saucer milk. Whut you stiek you' ole black face crossways at me fer, honey?"

But just then the dog rose to look pointedly toward the corner of the house. "Somebody's coming," he meant.

"Who you spectin', li'l dog?" Mrs. Silver inquired.

A BOY and girl came round the house. They were both recently thirteen, though anything but twins; being first cousins, in fact, and mutually inimical, ordinarily, in manner and speech, if not in actual thought and deed. The girl was Florence Atwater, niece of Kitty Silver's lovely young mistress; and the boy was Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, nephew unto the same lady. He trifled with a tennis ball as he came, and carried a racket under his arm. Florence was peeling an orange. At sight of the poodle they uttered exclamations betokening the liveliest interest, but halted a few feet away from him as a precaution.

"For heavenses' sakes!" Florence cried. "Kitty Silver, where on earth'd this dog come from?"

"B'long you' aunt Julia."

"When'd she get him?"

"Dess to-day."

"Who gave him to her?"

"She ain't sayin'."

"You mean she won't tell?"

"She ain't sayin'," Kitty Silver repeated. "I ast her. I say, I say: 'Miss Julia, ma'am,' I say, 'Miss Julia, ma'am, who ever sen' you sech a unlandish-lookin' dog?' I say. All she say when I ast her: 'Nemmine!' she say, dess thataway. 'Nemmine!' she say. I reckon she ain't goin' tell nobody who give her this dog."

"He's certainly a mighty queer-lookin' dog," said Herbert. "I've seen a few like that, but I can't remember where. What kind is he, Kitty Silver?"

"Miss Julia tell me he a poogle dog."

"A poodle," Florence corrected her, and then turned to Herbert in supercilious astonishment. "A French poodle! My goodness! I should think you were old enough to know that much, anyway—goin' on fourteen years old!"

"Well, I did know it," he declared. "I kind of knew it, anyhow; but I sort of forgot it for once. Do you know if he bites, Kitty Silver?"

She was noncommittal. "He ain't bit nobody yit."

"I don't believe he'll bite," said Florence, growing confident as she stooped and peered at the two garnet sparks behind the black chrysanthemum. "I bet he likes me. He looks like he was taking a fancy to me, Kitty Silver. What's his name?"

"Gammire."

"What?"

"Gammire."

"What a funny name! Are you sure, Kitty Silver?"

"Gammire whut you' aunt Julia tole me," Mrs. Silver insisted. "You kin go on in the house an' ast her; she'll tell you the same."

"Well, anyway, I'm not afraid of him," said Florence; and she stepped closer to the poodle, extending her hand to caress him. Then she screamed with delight as the poodle, at her gesture,



"Well, I mean," said Florence, "how much did the person that gave him to you pay for him?"

rose to his hind legs, and, as far as the leash permitted, walked forward to meet her. She flung her arms about him rapturously.

"Oh, the lovely doggie!" she cried. "He walks on his hind legs! Why, he's crazy about me!"

"Let him go," said Herbert. "I bet he don't like you any more than he does anybody else. Leave go of him, and I bet he shows he likes me better than he does you."

But when Florence released him, Gammire caressed them both impartially. He leaped upon one, then upon the other, and then upon Kitty Silver with a cordiality that almost unseated her.

"Let him off the leash," Florence cried. "He won't run away, 'cause the gates are shut. Let him loose and see what he'll do."

MRS. SILVER snapped the catch of the leash, and Gammire departed in the likeness of a ragged black streak. With his eccentric ears flying in the wind and his afterpart hunched in, purely for comedy, he ran round and round and round the little orchard, simulating the wildness of the wildest dog in the wild world. Altogether a comedian, when the children shrieked with laughter, he wild-dogged the more wildly; then all upon an unexpected instant came to a flat halt, facing his audience, with his nose on the ground between his two forepaws but his hindquarters high and unstooping. And, seeing

they laughed at this, too, he gave them enough of it, then wild-dogged again.

Presently, as he invited pursuit by scampering suggestively nearer and nearer to Florence and Herbert, on his rounds, they chased him, whereupon he ran figures of eight, and wound them up in a hundred invisible strings, while they made great efforts to spank him as he went by them, but always failed even to "get his tag." They made it a game, and played it till all three were breathless, and came back to Kitty Silver and the steps once more, where Gammire sat by her feet with a spiral of pink tongue hanging from a wide-open mouth roofed with black.

FLORENCE resumed the peeling of her orange.

"Who do you *think* gave Gammire to Aunt Julia?" she asked.

"I ain't stedyin' about it."

"Yes, but who do you *guess*?"

"I ain't—"

"Well, but if you had to be burned to death or guess somebody, who would you guess?"

"I haf to git burn' up," said Kitty Silver. "Ev'y las' caller whut comes here is give her some dog-gone animal awready. Mista Sammerses, he give her them two Berjum cats whut you tuck an' skeered, tryin' to wash 'em, so's they run away b'fo' they even had time to let you' grampaw hear 'em mew; an' ole Mister Ridgways whut los' his wife, he give you' aunt Julia them two canaries that tuck an' hopped out the cage an' then out the window, las' week, one day, when you' grampaw was alone in the room with 'em; an' Mista George Plummars, he give her that Airydale dog you' grampaw tuck an' give to the milkman; an' Mista Ushers, he give her them two pups whut you' grampaw tuck an' skeer off the place soon as he laid eyes on 'em; an' thishere Mista Clairidge, he give her that ole live allagatuh from Florida whut I foun' lookin' at me over the aidge o' my kitchen sink—ugly ole thing!—an' you' grampaw tuck an' give it to the greenhouse man. Ain't none nem ge'lmun goin' try an' give her no mo' animals, I bet! So how anybody goin' guess who sen' her thishere Gammire? Nobody lef' whut ain't awready sen' her one an' had the gif' spile."

"Yes, there is," said Florence.

"Who?"

"Noble Dill."

"That there young Mista Dills?"

Kitty Silver cried. "Listen me! Thishere dog 'spensive dog."

"I don't care; I bet Noble Dill gave him to her."

Mrs. Silver hooted. "Go way! That there young li'l Mista Dills, he ain't nev' did show no class, no way nor no time. He wearin' las' year straw hat ri' now. He be hunderd year ole b'fo' you see him in automobile whut b'long to him. Look at a way some nem fine big rich men like Mista Clairidge an' Mista Ridgways take an' th'ow they money aroun'! New necktie ev'y time you see 'em; new straw hat right spang the firs' warm day. Ring do' bell. I say, I say: 'Walk right in, Mista Ridgways.' Slip me dollah bill dess like that! Mista Sammerses, an' Mista Plummars, an' some nem others, they all show class. Look Mista Sammerses' spectickles: made turtle back; fancy turtle, too. I ast Miss Julia; she tell me they fancy turtle. Gol' rim spectickles ain't in it; no, ma'am! Mista Sammerses' spectickles—dess them rims on his spectickles alone—I bet they cos' mo'n all whut thishere young li'l Mista Dills got on him from his toes up an' his skin out. I bet Mista Plummars th'ow mo' money aroun' dess fer gittin' his pants press than whut Mista Dills afford to spen' fer his'n in the firs' place! He lose his struggle, 'cause you' aunt Julia, she out fer the big class. Thishere Gammire, he dog cos' money: he show class same you' aunt Julia. Ain't neither one of 'em got to was'e they time on nobody whut can't show no mo' class than thishere li'l young dishcumbobbery Mista Dills!"

(Continued on page 18)



# And They Shall Beat Their Swords Into—Electrotypes

Being Some Thoughts on the Place of Advertising in a Cleansed and Chastened World

BY BRUCE BARTON

A WAR which deserves wider publicity than it has ever yet received was the one that David waged against the Huns of his generation. They called themselves Amalekites in that day, but the mark of the modern Hun was plain upon them. For they too burned villages and made war upon women and children, taking the whole population of the city of Ziklag into slavery, including even the wives of David himself.

Sweeping down to avenge this outrage, David found it necessary to divide his forces. Four hundred men went forward with him to the battle, but two hundred he was compelled to leave behind to "tarry by the stuff." After the battle was won, when the victors returned laden with their spoils, a bitter controversy broke out. Those who had stayed behind contended for a portion of the captured goods, and the fighters resisted the demand. "Why should we who have run the risk and borne the hardship divide with those who risked nothing?" So, in effect, exclaimed the warriors. "They have their wives and children safe: let them be content. To us, the victors, belong the spoils."

Whereupon David uttered this historic judgment, proclaiming after his own fashion the fact which we have heard so often in these recent days—that the service of those who perform their appointed duties at the rear is no less important than the sacrifice of those who struggle at the front:

"As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike. And it was so from that day forward, that he made it a statute and an ordinance for Israel unto this day."

## "Selling" Words

LOOKING forward to the day when our fighting men will be coming home again, I have been wondering what their attitude will be when they arrive. That it will be an attitude of interrogation I have no doubt. And the question which will come most frequently to

their lips, in my opinion, will not be: "Why were you not with us over there?" That question they will be likely to leave for each man's conscience to raise and answer within himself. Rather they will ask: "What did you do while we were away? What plans have you made for this cleaner and finer world that we have brought back to you? What kind of a world is it to be anyway?"

If we have not already begun to ask ourselves those questions very earnestly, it is high time we did. For this is a fact about war which every student must have noted

—that the nation which wins a war on the battle field often loses it ingloriously at home. Germany won the war in 1870, and in winning it lost her soul. France went down to defeat, and rose chastened and refined to win the admiration and affection of the world. "The morrow of victory," said Mazzini, "is more perilous than its eve."

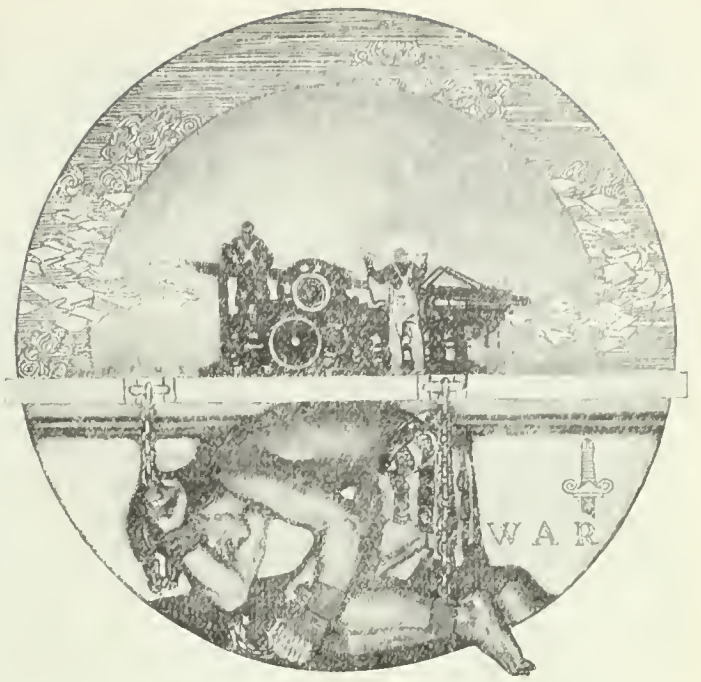
What plans have we made for the morrow of victory while we have been tarrying by the stuff? What sort of a world is our new world to be?

It will, of course, be a different world from any of the worlds of the past, even as this war has been different from any other war. And the point of difference that strikes me first of all, because I am a writing and an advertising man, is this—that it will be a world in which, for the first time, the pen will be actually greater and more powerful than the sword.

Long ago the pen began to enjoy a kind of grudging recognition from the sword. Even Cæsar knew the value of propaganda in breaking down enemy morale. When his soldiers were engaged in blockading Pompey it was their pleasant custom to hurl taunting messages over the front-line trenches. "But Pompey took what care he

could that the words should not reach his men, who were out of heart and despondent." But it remained for this war to give the pen its real chance: we

As editor of "Every Week," Bruce Barton became widely known for his common-sense editorials. He applies some of that common sense in rather an astonishing and enlightening way to the subject of advertising.—THE EDITOR.



have seen it accomplish victories which the sword alone would have been powerless to achieve. It was German propaganda, not German arms, that brought on the great disaster in Italy; it was the activities of the German advertising department that laid Russia prostrate. We Americans, who pride ourselves upon our leadership in advertising, were compelled to learn from our adversaries the importance of this weapon—as of most of the other weapons of warfare which were our original invention. But having been shown, we were quick to appreciate and employ. It is a fact which should make every advertising man feel proud that President Wilson was willing to delegate practically every other function of his governmental business except the advertising. His notes to Europe, which are our advertisements to the world, he kept securely in his own counsels, drafting the copy and revising the proofs with his own hand.

And those advertisements lifted the whole war—yes, and the thinking of mankind about the war and the conditions that are to follow it—on to a higher plane. By the selling force of that single campaign the intellectual and spiritual level of humanity has been permanently raised.

## Humanity's Questions

WE are concluding a war which the pen has helped to win; we are about to conclude a peace that will be written, not in the secrecy of council chambers, but in huge advertisements spread before the world by the President of the United States and his allied statesmen. The signing of that peace treaty will mark the ending of one age and the beginning of another. Surely one requires no great gift of imagination to see in this the promise of a new dignity and splendor for the whole great business of molding men's thought through advertising.

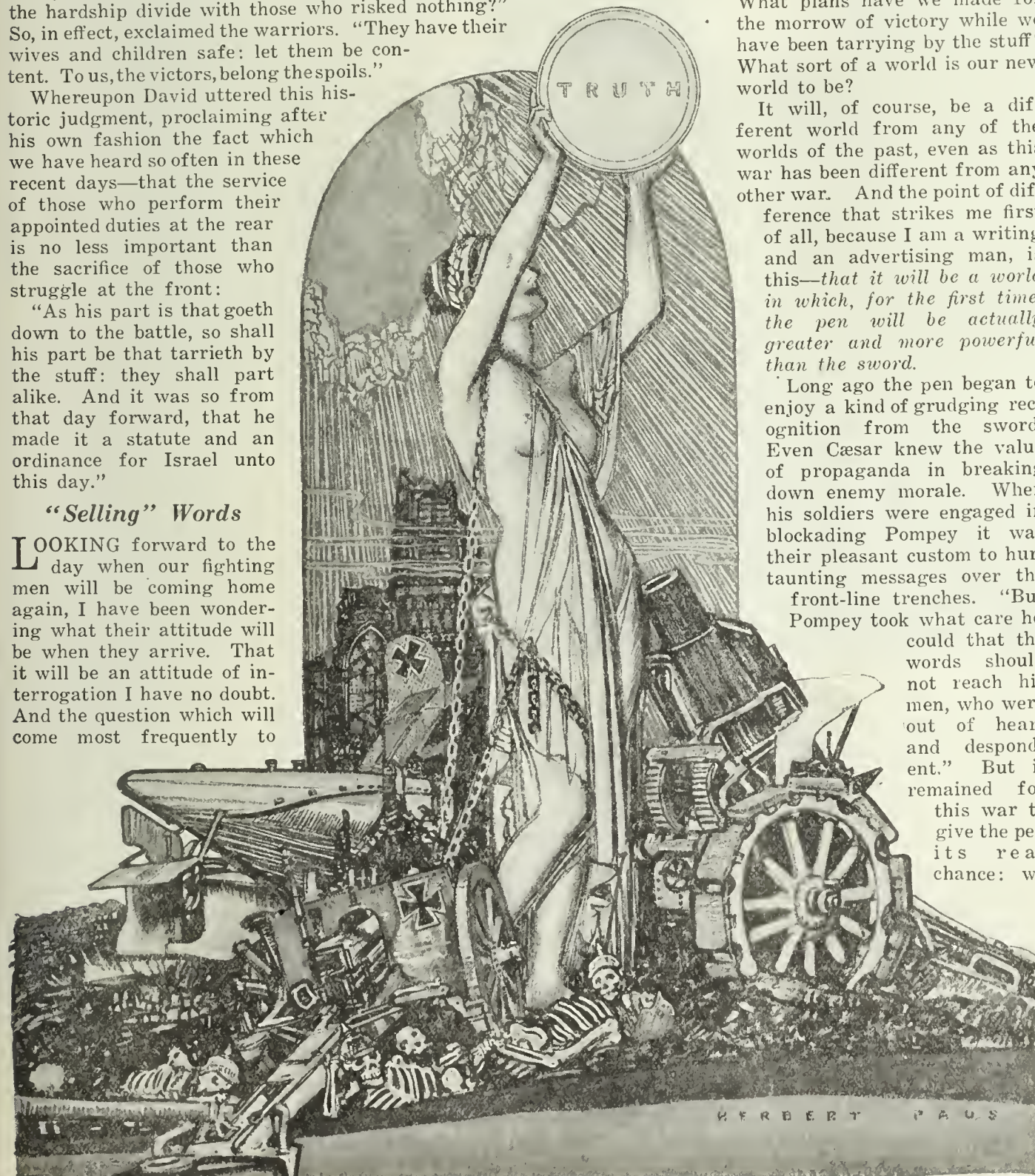
In that new world which the peace treaty will call into being advertising will have certain well-defined characteristics. It will, first of all, of course, be truthful even far beyond our present standards and conception.

There was a period in 1914-15 when any man might have been forgiven for wondering in his heart whether honesty is after all the best policy. In those months when treaties were trampled, and victory seemed perched upon the banners of perfidy and outrage, it took a sturdy faith indeed to stand unshaken. Even the very elements seemed to fight against the free and peaceful peoples of the world; and truth was buried on the western front under apparently impregnable trenches of concrete.

That was three years ago. To-day there is, being visited upon our lying enemies such a retribution as no civilized nation has ever had to bear. For a thousand years men will point to those gutted fields of Flanders as the splendid proof that no cause which is built upon a lie can permanently prevail. A man must have been foolhardy, in any year, to hope for business success through misrepresentation. But I cannot conceive of any man so much a fool that he will dare to advertise untruthfully in the next quarter of a century, when there will stand staring him in the face that stupendous warning that truth crushed to earth does rise, with destruction in its hand, and that lying lips are an abomination in the sight of the Almighty.

In the world that is passing away advertising has had certain recognized restrictions. Some things were regarded as susceptible of advertising; others not. Bread, for example, but not religion; plumbing fixtures, but not inter-

(Continued on page 22)





# Japan's Part in the War

BY HENRY ROOD

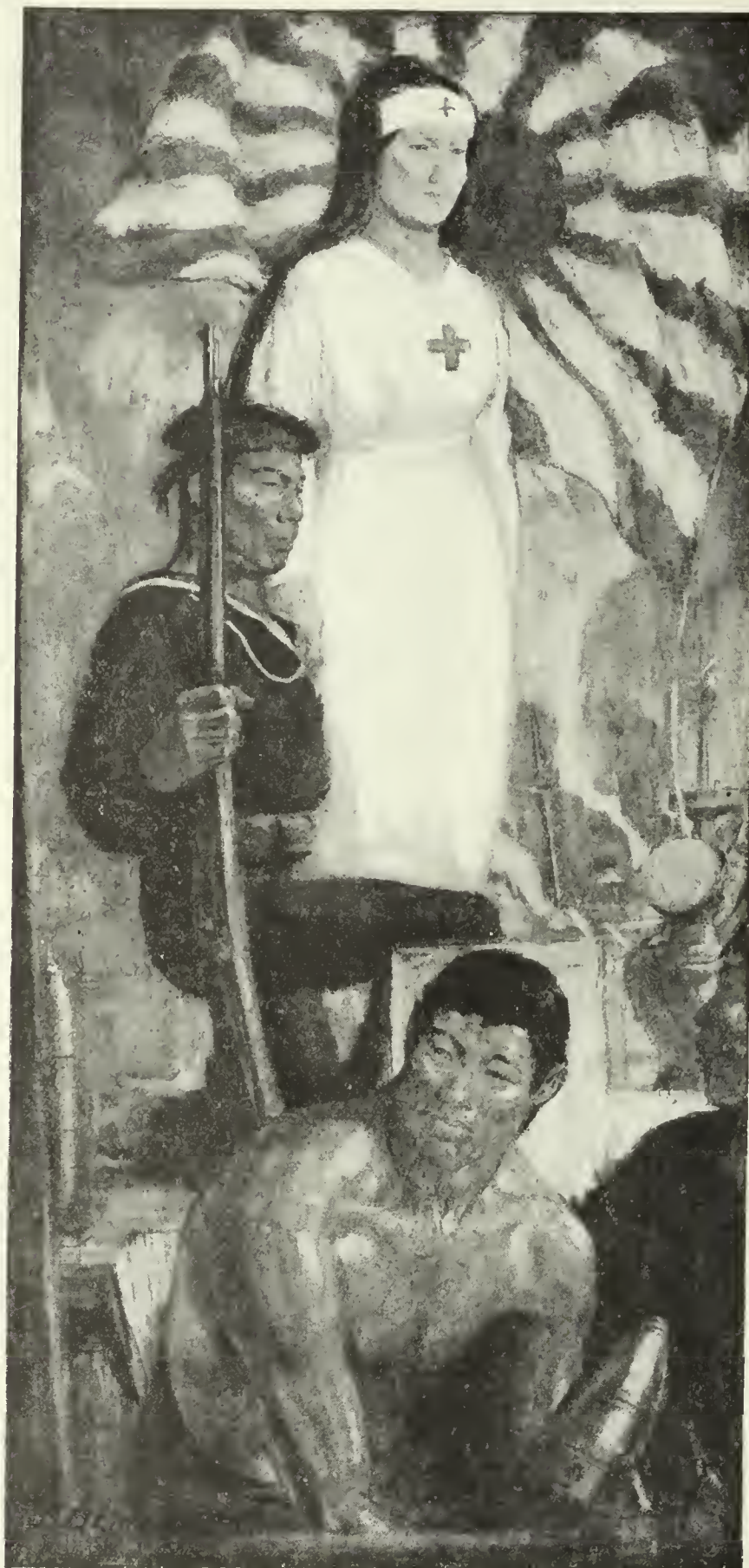
OF particular interest to Americans are definite facts and figures showing just what the Empire of Japan, its fleet, its armies, and its civilian population, did since the summer of 1914, while taking part in the war. Hitherto such information has been almost wholly lacking to the general public, which has had to be content with occasional data appearing only at intervals, and not gathered into a concrete statement having official sanction. For purposes of this article, therefore, effort has been made to obtain and assemble material constituting a clear-cut photographic picture of Japan's contribution to the cause of the Allies in their warfare with the Central Powers. Facts and figures following are obtained from sources responsible and reliable. The article has been read in manuscript at the Japanese Embassy in Washington to guard against any possible misinterpretation of the statements presented. Therefore it may be said to have official sanction.

Japan occupies a unique position in the war. Great Britain, France, Belgium, Russia entered the conflict as nations under necessity of defending themselves from invasion—threatened at the outset and later realized by land or sea or air—as well as to carry out treaties in case of attack.

Long after Europe was deluged with blood and death and flames the United States became a cobelligerent for reasons known to everyone. But Japan did not enter the war for reasons actuating the other Entente Allies, or for those which compelled the United States to take part in the conflict. Some years prior to 1914 Japan executed a binding contract with Great Britain, known as the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, whereby Japan pledged herself to conduct military operations in the regions of eastern Asia, and to safeguard mutual interests therein, in common with Great Britain, should necessity arise. This contract, and its provision to make no separate peace, Japan has scrupulously observed. It is entirely possible that from reasons of humanity and justice Japan might have entered the war later on, as did the United States, without the existence of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; but in pursuance of her contract she at once became a cobelligerent with England when the latter began hostilities.

## Making Safe the Pacific

NOW, just what has Japan accomplished in the common cause? Some months ago Viscount Ishii, head of a special Japanese mission to the United States, summarized certain of her principal achievements during earlier stages of the war—during that time of anxiety when nobody in the western world could tell how far German raiders and German intriguers were to dominate Pacific and Asiatic regions, cutting off commerce in foodstuffs and other highly important material, preventing the transport of New Zealand and Australian and Indian troops to France, and bringing about revolutions in India and elsewhere, with results little less than disastrous. It is well for American readers to remind themselves, through Viscount Ishii's words, what Japan was doing. She at once placed her naval and military forces at the disposal of the Allies, wherever these could be used most advantageously, and all her resources in munitions, money, supplies, shipyards, and merchant marine. She began the extermination of German commerce and German raiders in Oriental and other waters, achieving this in co-operation with a part of the British fleet, thus making safe steamer traffic from the Far East to Europe and America. She provided convoys for transports bearing troops to the western front, and dispatched Japanese warships to European and Russian waters. In addition, while Russia still remained a belligerent Japan continued a steady and heavy supply of arms, munitions, supplies, and equipment of all kinds to the



Russian armies, as well as maintaining uninterrupted streams of like supplies to England and France.

Quite early in the war German agents erected in China, as elsewhere, a trap of intrigue, hoping to embroil Japan with China and thus create a division of effort between Japan and her European

Do you realize that Japan has done her full share in winning the war? Few people do realize it. In this article, with the exact facts and figures, Mr. Rood shows how willingly, how fully, and with what a fine spirit Japan has done her part.—THE EDITOR.

allies, which would prevent Japan from continuing to meet her obligations to the forces of civilization. But the blundering Germans met more than their equals in the Japanese statesmen and military commanders, and the bubble burst into nothing. Japan assisted mightily in capturing all of Germany's South Sea possessions; practically cleared the vast Pacific

of enemy raiders, maintained ceaseless and vigilant patrol of waters east of Hongkong, threw the protection of her battleships across the Indian Ocean, and had sufficient naval resources left to send a squadron under Admiral Sato which helped to guard the eastern Atlantic Coast, as well as Mediterranean waters from German and Austrian submarines.

## Men, Munitions, Gold, and Ships

UNTIL Russia dropped out of the war not less than 100,000 skilled Japanese workmen constantly were engaged in mills and arsenals, manufacturing military supplies for Russia alone. Up to the time Russia collapsed Japan had supplied that enormous land with artillery and trained artillerymen to operate it, ammunition, army supplies of every kind, including cloth for uniforms and saddles for horses, to the value of more than \$250,000,000. British and French troops on the western front ate peas, beans, flour, and canned goods sent them by Japan, and to the Entente Allies was shipped practically all of Japan's copper production, exceeding 100,000 tons. Because of Japan's geographical isolation, and safety from territorial attack, once German raiders had been exterminated, the Island Empire—like the United States during its years of neutrality—was able to devote its industries very largely to making war supplies for the Allies. And, as in the case of the United States, this increase in business brought great prosperity to the land. In two years the gold in Japan leaped from about \$171,000,000 to \$356,500,000, and a grave financial question arose as to how this huge increase should be invested. At once Japanese statesmen said it must be invested so as to be of the greatest service to the powers of civilization which were at death grips with the Huns. Loans aggregating \$160,000,000 for Russia were at once taken under consideration. Great Britain needed \$50,000,000 to adjust British credit in the United States, and gold to this amount was advanced by Japan.

Something more should be said of Japan's naval and military activities as an ally of Great Britain. We all remember that quickly following the declaration of war Japan dispatched an army division to Shantung, which, fighting in cooperation with British troops and the Japanese fleet, reduced Tsingtau, the principal port of Kiaochow, November 7, 1914; and the world is well aware that the Island Empire sent an additional fleet and several squadrons to blockade the coast, attack and destroy enemy warships roving adjoining seas, capture their bases in the South Seas, and also convoy through dangerous waters transports filled with Anzacs bound for the western theatre of war. Yet comparatively few Americans have reflected upon what these operations meant. It may be fresh in American memory that Japan offered 150,000 tons of steamer tonnage for the use of the American Government, most of which was engaged in carrying war supplies across the Atlantic. The charterage paid by the American Government to Japan being far below quotations prevailing in Asiatic waters, the Japanese Government itself has been making up the difference by indemnifying Japanese shipowners at the rate of 20,000,000 yen (over \$10,000,000) per annum.

The real significance of Japan's participation will be plainer to us if we look at the reverse side of the picture, and try to understand what logically might have occurred—what undoubtedly would have occurred—had Japan's army and navy not been immediately mobilized in accordance with the provisions of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. What, for example, would have happened had Japan not kept open and free from attack channels of sea communication between Europe and the Far East, between the Far East and the United States—those vital channels along which have flowed innumerable transports filled with troops,

(Continued on page 29)



# The Prayer Rug

BY H. H. MATTESON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. COLL

NURSES, orderlies, doctors had hunted in vain the halls, wards, and grounds of the Marine Hospital. Bunt McGiffert was gone, his two broken legs incased in steel ambulatory splints; Bunt, splints, a pair of new crutches, all were gone. Bunt had last been seen in earnest talk on the beach below the hospital with a little man, and a perfect giant of a man, both of whom had come sailing in in a fishing dory.

In the conclusion finally reached by the hospital superintendent, to the effect that Patient McGiffert was nowhere to be found on the hospital premises, the superintendent was indubitably correct. Bunt had run away from a clean, white, enameled bed, good food, the best of care, all of which cost him not a penny. Ordinarily, seafaring folk, broken, sick, gathered from a wide area of North Pacific Coast and Puget Sound into the healing comforts of the Marine Hospital, almost had to be discharged by force when cured. Bunt McGiffert, legs still in splints, had run away.

Rather he had sailed away. The crutches leaning against the rail beside him, Bunt sat in the fishing dory which was beating along the shore of Canadian Vancouver Island, up the Strait of Fuca toward the open Pacific. Bunt's snug room and white enameled bed lay forty leagues astern.

IN the stern sheets of the sailing dory was seated an immense fellow with wrists as heavy as a ship's towing hawser. His hands were thick-fingered, capable. His face had been wind-tanned to a deep, reddish brown. No one could remember ever seeing him when his countenance had been less colorful. He was called Bigpaw Cinnamon.

The third passenger was a little, nervous fellow, noisy, full of futile energy, reminding one of a three-horse engine trying to shove a ten-horse boat. Chotub Henry was his title. "Chotub" is the Siwash for "sand flea."

"Yeah," continued Bunt McGiffert, "the more I figure the less I think the tattooing done it. I sure got action aplenty, but it wasn't the tattoo. No. I figure adventure is like rat plague, or measles—you go where it is and, your pores open, you catch it. Nothing to them tattoo signs."

Bigpaw Cinnamon leaned forward truculently. "Oh, so? I do believe in tattoo. I hears my old paw swear many the time and oft how he never yet seen a deep-sea man with a ship tattoo on his back go under the cat. Now! Lay to that."

Bunt McGiffert yanked open the front of his flannel shirt. "See them tattoos? You mean them done it? Poll! It's just my own snoot twittering for a sniff of further waters that coaxed me on to foreign shores. Not that I'm sorry, unless—"

On the left side of Bunt's chest were five blue stars in a semicircle, on the right side a scatter of stars rudely outlining a ship. Fairly over the center of his breastbone was a figure of a bleeding heart.

"An old bilgewash quartered in a shack on Seattle water front done that needle job," Bunt explained. "The five stars is the crown, the other is Argo, the ship. The crown is in hemisphere north, Argo in hemisphere south. 'Tattoo them figures on,' the old bilgewash says, 'and you'll travel far, north to south, and back.'"

"How about that bleedin' heart?" demanded Bigpaw.

Bunt looked foolish, dropped his gaze. "Why, on his own hook the old bilgewash adds that—says it will make me lucky with women."

McGiffert shifted his splinted legs into an easier posture. "Tattooing never done it; you go where action is—you get action."

"Sure," corroborated Chotub. "Many the time. I and Bigpaw laying in the bunk house, the fish run over, nothing to do, I says to Bigpaw: 'Let's go surgin' forth seeking adventure like them three

sports we seen in the play.'

That's the activist play. We seen it at Anacortes. It's wrote by a Frenchman, about some fighting men, and it's called 'The Three Musketeers.' But Bigpaw won't never go; he hain't got no soul of romance. That is, till now he'd never go. After my first little talk with you, there on the beach, I goes home to the chuck shack, and I tells Bigpaw there's a broke-up sailor that's got plenty reason to go up Vancouver Island quick. I don't know why he's so plumb crazy to travel, I tells Bigpaw, but he does. They's no money in the job, I tells Bigpaw, but I urges him to come on and see if we don't get some action."

"Action! Listen, Bigpaw, and Chotub—action. If we're in time—action."

Bunt turned his eyes half the arc of a circle, pointed. "Right soon we'll know, action or no action. It's hereabouts it happened. Even in the dark I could make out that sun- and sea-bleached cliff there ahead."

Chotub pointed to the southward. "There's Tatoosh Light," he said. "That's on Cape Flattery—American soil."

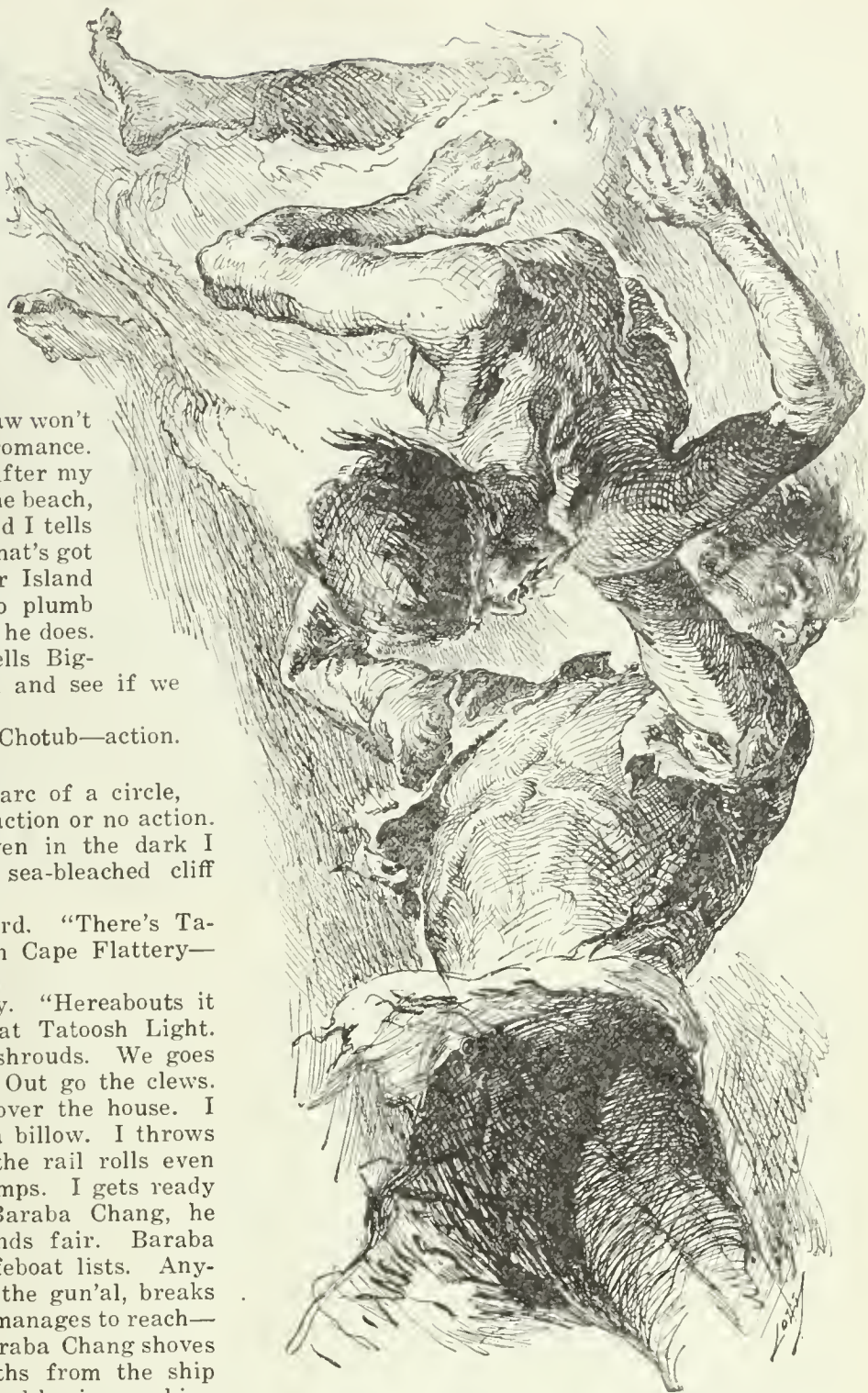
"Yes, sure," said Bunt excitedly. "Hereabouts it happened. We'd just cleared that Tatoosh Light. She's blowing a cat fight in the shrouds. We goes into a wind'ard tack. We luffs. Out go the clews. We broach to. The water rolls over the house. I grabs the little cabin boy out of a billow. I throws free the sta'board lifeboat. As the rail rolls even with the sea, the cabin boy, he jumps. I gets ready to jump, and this big Tatar, Baraba Chang, he jumps too. The little middy lands fair. Baraba Chang lands fair. Maybe the lifeboat lists. Anyway, as I jumps, I strikes acrost the gun'al, breaks both legs, flops into the sea. I just manages to reach—grabs the rail of the lifeboat. Baraba Chang shoves off with a boat hook. Ten lengths from the ship Baraba leans over cool as can be and begins working my hands loose from their grip. The little middy flies at him fierce as a mad sparrer. Like they're two flower stems, Baraba Chang holds the middy's wrists in one hand, grabs the boat hook, smashes my knuckles. I drift off. The last I seen, the little middy was whimpering, crying, fighting the yellow brute in the stern sheets."

"Yeah, it's hereabouts. That there is the identical bald bluff I sees when a roller h'ists me. I sees the bluff and the outline of the lifeboat; I hears the whimper of the little middy. I'm in grievous pain, weak as can be, but I paddles on, paddles with my hands, my legs trailing astern like flotsam to a derelict. I'm getting light in the tops when I hears a beller. A boat hook fouls my shirt. I'm drawn in. It's the lifeboat from Tatoosh that had been standing off when they seen we was in distress. I wakes up in the Marine Hospital. I'm cool when I wake, in a sweat of fever, when it bangs into my head like a crack from a belayin' pin that Baraba Chang rowed off with the middy and my prayer rug."

"It's all right, Bigpaw—laugh. My prayer rug. She give me that prayer rug. It hain't but just a rat-chawed, old Irak rug, but she give me it."

An admonitory glare from Chotub Henry silenced Bigpaw's untimely mirth. Chotub began making a map in the palm of his hand with his forefinger. "Here we are," he said, "and here's the creek opening into Nititat Lake. That's just beyond. See the break in the bluff? There, just back of the shore, is the Indian village. Indians is good to strangers, shipwrecked strangers. They'd take 'em in, treat 'em good, the Tatar and the little middy. There we'll find 'em. Well, I'll bet we will. Sure. This Baraba Chang will figure mortal sure you're drowned. They's no white settlement for a hundred mile, so Baraba will take his time. We'll find 'em."

"Oh, I hope, I hope," exclaimed Bunt McGiffert. "We'll land now soon," said Chotub. "Lay by



"I aimed to hit that knot," said Bigpaw

till night, make a sneak on the village, and take observations."

"We'll locate first the middy," said Bunt. "Where the middy is, the rug will be. Then—"

Bunt McGiffert bent an admiring gaze upon the massive form of Bigpaw Cinnamon. What a stroke of genius, to have called to his cause the giant fisherman. "You want to watch this Baraba Chang, Bigpaw. He's bad, and he's five man strong."

Bigpaw, unimpressed, grinned. "All for a rat-chawed rug."

"Hain't that disgusting?" demanded Chotub. "She give him that rug, Bigpaw."

"Why, Bigpaw," said McGiffert, "when I seen we was going by the board, I runs to my cabin, gets the rug, throws it into the lifeboat. You think I'd forget that rug?"

"Just the same," countered Bigpaw, "a rug is a rug. I never seen rug or carpet personal I'd go to a bight for. Oh, I promised. And here I be. A rug's a rug—rat-chawed at that."

Bunt's pale face flushed. "Don't you understand, Bigpaw, no party likes to spread his log where a woman is concerned. I hain't told it all, by no means. Maybe you'd understand—"

"You're amongst tillicums, Bunt," Chotub encouraged; "tell on if you want to."

"WELL, in the beginning, I'm stranded flat in Bushire, which is a port of Persia. I been mate of a coastwise lugger out of Bombay. It's a British ship, with a lascar crew. We got fever aboard, and at Bushire a British doctor sharp heaves us to, lugs everybody off to quar but me. I hain't sick, but I'm detained in a pesthouse for two weeks for observation. They lets me out. The ship's been fumed, new crew signed—is gone. I hain't got a rupee. I'm squandering along the narrow pier, gazin' longingly seaward, when an old party wearing a greasy turban approaches up and asks me if I'm a 'lallah.' 'Sure,' I says, 'I'm (Continued on page 14)







Price: 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Canadian and Foreign, 10 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year.

# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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### Free Discussion

ALLUSIONS have been made on this page to President WILSON'S admiration for the writings of the English publicist WALTER BAGEHOT. That author—arbitrary, brilliant, and voluminous—was a confirmed Tory. It is true he would have resented the title. He called himself a Liberal. But just as GLADSTONE, who had been the "rising hope of the young Tories" in his youth, continued to be a Tory in spirit after he had changed the name of his politics, so WALTER BAGEHOT, his political adherent, was to the end a disbeliever in democratic principles as we have seen them in this country. The reason this subject is brought up again in these columns is that there exists everywhere the greatest curiosity as to the mental processes of the interesting statesman who is now the head of our Government. We all want to know what is going on in this singular mind which may be of such great influence in the destinies of the world. Years ago, when the President was at Princeton and the boys flocked to his lectures on jurisprudence as to a popular entertainment, he wrote of BAGEHOT'S "Physics and Politics":

Bagehot's thought is not often constructive. Its business is generally analysis, interpretation, but in "Physics and Politics" it is distinctly creative and architectonic. It was always his habit to go at once to the concrete reality of a subject, lingering scarcely a moment upon its conventionalities: he sees always with his own eyes, never with another's; and even analysis takes from him a certain creative touch. The object of his thought is so vividly displayed that you seem to see all of it, instead of only some of it. But here, in speaking of ages past and gone, his object is reconstruction, and that direct touch of his imagination makes what he says seem like the report of an eyewitness. . . . Nor is his humor gone or exiled from these solemn regions of thought. There is an intermittent touch of it even in what he says of the political force of religion. "Those kinds of morals and that kind of religion which tend to make the firmest and most effectual character," he explains, "are sure to prevail" in every struggle for existence between organized groups or nations of men, "all else being the same; and creeds or systems that conduce to a soft, limp mind tend to perish except some hard, extrinsic force keep them alive."

The point of these remarks is that a reader is known by the literary company he keeps. One would hardly expect to surprise Colonel ROOSEVELT reading "Clarissa," Mr. TAFT intent on KEATS, or Mr. BRYAN poring over the pages of the "Wealth of Nations." Hence our interest in Mr. WILSON'S intellectual affinity with the spirited but conservative BAGEHOT. It would well repay readers who are curious on this subject to go over the writings of this journalist and try to trace out the effect of his reasoning on the President's political tendencies.

But if BAGEHOT was in most respects middle-class and "Early Victorian," on one subject he was in sympathy with radical thought. A frequent debater himself, he stood strongly for freedom of discussion. The following paragraph from his "Physics and Politics" might well be read over again by his sympathetic friend now in France:

Discussion has incentives to progress peculiar to itself. It gives a premium to intelligence. To set out the arguments required to determine political action with such force and effect that they really should determine it, is a high and great exertion of intellect. A prize for argumentative mind is given in free states, to which no other states have anything to compare. Tolerance, too, is learned in discussion, and, as history shows, is only so learned. In all customary societies bigotry is the ruling principle. In rude places to this day anyone who says anything new is looked on with suspicion and is persecuted by opinion if not injured by penalty. One of the greatest pains to human nature is the pain of a new idea. It is, as common people say, "so upsetting." . . . Naturally, therefore, common men hate a new idea, and are disposed more or less to illtreat the original man who brings it. Even nations with long habits of discussion are intolerant enough. In England, where there is on the whole probably a freer discussion of a greater number of subjects than ever was before in the world, we know how much power bigotry retains. But discussion, to be successful, requires tolerance. It fails wherever, as in a French political assembly, anyone who hears anything which he dislikes tries to howl it down. If we know that a nation is capable of enduring continuous discussion, we know that it is capable of practicing with equanimity continuous tolerance.

### Vive les Bureaucrats!

IT was in a dugout in the Verdun sector, on a misty dawn of last October. As an American colonel waited, beside a guttering candle, for the telephone order to attack, he pulled from his pocket some letters received a few hours before by courier. "Oh, ho," he ex-

claimed, pleased, to our correspondent, who had just groped to his side, "here are my campaign bars. I've got two coming—one for the Mexican rumpus and one for over here. When I was in the hospital with a smashed arm, two months ago, I had a little time on my hands and wrote in." Then a blank look came into his face. He handed the official communication to the correspondent. It contained a single sentence, thus: *Please make application for these separately.* "Well," mused the colonel tolerantly, "I suppose there are a lot of clerks in Washington who have to be kept busy." Just then his phone rang. He took the message and jumped up. "Come on," he cried, "we're going over!"

### Keep the Wheels Moving

TOWARD the close of the year is a good time to take stock of your economic self, Mr. Average American. During the war days, what with Mr. HOOVER and others restricting one's use of things, with Mr. MCADOO pouring out paper money, with the Government spreading the cash around in contracts and salaries, and with patriotism, energized, for once, by vigorous bond and stamp salesmanship, some of us—many of us—did get to saving a little. Perhaps it came to more than thirty or forty dollars a year apiece. It did not hurt us a bit, and UNCLE SAM needed the money, as we in turn will need it by the time our bonds mature. Civilization is a great process of making things and using things, while at the same time saving enough to keep enlarging the business apparatus by which we make and use. We in the United States had never been very strong on that third side of it. We borrowed a deal of capital abroad, as we soon found when it came to rooting the Hun out of American business. The next few years will be a premium period for investing, and those who have learned to save will do well to keep on. That is easy enough to say, and everybody is saying it, but the incentive of patriotism is not now available, the drive of volunteer salesmanship has ceased, and new tokens in place of Liberty Bonds, War Savings Certificates, etc., will have to be popularized. How can it be done?

### Universal Language

ALL the indications are that after the war it will be English. The formal draft of the Treaty of Versailles will be couched in the traditional language of diplomacy, the language of FOCH and CLEMENCEAU, but the discussions at Paris and Versailles may well be in the tongue which President WILSON and most of our peace delegates have best at their disposal. Perhaps it is no compliment to us that the European peacemakers should be in a position to meet us more than halfway in the matter of foreign tongues, but the fact is there.

The French language will prosper after the war. In more or less perfect form it will be brought back to America, to Australia, to Canada, to South Africa by soldiers and auxiliary war workers to the number of many tens of thousands. But for every Anglo-Saxon whom the war has taught French, it is a safe guess that there are a hundred mid-Europeans to whom as a result of the war, emphasizing already existing conditions, the English tongue will be brought close home. Because the new Czechoslovakia must be in intimate touch with a million Czechs and Slovaks in the United States, because there are several million Poles in this country, because every one of the new nationalities in central Europe looks in the first place to these United States, the American language will be familiar among all foreign languages to these peoples. For that matter, the numerous commissions and propagandas of mid-Europe which have been busy in the United States will have brought back with them the use, if not the idiom, of our language.

This will not be a novelty altogether. Returning immigrants have these many years been exporting our "Hello" and "All right" together with our best dental work into the European hinterland. Once more it is a safe guess that for every member of the upper classes in Europe who speaks French there are dozens among the plain folk to whom English is a recognizable tongue.



### This Christmas

CHRISTMAS made itself felt early this year. Even before the memorable 11th of November shopwindows were gay with cards and reminders of the generous season. And then, after the armistice and the most meaningful Thanksgiving the nation has ever known, an unexpressed but very real feeling pervaded all hearts that this was a different Christmas from any that we had experienced.

"Forgive us our Christmases"—runs the old joke—"as we forgive them that Christmas against us!" Sometimes our Christmases have needed forgiveness. We have been self-indulgent; we have been surrounded with brightness and plenty; we have been prone to think that the associations of the day demanded an expression in gifts that were valuable and tangible.

But this Christmas, more than ever before, will be a season of deep and reverent feeling. So much that is terrible, so much that is triumphant, so much that is dramatic and amazing lies behind us, the time is too solemn for any emotion save that of humble dedication to the great tasks of humanity. Saddened and sobered by the world's sufferings, this will be a Yule in which to do without will be the true happiness. As we think of the scraps of candle and little tokens of colored paper that will serve to rejoice many children of Europe, a Christmas here cumbered with material things would seem poor indeed.

### Stars of Gold

THE historian who wishes to make the closing of the war clear to his readers will do well to note these lines in which JAMES HOPPER tells what he saw on the way north from Vaux to Soissons:

All our boys lay stretched exactly in the same direction, as if by some mysterious magnetic current they had been pointed toward some spiritual pole—the pole of their avenging purpose. They lay stretched exactly in the line of the advance, head toward the foe, their bodies still beautiful and lithe, while the Germans were in huddles at the bottom of shell holes.

That is how our world was made free, and we must never forget it.

### Some Heresies on Thrift

WHEN the person who has earned a dollar saves a dollar, something has been added to the going wealth of our country. That is not virtue nor sentiment, but business, and should be treated as such. Life insurance is of high value to the community, but insurance was not inspired into nor bestowed upon the average citizen who makes up the bulk of the gigantic policy totals held in our country. No, indeed: life and other forms of insurance are sold to the average citizen by energetic, plausible, persistent persons who make money out of doing so. Insurance competes for its share of the American citizen's income just as candy, moving pictures, ready-made clothes, soap, automobiles, and other goods compete for what they get. On the whole, we believe that it is right for men to make money by selling others the homes, the food, the books or coal or what not on which personal income is spent. But, for some vague reason of confused kindness, we do not instinctively approve of making a business out of selling thrift. We help people save as a sort of charity, or we leave it to their own consciences quickened by casual exhortation. The other lines of spending, or investment, fight for their share of the pay roll. Saving does not, and saving gets left. It is no accident that thrift in our country is practiced more by those who keep up ancestral habits and less by those who respond to the economic forces of our own day. If saving is to become, as it should, an integral and important factor in American life, which means American spending, then saving must be sold to our people, and that selling must be done as business, not as betterment or as charity. It is for our economic leaders to find the way to do this.

### These War Billions

ONCE the armistice was signed it became possible to compile and release a good many official figures as to what had happened. That acted as an emancipation proclamation to the statisticians, especially the gloomier brethren of the craft, and some of them have since been obscured from view in a fog of totals, ratios, pro ratas, and other scraps of paper. Under their stern treatment reconstruction becomes a nightmare of pessimistic arithmetic. It seems about time to requote ADAM SMITH'S famous saying, that "there's a deal of ruin in a nation." War inflames statistics. People live, eat, wear clothes, and die in any status of international affairs whatever, but war makes the huge totals of these doings governmental. Why be scared by old facts in a new guise? Battles have slain good men—we would they were with us still—but all sorts of obsolete methods and machinery, both governmental and economic, are also listed among the casualties. Modern communities now have some fairly

clear ideas as to what is needed, what can be made, and what can be done without. The war has been a great teacher of production—its importance and possibilities, a great stimulator of economic horse sense. We have effective organization and responsible authority now in banking, shipping, and other vital lines such as was not even dreamed possible five years ago. Making a living is not all there is to human life (praise be!), but it must be done, and our modern world can do it, if it will, better than ever before. What we have to fear is human greed, laziness, boneheadedness, not figures printed in columns. Statisticians should take FRA LIPPO LIPPI'S motto for their own: "The things that men will do!" It is sunlight that makes growth.

### The Horrible and the Absurd

IF our after-the-war playwrights ever find themselves short of material," says our Paris contemporary, "L'Œuvre," "we recommend to them the history of the Russian revolution as an inexhaustible mine. There the horrible rubs elbows with the absurd; the shiver and the mad laugh alternate—a true repertory for the Grand Guignol." As one example—there are a thousand others—"L'Œuvre" calls our attention to the following "Statute Relative to Women, Issued by the Soviet of Vladimir," and published in "Izvestia," the official monitor of the Committee of Workmen and Soldiers:

Every woman who has reached her eighteenth year is declared the property of the state.

Every woman of eighteen years not already married is obliged, under pain of very severe penalties, to register at the "Bureau of Free Love."

Once registered, she has the right to choose a mate wherever she wishes, among men ranging in age from nineteen to fifty.

#### Notes

1. The consent of a man thus chosen is not necessary, and he has no right of protest.

2. Men from nineteen to fifty have also the right to choose women from among those who have reached the eighteenth year; the woman's consent is not necessary.

3. Children issuing from these unions become the property of the state.

All this, no doubt, the result of profound cogitations by some serious philosopher of human morals, hellbent on the improvement of the race. But doesn't it sound like some preposterous masque of mock marriage that one might expect to find at a wild Greenwich Village ball?

### One View of It

HAVING helped win the war largely on the basis of bond issues, higher prices, wages higher but lagging behind prices, concessions to labor, and with a great inflation of credit to make steam for the economic engine, WILLIAM GIBBS MCADOO now retires to private life. His energy, daring, and skill set up our financial war machine. Some one else must get it going on a peace basis. The country is very keenly aware of Mr. McAdoo's work. It will be even more keenly conscious of and affected by the work of his successor. The United States cannot retire to private life.

### Joyce Kilmer

ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY makes an interesting point in his sparkling and sympathetic biography of JOYCE KILMER, the young American poet who lost his life in action on the Ourcq. KILMER had been for several years one of the most indefatigable and energetic journalists of our generation. He was ready to turn out a poem, an essay, a critical article, a lecture, at a few minutes' notice. He had been along all the pavements of Grub Street, perhaps the most exciting place of breadwinning known to civilized man. From the time he began as a sales clerk in a New York bookstore (where by misreading the price cipher he sold a \$150 volume for \$1.50) down to the time when he was run over by an Erie train and dictated his weekly article for the New York "Times" in hospital with three broken ribs, no difficulties or perplexities daunted him.

And yet when he got to France his publisher found that the "copy" for the projected war book was strangely lacking. The trained journalist was apparently letting slip the greatest opportunity of his bright career.

The comparative silence of KILMER'S pen when he found himself face to face with the supreme realities of the war was a true expression of himself. It bespoke the honorable idealism that underlay his whirling activity as a journalist wringing a living out of the tissues of a busy brain. The little that he wrote from France was yet the best that came from him. What could better the imaginative genius of this phrase from one of his letters, in which he speaks of the friendship developed by common danger and hardship as "a fine, hearty, roaring, mirthful sort of thing, like an open fire of whole pine trees in a giant's castle"?



(Continued from page 11) a lallapalooser. Why leave off the "palooser," I says, plenty smart. He don't get that. It's too sub-tile for him. Sober as one of them Tasmanian screech owls, the old turban party goes on to explain that a 'lallah' is a kind of a he-nurse, and do I want a job?

"I do. I hires out. My boss hain't this old hoot-owl party, but is a Mr. Mirzah Ali Shah, a rich Persian trader that's got all kinds of camel trains running into Turkestan and Bokhara, cargoin' back mohair, rugs, attar of roses, and such like lading. The chow is good, the wages good for that country—a hundred krans a month, near two English pound. My duties is simple, as I'm personal convoy to Mr. Mirzah.

"Like every good Moham, Mirzah goes daily to the mosque to worship. Five times a day a real bench shouter goes, but Mirzah is busy, and don't go but once. In the morning, about eight bells, a steam-boater called a muezzin climbs a crow's nest built on to the church and turns the pressure into his siren, calling the faithful to prayer. Mirzah turns out, and me with him, packing his prayer rug. At the door of the *maksoora*, the private praying room for the nabobs, I shucks my brogans—you dassen't wear your boats to meeting in Persia—and runs ahead and lays out the rug so Mirzah can take a easy flop pointing toward Mecca. Then Mirzah finishes his growl, I rolls up the rug, climbs back into my leathers, and away we go, me walking respectable like, maybe a fathom or so abaft.

"Always, in the morning, when Mr. Mirzah sets out for meeting, the five Mrs. Mirzahs and about seven candidates, they set out too. Lugging along astern of the five Mrs. Mirzahs, packing their five prayer rugs, is the little slave girl, Segah. Natural, I feel sorry for little Segah, packing them five thick rugs, so I gets into the way of dropping back half a hawse length, and Segah she's smart enough to jangle down to half speed, and then I lugs her rugs for her. Sure, this Segah is a purty girl, though, at the time, I hain't seen her face, and I take her on faith like a sailor's knife trade. All women in Persia, when they cast off from the home pier, wear a spread of blue canvas with eye-holes cut in to see through. Segah wears one too.

"Every day for maybe two weeks I packs Segah's rugs. We're arriving back to the *gah*, or house, this day, and when she takes the rugs from my hands she whispers earnest: '*Lallah—to-night sure—in the galistan*' A *galistan* is a rose garden. Wasn't that roomantic?

"I'm there. And here comes Segah. She hain't carrying canvas this time. She's just got on regular clothes, and on her head a *char-kadd*, a kind of a little shawl, and that's folded back. She's a white girl, Segah is. Purty! I never did see the five Mrs. Mirzahs, or any of the candidates, but I bet Segah makes 'em look like a sampan of fish.

"Segah busts into crying the minute she comes where I am. Then she tells me. Her father is a trader in far Turkestan. A camel driver for Mr. Mirzah kidnaps Segah, lugs her off. She's made slave girl in Mirzah's house, and hain't got no more chance to escape than a humming bird in the stokehold. She says the camel driver that lugged her off is a giant, the dangerousest brute in Asia. He's half Roosian, this camel jockey, and half Tatar. His name is Baraba Chang."

"Oh, so!" exploded Bigpaw. "Go on, mate! Go on. Then what?"

"Segah says she's tried everything, thought till she's wild, and she's going to kill herself with one of the long needles some of the Mrs. Mirzahs wear through the *char-kadds* in the harem if she can't escape.

"'Belay on that,' I says, authority like, taking one of Segah's little hands into my fist. 'Belay on that suicide talk,' I says. 'Come on, little middy,' I says, 'spread your chart, and let's look over the reckonin'.

"Segah, she hangs her head down and won't talk. Gentle as can be, still holding her hand, I urges. Then she outs with it. Old Mirzah he sends word to Segah that there is to be a new *banda*, or slave girl, and that Segah has got to be a candidate.

"I thinks desperate. Ships don't make Bushire



Baraba begins working my hands loose

none too frequent. That is, British-owned ships don't. Any but a ship white owned or crewed is useless, I thinks. I thinks some more.

"'Even if I have to let the treasure go,' Segah says, 'that's nothing. My father has more.'"

"Treasure!"

"Segah's father is rich. She explains this and how Baraba Chang not only steals her, but grabs a snag of valuables out of her father's safe that's standing open for paying for a camel train of goods brung in. Most of this treasure is jewelry, Segah says. Old Mirzah, to make his play strong, has kind of scattered this jewelry around among the candidates. Segah has got all the jewelry spotted, knows which candidate has got which piece, and just where they keep them hid in the little dressers where they keep their *kuhl*, eyebrow sticks, powder puff, and so forth. Segah figures if I can work out a plan to get her away she'll sashay through the women's *gah* at the last minute, gather up the jewelry, and slip the plunder to me in the rose garden.

"That's Segah's plan. Purty soon I got a plan too, and my plan fits with hern. By my plan, you can just gamble, Segah hain't going to be a candidate. Not a chance.

"Next night I'm waiting in the *galistan*, snugged down in some shrubs. Before the candidates climbs their hammocks for the night, Segah says they all go to a little court and have a cup of cocoa and a

honey cake. That'll be the time for Segah to paw over the cargo in them dressers. I'm snugged down waiting. Sure, Segah will come purty soon.

"A hand about the size of the thwart Bigpaw is sitting on pokes through the brush, takes me by the neck. That derrick belongs to Baraba Chang, and he's been set to watch that Segah don't escape, and gets me instead. Only Segah does escape—in a hurry. A candidate discovers Segah going through her ditty box, and goes to shrillin' away like a cage of macaws. But Segah makes it—for sanctuary.

"You clear on sanctuary, Bigpaw and Chotub? It's a custom in the East, even China. You get into sanctuary, and no *kavass*, or policeman, nobody, can touch you. This sanctuary is in the mosque. Segah makes it, and there, according to his vow, the muezzin has to bring her chow to eat and a jug of water.

"Meantime Baraba Chang hauls me away into the house. Mirzah comes in, and Baraba Chang tells him how I'm crime-infested like a gray rat with beriberi. Mirzah don't even look at his lallah boy, but waves a hand for Baraba to heave me a tow and start for jail. He done it.

"You ever been in jail, Chotub—Persian jail? Don't never.

"This brig is a mud-wall house. It's got one thick door like an ice chest, and in the roof two fathom up is a single window with iron grates. The furniture consists of the floor. Two weeks I lays on that hard mud floor, with a jug of warm water and now and then a hand of mildewed dates. I'm starting into the third week when the door opens a crack, and an old boy with whiskers like a spanker sail after a monsoon stands there. He pokes me in a tattered rug, all rolled up.

"Segah, knowing how hard the floor, she sends me that rug. And her love too, by the steamboater, the muezzin. I—"

CHOTUB interrupted at this juncture to say that they had better warp in to shore, make the dory fast, wait for darkness, then invade the Indian village.

Angrily Bigpaw put down the tiller. "Put a batten on that fogger of yourn, Chotub," he said, "'cause I wants to hear on this narrative. Go on, Bunt. And then—"

"In Persia, no matter what they done, they let all prisoners go free on New Year's Day. O' course next day you may get grabbed, bastinadoed, beheaded, strangled, no telling what. New Year's Day coming on welcome and handy, I'm let out along with other felons. I don't forget my prayer rug. No. She's old, and she's rat-chawed, but she's a genuine Irak, thick and warm, and Segah give me it. I rolls up my prayer rug, and I takes and hides it good under a thorn bush with purple flowers that they call a bougainvillea. Up the street then I strolls this bright New Year's morn, when here I comes to a head-on with Baraba Chang. I knew Baraba dassen't touch me on this festival day, so I goes into a strut. Baraba he stops and begins making signs. He shows how he'd take and break a stick acrost his knee. That's me—the stick.

"Oh, say, how I wished I was eight foot five instead of five foot eight. Baraba has got a long mustache with ten hairs to a side. For forehead he's got a bone ridge just atop his little slant eyes. He hain't human. But strong—he's strong as any four camel drivers on the steppes. He's oak-ribbed, a thousand-horse b'iler, and nobody at the wheel. It hain't right.

"I toots Baraba a sta'board pass, gives him most of the roadstead, and sheers by. I saunters along the pier where a old clipper ship is berthed. She's British-owned, with

(Continued on page 24)



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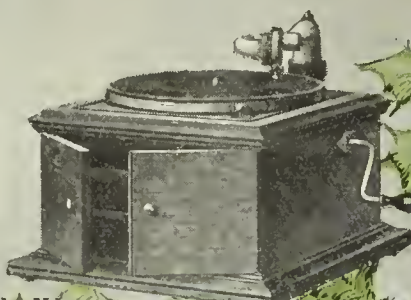
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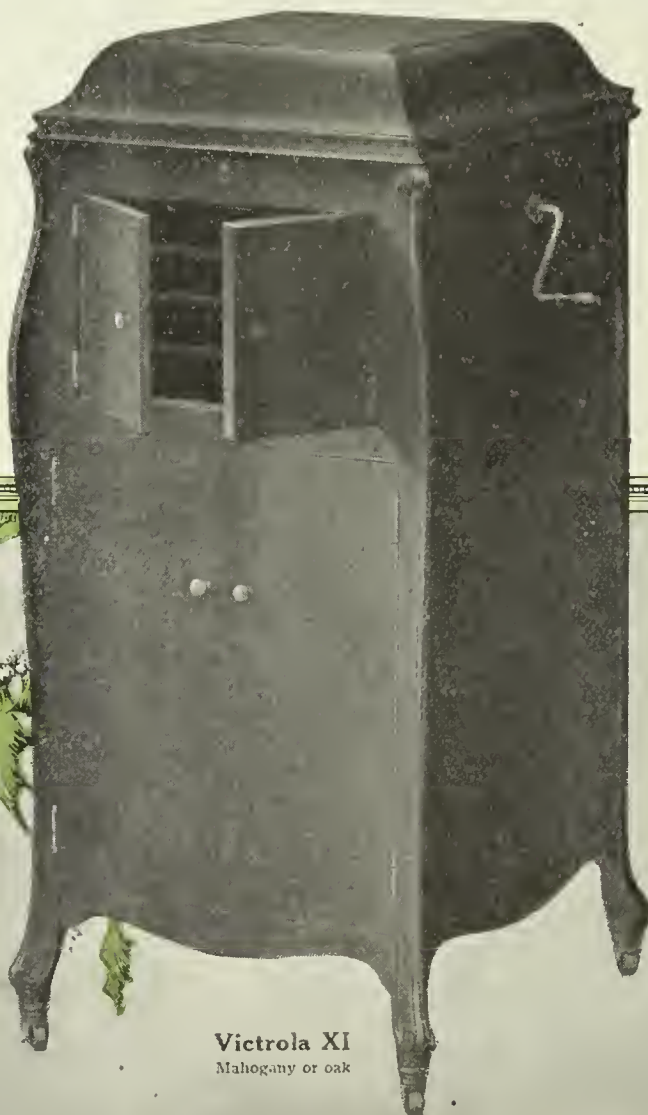
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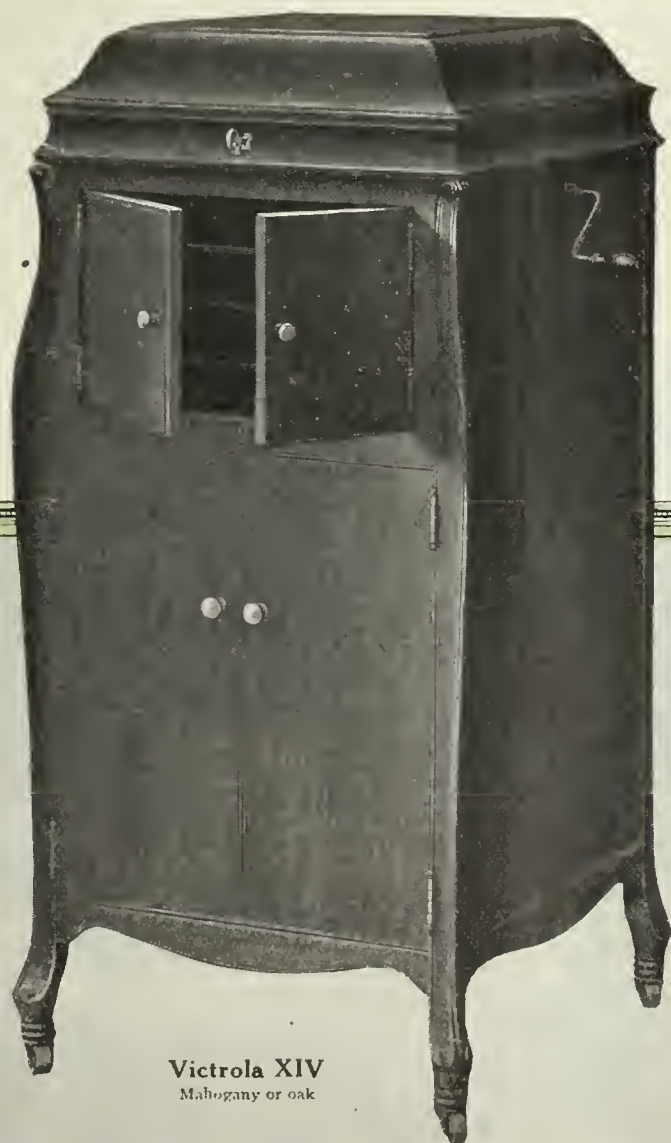
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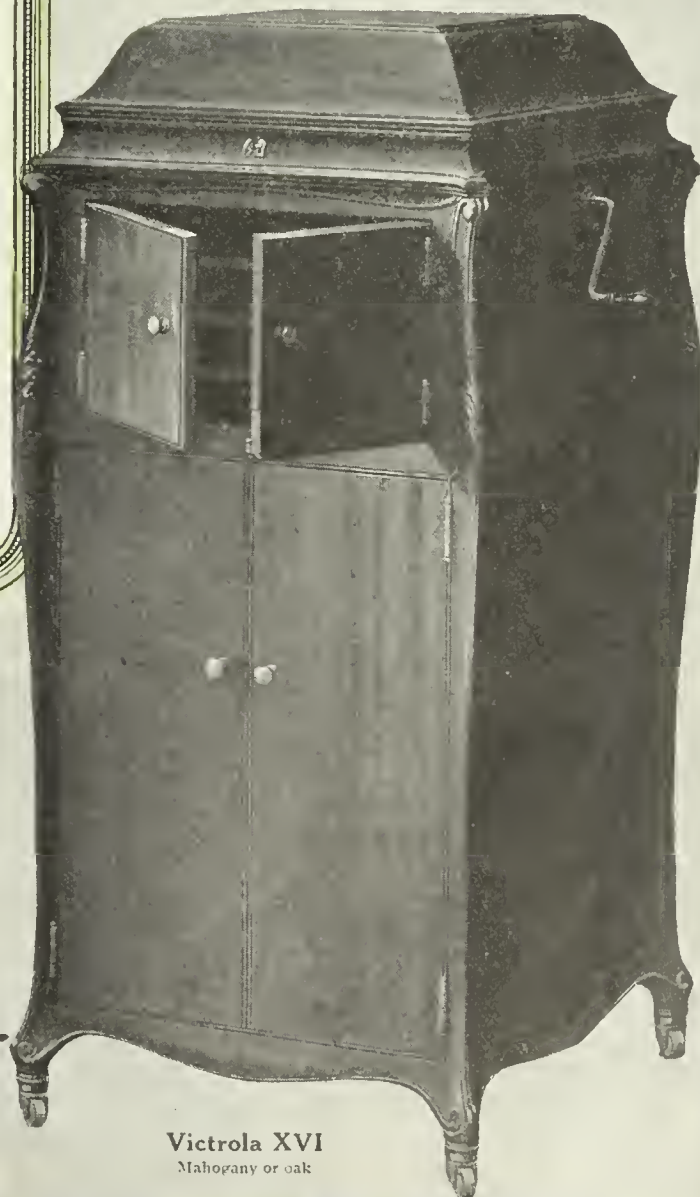
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# "Gammire"

Continued from page 8

"I don't care," Florence said stubbornly. "He could of saved up and saved up, and if he saved up long enough he could of got enough money to buy a dog like Gammire, because you can get money enough for anything if you're willing to save up long enough. Anyway, I bet he's the one gave him to her."

Herbert joined Kitty Silver in skeptical laughter. "Florence is always talkin' about Noble Dill," he said. "She's sort of crazy, anyway, though."

"It runs in the family," Florence retorted, automatically. "I caught it from my cousins. Anyhow, I don't think there's a single one of any that wants to marry Aunt Julia that's got the slightest comparison to Noble Dill. I admire him because he's so uncouth."

"He so who?" Kitty Silver inquired.

"Uncouth."

"Yes'm," said Mrs. Silver.

"It's in the ditchanary," Florence explained. "It means rare, elegant, exquisite, obs, unknown and a whole lot else."

"It does not," Herbert interposed. "It means kind of countrified."

"You go look in the ditchanary," his cousin said severely. "Then, maybe, you'll know what you're talkin' about, just for once. Anyhow, I do like Noble Dill, and I bet so does Aunt Julia."

Kitty Silver shook her head. "He lose his struggle, honey! Miss Julia, she out fer the big class. She ain't stedyin' about him 'cept maybe dess to let him run her errands. She treat 'em all mighty nice, 'cause the mo' comes shovin' an' pushin' each other aroun', class or no class, why, the mo' harder that big class got to work to git her—an' the mo' she got after her the mo' keeps a-comin'. But thishere young li'l Mista Dills, I kine o' got strong notion he liable not come no mo' 'tall!' Her tone had become one of reminiscent amusement which culminated in a burst of laughter. "Whee!" she concluded. "After las' night, I reckon thishere Mista Dills better keep away from the place—yes'm!"

FLORENCE looked thoughtful, and for the time said nothing. It was Herbert who asked: "Why'd Noble Dill better stay away from here?"

Mrs. Silver decided that it would be more enjoyable to become ominously significant; consequently her merriment disappeared. "You' grampaw," she said, shaking her head. "You' grampaw!"

"What about grandpa?" said Herbert. "What'd he do last night?"

"Do? My goo'niss!" Mrs. Silver uttered sounds like the lowing of kine, whereby she meant to indicate her utter inability to describe Mr. Atwater's performance. "Well, ma'am," she said, in the low and husky voice of simulated exhaustion, "all I got to say: You' grampaw beat hisse'f! He beat hisse'f!"

"How d'you mean? How could he—"

"He beat hisse'f! He dess outtalk hisse'f! No, ma'am; I done hear him many an' many an' many's the time, but las' night he beat hisse'f."

"What about?"

"Nothin' in the wide worl' but dess thishere young li'l Noble Dills whut we been talkin' about, this livin' minute."

"What started him?"

"Whut start him?" Mrs. Silver echoed with sudden loudness. "My goo'niss! He b'en started ev' since the very firs' time he ev' lay eyes on him prancin' up the front walk to call on Miss Julia. You' grampaw doe' like none nem callers, but he everlas'n'ly did up an' take a true spite on thishere li'l Dills!"

"I mean," said Herbert, "what started him last night?"

"Them cigareets," said Kitty Silver. "Them cigareets whut thishere Noble Dills smoke whiles he settin' out on the

front po'che callin' on you' aunt Julia. You' grampaw mighty funny man about smellin'. You know 's well's I do he don't even like the smell of violets. Well, ma'am, if he can't stan' violet, how in the name o' misery he goin' stan' the smell nem cigareets thishere Dills smoke? I can't hardly stan' 'em myse'f. When he light one on the front po'che, she sif' all through the house, an' come slidin' right the whole way out to my kitchen, an' bim! she take me in the nose, an' like to choke me! You' grampaw awready tole Miss Julia time an' time again if that li'l Dills light dess one mo' on his front po'che he's goin' walk out there an' do some harm! Co'sc she nev' tuck an' pay no 'tention, 'cause Miss Julia, she nev' pay no 'tention to nobody; an' she like caller have nice time—she ain' goin' tell 'em you' grampaw make such a fuss. 'Yes,

'deed, kine frien', she say, she say, when they ast her: 'Miss Julia, ma'am, they say, 'I like please strike a match fer to light my cigareet if you please, ma'am.' She say: 'Light as many as you please, kine frien', she say, she say. She say: 'Smell o' cigareet dess deligh'ful little smell,' she say. 'Go 'head an' smoke all you kin stan', she say, 'cause I want you injoy you'se'f when you pay call on me,' she say. Well, so thishere young li'l Dills settin' there puffin' an' pullin' an' blowin' his ches' out an' in, an' feelin' all slicked up 'cause it about the firs' time this livin' summer he catch you' aunt Julia alone to hisse'f fer while—an' all time the house dess fillin' up, an' draf' blowin' straight at you' grampaw whur he settin' in his liberry. Ma'am, he sen' me out an' tell her come in, he got message mighty important fer to speak to her. So she tell thishere Dills wait a minute, an' walk in the liberry. Oh, ladies!"

"What'd he say?" Herbert asked eagerly.

"He di'n' say nothin'," Mrs. Silver replied eloquently. "He hollered."

"What did he holler?"

"He want know di'n' he never tell her thishere Dills can't smoke no mo' cigareets on his property, an' di'n' he tell her he wasn' goin' allow him on the place nohow! He say she got to go back on the po'che an' run thishere li'l Dills off home. He say he give her fair choice; she kin run him off, or else he go on out an' chase him away hisse'f. He claim li'l Dills ain' got no biznuss roun' callin' nowhere 't all, 'cause he on'y make fo'teen dollars a week an' ain' wuth it. He say—"

She was confirmed in this report by an indignant interruption from Florence.

"That's just what he did say, the old thing! I heard him, myself, and if you care to ask me, I'll be glad to inform you that I think grandpa's conduct was simply insulting!"

"'Deed it were!" said Mrs.

Silver. "That's dess whut he claim hisse'f

he mean it fer. But you tell me, please, how you hear whut you' grampaw say? He mighty noisy, but you nev' could a-hear him plumb to whur you live."

"I wasn't home," said Florence. "I was over here." "Then you mus' 'a' made you'se'f mighty skimpish, 'cause I ain't seen you!"

"Nobody saw me. I wasn't in the house," said Florence. "I was out in front."

"Whurbouts 'out in front'?"

"Well, I was sitting on the ground, up against the latticework of the front porch."

"Whut fer?"

"Well, it was dark," said Florence. "I just kind of wanted to see what might be going on."

"An' you hear all whut you' grampaw talkin' on about an' ev'ything?"

"I should say so! You' could of heard him lots farther than where I was."

"Lan' o' misery!" Kitty Silver cried. "If you done hear him whur you was, thishere li'l Dills mus' a-hear him mighty plain!"

"He did. How could he help it? He heard every word, and pretty soon he came down off the porch and stood a minute; then he went on out the gate, and I don't know whether he went home or not, because it was too dark to see. But he didn't come back."

"You right he didn't!" exclaimed Mrs. Silver. "I reckon he got fo'thought 'nough fer that, anyhow! I bet he ain' nev' goin' come back neither. You' grampaw say he goin' be fix' fer him, if he do."

"Yes, that was while he was standing there," said Florence ruefully. "He heard all that, too."

"Miss Julia, she s'picion' he done hear some'm 'nother, I guess," Kitty Silver went on. "She shet the liberry do' right almos' on you' grampaw's nose, whiles he still a-rampin', an' she slip out on the po'che, an' take look 'roun'; then go on up to her own room. I 'uz up there, while after that, turn' down her bed; an' she injoyin' herse'f readin' book. She feel kine o' put out, I reckon, but she ain't stedyin' about no young li'l Dills. She want 'em all to have nice time an' like her, but she goin' lose this one, an' she got plenty to spare. She show too much class fer to fret about no Dills."

"I don't care," said Florence. "I think she ought to fret, whether she does or not, because I bet he was feeling just awful. And I think grandpa behaved like an old hoodlum."

"That'll do," Herbert admonished her sternly. "You show some respect for your relations, if you please."

But his loyalty to the Atwater family had a bad effect on Florence. "Oh, will I?" she returned promptly. "Well, then, if you care to inquire my opinion, I just politely think grandpa ought to be hanged!"

"See here—"

But Florence and Kitty Silver interrupted him simultaneously.

"Look at that!" Florence cried.

"My name!" exclaimed Kitty Silver.

IT was the strange taste of Gammire which so excited them. Florence had peeled her orange and divided it rather fairly into three parts, but the vehemence she exerted in speaking of her peculiar old grandfather had caused her to drop one of the sections upon the ground.

Gammire promptly ate it, "sat up," and adjusted his paws in prayer for more.

"Now you listen me!" said Kitty Silver. "I ain't see no dog eat orange in all my days, an' I ain't see nobody else whut see dog eat orange. No, ma'am, an' I ain't nev' hear o' nobody else whut ev' see nobody whut see dog eat orange!"

Herbert decided to be less impressed. "Oh, I've heard of dogs that'd eat apples," he said. "Yes, and watermelon and nuts and things." As he spoke he played with the tennis ball upon his racket,

and concluded by striking the ball high into the air. Its course was not true; and it descended far over toward the orchard, where Herbert ran to catch it—but he was not quick enough. At the moment the ball left the racket Gammire abandoned his prayers; his eyes, like a careful fielder's, calculating and estimating, followed the swerve of the ball in the breeze, and when it fell he was on the correct spot. He caught



"Who do you s'pose trained this wonderful, darling doggie?" she cried



# 1760 Packard Trucks Complete National Truck Efficiency Test

*Winning Truck Establishes 3 Months' Record of 952 Points out of 1000—\$5025 Awarded in Prizes*

THE National Truck Efficiency Test was organized and conducted by the Packard Motor Car Company in co-operation with the efforts of the National Council of Defense and the War Industries Board to put motor trucking on a basis of higher efficiency, and to save railroad facilities for urgent Government uses.

The test consisted of three months' running, all phases of the truck performance and truck costs

being recorded daily on the National Standard Truck Cost System, as perfected by the Truck Owners' Conference.

The trucks were divided in three classes, according to capacity.

Prizes were awarded in each class—\$1000 to the owner of the winning truck; and to the drivers, \$500 for first, \$100 for second, and \$75 for third best records.

## *The Prize Winners in the National Truck Efficiency Test*

### *Class A—1½ and 2 ton trucks*

FIRST: What Cheer Chemical Co., Pawtucket, R. I., James L. Drury, Driver.

SECOND: Edson Moore & Co., Detroit, Mich. Edward Dallas, Driver.

THIRD: Edson, Moore & Co., Detroit, Mich. L. Moore, Driver.

### *Class B—3 and 4 ton trucks*

FIRST: H. F. Cherigo & Sons, Baltimore, Md., Lew Bacighipi, Driver.

SECOND: Salt Lake City Pressed Brick Co., Salt Lake City, Oloff Hanson, Driver.

THIRD: Harper & Wilz, Baltimore, Md., C. Wilz, Driver.

### *Class C—5 and 6 ton trucks*

FIRST: W. M. Hoyt Co., Chicago, Ill. Joseph Brookbank, Driver.

SECOND: Gottfried Krueger Brewing Co., Newark, N. J. Charles Langbein, and Joseph Birchler, Drivers.

THIRD: H. F. Cherigo & Sons, Baltimore, Md., J. Butts, Driver.



HIS three month's test of 1760 Packard Trucks in all parts of the United States is the first *all-round* and nation wide test of truck hauling ever conducted.

It is the first to consider and record the *transportation factors* that enter into truck efficiency:—

Traffic Conditions  
Type of Country  
State of Roads  
Type of Tires  
Running Time  
Loading and Unloading  
Time  
Outgoing Load

Return Load  
Percentage of Capacity  
Economy in Gasoline  
Economy in Tires  
Economy in Oil  
Economy in Upkeep  
Wage Cost  
Condition of Truck

Many a truck owner, discovering that his fleet is costing more than it should, finds all his efforts at economy baffled—because he thinks of efficiency only as a matter of trucks.

*Truck efficiency depends on transportation principles.*

There is not a truck owner in the United

States but can benefit by the results of the Packard National Truck Efficiency Test.

They are *transportation results*.

They are just as applicable to the single truck as to the fleet—to the little delivery car as to the Packard.

Whether you are a Packard Truck user or not—the Transportation Department of your local Packard Branch or Packard Dealer will be glad to see you. They will talk the thing over with you—show you what transportation results to look for and how to record them day by day on the National Standard Truck Cost System.

One of the most vital things for the Nation today is that every transportation agency shall come as near 100% efficiency as possible.

It is an extension of the Packard program of 100% War Work to give the results of this test to every truck owner or driver who will make use of it—*freely, and without thought of imposing obligation.*

# PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY

*Detroit, Michigan*





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THE man in the service knows firearms. So, when it comes to selecting a revolver for the defense of his home, a revolver that women can handle without fear, he unhesitatingly chooses the Iver Johnson.

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it. Herbert shouted: "He caught it on the fly! It must have been an accident. Here—" And he struck the ball into the air again. It went high—"twice as high as the house"—and again Gammire "judged" it; slowly and continuously shifting his position, his careful eyes never leaving the little white globe, until just before the last instant of its descent he was motionless beneath it. He caught it again, and Herbert whooped.

Gammire brought the ball to him and invited him to proceed with the game. That there might be no mistaking his ardent desire, Gammire "sat up" and prayed; nor did he find Herbert anything loth. Out of nine chances Gammire "muffed" the ball only twice, both times excusably, and Florence once more flung her arms about the willing performer.

"Who do you s'pose trained this wonderful, darling doggie?" she cried.

Mrs. Silver shook her marveling head. "He mus' 'a come thataway," she said. "I bet nobody 't all ain' train him; he do what he want to hisse'f. That Gammire don' ast nobody train him."

Then, as the enraptured Florence released Gammire, he wild-dogged again to the hilarious screamings of the three.

"Oh, goodness!" Florence said with a despondency which came upon her as the wild dog tamed himself abruptly, and returned to sit with them. "It's awful!"

"What is?"

"To think of as lovely a dog as this having to meet grandpa!"

"Meet' him!" Kitty Silver echoed forebodingly. "I reckon you' grampaw do mo'n dess 'meet' him."

"That's what I mean," Florence explained. "I expect he's just brute enough to drive him off."

"Yes'm," said Mrs. Silver. "He git madder ev'y time somebody sen' her new pet. You' grampaw mighty nervous man, an' everylas'n'ly do hate animals."

"He hasn't seen Gammire, has he?"

"Don't look like it, do it?" said Kitty Silver. "Dog here yit."

"Well, then I—" Florence paused, glancing at Herbert, for she had just been visited by a pleasant idea which she did not wish to share with him. "Is Aunt Julia in the house?"

"She were, li'l while ago."

"I want to see her about somep'm I ought to see her about," said Florence. "I'll be out in a minute."

SHE ran into the house, and found her excessively pretty young aunt seated at a slim-legged desk, reading over a note which she had just written.

"Aunt Julia, it's about Gammire."

"Gamin."

"What?"

"His name is Gamin."

"Kitty Silver says his name's Gammire."

"Yes," said Julia. "She would. His name is Gamin, though. He's a little Parisian rascal, and his name is Gamin."

"Well, Aunt Julia, I'd rather call him Gammire. How much did he cost?"

"I don't know; he was brought to me only this morning, and I haven't asked yet."

"But I thought somebody gave him to you."

"Yes—they did."

"Well, I mean," said Florence, "how much did the person that gave him to you pay for him?"

Julia sighed. "I just explained, I haven't had a chance to ask."

Florence looked hurt. "I don't mean you would ask 'em right out. I just meant: Wouldn't you be liable to kind of hint around an' give 'em a chance to tell you how much it was? You know perfectly well it's the way most the fam'ly do when they give each other somep'm pretty expensive, Christmas or birthdays, and I thought probab'ly you'd—"

"No. I shouldn't be surprised, Florence, if nobody ever got to know how much Gamin cost."

"Well—" Florence said, and decided to approach her purpose on a new tack. "Who was it trained him?"

"I understand that the person who

gave him to me has played with him at times during the few days he's been keeping him, but hasn't 'trained' him particularly. French poodles almost learn their own tricks if you give them a chance. It's natural to them; they love to be little clowns if you let them."

"But who was this person that gave him to you?"

Julia laughed. "It's a secret, Florence—like Gamin's price."

At this Florence looked piqued. "Well, I guess I got some manners!" she exclaimed. "I know as well as you do, Aunt Julia, there's no etiquette in coming right square out and asking how much it was when somebody goes and makes you a present. I'm certainly enough of a lady to keep my mouth shut when it's more polite to! But I don't see what harm there is in telling who it is that gives anybody a present."

"No harm at all," Julia murmured as she sealed the note she had written. Then she turned smilingly to face her niece. "Only I'm not going to."

"Well, then, Aunt Julia"—and now Florence came to her point—"what I wanted to know is just simply the plain and simple question: Will you give this dog Gammire to me?"

JULIA leaned forward, laughing, and suddenly clapped her hands together, close to Florence's face. "No, I won't!" she cried. "There!"

The niece frowned, lines of anxiety appearing upon her young but malleable brow. "Well, why won't you?"

"I won't do it!"

"But, Aunt Julia, I think you ought to?"

"Why ought I to?"

"Because—" said Florence. "Well, it's necessary."

"Why?"

"Because if you don't, you know as well as I do what's bound to happen to him!"

"What is?"

"Grandpa'll chase him off," said Florence. "He'll take after him the minute he lays eyes on him, and scare him to death—and then he'll get lost, and he won't be anybody's dog! I should think you'd just as lief he'd be my dog as have him chased all over town till a street car hits him or somep'm."

But Julia shook her head. "That hasn't happened yet."

"It did happen with every other one you ever had," Florence urged plaintively. "He chased 'em every last one off the place, and they never came back. You know perfectly well, Aunt Julia, grandpa's just bound to hate this dog, and you know just exactly how he'll act about him."

"No, I don't," said Julia. "Not just exactly."

"Well, anyway, you know he'll behave awful."

"It's probable," the aunt admitted.

"He always does," the niece continued. "He behaves awful about everything I ever heard about. He—"

"I'll go pretty far with you, Florence," Julia interposed, "but we'd better leave him a loophole. You know he's a constant attendant at church and contributes liberally to many good causes."

"Oh, you know what I mean! I mean he always acts horrible about anything pleasant. Of course I know he's a good man, and everything; I just mean the way he behaves is perfectly disgusting. So what's the use your not givin' me this dog? You won't have him yourself as soon as grandpa comes home to lunch in an hour or so."

"Oh, yes, I will!"

"Grandpa hasn't already seen him, has he?"

"No."

"Then what makes you say—"

"He isn't coming home to lunch. He won't be home till five o'clock this afternoon."

"Well, then, by six you won't have any dog, and poor little Gammire'll probab'ly be run over by a street car some time in the evening!" Florence's voice became anguished in the emphasis of her appeal. "Aunt Julia, won't you give me this dog?"

Julia shook her head.



"Won't you, please?"

"No, dear."

"Aunt Julia, if it was Noble Dill gave you this dog—"

"Florence!" her aunt exclaimed. "What in the world makes you imagine such absurd things? Poor Mr. Dill!"

"Well, if it was, I think you ought to give Gammire to me, because I like Noble Dill, and I—"

But here her aunt laughed again and looked at her with some curiosity. "You do?" she said. "What for?"

"Well," said Florence, swallowing, "he may be rather smallish for a man, but he's very uncouth and distinguished-looking, and I think he doesn't get to enjoy himself much. Grandpa talks about him so *torrably* and—and—" Here, such was the unexpected depth of her feeling that she choked, whereupon her aunt, overcome with laughter, but nevertheless somewhat touched, sprang up and threw two pretty arms about her charmingly.

"You *funny* Florence!" she cried.

"Then will you give me Gammire?" said Florence instantly.

"No. We'll bring him in the house now, and you can stay to lunch."

Florence was imperfectly consoled, but she had a thought that brightened her.

"Well, there'll be an awful time when grandpa comes home this afternoon—but it certainly will be inter'sting!"

SHE proved a true prophet, at least to the extent that when Mr. Atwater opened his front gate that afternoon he was already in the presence of a deeply interested audience whose observation was unknown to him. Through the interstices of the lace curtains at an open window downstairs, the gaze of Julia and Florence was concentrated upon him in a manner which might have disquieted even so opinionated and peculiar an elderly man as Mr. Atwater, had he been aware of it; and Herbert likewise watched him fixedly from an unseen outpost. Herbert had shown some braggadocio, declaring loudly that he intended to lounge in full view; but when the well-known form of the ancestor was actually identified, coming up the street out of the distance, the descendant changed his mind. The good green earth abruptly ceased to seem secure; and Herbert climbed a tree. He surrounded himself with the deepest foliage; and below him some outlying foothills of Mrs. Kitty Silver were perceptible, where she endeavored to lurk in the concealment of a lilac bush.

Gammire was the only person in view. He sat just in the middle of the top step of the front porch, and his air was that of an endowed and settled institution. What passing traffic there was interested him but vaguely, not affecting the world to which he belonged—that world being this house and lot of which he was now, beyond all question, the official dog.

It had been a rather hard-working afternoon, for he had done everything suggested to him, as well as a great many other things which he thought of, himself. He had also made it clear that he had taken the most particular fancy to everybody, but recognized Julia to be the head of the house and of the universe. It was love at first sight, and though he was at the disposal of all her family and friends, he was at her disposal first. However suddenly, she was his Naomi, and whither-ever she went, there would he go also, unless she otherwise commanded. Just now she had withdrawn, closing the door, but he understood that she intended no permanent exclusion. Who as this newcomer at the gate?

The newcomer came to an abrupt halt, staring angrily. Then he advanced, slamming the gate behind him. "Get out o' here!" he said in a harsh and forbidding voice. "You get off is place!"

Gammire regarded him seriously, notwithstanding, while Mr. Atwater cast an eye out the lawn, seeming to search for something, and his gaze, thus roving, as arrested by a slight movement of the great areas behind a lilac bush. It appeared that some public building had

covered its dome with antique textiles and was endeavoring to conceal it there—a failure.

"Kitty Silver!" he said. "What are you doing?"

"Suh?"

Debouching sidewise slowly, she came into fuller view, but retired a few steps. "What I doin' whur, Mista Atwater?"

"How'd that dog get on my front steps?"

Her face became noncommittal entirely. "Thishere dog? He just settin' there, suh."

"How'd he get in the yard?"

"Mus' somebody up an' brung him in."

"Who did it?"

"You mean: Who up an' brung him in, suh?"

"I mean: Who does he belong to?"

"Mus' be Miss Julia's. I reckon he is, so fur."

"What! She knows perfectly well I won't allow dogs on this place."

"Yessuh."

Mr. Atwater's expression became more outraged and determined. "You mean to say that somebody's trying to give her another dog after all I've been through with—"

"It look that way, suh."

"Who did it?"

"Miss Julia ain' sayin'; an' me, I doe' know who done it no mo'n the lilies of the valley whut toil not neither do they spins."

At this, Mr. Atwater was guilty of exclamations lacking in courtesy, and turned again toward Gammire. He waved his arm fiercely. "Didn't you hear me tell you to get out of here?"

Gammire observed the gesture, and at once "sat up," placed his forepaws over his nose and prayed. Mr. Atwater was incensed.

"Get out of here, you woolly black scoundrel!"

Mrs. Silver, startled, uttered a cry of injury, then perceived that she had mistaken her employer's intention. Gammire also appeared to mistake it, for he rose to his full height, on his hind legs, and in that humanlike posture hopped down the steps and "walked" in a wide circle. He did this with an affectation of conscientiousness thoroughly hypocritical; he really meant to be humorous and entertaining; but the effect upon the gentleman for whom he performed was not reassuring.

"My heavens!" Mr. Atwater cried lamentably. "Somebody's given her one of those things at last! I don't like any kind of dog, but if there's one dam' thing on earth I *won't* stand, it's a trick poodle!"

And while the tactless Gammire went madly on, "walking" a circle round him, Mr. Atwater's eye furiously searched the borders of the path, the lawn, and otherwheres, looking for anything that might serve as an effective missile. He had never kicked a dog, or struck one with his hand, in his life; he had a confirmed theory that it was always better policy to throw something. "Idiot poodle!" he said.

BUT Gammire's tricks were not mere idiocy in the eyes of Mr. Atwater's daughter, as she watched them. They had brought to her mind the tricks of the Jongleur of Notre Dame, that simple creature who had nothing to offer heaven itself, to mollify heaven's rulers, except his entertainment of juggling and nonsense; so that he sang his thin jocosities and played his poor tricks of legerdemain before the sacred figure of the Madonna, but when the pious would have struck him down for it, she miraculously came to life for just long enough to smile on him and show that he was right to offer his absurd best. And thus, as Julia watched the little Jongleur upon the lawn, she saw that was what he was doing, too: offering all he knew, hoping that some one might laugh at him, and like him. And, not curiously, after all, if everything were known, she found herself thinking of another foolish creature, who had nothing in the world to offer anybody, except what came out of the wistfulness of a foolish, loving heart. Then, though her lips smiled faintly as she thought of Noble Dill, all at once a brightness trembled along the eyelids



# Consider Your Breakfast Cost

Some Foods Cost 10 Times Quaker Oats for the Same Energy Units

Compare food cost by calories—the energy unit—and see what your money buys.

You will find that a dime buys as much in one food as a dollar in another.

You will find that the maximum food—which is Quaker Oats—stands minimum in cost.

This is how some foods at this writing compare in cost per thousand calories:

| Cost Per 1000 Calories |         |
|------------------------|---------|
| Quaker Oats            | 5 cents |
| Round Steak            | 41 "    |
| Leg of Lamb            | 48 "    |
| Veal Cutlets           | 57 "    |
| Fresh Halibut          | 53 "    |
| Salt Codfish           | 78 "    |

Meat foods will average, per energy unit, ten times the Quaker Oats cost. Other foods will cost you up to twenty times as much.

Yet Quaker Oats supplies you the almost perfect food. No costly food compares with oats in balanced nutriment. Few foods are so delightful.

Make Quaker Oats your breakfast. Use it in your baking.

Every ounce yields twice as many calories as an ounce of round steak. Every dollar's worth used to displace meats saves around \$9.

# Quaker Oats

Flaked from Queen Grains Only

The reason for getting Quaker Oats is a super-flavor. This brand is flaked from just the richest, plumpest grains. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. These big grains have a flavor which little grains must lack.

Get them, for they cost no extra price.

Two Sizes: 12c to 13c—30c to 32c  
Except in the Far West and South

(2057)

## Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)  
2 teaspoons salt ½ cup sugar  
2 cups boiling water 1 cake yeast  
¼ cup lukewarm water 5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

## Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

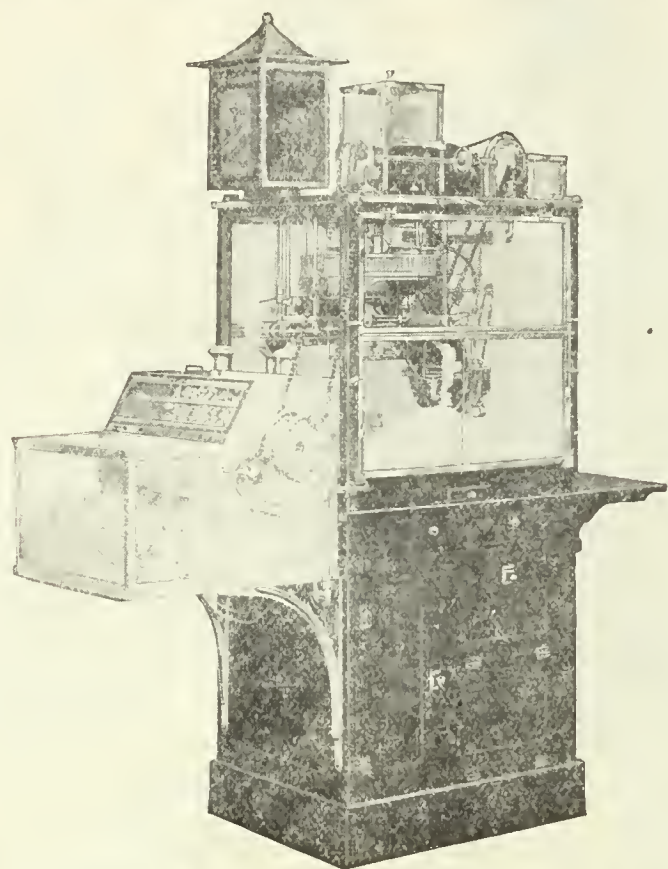
Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

## Quaker Oats Muffins

¾ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 table-spoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.





## Can You Use \$600 to \$3,120 Extra Profits?

Storekeepers and Exhibitors Please Answer

It doesn't cost you anything but a postage stamp to have us send our merchandising survey and estimate the money you can make in your location from the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine.

Not in all mercantile history does inventive genius appear to have given storekeepers and exhibitors a mechanical aid that attracts such astonishing trade and earns such profits. Thousands of Butter-Kist Machines are paying their owners \$600 to \$3,120 clear per year. Not only that, but are stimulating sales of all other merchandise around them.

W. O. Hopkins of Indiana, for example, found that his magazine business leaped ahead 97 per cent the first year he installed the Butter-Kist Machine. And by actual count he made 49,015 sales of Butter-Kist Pop Corn besides.

Mark well that this was *extra* trade this merchant would have missed (as many stores miss) without this power plant of new-found profits.

## BUTTER-KIST Pop Corn Machine

Makes a little waste space 26 x 32 inches pay five times as much profit per sq. ft. as anything known to trade.

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A government bulletin says pop corn is very close to wheat in food value. It contains a high percentage of calories that supply the body with energy and heat.

Everyone loves pop corn—Butter-Kist most of all because of its *toasty flavor* that no other pop corn has.

**Read What Storekeepers and Exhibitors Say:**  
"Have had our machine over 3 years and have taken in more than \$10,000 on pop corn and peanuts." Bloomington, Ill., Pop. 25,768.

"Profits derived from Butter-Kist machine first 12 months paid for machine and bought me a \$1,200 automobile besides." Electra, Tex., Pop. 3,500.  
"Paid for machine out of profits in less than year." Mt. Pleasant, Ia., Pop. 4,092.

Used and praised by confectioners, druggists, theatres, variety stores, grocers, bakeries, restaurants, stationers, department stores, cigar stores, billiard parlors, florists, commissaries, etc., in cities and towns of all sizes from 400 population up to the largest.

See the actual signed sales records, proofs of profits, photographs, easy terms and full information in our new book "America's New Industry." Write for free copy today without fail.



Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co., 766-779 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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Without obligation to me, send your free merchandising book, "America's New Industry," prices, terms, and location survey for estimating how much I can make with Butter-Kist Machine.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Business \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

of the Prettiest Girl in Town, and glimmered over, a moment later, to shine upon her cheek.

"You get out!" Mr. Atwater shouted. "D'ye hear me, you poodle?"

He found the missile, a stone of fair diameter. He hurled it violently.

"There, darn you!"

The stone missed, and Gammire fled desperately in the direction in which it had gone.

"You get over that fence!" Mr. Atwater bellowed. "You wait till I find another rock, and I'll bust a rib for you!"

He began to search for another stone, but, before he could find one, Gammire returned with the first. He deposited it upon the ground at Mr. Atwater's feet.

"There's your rock," he said.

Mr. Atwater looked down at him fiercely, and through the black chrysanthemum two garnet sparks glinted waggishly.

"Didn't you hear me tell you what I'd do if you didn't get out o' here, you darn poodle?"

Gammire "sat up," placed his forepaws together over his nose and prayed. "There's your rock," he said. "Let's get on with the game!"

Mr. Atwater turned to Kitty Silver.

## And They Shall Beat Their Swords Into—Electrotypes

*Continued from page 9*

national good will. In the new world there will be no such restrictions. For the war has written large across every institution and principle and prejudice of humanity an immense interrogation point which will not be hid.

Phillips Brooks once remarked what a tremendous sensation would be created if all our brains were dumped out on Boston Common where all the world might see. To have dumped our brains out in this fashion, before the war, would indeed have created a sensation. And the most surprising discovery would have been, I think, that 90 per cent of our minds were absolutely alike, and 90 per cent of all the brain cells dead. The war has changed that. It has stirred a billion dead brain cells into restless, questioning activity. Nothing now is so fixed or inviolate that it may not be summoned before the bar of humanity's questioning. Every institution, every government, every organization—if it is to survive—must justify itself before the conscience of the world. It must explain, if it would be trusted. Across its record the world war has written flaming questions: "What useful function do you perform that justifies your maintenance?" "Of what use are you in a world where the good of the largest number is the determining factor?" "What virtue is there in you that you should be saved?" And those questions cannot be evaded. No man may seek to escape them by the old retort that "this is my private business, and I shall run it as I please." We are at an end of private business in the ancient sense. The man on the street will assert his right at every turn to question. And in page advertisements, and half pages, and twenty-four-sheet billboards his questions must be answered. Power has passed into his hands and will not be dislodged. It will never again be enough to convince the influential few, to sell the little group of bellwether people in the lead. The plain man who does the heavy hauling of the world is hereafter to be a ruling factor in the world's affairs: any statesman or merchant who has not read that significant truth in the developments of the past four years must have been blind indeed.

### Safety in Truth

**E**VEN before the war the common man was manifesting an unseemly curiosity about matters which formerly were none of his concern; and the wisest among captains of industry felt the growing pressure of his curiosity and were responding to it. I talked not long ago with a great financier who told me of his first attempts to

"Does he—does he know how to speak, or shake hands, or anything like that?" he asked.

**T**WO mornings later, as the peculiar old man sat at breakfast, he said to the lady across the table: "Look here. Who did give Gamin to us?"

Julia bit her lip; she even cast down her eyes.

"Well, who was it?"

Her demureness still increased. "It was—Noble Dill."

Mr. Atwater was silent; he looked down and caught a clownish gleam out of a blackness neighboring his knee. "Well, see here," he said. "Why can't you—why can't you—"

"Why can't I what?"

"Why can't you sit out in the yard, the next time he calls here, instead of on the porch where it blows all through the house? It's just as pleasant to sit under the trees, isn't it?"

"Pleasanter," said Julia; and her black-sapphire eyes still remained demure under the deep lashes.

Gammire appeared to be a successful envoy—it seemed even possible that, like Orlando's wrestling, he had overthrown more than his enemy.

let the light of publicity into the affairs of the big insurance company of which he was a director.

"I insisted that we should buy a page in every leading newspaper," he said, "and publish every single dollar's worth of property we owned—every stock and bond and bit of real estate—everything. The other directors called the idea ridiculous. It had never been done, they said; it would be thought undignified. 'Besides,' they concluded, 'some day we will make a bad investment, and then what are you going to do? Will you publish that also in a full-page advertisement in the newspapers?' And my answer was: 'If you know that they are going to be published in a full page in the newspapers, you will be much less likely to have any bad investments.'"

### "Do Ye Even So to Them"

**O**NE director whose name was magic in the financial world ten years ago fought him to the very end. But a few days before his death the two men met. And the older man said:

"My friend, I have not long to live; I want to make a confession to you. It has come over me lately that in this thing you have been right, and I have been wrong. I am too old now to have my change of thought play any great part. But if I were to live my life again I would live it very differently. I would take the public into my confidence at every step of the way."

Along such lines really big men were beginning to think even before the war. And the war, which has taken diplomacy out of the closets into the advertising columns, and has, through advertising, changed the eating and the saving habits of the world, has tremendously accelerated the course of such thinking.

This will be a third characteristic of the advertising of the future—its appeal will be in large measure idealistic. For several years I have been claiming that the Bible is the greatest one-volume textbook on modern business ever written and that it deserves serious study by every ambitious man on that basis if on no other. All the theses which our trade papers publish week after week as the secrets of success were written there a couple of thousand years ago, and may be found by anyone who will take the time to look

"Whosoever will be great among you let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant"—it doesn't sound exactly like hard-headed business sense. Yet if you will run through the advertising pages of any magazine you will discover that more than half of the



advertisements are written around that utterance. The automobile manufacturer claims that he has grown great in the business. Why? Because he had more money or a bigger plant? No. Because he was willing to crawl under your car oftener than any of his competitors; because his "service" is superior, because there is nothing you can ask him to do—so he claims—that he will not do gladly for you. He is the most efficient servant, therefore he is great.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them"—and in that is condensed everything that I have ever read in business magazines about "getting the dealer's point of view" or "thinking in terms of the consumer."

#### Practical Ideals

SO the golden thread of idealism ran through our advertising even four years ago. And how much more so in the future! The war has made every man who is worth selling goods to something of an idealist. It has pricked every dormant conscience into new life: it has painted question marks upon the bedroom walls of men who never before had known the meaning of a question. Persistent, impertinent questions, such as: "When so many clean, good men have given up their lives, what virtue is there in you that you should be spared?" "How will you dare to look them in the face when they come home?" "What have you done to duplicate in your own soul the spiritual regeneration which they are passing through?" and "What will it profit you, after all, if you gain the whole world and lose your own soul?"

So it has come about that a man feels apologetic who has nothing to show for his year's activity but a substantial financial profit. He hastens to explain to you that he has been giving part of his time to the Red Cross or the Y. M. C. A., or that he has given three boys to the army, or that his business has been entirely engaged in Government work, and so has helped to win the war. Without exactly analyzing it, he feels vaguely that a new order of things has come into the world, and that henceforth men are to be honored not so much for what they have acquired as for what they have given; that sacrifice and not acquisition is this day the measure of a man's success.

Partly that spirit will disappear, of course, but not entirely. The leaders of industry will be a power against its disappearance, for one thing. They have been taken out of their money-making forcibly. They will never be the same men again: Wall Street will never be the same street. Men whom the war has taken away from their money-making—do you think that they will ever go back to it utterly? They have discovered a new pleasure in the world: it has broken over them like a great light that there is actually more in giving than in receiving.

Men in whom this tremendous transformation has been wrought are going to insist that the enterprises with which they are connected measure up to new standards. They will not be satisfied with a business that merely shows a profit. They will insist that it shall somehow be yoked up to the progress of the race; that in some fashion it shall be helping to make men better clothed and better fed, and more intelligent and happier human beings. They will look for this idealistic element in their business and they will feature it in their advertising. And the ultimate consumer, who for four years has been appealed to by the advertising of sacrifice and of patriotism and of qualities within himself which he had hardly before suspected, is going to give such advertising friendly and a generous reception.

#### International Advertising

IN an old and very wise book it is written: "And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks." That was the old ideal of ending wars. As a matter of fact, each man usually did return to his own little farm—to his own iso-

lated existence—and took up again the tasks of peace. And not until new misunderstandings had arisen, calling him into a new war, did he have any further dealings with either his former allies or his former adversaries. We shall go a step farther after this war: we shall beat some of our swords at least into electrotypes. The war has taught us the magnificent advantage of knowing the English and the French and the Italians and the Japanese, and of having them know and understand us. It has forever broken down the old rail fence that ran around America, shutting us inside with our own individual plowshares. It has taught us the value of talking across that fence by the spoken word and the written message, and of visiting much in the plowed fields of our neighbors.

Surely no one of the Allied nations will be so blind as not to read the lesson of these last four years. Surely England must appreciate that she could not possibly do anything greater for the future of the British Empire than to maintain over here a stalwart bureau to advertise England to Americans. Italy must know that \$25,000,000 could not possibly be spent anywhere else so well as in constantly explaining Italy to America. And we, it is to be devoutly hoped, have learned our lesson just as well.

It would cost us a couple of billion dollars a month to have a war with Japan, to say nothing of the other losses that are too sacred to be computed. For two million dollars a month spent by ourselves in Japan and by Japan with us we could in ten years create a mutual respect and regard between the peoples of the two nations that would make a future war utterly unthinkable.

I would write it into the peace terms—if I were President Wilson—something like this:

#### ARTICLE 114

WHEREAS, The pen has played an honorable part with the sword in winning victory and bringing peace; and,

WHEREAS, The permanence of that peace can only be secured by the extension of international understanding and regard; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That each nation attaching its signature to this treaty does by that signature pledge itself to the annual expenditure of at least 1 per cent of its present war costs in international advertising, explaining to the rest of the world its own achievements and ideals; and seeking to eradicate from the character of its own people those characteristics which are a source of irritation to their neighbors.

#### First-Hand Knowledge

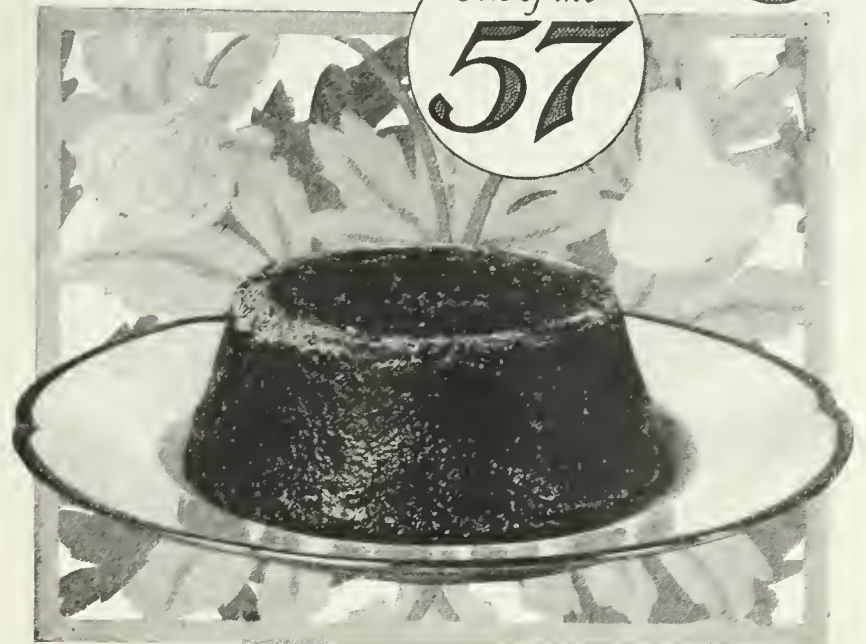
I SHOULD carry out the provisions of that treaty very liberally; I would by no means confine America's advertising to the printed word. I would send to each of the great countries of the world a hundred of our best young newspaper men to work in their newspaper offices, and bring back an equal number of their newspaper men to work for a year in ours, so that the editorial writers of the future, when they write of international relationships, will have some basis for their writing besides the encyclopedia. I would exchange clergymen and college professors and representatives of organized labor and of every other group which has in its power the shaping of public opinion.

In all these ways—plus the regular use of the printed word and the motion picture—I would make the peoples of the world to know each other, knowing that ultimately they would come to like each other.

It would have seemed impossible five years ago; to-day the war has taught us to forget that there is such a word as impossible. It has taught us to begin to think internationally. And we can be led a great distance along that road provided our rulers are wise enough to read the signs. Provided, in addition to beating our swords into plowshares, they beat a certain proportion of them into printing presses and motion-picture films and electrotypes.

# HEINZ

## Fig Pudding



HEINZ Fig Pudding is a new dessert that will always be remembered with delight once it has been tasted. The fig itself is a delicious fruit, especially well adapted to the making of confections that are rich, yet light and wholesome, and "pudding" is a synonym for all that is toothsome in desserts.

The name "Heinz" insures right preparation and is your full guaranty that all the qualities suggested by the word "pudding" have been realized to the utmost in this supreme delicacy.

# HEINZ

## Mince Meat and Plum Pudding



Some people have Heinz Plum Pudding only at holiday time, but it should be served oftener, it is so wholesome and so delicious.



Mince pie is, as it should be, the foremost American dessert when it is made with Heinz delicious Mince Meat. Sold only in glass and tins—never in bulk.

*All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada*





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A two-fold fabric

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Soft Cotton next to Skin  
Air Space between

Warmth—Comfort  
No Wool Irritation

Duofold Health Underwear Co., Mohawk, N. Y.

National Underwear Standards: "Duofold" for cold weather;  
"Rockinchair" for warm weather.



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MEMOIRS of the Courts of Europe occupy a field distinctly their own, and appeal to readers of widely varying tastes. If one prefers fiction, here will be found intimate, chatty stories told with all the glamour of fictitious narrative, yet having the supreme merit of being true. If one likes history, it will here be found at its fountain source, to be witnessed in the making. The leading actors tell their own story, giving it a wealth of personal detail foreign to sober history:

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| COURT OF CHARLES II     | EMMA, LADY HAMILTON          |

Some of these manuscripts reposed for many years in out-of-the-way corners or state archives before being rescued for the modern reader. Formerly obtainable only at a very high price in elaborate limited editions, they can now be purchased, having been printed from exactly the same plates, at about one-tenth the former price.

The publishers will be glad to send you a descriptive booklet telling all about these memoirs. Write to Collier's, 416 West 13th Street, New York, and ask for the "Memoirs Booklet." Sent without obligation.

## The Prayer Rug

Continued from page 14

a lascar skipper. She's a tramp, and her figurehead has tasted salt duff in all the seven seas. Till dark I hangs around the pier, kind of sizing up ship, crew, what of 'em I could see, and the skipper. I knowed the skipper. But I don't approach him none.

"It's good and dark, and I makes for the mosque, climbs up some latticework, and whispers her name, Segah, Segah. She sticks her little paw out through the lattice, and a rampagin' lion of the Sahary couldn't have devoured it up ardent. I whispers my little say, and Segah she whispers, and there I cling to them latticework like a bat in a belfry till my fingers is numb. It's a grievous hot night. I saunters around hunting for cool. Final, I sets down against a wall, and falls asleep.

"I WAKENS. It's day. Baraba Chang stands there, probably trailing me every fathom I'd traveled, and he leans over and grabs my neck as a little sign that New Year's is over. Back to jail I'm drug. A party wearing a lot of gold braid like a fire engine tells me I got to divulge where Mr. Mirzah's jewelry are hid or they'll bastinado me till I do. Jewelry hid at? I don't know where they're hid. I can't tell. They lay me on my face, tie my ankles together, h'ist them by a fall made fast to two stakes drove in the ground. Then they lam me forty licks on the bare soles with a spit stick about as thick as Bigpaw's thumb. Oh, I'd 'a' told. I just didn't know. Next day, if I still don't tell, I'm to get eighty bats on the feet, then a hundred and twenty, and so forth. Hain't that tilting the ante?

"Now I just know I can't stand no eighty bastinados, let alone a hundred and twenty, or two hundred. Night is coming on. The clipper tramp is due to sail at flood. I'm laying on the hard mud floor moaning when the door opens. There stands the muezzin with the split spanker whiskers. He hands me in a coil of thick, soft cord he takes out from under his robe, and a bazuband which is kind of a purse bracelet wore on the upper arm by women of that country. It's Segah's bazuband. I opens the purse part. There's two gold English guineas and some Strait Settlement silver. What a girl! I ties the bazuband to the end of the silk cord, tosses it till it catches over one of the iron bars in the ceiling grate. I twitches the cord, and down slides the bazuband. I takes it loose, puts it in my pocket. I twists the silk cord, and up I swarms, grabs a iron bar, upends like a trapeze performer, and kicks three irons out of the baked mud that holds 'em.

"I gets to the ground, hunts up my prayer rug, and tears for the mosque. Segah is gone. I'm ravin', so the old steamboater opens the door and lets me see into the empty sanctuary. I can't blame her. She does what she can to throw me free, then she sheers off. No one can't blame her. Only I'm just sick. I hobbles to the pier. When the watch leans against the capstan for a snooze, I swings out by the spring line, crawls along the guard rail, climbs to deck, drops through a open hatch.

"With four bells of the morning watch, to advantage them of the flood tide, the *Maid of Madagascar* casts off. I'm clear of Bushire. Only I been dismal careless of my reckonin'! The *Maid of Madagascar* hain't bound for Bombay, like I'd took for granted; she's bound for Seattle, as I learns by reading the labels on the bales of silk and mohair and so forth. Then I'm sicker. It'll be months, years, before ever I can gain back to Bushire where I'd laid on coming back armed with a document from the British commissioner at Bombay that would 'a' made Old Man Mirzah beat for lee. Segah, probably, with the slimmest of chances, making a try for far Turkestan, hundreds of miles away, and with actual only two leagues of railroad in the whole country. Me—in a tramp windjammer—bound for Seattle.

"Well, I hides my prayer rug under

some bales. Then, final, starved to it, I raps on a hatch, and a lascar sailor lets me out. Boto Beng, the Malay skipper, knowed me, and right away, being short-handed, gives me berth of mate. I hain't no more than sang out for my watch to lay for'ard, when who do I see pawing at the pin rail, awkward as a bear doin' fancywork, but Baraba Chang. He gives me a pleasant look like a Chinese devilfish, but I lays hand to a capstan bar, and Baraba moves for'ard.

"Immediate, at first good chance, moves my prayer rug into my cabin, hides it under the bunk. I'm plumb mystified about Baraba. I asks Boto Beng, and all he knows is Baraba Chang comes aboard late sailing date, asks for a berth. Boto figures Baraba is lamming out on account of some thieving or other, 'cause he keeps looking ashore kind of furtive like. Also, Baraba has been snooping along the pier for hours.

"During the whole voyage Baraba Chang never lets on, far as I knew, that he'd ever seen me before. I watch him like a cat. From aloft drops a belayin' pin, misses me by a hair. Baraba Chang is in the tops. Something shoves me down a hatch. I lay still like I'm hurt, though I hain't, and Baraba Chang's little wicked eyes peeks over the brim. I borry a gun from the skipper. She's a ancient arm and built like a siege gun. At night I feels a hand padding along the edge of the bunk trying to locate my throat. I jabs out in the dark with the gun. There's a yelp—I got my cabin to myself. Baraba Chang wears a gash under one eye for two weeks.

"We're making along the north coast of Oregon for Puget Sound when we runs into a blow. She blows, she blows some more. It's off Cape Flattery, right there where I'm pointing my hand, we're laid by the keel. Baraba Chang beats my hands free of the boat rail, makes off with the little middy and my prayer rug."

Bunt McGiffert's voice choked up over him, and he sat with his head hanging over his steel-splinted knees.

"Blow yourself to a ca'm, Bunt, like all storms does," encouraged Chotub Henry. "Just figure the lay and you'll find it good. This Baraba Chang, sure as tide, figures you're dead. It's a hundred mile to a white camp. He won't be in no sweat. We'll find him, him and the middy, and the rug, right in that village."

"Ab-a-solutely," agreed Bigpaw, rising to his feet. "Let's be p'intin' out. Bunt hain't none too pert on them stee skids. It'll be crow dark now by time we make the village."

PRESENTLY the trio came to the outermost dwelling in a group of a number of rude cedar huts. A score of mongrel dogs ran howling at the intruders. A light flared in the cabin. Chotub walked forward, began speaking in Chinook to the old Indian who appeared in the doorway.

Chotub began pointing up and down the shore. The Indian pointed. Bigpaw began to shake his head dubiously.

"He's gone," said Chotub, "Baraba and the cabin boy, not a watch ago."

"Gone!"

"Yes, gone. Baraba and the little boy come ashore, the boy lugging 'hiyu pa-see-sei,' which means a thick blanket and could only mean your prayer rug. The boy says he's sick, and says he's afraid of the big Chinamar. The Indians puts the boy into a little cabin, with a old *klootchman* woman that knows how to make strong medicine. Baraba comes snoopin' around the cabin, and the old *klootchman*, she runs him off with a ax, sayin' she won't allow no one to disturb a patient. The old *klootchman* is bringin' the cabin boy a bowl of *lukutchee* soup, which is clamsoup and seaweed they eat, and the cabin's empty; the sick patient is gone. And Baraba Chang is gone."

"Gone," Bunt repeated stupidly.

"You say Baraba is half Roosian?" Bunt nodded his head—yes.



"Then the news hain't cheerful. A Russian whaler is hove to three mile below in a bight, fillin' water casks for voyage to the Bering."

Bunt McGiffert's hands, freeing themselves from the grip of the crutches, fastened themselves convulsively into Bigpaw's great arm. "Listen, Bigpaw—you've got to overhaul 'em—you've got to. Listen, Bigpaw! That little middy hain't no boy—it's Segah."

"Segah!"

"Segah—yes. We're a day out of Bushire, when she crawls from the for'ard hold, gives me a hail. I gets Boto Beng to strip out a little cubby between his cabin and mine for her. I gets clothes from the cookee. It's Segah. You gotta overhaul 'em."

"A Roosian whaler—got to overhaul 'em—I should say yes. The bight three mile below—"

Without a further word, Bigpaw Cinnamon laid his course through the village, went crashing into the underbrush like a jungle bear.

Following as swiftly as they were able, Bunt and Chotub came finally to the rise above the bay. The dirty, carelessly stowed sail of a schooner showed dully against the water. A camp fire twinkled upon the beach. The creak of oars told that the Russians were still conveying water casks from shore to ship.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Bunt fervently. "Thank God!"

Along the brow of the cliff, Bunt and Chotub felt their way. Chotub pointed. Ahead, screened by a tangle of gnarled madrona, was a cabin long before abandoned by its fisherman or timber cruiser builder. A fitful, wavering light shone through many cracks.

Bunt and Chotub crept on. An immense boulder had been rolled against the door. There was but one narrow window to the cabin, and from it both ash and glass were missing. Cautiously they lifted their heads.

The room was dimly lighted by the glare of a pitch fir torch. In a corner of the cabin crouched the masquerading abin boy, hugging the old Irak prayer rug. Baraba Chang stood with his vast bulk against the wall opposite the window. Bigpaw Cinnamon, his sparlike arms widespread, his back to the window, was moving slowly, guardedly forward.

"Listen, little middy," said Bigpaw gently, never taking his glance from the Tatar, "you caper on out the winder, cause I gotta have room to work."

Eager hands helped her through, and her pale face made the third framed in the sashless window.

BARABA CHANG, his thick lips snarled away from his yellow teeth, began uttering apelike cries of fear and rage. His fingers worked convulsively, occasionally clenching as he would strike himself upon the chest.

"He'll kill, big man," warned Segah, translating the Tatar's savage speech. "He say he'll kill."

"Oh, so! Look, bull toad! Don't

you make endeavors to terrify me none. Don't!"

With a catlike leap, Bigpaw hurled himself forward. Like a flash, Baraba Chang turned, rammed his foot into Bigpaw's chest. Bigpaw went down with a crash, the Tatar, on top, screaming and striking with stiffened thumb at the fisherman's eyes.

Struggling to his feet, Bigpaw shook himself from beneath the clawing brute, flung him free, closed, wrapped an arm about Baraba's neck. The cameleer's wartlike head, flush with the tremendous mass of fleshy shoulders, slipped through.

Bigpaw's face was bleeding from a dozen deep scratches. The forefinger of his right hand had been bitten to the bone.

Again Baraba Chang struck for Bigpaw's eyes. The giant fisherman ducked the blow, dived under the flailing arms, and his own arms went like coils of steel cable about the Tatar's vast girth. Then he hoisted Baraba Chang as if he had been a log, ran across the narrow floor, and with the cameleer's bullethead burst out a span of the thin, cedar shake siding. Again he swung the yellow man. With an impact that rocked the frail hut, Bigpaw drove the savage's head against one of the supporting wall rafters.

Upon the floor Bigpaw dropped his vanquished enemy where he lay a huddled mass.

"That'll be about all," blowed Bigpaw.

Then he stooped, picked up a knot that Baraba Chang's hard head had knocked loose from the timber.

"I aimed to hit that knot," said Bigpaw, holding up the evidence, "and I done it."

"SURE," said Bigpaw heartily as the three and the "little middy" climbed into the dory and shoved off. "Sure, we got room, and chuck to eat aplenty. Mrs. Briscoe, she's cook, she take in little middy. Sure."

Segah sat upon a thwart, the Irak prayer rug across her knees. Bending the thick fabric, she began to pick out from the warp here and there, and pile up in Bunt McGiffert's palm, jewels, and more jewels, rubies, emeralds, diamonds. With her forefinger she stirred the glittering mass, selected six of the finest, handed three to Bigpaw, and three to Chotub.

Then, as the dory's sail caught the breeze, Segah leaned back and naturally and unaffectedly laid her hand in the hand of Bunt McGiffert.

For some moments Bigpaw Cinnamon gazed upon this tender scene. Segah was pretty, mightily pretty—Bunt, the lucky runt!

Bigpaw leaned, with a bandaged forefinger tapped Bunt upon the breastbone in exactly the spot where the old bilgewater had tattooed the bleeding heart. "You don't believe in tattooin' none?" he demanded.

"I lied a whole lot, Bigpaw," replied Bunt with a foolish grin. "I believe in it most profound."



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## Who Shall Be Mistress of the Sea?

Continued from page 6

rs whose existence is not dependent on a single resource, and that resource one which must be kept up as a living concern, else it disappears. England has no great natural resources of ours. She has no cotton crop, no wheat crop or corn crop, not much copper, no oil. It was almost pathetic, when we were in England, to see her, pushed by her great need of it, scratching the surface of Devonshire to see if she couldn't get a little copper, and getting hardly enough to run a motorcycle.

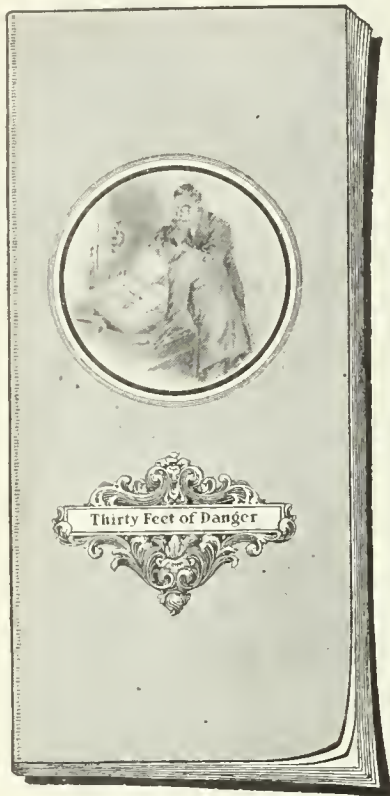
England's business, her income, her power, the maintenance of the fleet which was our protection as well as hers, her whole position in the world depended on the maintenance as a going concern of her great fabric of shipping and oversea trade. It isn't so surprising as it seems that at the very moment when the issue of the war was in the balance the House of Commons

was concerning itself with trade in South America. For England has two lives to lose, one on the battle field and one on the peaceful seas, and if she loses the latter it does her little good to win the former.

### Ships That Meant Food

AND it was not merely her oversea trade connections that England was sacrificing in order to devote ships to carrying American soldiers. She was going without food and other goods that she sorely needed and which only ships could bring her. England was at a low ebb last September. Her butter and eggs come chiefly across the water from Denmark, and the ships that normally bring them had been thrown into the common pot of the Allies. Jam was rationed, bacon was rationed, scores of minor articles were rationed. The English people endured a lack and an inconvenience such as our people have





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# PITY

"I was groping for words to picture what I had seen. There was no help in the dictionary, and the 'pity' of the encyclopedia was just as bloodless, just as chilled and cold-cut. No thrill of feeling warmed me. And then I thought of the Harvard Classics. Could I find there the inspiration I had elsewhere sought in vain? Sure enough, 'pity' was almost instantly found in the index, and under that heading, to my eager surprise and delight, a host of references—not fragmentary quotations or dry definitions—but the most vivid conceptions of 'pity' as men like Bacon, and Burke, and Pascal saw it."

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not dreamed of. I walked ten London blocks and entered a dozen shops to find a box of matches. It is a fact that if the war had kept up, and if the flow of American troops had been maintained as it would have had to be maintained, England during the present winter would have had to kill off her herds. There would have been no ships to bring in forage for them. That, of course, would have been a desperate gamble, for once that were done the war would have to end before another winter, or England would starve.

The situation was faced, the available shipping was minutely measured; it was seen what could be done and what could not be done, and the decision was made to kill the herds and divert the ships to the carrying of American soldiers.

These were the lesser sacrifices that England was making and was ready to make. They were serious enough; they would have endangered the morale, the will to go on, of a less stable people than the English. But the greater sacrifice was the thing that was causing Pringle, Money, and Hogge to tear their hair. It was the disrupting of England's trade routes, the withdrawing of ships from ports and routes where the British flag had been dominant for generation after generation, and the fear that that dominance might never be recovered—that America might step into it.

### After War—Competition

IT was not only that British ships were being withdrawn from routes where England had long had a substantial monopoly; a second element in the same menace was—and is—the fact that the formerly negligible America had turned its mind and hand to the art of building ships. In the shipbuilding industry America, before the war, had cut a relatively minor figure. She owned less than 5 per cent of the world's ocean-going ships. Little nations like Holland and Norway cut much more figure than America in foreign ports. But, in order to be effective in the war, as a means of helping the Allies offset the submarine sinkings, America started in to build ships in a big way. To be sure, the ships were being built as a war measure, but some day the war would end—and the ships would be there. Not only would the completed ships be there, but America would have learned the shipbuilding art. She would have what she had not before, a large body of labor trained in ship construction. America would have such a shipbuilding capacity, such a plant for turning out ships, as the world had never known before.

England could not help being aware of the haunting menace. To be sure, the whole thing was being done to help England and the other Allies win the war; but after war comes competition. In so far as they would help to win the war, England watched the mounting records of new American ships with satisfaction; but when she thought of them as factors in the new world after the war, she was deeply concerned. Her business leaders and her statesmen discussed it at first in private, lest discussion mar the spirit of harmony that was necessary to be maintained. From private discussion they passed to public warnings, always qualified by expressions of satisfaction in that this huge output of new American ships would offset the submarine sinkings, but nevertheless warning the public of what the future might bring of menace to the essential basis of England's permanent greatness.

Let me repeat, in part, a few that I quoted in my first article: "We, the greatest shipbuilding country that the world has ever seen," said the head of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom, "have now been far outstripped by the Americans. . . . It is a source of grave concern." A correspondent of the London "Morning Post" declared that "an ally of to-day may become a trade rival after the war," and the "Post" added that "public opinion in Great Britain is not alive to the peril which threatens us." Lord Inch-

cape said: "I am afraid of what the position may be when the war is over." Many pages of COLLIER'S could be filled with quotations from similar expressions of apprehension made by leaders of British thought and British trade.

### U. S. Shipbuilding Co.!

SO acute did this feeling of unrest and apprehension become in England that one day Mr. Hurley, as the American official directly responsible for our shipbuilding program, wrote a reassuring letter to the London "Times." It was meant to allay Great Britain's fears. He said that America meant no menace to the long-established business of an ally; and this was true, for America meant only to win the war. He tried to say also that there really was no menace, that England should not be concerned; but this he could not very well say, for the menace to England was not in any person's heart; it was in the existence of the facts, and it could not be waved aside by the personal assurances of any individual.

Mr. Hurley said that after the war these new American ships would be used only for "the common good of humanity." The letter abounded in such phrases. And Mr. Hurley meant them. So far as he was able to go, he was acting in complete good faith. But while his letter might carry a sufficient atmosphere of friendliness to smooth down the British public as a whole, while it might serve the purpose of a palliative to maintain harmonious feeling among the people of an ally, to the shipowners and financiers and business men of England the letter could not be of any real significance. To the well-informed the facts inherent in the situation were a negation of the atmosphere of reassurance which pervaded Mr. Hurley's letter. The only words that could carry conviction would be words which would say directly and unequivocally that after the war these ships would not be used in competition with British ships. And these words neither Mr. Hurley nor anyone else could say. He had not the power or the authority to go so far. He could not bind the future. Moreover, it wasn't in nature that it could be so.

To these hard-headed men familiar with the situation the essential and really pregnant facts were the only thing that counted, and the facts were as set forth in another statement which Mr. Hurley issued the same week that he wrote his letter to the London "Times." This statement was for American consumption:

"The American merchant marine is to-day expanding more rapidly than any other in the world. On August of this year the United States took rank as the leading shipbuilding nation in the world. It now has more shipyards, more shipways, more ship workers, more ships under construction, and is building more ships every month than any other country, not excepting the United Kingdom, hitherto easily the first shipbuilding power."

That was the solid, unescapable fact. It is more true to-day than it was in September when Mr. Hurley said it.

### Lessening Production Costs

OF course some of these new ships we have been building are a pretty poor lot. More of them have been sunk already than the public knows about. And mariners say that during the storms of the coming winter there are going to be a good many S. O. S. call up and down the Atlantic. But that is all right. We are making the clumsy beginnings of an art, and we have been doing it under war conditions. Then too, the cost of these new ships has been very high. But that too is war. Time and money are equivalents, and in war it is only time that matters. Haste and waste go with war, and we shall hear a lot about them now that the war is over and we start to judging our war achievements by peace-time standards.

As to the costliness of our new ships, competent persons tell me that this will right itself, and that these





great new shipbuilding plants of ours are so large and so modern, with methods so efficient, that when things settle down on a peace-time basis we shall be able to build ships on a competitive basis with even the low-paid labor of England. We can stay in the shipbuilding business if we want to, and we can continue to be the leader in it as we now are. The only need is the determination to do so. It will not take much determination. We need merely to let our present momentum carry on.

#### Operating Our Merchant Marine

**B**UILDING ships is one thing, and operating them is another. And it takes dominance in both to make a nation Mistress of the Sea. Now, everybody knows that however we may have arrived, under the urgency of war, at a point where we can build ships as economically as other nations, the fact is that we cannot possibly operate them as economically. That is the aspect of the problem that our shipping men and Mr. Hurley are just now attacking.

There is a venerable old American on the Pacific Coast who operates ships on every sea and has his agents in every big port. He operates ships normally under the American flag, or the English flag, or the Japanese flag. Recently he gathered together from his books some figures showing the relative cost of operating a ship of a given size under each of the three flags. The comparison ran, roughly, \$1,000 a month for the Japanese ship, \$1,500 a month for the British ship, and \$2,500 a month for the American ship. Now, if that relation shall continue, and if the shipping of the world is to continue on a competitive basis, then America must either give up any ambition of being a great shipping nation, or else find some device for overcoming the handicap of our greater cost of operation.

As the report of the Committee on Merchant Marine of the National Foreign Trade Council puts it, unless we can find some way to overcome the foreigners' advantage of lower wages and lower cost of operation, then inexorably this great new fleet that we have built must either be sold to foreigners, "or they will rust out a useless existence, soon to terminate on the scrap heap."

Now, the reasons for the greater cost of operation of American ships are chiefly two: first, the higher wages we pay our seamen; second, our insistence on certain standards of safety and personnel which are expensive to maintain. If we pay American sailors and stokers and firemen something like seventy-five dollars a month, and Japan pays only twenty, then, normally, Japanese ships will get the business, and our ships will not be able to operate profitably against Japanese competition.

#### Standardized Wage Rates

**B**UT there is just coming to the surface of events a suggested way out of this. It comes from widely different sources, and discussion of it is pretty sure to be an important factor of the Peace Conference and of the formation of the League of Nations. I first found the suggestion in looking over the platform of the French socialists. They demanded, among other things, that the Peace Conference and the League of Nations should adopt minimum wage rates for the whole world, and in other ways stabilize and standardize wages on a world basis. I next found the suggestion, or one that is at least related to it, in a document far distant in source from the platform of the French socialists. The annual report of the National Foreign Trade Council of the United States, signed by three of the most conspicuous corporation presidents in this country, concludes with this sentence:

"As an incident of the international agreement and settlements soon to be worked out, the maritime nations should agree upon uniform regulations which will impose equal conditions and requirements upon all alike. Such an arrangement would insure that equality which will give everyone a fair chance."

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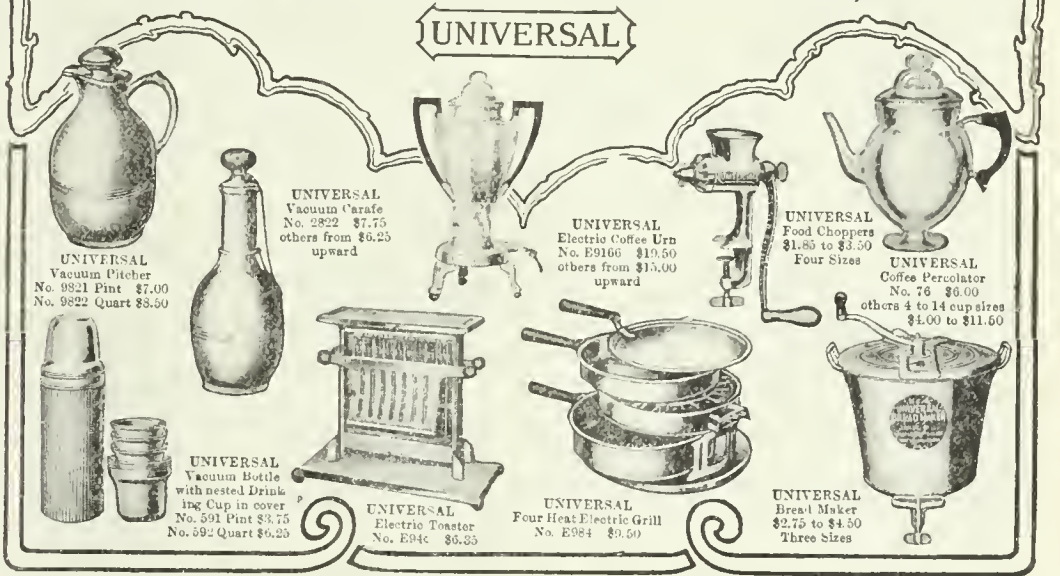
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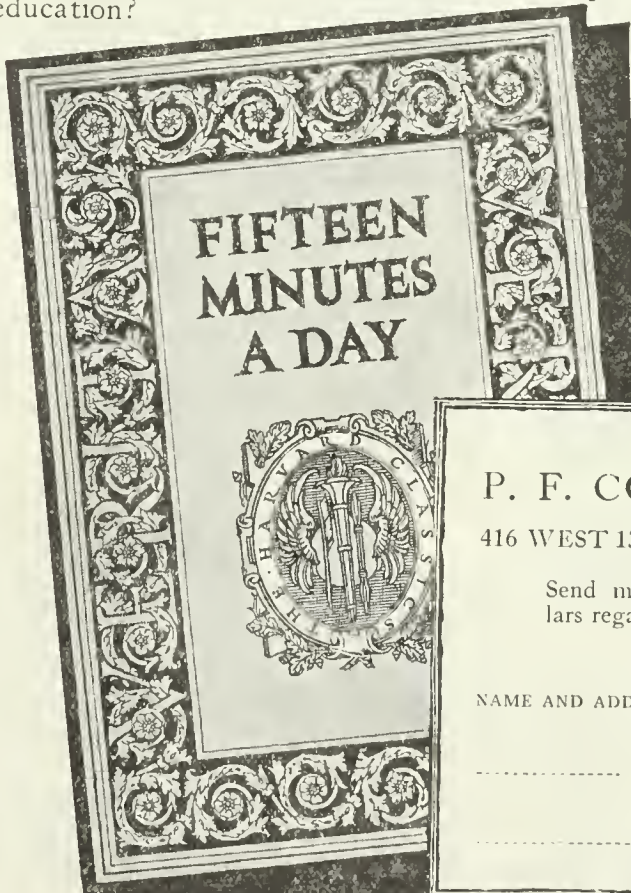


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If "international agreements," and "uniform regulations," and "equal conditions," and "equal requirements" include equal wage rates, or, at any rate, stabilized wage rates, then the French socialists and the American corporation presidents are on common ground as to what the Peace Conference ought to do, and a long step has been made toward a league of nations.

Finally, Mr. Hurley, who is energetic and confident, is at this moment in Europe on this very errand of arranging an international understanding on this particular point. On the surface, it looks like telling Japan and England that they must raise the wages of their seamen to the American basis. But it is more complex than that. The plan is too complex to tell here in full detail. Doubtless it will come out at length in the discussions leading up to the formation of a league of nations at Paris and Versailles.

### The Seamen Are Ready

AS a matter of fact, Mr. Hurley, who is optimistic, and the practical shipping men, who are cautious, both believe that this handicap of the higher wages paid to American seamen can be overcome. They merely differ as to the way of going about it. America can become the greatest ship-operating country in the world, as she is now the greatest ship-owning country in the world. It is a proud position to attain. It goes with the romance of power. It will put us in the direct line of inheritance of the world's great nations, from Tyre down to the present.

Persons who want to go farther into this picturesque aspect of the position of maritime power in history will find pleasure in a book written by William Brown Meloney. I have already quoted a passage from it, and I am indebted to it for the title of the first article in this series, "The Heritage of Tyre."

If we do not choose to go after this position of dominance, then we ought to go into some kind of mutual arrangement with Great Britain. Great Britain is undoubtedly better adapted than we are to the business of operating ships.

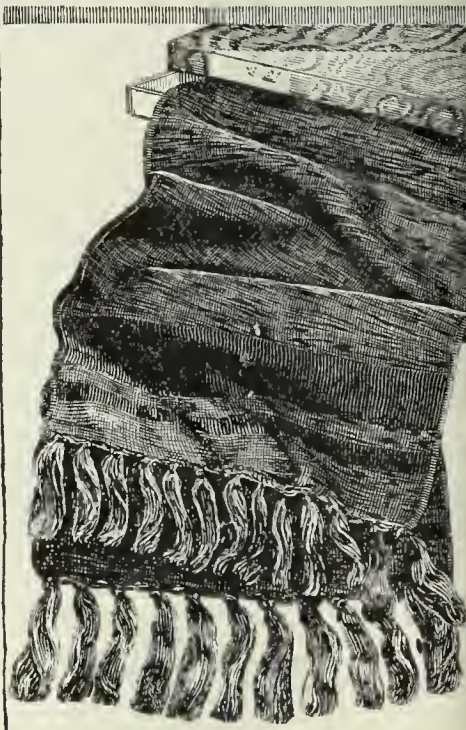
Just for one detail, Great Britain will soon have a very large number of trained seamen who will be seeking something to do. Great Britain normally uses about a hundred and fifty thousand seamen on her armed naval vessels. During the war she added about three hundred thousand to this number. As her navy is reduced to normal, these three hundred thousand seamen will be released. That would be enough to man all the ships that we shall build in a year. This situation contains the elements of a logical partnership. Whether it is to come about, either a small partnership between Great Britain and the United States, or the larger partnership of a league of nations, will be determined by the deliberations of the Peace Conference.

### What of Our Navies?

THROUGHOUT this article I have been speaking only of mercantile shipping. On the side of the armed navy, Great Britain is still completely supreme. She has twice the naval strength of any other nation. In the sense of armed ships, "Britannia rules the waves" to-day more truly than at any time in her history. But she cannot maintain that supremacy without mercantile shipping to support it. This naval question will entail a good deal of discussion later on. Mr. Daniels seems disposed to go ahead and expand our navy regardless of a league of nations. Ex-Senator Beveridge, who is opposed to the League of Nations, says America must have the greatest navy in the world. Mr. Roosevelt, who does not oppose the League of Nations, says that nevertheless we ought to go ahead with our preparedness program. But he sets the desirable standard for our navy at "second to Great Britain's."

Just what America ought to do will be more clear after the debate on the League of Nations gets under way.

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## Japan's Part

Continued from page 10

innumerable craft laden not only with munitions of war, but with food, clothing, copper; with supplies and equipment of almost all conceivable kinds?

With Germany's submarine assassins sinking hundreds of thousands of tonnage in Atlantic and Mediterranean waters, how many warships could the Allies have spared to guard the sea roads from Aden to Shanghai? What if Germany had been able to remain entrenched in her strong base at Kiaochow, having the hinterland at her command, as was the case before Japan's squadrons swept down and spoiled the Teutonic conspiracy? How about Great Britain's control of India, with German conspiracy and propaganda running rife, and complications of like nature in the Straits Settlements, had the waters of the Far East not been cleared?

Japan does not claim to have accomplished all this alone. But Japan should be given credit for the great services she did render Britain in such respects, while British troops in India and elsewhere, and British naval units of the Asiatic Station, did their own part. With every single craft that could be pressed into service in the Atlantic and Mediterranean, in the Channel, in the North Sea, and in other critical waters close at home, England would have had grave difficulty, without Japan's navy, in preserving peaceful communications throughout the Far East, in the Indian Ocean, the South Seas, and the north Pacific. Americans will be interested to know that since early in 1918 one of Japan's largest men-of-war constantly has been on guard in the harbor of Honolulu.

### Unjust Accusations

EVER since the war showed its true proportions in the battle fields of France, Italy, Belgium, Russia, the Balkans, India, Palestine, South Africa, and elsewhere, a large part of the American public kept on wondering and asking why it was that, with the Allies in such dire need of trained troops, to effect numerical balance with the multitudes in the armies of Germany, Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria, no Japanese troops were dispatched to European zones of action? Some Americans, always suspicious of Japan and her motives, have thought that neither Britain nor France or Italy was willing to let Japan in on the western theatre for fear Japan would insist upon territorial annexations and other spoils of war that simply could not be granted when the time should come for peace settlement. In some quarters it was even whispered that Japan refused to send her army to France because she had made it a condition that before doing so Great Britain must give her, in advance, a definite contract permitting Japan a "free hand" in China hereafter. All sorts of statements, all sorts of rumors, have gone through the United States in regard to this matter of the Japanese army not appearing in France or Belgium or Italy. For an American citizen to offer opinion on this matter affecting other and friendly nations might be deemed a breach of propriety. For this reason I quote the opinion of an eminent Japanese, Dr. T. Iyenaga, now resident in New York:

### Japan's Relation to Europe

"JAPAN'S proper sphere of activity is in the Orient and on the Pacific. It was for this reason that, when she entered the war in obedience to the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, Japan, by an agreement with her ally, limited her naval and military activities to the Far East and its waters. The sphere of her naval operations was, however, gradually extended: at first to the South Seas, then to the Indian Ocean, then to the waters of the Cape of Good Hope, then to embrace the Pacific, and, finally, to the Mediterranean, where a fleet of Japanese destroyers has been cooperating with the Allied fleets in the operations against enemy submarines.

"Of Japan's participation in Siberia it is not necessary to refer. . . . So

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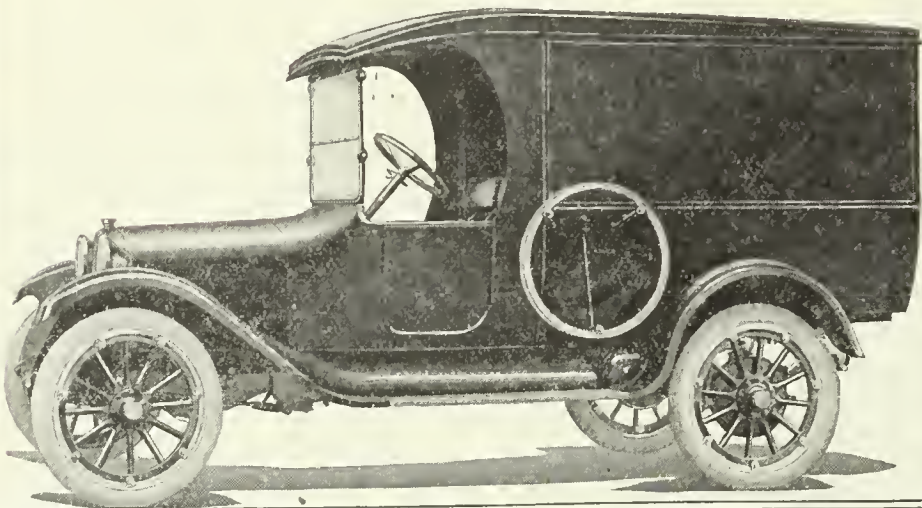
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far as purely military operations are concerned, it seems but proper that war in the Occident should be met by European and American Allies. It is, in fact, none of Japan's business to intrude herself upon the European fields. In the next place, there are innumerable difficulties in the way of dispatching an expeditionary force from Japan to Europe. There is, first, the question of difference in race, language, habits, and diet. Then there is the question of the tremendous cost of such an expedition. Rich as she has suddenly grown to be, Japan is still burdened with the heavy debt bequeathed as a heritage by the costly Russo-Japanese War, and is, therefore, relatively a poor country when placed beside the United States. Japan could not have borne the burden of a distant overseas expedition. But the foremost of all questions was that of transportation. It would have been an impossible proposition to transport Japanese troops by sea, for where could the required ships have been obtained?

"Nothing less than 1,000,000 Japanese troops would have proved of effective value. To transport them, with all the necessary paraphernalia of war, would probably have required 4,000,000 of tonnage; in other words, 1,000 ocean-going steamships of 4,000 tons each; in addition to which a constant flow of munitions and foodstuffs would have had to be provided for. Those who think the latter could have been provided by European Allies are not aware of the construction of Japanese guns and rifles, nor of the dietary needs of Japanese troops. And had Japan commandeered, for purposes of transporting 1,000,000 troops, the entire fleet of her merchant marine fit for ocean voyage, not only would much time—according to some estimates it would have taken two years and a half—have been expended before the completion of the transportation program, but in the meantime the commerce of the Far East with America and Europe would have been completely paralyzed. The foregoing reasons will, I hope, suffice to explain why Japan did not send an expeditionary force to Europe."

#### The Japanese Red Cross

QUICK as was Japan's response to the covenants of her treaty with Great Britain, in the way of mobilizing naval and military forces, even more quickly were the forces of human sympathy and relief mobilized—and this forms one of the most glorious chapters in the history of our trans-Pacific neighbor. On the very day war broke out in Europe the womanhood of Japan sprang to action. Many thousands of widows and orphans were scattered through the empire, thousands of soldiers maimed and blinded in the Russo-Japanese War still could be seen in homes and streets. Japan knew what war is. At that time, and, in fact, until after the United States entered the war nearly three years later, the Japanese Red Cross, with a membership of nearly 2,000,000, far outnumbered the American Red Cross, one person in every twenty-eight being a member in Japan; and the Japanese organization had funds and property then valued at about \$17,152,000. Surgeons, nurses, pharmacists, interpreters, and attendants were dispatched from Japan to Russia, England, France when havoc by disease and wounds began to be severely felt, together with shortage of medical and nursing staffs. During the first week of war, in 1914, the Japanese Red Cross rushed to Serbia a shipment of 2,000 stretchers, 4,000 bandages, and 50,000 grams of lint, while committees of all kinds started to work day and night to prepare future supplies.

Shipments of like material continued to be made to various parts of the theatres of war, these including 20,000 rolled bandages and 240,000 grams of lint besides vast quantities of absorbent cotton. The supplies went forth in an uninterrupted stream. Belgium, Italy, Great Britain, Rumania, France, Montenegro are among the countries which received them in bulk. The spirit which actuates the Red Cross seems to be with

the Japanese wherever they go, for a longer or shorter time. In New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, as well as in other American cities, every fifth Japanese resident has become a member of the American National Red Cross. If the same ratio held good among the American people themselves, the American National Red Cross would now have a membership of more than 20,000,000. An interesting side light is seen in the statement that Japanese women of New York last year formed an auxiliary of the American Red Cross, since which time they have met twice a week under the leadership of Mrs. Yada, wife of the Japanese Consul General, to make bandages and surgical dressings, thus contributing their quota of service, in addition to money subscriptions, to the common cause.

#### Mobilizing Their Women

THE Women's Patriotic Association of Japan is in certain ways not dissimilar to the Daughters of the American Revolution, but in its principal aim it closely resembles the Red Cross. Branches exist in nearly every city and town. This organization also has been doing all in its power for relief work. It is a permanent organization, but Japanese women have organized many other groups of workers for special war needs as the needs appeared from time to time. Among these are the Japanese-Belgian Relief Society, the Japanese-Allied Bandage Society, the Japanese-Serbian Relief Society, etc. By means of bazaars, lectures, motion picture shows, amateur plays, and so on, these societies have raised considerable sums of money for relief work while at a single stroke Japan sent \$300,000 to Italian refugees whose homes were destroyed by Teuton invaders and despoilers.

One of the most interesting of a relief organizations in the Island Empire, and one representative of the entire nation, is the Japanese Association for Aiding the Sick and Wounded Soldiers, and Others Suffering from the War in the Allied Countries. Rather a lengthy name, according to American standards, but none too long to explain explicitly the purpose and scope of the organization. Its president is Prince Iyesato Tokugawa, President of the House of Peers, and its vice president are Baron Shibusawa and Mr. Saburo Shimada, former Presidents of the Japanese House of Representatives. Figures for the present year are not available, but during the first three years of war this association collected from the Japanese people at large sum aggregating almost \$1,000,000, distributing it in sums of about \$184,000 each to Britain, France, Russia, Italy, Belgium, and dividing \$60,000 equally among needy Serbians and Rumanians.

#### They Met All Obligations

IN all the work of charity, relief, and mercy which Japan has carried on since the day war was declared, in 1914, the leading figure has been the gracious and cherished example of true womanhood, the Empress of Japan. She attends meetings of the Japanese Red Cross, gives her counsel, engages in its administrative work and direction, and makes each year a generous annual subscription. Her life is largely given to personal study of the principal relief societies mentioned herein, as well as to others not so large in their scope of which lack of space precludes mention. And it is to be noted that the Empress spends much of her time working as hard and conscientiously as do devoted American women of sympathetic and patriotic spirit, and in exactly the same way.

It appears, then, that in the war Japan as a nation, and the Japanese people as human beings, have tried to do their best, their utmost; living up to their treaty obligations, responding to calls for help of whatever nature they could give, sedulously refraining from trying to force themselves forward on a stage crowded with the great and dramatic events of colossal warfare, but always ready, always on hand, to aid in rescuing civilization from threatened destruction.



# The Voice of Business

FORMERLY THE "BUSINESS IN WAR TIME" PAGE—EDITED BY THE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT OF COLLIER'S

## No. 23: Seattle Studies Russian

BY LEM A. DEVER

QUESTIONNAIRES among the business men of Seattle last August developed the consensus of opinion that a home-trained corps of foreign trade agents possessing a comprehensive knowledge of Russian history, manners and customs, and also the ability to think in Russian, to read and write and speak it, would be in the immediate future a great advantage for all Pacific ports but especially for Seattle.

Six classes in Russian, taught by Slav collegians, were established immediately by the Seattle Chamber of Commerce and Commercial Club. More than 100 young business men and women enrolled as students and after two months' study they can speak remarkably well in the lingo of the Slav. The idea behind the movement was due to the initiative of Charles Philip Norton, then a publicity man at Seattle, and now assistant to Arthur Bullard, director of the Russian division of the U. S. Committee on Public Information, headquarters at Omsk, Russia.

Hearing one of these Russo-Yank classes at recitation one imagines himself at Moscow, or Petrograd, or in the wilds of Siberia, for all questions, answers, and lessons are in Russian. Until recently entirely ignorant of the Russian tongue, a sedate and hard-headed business man rises at his desk and, gesturing a la Trotzky, proclaims, with flashing eyes: "Rahboti celi vayouee pomogai vwee-e-gret voy-e-noo!" Translation: "Work or fight, my countrymen, help win the war!"

Jumping up, as if inspired, if not excited, a well-known shipping magnate, noted for his habitual solemnity, declaims with comical energy and in earnest mien: "Lovkeyah pooria leesah prignoolah nah lenevooyou ahbakhoo!" The untutored observer would suppose he was proclaiming something revolutionary, something like the "Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin" writ by the angel-stylus upon the wall at Belshazzar's Feast, but what he said was simply this: "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog," which is the Alpha and Omega of the alphabet.

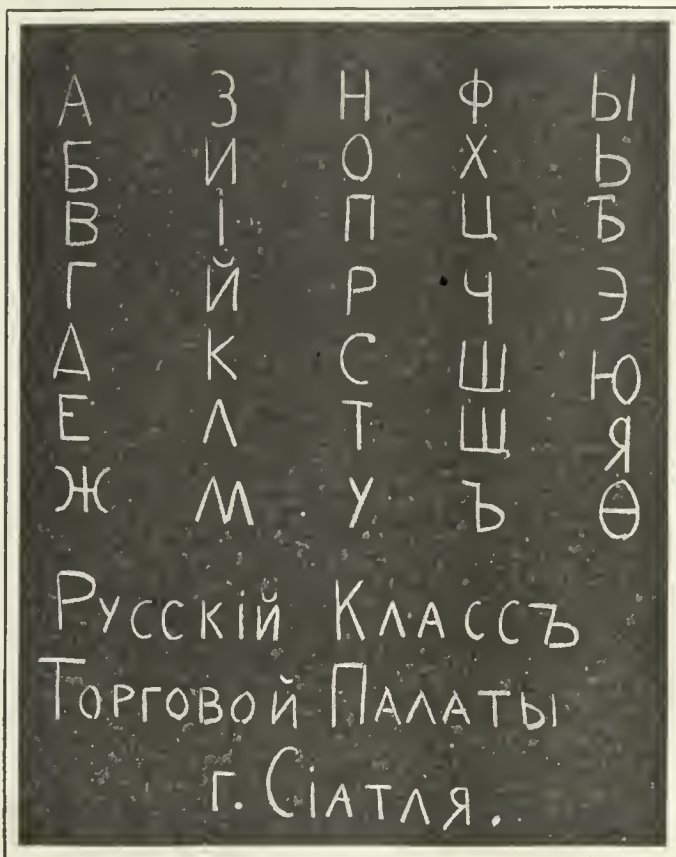
Over in a corner of the study hall an embarrassed new student rises to remark: "Ah, peh, veh, gay, day, yeh, jeh, zeh, ee, ee (twice the same) and again ee (pronounced short), tah, ell, em, en, aw, peh, err, ess, teh, oo, eff, yah, tseh, cheh, shah, schah (next follows a hard sound, not pronounced, showing that the preceding letter is pronounced hard), hen—yeh-h-h—(that's the closest possible in English; it sounds like a cross between a gurgle and a grunt, sounded only by putting the tongue against the roof of the mouth, and the student proceeds): eh, eh (twice repeated) you, yah, eff (same as the previous eff), teetah." This is the alphabet—the way it sounds. It has 35 letters; nine made the same as the English, all pronounced differently; 26 radically different in form and pronunciation, some closely resembling the Greek.

The Russian vocabulary is the largest of all. Every word is pronounced the way it is written, which is a big advantage over other languages. The grammar, however, isn't easy, at first. It has six cases instead of four and in every case there is another ending.

There are three genders. But the grammar is easier and more logical than the barbarous German tongue.

All of these students are in business and most of them will engage in foreign trade service abroad. They are also delving into Russian literature, which is very rich.

The widespread extension of the idea of studying Russian and other foreign lan-



This blackboard, showing the Russian alphabet, is displayed in the Russian Language Department of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce and Commercial Club.

The Chamber of Commerce of every large city of the United States should follow Seattle's example. The Chambers of Commerce offer the machinery to disseminate necessary trade education. Spanish and French, as well as Russian, should be taught.

languages is now a national necessity. Unless Americans become efficient in this respect they will be handicapped hopelessly in the sharp world competition that is here with the ending of the war. Russian trade is one of the great prizes for which the nations will contend. And the Germans have this tremendous advantage: they have a foreign service corps numbering probably 100,000 who possess a thorough knowledge of the Russian tongue and of Russian history, manners and customs. In Russia, too, all affairs of business are connected closely with family and social life. Knowledge of Russian is the sole passport to confidence and favor.

Three great provinces on the Baltic coast, Eastlandia, Lifflandia, and Courlandia, are dominated by the Germans, who own the land, the business establishments and the industries. At Riga, Libau, and other cities, more German is heard than Russian, and the great business concerns of this Germanized section, engaged in the export and import trade, have permanent branches all over Siberia, with elaborate headquarters at Harbin, Vladivostok, and other centers of trade. All branch managers, as well as goods, are sent from Germany. They sell everything,

and most of the trade agents are men of thorough economical training, and their superiors before the war were officers from the German General Staff. Without equalizing this advantage, Americans cannot hope to compete with them. The same is true of the British, who recognize now their peril. A movement is on in the British Isles to train a great corps of Russian-speaking subjects for foreign trade service abroad.

W. Barnes Steveni, an authority on world-trade subjects, said: "If Great Britain is to have anything like her proper share in the big trade turnover which must result from the industrial development of the Russian Empire, she will need at once to follow in the footsteps of Germany and encourage her coming business men to make a practical study of Russian markets, Russian trade conditions and business opportunities, and, above all, of the Russian tongue."

M. P. Price, an English business man who lived for years in Siberia, said recently: "The German shows considerably more adaptability to his Russian surroundings than the Englishman, who gives one the impression that he is wishing to be back in England again. The German is much more at home. He knows the Russian language more or less thoroughly. He never stands aloof in discussing with Russian fellow travelers, or dines, like the Englishman, in solitary state at a lonely table, half in fear of contact with them. The Englishman keeps himself in the background as much as possible—a failing which is reflected in his order book.

These criticisms are said to apply almost equally to the American trade envoy in Russia and Siberia, but in his case the backwardness is said to be due to his ignorance of the Russian tongue. He feels lost and acts that way.

Isn't it high time for every chamber of commerce and university in the United States to emulate the example presented at Seattle in the maintenance of a successful Russian school?

A practicable plan of organization is herewith submitted. After the liberal use of publicity, convincing the business men of the need, a committee of fifty "live wires" should be appointed to enroll at least 100 members of a Russian language club. The students should be selected carefully, numbering at least 100 at the start. The sustaining members should finance the scholarships, paying a fee of about \$5 a month, which will cover all expenses. Rewards and peculiar incentives to proficiency should be offered. Employment should be found for all students earning a diploma at the end of the course. By this simple means the school can be sustained, and, with a capable teacher, will "graduate" from 200 to 300 persons in a year. If only 100 were trained annually at the 100 principal cities—and the classes should be federated for mutual advantage through the United States Chamber of Commerce—the corps of 10,000 recruits annually, or 50,000 in five years, would fill the immediate need and assure American success in this great new field of world trade and human welfare work.



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# Collier's

THE INTERNATIONAL WEEKLY



DECEMBER 21, 1918 VOLUME 62 NO. 15

NOTICE TO READER.—When you finish reading this magazine, place a one-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be sent to our soldiers or sailors. No wrapping—No address.—A. S. BURLISON, Postmaster General.

## Mark Sullivan

*The fifth and last of the series "America's Part in the New World," entitled "Labor in the New World," dealing with the aims of labor in the United States and Great Britain*

## Frank Condon

*"The Rain Makers" is the first of a new series of humorous stories which tell of the mishaps of a disreputable trio—Harmony Childs, George, and Omar Gill*

## Story of Ordnance

*In "America's Ten-Billion-Dollar Industry" John H. Van Deventer gives for the first time a complete outline of the tremendous work of the Ordnance Department*

## William A. Wolff

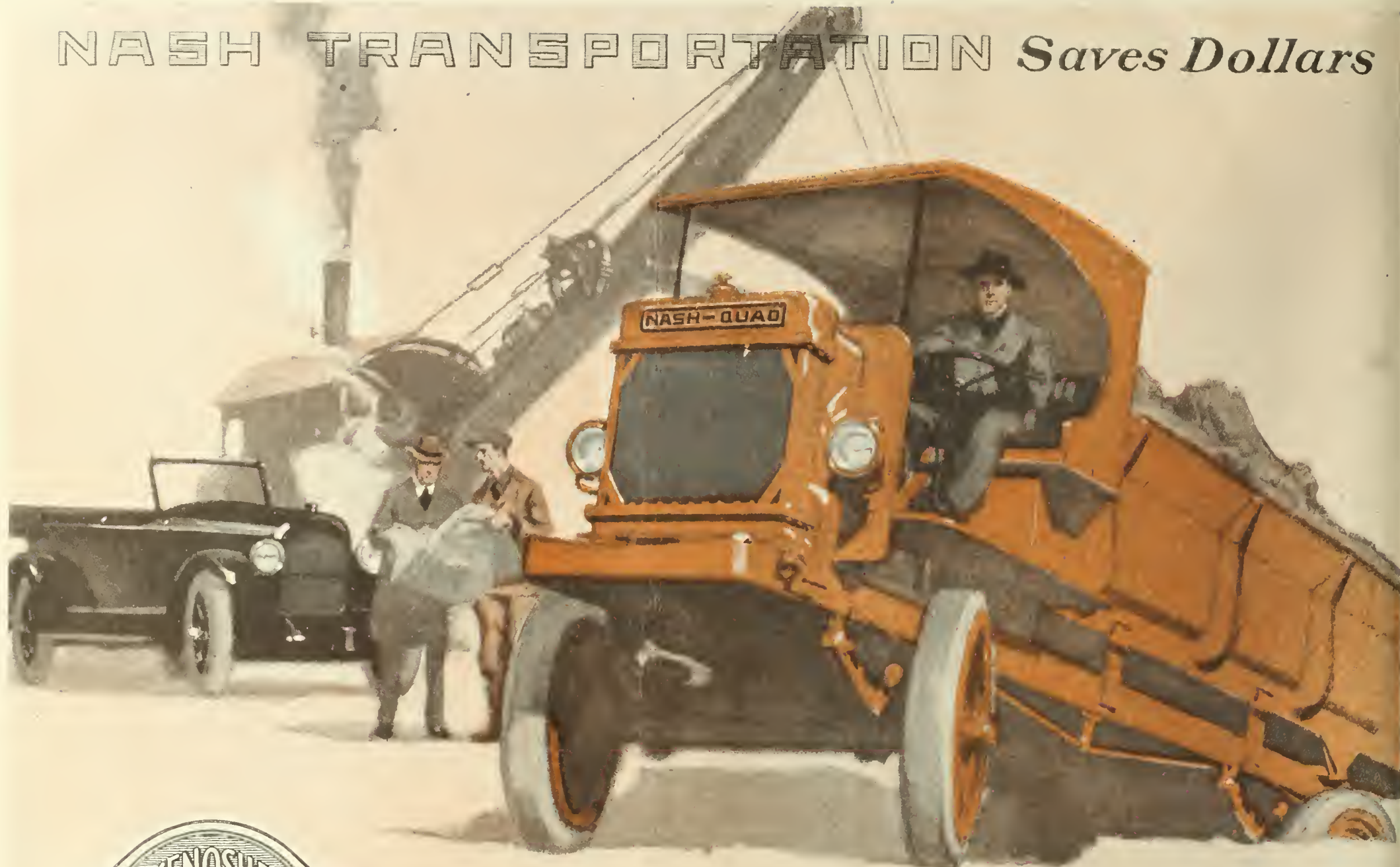
*"December the Twenty-fifth"—a Christmas story*

*Also in this issue: "Foster-Fathering France," an article by Marion Patton Waldron; "The Battle of Manhattan," by Berton Braley; Editorials, etc.*

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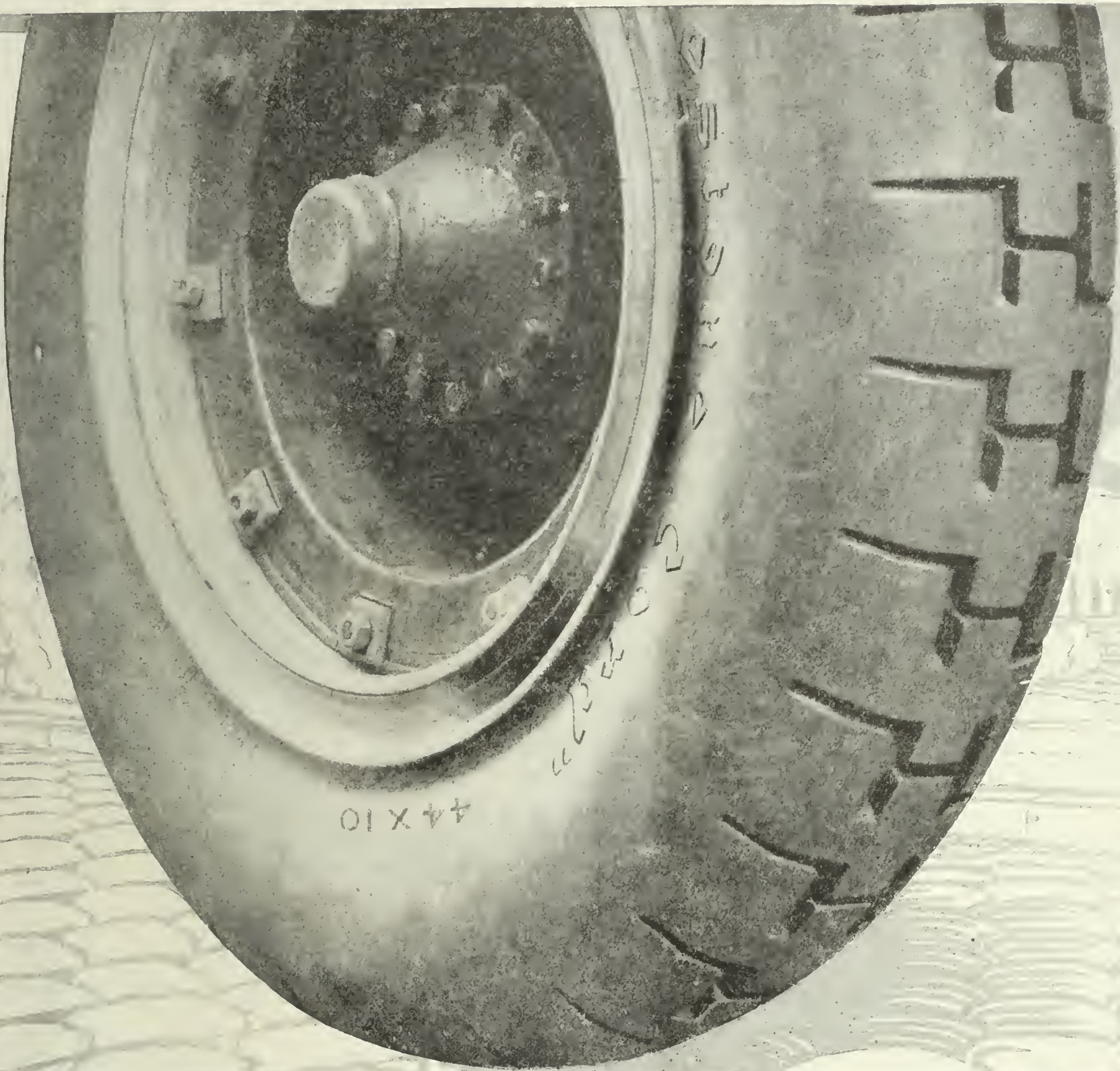
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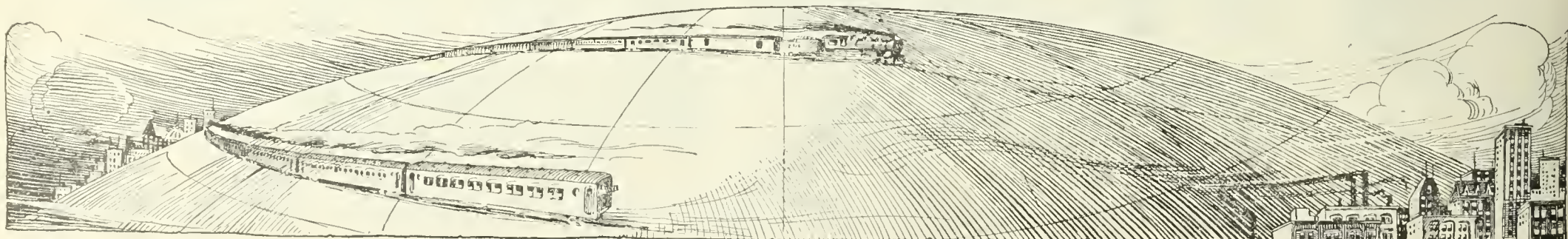
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# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 21, 1918

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# Labor in the New World

Concluding Chapter of "America's Part in the New World"

BY MARK SULLIVAN

LABOR is going to hold an international conference next door to the Peace Conference, and all the statesmen in Europe know that this Labor Conference is going to be second in importance only to the Peace Conference, and that whatever the Labor Conference says it wants will have a good deal of effect on what the Peace Conference does. Viscount Grey foresees a labor government in England, that is to say, an administration that represents and is run by the Labor party, in the same sense that the present Administration in the United States represents the Democratic party. Elsewhere you see and hear a good many similar forecasts, call them misgivings or hopes, according to the source and the point of view. What does it all mean? And what is likely to come out of it all?

First, let us try to clear the ground. Whenever you talk with people about what is going to be done about labor, or by labor, you find yourself in a crazy wilderness of abstractions, phrases, and theories. Americans, especially, are much more vague in this field than Europeans, partly because "labor" in America is so much smaller as a social or political force than it is in Europe. In Europe labor has forced itself on the public consciousness much more than in America. In England labor has forced people to know about it and think about it, and to use exact terms when they talk about it. The average American whom you engage in casual conversation speaks of labor and socialism and the Bolsheviks and the I. W. W. and revolution and internationalism as if they all meant more or less the same thing. People talk vaguely and often apprehensively about something that is going to happen, or something that is going to be done by somebody, but when you cheer up hopefully and try to get your fingers on something concrete, when you try to find out what is the definite thing that the indefinite "something" stands for, or who the "somebody" is, you encounter clouds and you get nowhere. There are plenty of theories and aspirations on the one hand,

apprehensions and diatribes on the other, but it isn't easy to find something that you can turn around in your fingers, and look at, and get your teeth into. There are things that this party or that party in Russia is going to do, there are things that this party or that party in Germany is going to do. There are things which are said to have been done in Sweden. But that is far away and hard to be clear about; and while there are persons in America who are

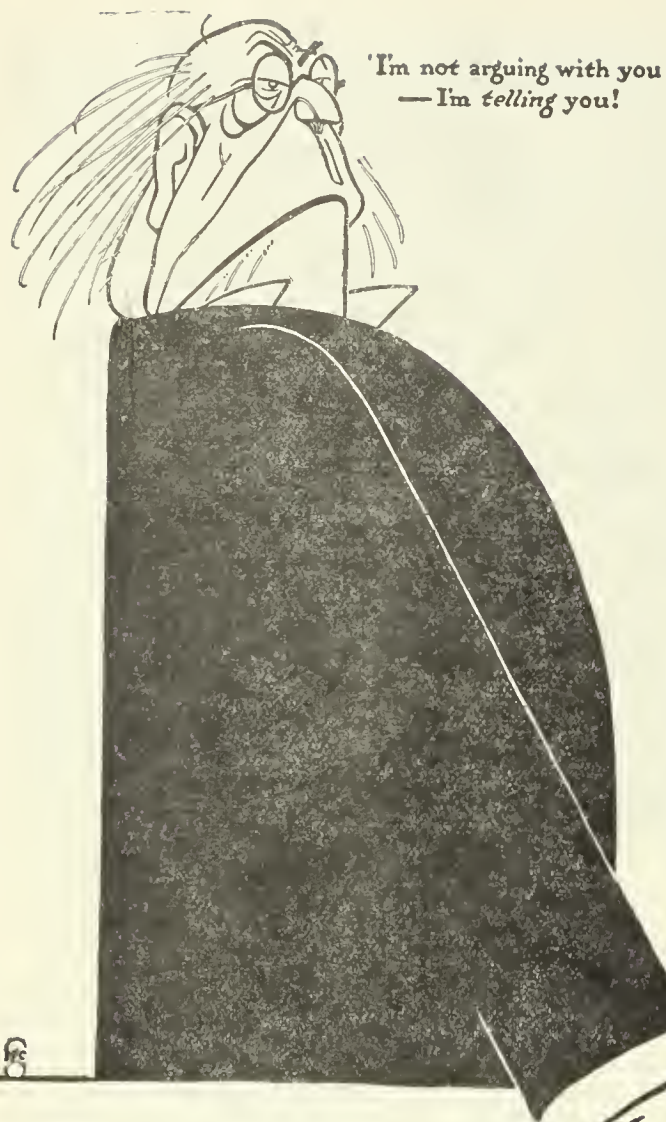
said to represent these Russian or German or Swedish ideas, when you talk to them you find that they don't seem very clear about the application of these ideas to the different conditions of America or England. And so you go a long way and still have a feeling of groping among clouds.

Now I have found one thing that is definite and concrete. You can look into it, and handle the facts of it, and discuss it with as much feeling of solid reality as you can talk about the Republican party. Indeed, the English Labor party is a political party in exactly the same sense that the Republican party is with us. In fact, the English Labor party is much more of a political party. It is more thoroughly organized and has a more binding discipline than any American political party ever had. It has a parliamentary committee which keeps watch

Mr. Sullivan, who returned from Europe six weeks ago, has gone back again to report the Peace Conference for COLLIERS readers. His first article, describing the American delegates to the conference, will be published in one of the mid-January issues under the title "America Arrives."—THE EDITOR.

on the party's members in the House of Commons, and the members are much more responsive to the party, much more directly under its orders and subject to its discipline than the Republican Members of Congress are, let us say, to the Republican party. The Labor party pays salaries directly out of the party treasury to the Labor Members of Parliament. In proportion to population the English Labor party probably has about as many votes as the minority party in America usually has. Not only is the English Labor party satisfactorily concrete and definite for purposes of discussion as regards its membership and leadership; it is equally concrete and definite in its platform. The English Labor party platform has a greater air of positiveness than any





Republican or Democratic party platform that I ever read. The English Labor party platform is framed not to dodge issues, but to make issues; not to spread molasses for doubtful voters, but to state the purposes of voters who know pretty exactly what they want. I know some thoughtful persons who say that the new platform of the English Labor party is the most pregnant political document that has come into existence for a good many years. And I know one large American corporation which has been at some pains to get five thousand copies of it for its more thoughtful officials, stockholders, and associates to read and study; and they have been studying it in a sympathetic, rather approving spirit. If, in a world that is more or less hen-minded as regards the social and political future, you long for somebody who at least has a plan and has had the ability and the industry to put that plan into careful words, then turn to the English Labor party and its platform.

### The Resolute Mr. Gompers

YOU will never understand the English Labor party if you approach it from the standpoint of what you may happen to know about organized labor in America. *In the United States organized labor is not a political party.* And so long as Samuel Gompers lives and keeps his grip it never will be. Gompers does not believe that labor ought to be a political party; most emphatically, he does not believe it. And it was to carry his disbelief into the heart of the quarters where it was most unpopular that Gompers went to England last fall. He went to tell the English Labor party how mistaken it was and how right he was. And, regardless of your feeling or lack of feeling as to the merits of the issue, you couldn't help admiring the way he did it. The very spectacle of Gompers breathes solidity and sturdiness. You needn't look farther than Gompers's hair to know that he is a man utterly without self-consciousness. If he had the most rudimentary capacity for faking, he would fake his hair. Gompers's hair looks like a piece of worn-out buffalo robe which has lain in the garret and been chewed by the moths since 1890, and then been thrown out in the rain and laid in the gutter for a year or two, and been dragged back by a puppy dog to cut his teeth on. If Gompers were capable of camouflage, he would camouflage that hair. If he had it in him to dissemble, that is where he would begin. The fact that he doesn't wear a wig is the most convincing testimony to his character that I can imagine. And, physically, the rest of Gompers is not unlike his hair. He is short and squat and almost misshapen. With all the shortness of his figure, I

don't know anyone who gives you so completely the impression of solidity. He makes you think a slightly elongated boulder is moving rather awkwardly about the room. Physically he looks solid and stolid and stable. And mentally those are the qualities he has. I often hear conservative folks say you mustn't give labor too much power or responsibility because it is too unstable, it is not well balanced, it is volatile. As it happens, Gompers has kept his seat as head of the American Federation of Labor for over thirty years. Offhand, I can't think of any corporation or corporation president with the same record of stability. And the American Federation of Labor has been a pretty turbulent animal frequently. Gompers didn't come to where he is nor keep himself there without a struggle. One guesses there was a fair amount of grimness in his countenance when he first arrived on the scene, and his career hasn't been of a sort to give his features any marked softness or spirituality. But there is character there. He looks like some stern old heathen idol made out of yellow mud by an aboriginal artist who had been inadequately educated in the details of human anatomy. All the same, in a Paris restaurant crowded with every variety of exalted military uniform that has been designed for impressiveness by all the military minds from Petrograd to Portugal, and around the world to Tokyo—in that kind of a crowd, when old Sam Gompers, in an ancient suit of rusty black, waddled up to your table and sat down to talk to you, you felt distinguished.

The English felt the impressiveness of Gompers. At the Inter-Allied Labor Conference, Gompers sat on the stage alongside the spectacular but ephemeral Russian leader, Kerensky, and a London newspaper man who was struck by the contrast between them described it in these words:

"A clean-shaven young man with closely cropped hair, who was sitting at the extreme end, rose and slightly bowed. This indeed was M. Kerensky. One would scarcely have taken this slender figure, clad in a neat, square-cut blue suit, for the man who has played a leading part in the great Russian tragedy. He sat still, and, except when he occasionally made a remark to his neighbor, his face looked grave and languid. Mr.

Samuel Gompers, who heads the American delegation, is the very opposite in appearance of M. Kerensky. He is an elderly man, with longish hair, and his firm face bears the mark of resolution. Indeed, his very gait, as he walked to his seat, beside the other members of the American delegation in the body of the hall, suggested autocracy within democracy."

And then the English writer made this pregnant observation: "One can only surmise what would have been the effect on Europe to-day if Mr. Gompers had been given M. Kerensky's rôle in the Russian Revolution. Events might have been different."

### Leave Wars to Soldiers

INDEED, Gompers in Europe last fall was an attractive figure, a figure in which Americans might well find pride. He left London some fifty years ago, a stunted little East End cigar maker. Probably no more utterly insignificant and unpromising figure ever walked out of Whitechapel or bought a ticket in the steerage. He came back to shake hands with kings in their palaces, to give help to worried prime ministers, to tell nations what they ought to do, and to inform powerful labor leaders in England exactly where they got off. The Allied Governments needed him, and made a great fuss over him, all of which Gompers went through with more composure and less affectation than most of his hosts. Labor in England and elsewhere had been threatening to take things into its own hand, to take control of the Government, and especially to take up peace negotiations with Germany. Gompers came over to tell the Laborites that they should stick strictly to trade-union stuff, to rates of wages and hours of work, and leave politics to the politicians and diplomacy to the diplomats, and above all, specifically and emphatically, he told them they should leave wars to the soldiers, and have no dealings with labor in Germany, or the socialists in Germany, or anybody else in Germany, until labor in Germany and everybody

else in Germany had been thoroughly licked with bayonets, bombs, and an adequate quantity and quality of TNT. No international conferences with labor in Germany for Gompers. Not all the English labor leaders believed in Gompers's words, and many of them resented the way he talked to them, but he had a decisive effect on public opinion all the same. They were rude enough to tell him that he "didn't own the earth"; but in any competition in negligence of the social amenities, between Mr. Gompers and the kind of desiccated university men—"intellectuals," they are called—who are frequently the spokesmen of English labor, Americans may rest assured that their national prestige will not be tarnished. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald said that he hoped they had taught Mr. Gompers that there are at least two points of view, his own and somebody else's. But Mr. Gompers is the solid and satisfactory sort of man who knows exactly what his own point of view is and has been these thirty years, and isn't going to trespass on anybody else's, or even look curious about it, or show any interest in it of any kind whatever. "Your point of view is yours," says Gompers; "you hold on to it and keep quiet, and I'll tell you exactly what's right."

### A Political Party or a Trade-Union?

NOW, what Gompers told English labor was that it should be trade-unionist simply and exclusively, and not try to be a political party; that it should stick to the ordinary functions of the trade-unions, like getting higher wages and better conditions, and not go off on any ambitions to run the government of the country. That is what Gompers has found to be most successful in America, and what he recommended to the English labor people.

"We," said Gompers shrewdly, speaking in the name of organized labor in America—"we are perfectly willing that the Republican and Democratic parties shall compete with each other for the support of labor at the polls. We hold ourselves free from any political party." That is Gompers's idea of the functions of the American Federation of Labor—to be a trade-union organization, the members taking part in politics, to be sure, but casting their votes where they will do most good, strictly from the labor point of view. He regards organized labor as a class which should fight hard and selfishly for its own class interest, one among many competing class interests. It is a hopelessly benighted and old-fashioned point of view, according to a newer and younger group of leaders in the American Federation of Labor; but it is Gompers's point of view, and so long as he is president of the federation, his point of view goes. The younger men in the organization say that when Gompers goes this point of view will go, and they say further that Gompers is overdue to go. They have a kindly and tolerant feeling for him because of his age, his steadfastness, and his services. But they say that pretty soon now, one way or another, he must pass on. Indeed, they say that but for President Wilson's pronounced favor, Gompers would have been defeated at the last annual convention. President Wilson came to the convention at Buffalo and made a speech, and it was the prestige his presence and favor lent to Gompers that gave Gompers his present year of official life. That is what younger men in the American Federation of Labor say. In a few years, they say, Gompers will pass on, and organized labor in America will become more nearly what it is in England, a political party competing with one or two other parties for complete dominance.

In England, Labor is a political party in exactly the same sense that the Conservatives are, or in the same sense that in America the Democrats and Republicans are political parties. The English Labor party goes far beyond trade-union matters like wages and hours. It considers itself competent to manage the country, its foreign affairs, its fiscal affairs, its internal affairs. Its platform takes positions on free trade, Home Rule in Ireland, and everything of the kind. In the outgoing Parliament, which was elected more than seven years ago, the Labor party had about 40 out of a total of 670 members. In the Ministry the Labor party had eight ministers, a recognition of the party's present strength and importance far beyond its strength in Parliament. It is in the next Parliament that the Labor party expects to come in strong. The Labor party expects it confidently, and nearly every politician I talked with thinks it will at least have the balance of power. Some weeks ago the Labor party's leader, Mr. Arthur Henderson, said that the party had already set up candidates for over 300 seats, and that by the time the election (Continued on page 34)





# The Rain Makers

BY FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"I'm going to walk quietly into the bar and get me a drink," Harmony said, "and when I come back in four or five minutes, don't be here. Be elsewhere, and be there soon. That's all."

Those were his final and concluding words to me and Omar Gill, and immediately after he had voiced them he *did* walk slowly into the bar, casting back upon us a look of resentment and loathing. It was not so much what Harmony said, because he was always a rough talker. It was the utter finality of his tone. Omar turned to me with a plaintive look in his blue eye. Omar is a little runt and looks even littler when perturbed. "George," he said, "we don't have to stay in *this* hotel, do we? Can't we go somewhere else, just as well?"

"Just as well," I repeated, looking nervously toward the door. "You don't mean just as well, Omar. You mean better. Come on and come fast."

The conversation took place on the 8th day of May, in the Pioneer Hotel at Colorado Springs. On that painful afternoon we lost our chief. Harmony Childs, long and tried comrade, the partner and instigator of our lighter crimes and the man we leaned upon confidently, gave us the run without a visible sign of compunction and with a few insults to boot.

Until two days before this distressing scene Harmony had been our efficient leader and the concocter of our plans for removing the hide from a wide-spread and venal public. Until two short days before, Harmony had regarded us as warm friends, but something annoying had happened then, and our long-standing combination gave way in the middle.

Signs of this tragedy had been on view for some time, but when Harmony first declared that he was through with us, Omar and I refused to believe him, because he coupled the statement with one even more improbable. He announced he was going to get him married and settle down. He stated in so many words that he was about to select a woman, marry her with some minor pomp, and retire to a vine-covered cottage with geraniums in the window, where he would be found throughout the future, sitting in a rocking-chair with his shoes off. At this point Omar and I saw that our comrade's mind had begun to unravel, so we accompanied him to Colorado Springs, hoping for a return of his reason.

For two mortal days we lingered near him, annoying him with friendly attentions, looking for signs of improvement and getting cursed up one side and

"The Rain Makers" is the first of a series of stories which Frank Condon is writing for *COLLIER'S* concerning the checkered career of Harmony, George, and the "little runt," Omar Gill. The next story, "The Pope's Mule," will be published in an early issue.—THE EDITOR.

down the other. We were faithful and true, but instead of bracing up and laying fresh plans for monetary attacks upon the traveling and resident public, Harmony mooned about town, humming sentimental ballads, feeding the hotel goldfish abstractedly, and talking with furniture dealers. Then he came to those final and moving words in the Pioneer Hotel lobby, and at this point Omar and I decided that locomotion was better than extinction.

THE catastrophe leading up to all this occurred in Denver, which city we had left behind us, and which, with a little luck, we would leave still further behind as the days wore on. Harmony had brought us out hopefully from Omaha to see what could be done in Denver with the amber-bug swindle, which is one of the very polite methods of gasping the guillible. The results were painful beyond words, phrases, and other forms of communication.

The amber-bug failure is a long story, and it would take too much time to narrate the details, all of which were agonizing. Briefly speaking, it was one of Harmony's pet schemes, which he had worked out with a faithfulness worthy of an honest cause. He invested a slab of our mutual war fund, transported us to Denver, set all the wires, and approached the happy climax. At a time when the money might reasonably be expected to start our way, Omar and I made a mistake. I will not discuss it. I will not go into it, because I have heard it gone into enough. As a result of this unfortunate error the three of us were enabled to leave Denver not to exceed five short leaps ahead of a feverish police department.

Harmony Childs was petulant about it, and his petulance was not spread out thin. It centered on me and Omar, and he stated that if we had used the intelligence of a sand dab he would now be peacefully in Denver, putting gold into the bank instead of hurrying down the alleys of a strange municipality.

"Besides," Harmony remarked earnestly in one of

his talks before we left Denver, "I am going to be married. This life is sordid and unworthy, and you two cattle are making it unsafe as well. I am going to reform, marry, and settle down in a vine-clad cottage and read books by Weeda."

"You are going to be what?" Omar asked in tones of profound disbelief.

"Married," Harmony repeated lightly. "There is a sweet-faced woman who has waited long and faithfully. She is sensible, and the more I see of you the more I admire sense."

He chattered on about how he was going to drop into this vine-bowered cottage, spend his time hanging up pass-pertoo pictures and selecting records for the talking machine. Omar gazed at him in awe.

"You mean you're all through with us?" he demanded. "Is this little business all busted up?"

"All through and *all* busted," Harmony said in stony tones. "I can stand an honest mistake, but not wall-eyed stupidity— I thought you two were bright and brainy men, but I now see that there's nothing under your hats but a little dandruff."

"Very well, Harmony," I put in coldly. "Say no more. Go and be married if you feel that way about it. Don't think we can't get on without you. We did and we can."

My feelings were hurt, but you can't wound Omar's by any known or ordinary process, so he insisted on following Harmony to Colorado Springs, hoping his mind would snap back into place. Then came the final and distressing scene in the Pioneer Hotel, and that night Omar and I severed our connection with the firm and started for San Jose.

DURING the next twelve months we passed through some mighty lean pickings, and thought often with regret of our lost leader. Now and then we missed a meal, which was a custom Harmony had always avoided. Then, after a long period of calm, we found ourselves almost broke and heading south into the Conejo country in southern California, encountering as we moved onward some of the driest and hottest weather ever recorded in that part of the State. Without meaning to do it, we came to Conejo itself, which is a one-street town with a hotel that calls itself the Laredo Inn. Conejo is not pronounced that way. The way you say Conejo is Conayho, and it means jack rabbit. In the early days a more than usually imbecile member of the



jack rabbit family strayed in, and before he could get out he died of sunstroke, so they called the country Conejo.

The town itself would be an ideal resort if it had some decent hotels and was located in Canada or Maine. The Conejo thermometers begin at 100 degrees, and the mercury then tries to climb out on the hook by which you hang the thing on the door. A chicken neglecting to cross the road becomes à la Maryland in a trice and sometimes a triceme, which is much less. There was no sense in stopping at Conejo, nor did we intend to, but the four-wheeled bed warmer we rode in had already lost three shoes through melting, and the driver stated morosely that he would go no farther that day.

Thus were we forced to debouch at Conejo, and it proved a providential gift from the laps of the gods. Bad Luck and Conejo bore a strong resemblance to each other when we stepped off in front of the Laredo Inn, but you never can tell what's in a gum machine by putting in a cent. It appeared that we had come into that stricken community in the middle of a dry spell.

CONEJO VALLEY was enjoying one of the longest and most notable droughts in the memory of man, and for miles about the honest ranchers were offering up prayers and ejaculations of a profuse character. For nine months not a drop of rain had fallen, and, the way it looked to me, nine more months were liable to speed their way into the dusty annals of time without so much as a light dew.

These vital statistics I read in the Conejo "Herald," and during the same reading hour I gathered other interesting items of news. It was stated in the paper that another month of the same dryness would ruin all hands.

"Something ought to be done about this," I mentioned to Omar as we sat on the hotel veranda after dinner. "It says here in the paper that the farmers of this community are already desperate. They have been praying and holding regular meetings."

Omar had his feet on the railing and was smoking a cigar that smelled like the end of a blanket.

"It's got 'em holding meetings, eh?" he remarked, being a matter-of-fact little man. "I wonder did they ever try waving a red shirt out of the parlor window to break up a hard drought?"

"These rancher meetings," I explained, "have laudatory reference to a genius named Sauls, who passed through this valley ten years ago and left a trail of moisture. The artless tillers of the soil have been trying to relocate Mr. Sauls and force money on him. It seems he was a professional rain maker and knew the misty secrets of the sky."

"I didn't know any such people were left," Omar said dreamily, continuing to drag reluctant smoke from his rim-fire lung destroyer. "A smart man could probably sell these farmers small bottles of a pink liquid to drop in their gasoline and thereby get fifty-seven miles to the gallon."

I went on reading with ever-deepening interest. New thoughts were started up by that piece in the newspaper. These natural and guileless agriculturists ap-

tune, but it was not. In our simple tongue Conejo spells Prosperity. Nothing could suit me better than to have the residents of this valley actually believe in artificial methods of creating rainfall."

"But do they?" Omar asked.

"Didn't they drag Sauls into the bank and force it on him?"

"How much does it say he got?"

"Five thousand dollars full of little red threads."

"Well," said Omar. "What about it?"

"If Sauls made it rain, can we make it rain?"

"Not so as to be noticed by the roving human eye," he replied.

I gazed at him in deep scorn. Opportunity gained nothing by knocking at Omar's door unless she was prepared to break in with an ax and drag him through several furnished rooms. Again I explained that the past is photographic of the future, and as I rambled on my plan improved. Finally Omar removed his feet from the rail.

"George," he said, "it begins to look like something. Leave us have that newspaper."

One hour later we started a general preliminary investigation and began learning needed facts. First, the ranchers of the parched valley were engaged in what they technically termed dry ranching, and thereby no lie was told to any living soul. It was indeed the driest ranching possible for the sight to behold.

Second, these rustic salamanders had banded themselves into a protective organization known as the Conejo Valley Grange, with headquarters in Conejo, and the leading spirit of this festive group was Henry Skinner. Likewise Henry was the vice president and secretary.

We saw at once that it would be necessary to talk to Mr. Skinner, and we found him in a converted bar, drinking a harmless drink through a denatured straw. I introduced Omar and looked closely at the vice president because I felt the future would bind us more or less together.

He was a tall and hairless gent wear-pants and a couple of bumpers. His eyes were with only an occasional lids, as though they from looking for rain. out on his skull like ranges on a bas-relief of and he reminded me in a gourd which has lin-

*I stared fixedly at the sky as though expecting something. So did the ranchers*

gered long in the sun. But Henry Skinner was a fine man, although partly dead in his shoes until we began talking rainfall. Then he woke up and breathed hard.

"You mean that you can produce rain in the Conejo Valley?" he asked, pulling up the outer pair of pants and betraying excitement such as is found only in very dry places.

"We can produce rain anywhere," I answered calmly. "It is a matter of indifference to us."

"I suppose you require a consideration?" he continued, clawing at his chin with a horny hand.

"As a supposer, nobody is going to put you in a back seat this season," I admitted. "For money paid into the hand we will guarantee to produce both vertical and slanting rainfall and in such copious quantities as to moisten the valley from one end to the other."

"Looks like you need a little rain too," Omar put in at this point, hoping to help out the conversation. Mr. Skinner groaned.

"Do you remember this Mr. Sauls?" I asked.

"Very well," Henry replied. "He was in the valley some ten years ago."

"Sauls was a rain maker, after a fashion," I went on, trying to convey an impression of modesty, "but beside me and Omar Gills, Sauls was a Sahara Desert. He was a beginner at this trade. He knew his lower stratus fairly well, but when it comes to upper stratus Sauls simply wasn't there. If you know anything at all, Mr. Skinner, you know that all heavy rainfall comes from the upper stratus."

Henry admitted that this was usually the case, and the conversation drifted pleasantly on. We felt after a while that we knew each other better, and Henry put on his hat and took us forth to meet the mayor and whatever other prominent citizens happened to be in town.

IT became known that a couple of noted rain-makers had accidentally stopped off in Conejo and were willing to poke a provocative finger into the eye of the elements for indicated sums. That's the way I chose to leave the situation that afternoon, and when I took Omar back to our hotel he protested all the way in low but bitter tones.

"You didn't say anything about the money," he accused me. "What about our pay for all this work? We have to get our money, don't we? Remember, George, this is not one of those jobs where the laborer is worthy of his hire and gets it at the close of the day's business. If we don't get paid off before we tackle this job, then we don't never get paid off."

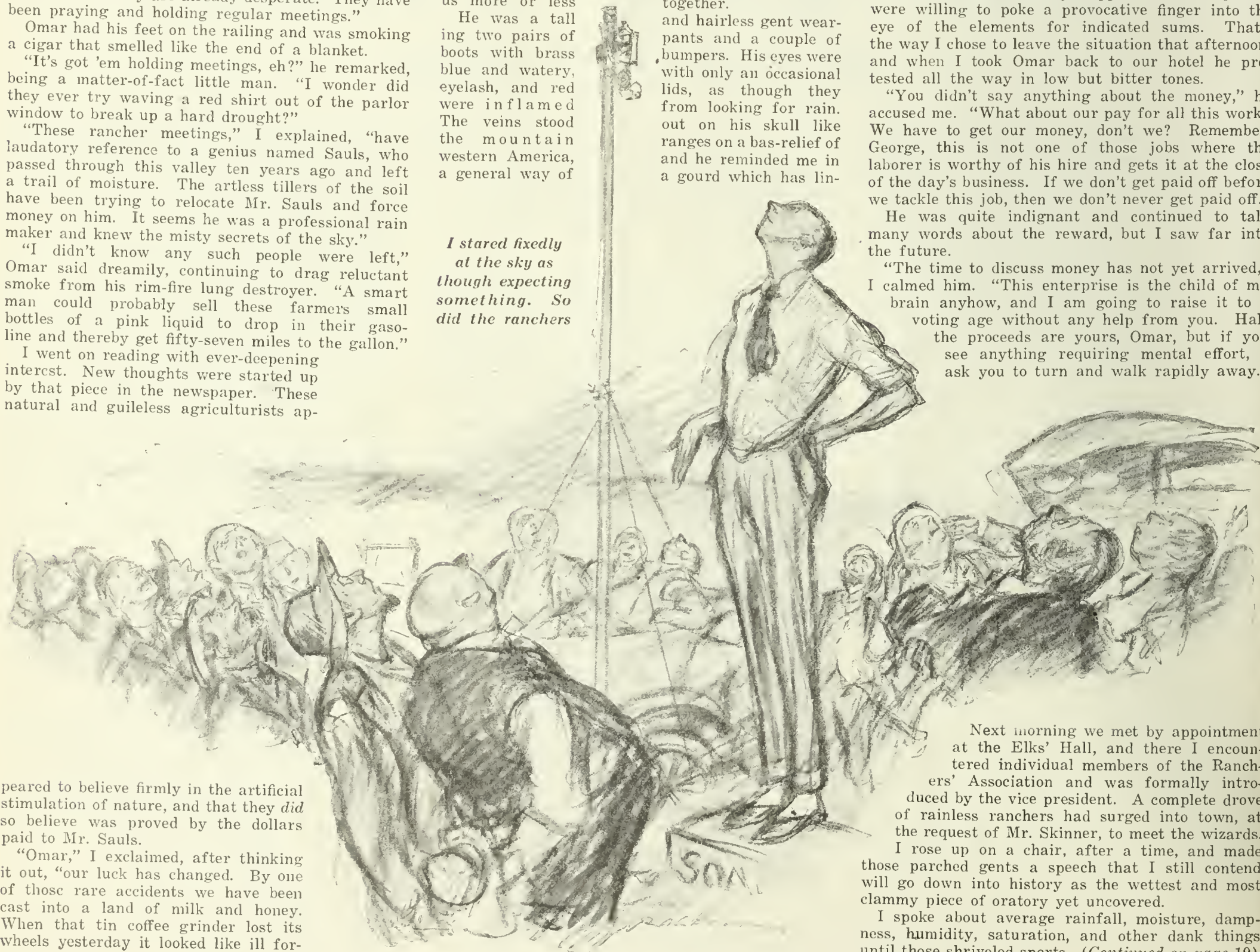
He was quite indignant and continued to talk many words about the reward, but I saw far into the future.

"The time to discuss money has not yet arrived," I calmed him. "This enterprise is the child of my brain anyhow, and I am going to raise it to a voting age without any help from you. Half the proceeds are yours, Omar, but if you see anything requiring mental effort, I ask you to turn and walk rapidly away."

Next morning we met by appointment at the Elks' Hall, and there I encountered individual members of the Ranchers' Association and was formally introduced by the vice president. A complete drove of rainless ranchers had surged into town, at the request of Mr. Skinner, to meet the wizards.

I rose up on a chair, after a time, and made those parched gents a speech that I still contend will go down into history as the wettest and most clammy piece of oratory yet uncovered.

I spoke about average rainfall, moisture, dampness, humidity, saturation, and other dank things until those shriveled sports (Continued on page 19)



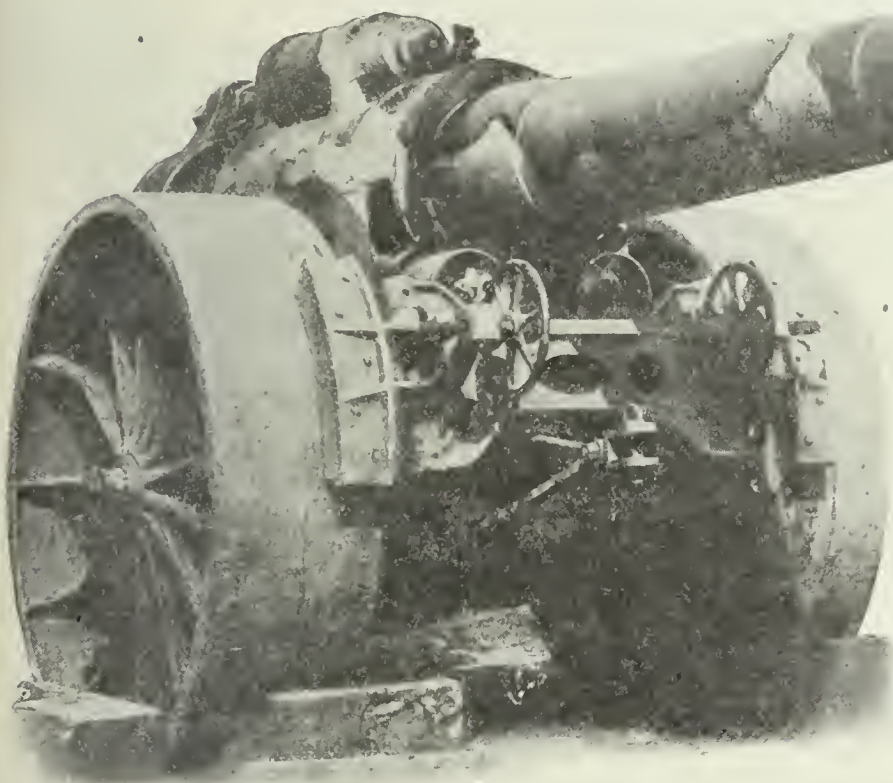


# America's Ten-Billion-Dollar Industry

BY JOHN H. VAN DEVENTER

EDITOR "AMERICAN MACHINIST"

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*The longest range field gun in the world, over a hundred of which served in France, produced by the Ordnance Department, U. S. Army*

rect fire." By means of panoramic sights, clinometers, transits, angle-of-sight instruments, alidades, squares, protractors, and special rulers the gunners aimed these weapons at their unseen targets. Back of the machine-gun operators were the carts and voiturettes, ready to receive the guns, tripods, water boxes, and empty ammunition boxes and hurry them away to another location. All of this material came from Ordnance.

## Ordnance Is Everywhere

MINIATURE cannon, the 37-millimeter "machine-gun exterminators," were wheeled into position where their one-pound projectiles, resembling

The story of Ordnance up to this time has never been adequately told—and yet this department of the Government between April 6, 1917, and September 30, 1918, issued contracts amounting to \$9,865,253,529.66.

The author of this article was called to Washington over a year ago to assist in the organization of the Ordnance Department, and of him General Williams, the Chief of Ordnance, has said: "Certainly you are qualified, and eminently qualified, by virtue of a year of the most exacting, technical, and administrative work, to speak with authority."

The story of Ordnance is so big that it is difficult to grasp, and yet it is one which every American should know.—THE EDITOR.

overgrown rifle cartridges, destroyed the enemy's machine-gun nests. These guns, their ammunition, and their auxiliary equipment, the whole involving over 2,500 separate components, were from Ordnance.

A barrage was being thrown from our light field guns of 75-millimeter caliber. Tons of shell were required for this barrage, and every fifteen pounds, representing a single round, was a complicated mechanism provided by Ordnance, comprising seventy-three separate and distinct component parts, and embodying the highest developments of science and skill.

Back of these light field guns were the miscellaneous vehicles; tractors, ammunition wagons, caissons, limbers, supply trucks—264 of them to the artillery regiment. All of them were from Ordnance, as were the feed bags, horse covers, bridle sets, brushes, saddletrees, straps, harness sets, etc., that outfitted such horses as were used.

Out of the smoke lumbered the tanks—crawling forts, built and armed by Ordnance. Overhead our fighting planes started out. The machine guns that armed them, the mounts on which these guns were placed, the synchronizing mechanism that enabled them to shoot through the propeller path without hitting a blade, the electric warmer that kept the oil in the guns from freez-

ing, the counting device that told how many shots were left in the belt, the special incendiary and armor-piercing bullets and their special disintegrating cartridge belts—all of them came from Ordnance.

Infantrymen were throwing rifle grenades. Fitted to the muzzles of their rifles were miniature mortars which held the grenades so accurately that the rifle bullet which passed through the central hole in the grenade and which ignited its primer continued onward with hardly lessened velocity toward the enemy, followed by the grenade itself. A battery of trench mortars were hurling somersaulting shells filled with deadly TNT, each fitted with a fuse that would detonate by impact no matter in what position it struck. Flying overhead were the heavier trench-mortar bombs, each of them carrying 90 pounds of high explosive. Little and big, these bombs and the mortars that projected them came from Ordnance. Batteries of 155-millimeter (6-inch) howitzers, outranging the enemy's light field guns, were pouring forth their fire of destruction. Some of them were mounted directly upon motorized ordnance tractors and climbed in and out of seemingly impossible ditches, stopped, fired their shot, and again proceeded. Portable machine shops, compressed into the space of motor-truck chassis, sped here and there to render first aid to damaged guns. Ammunition trucks, supply trucks, spare-parts trucks, observation trucks, motorized, and caissons and limbers of all sizes were either parked in service on their batteries or were moving into position. Eight-inch howitzers on wheels raised their ugly snouts toward heaven that they might send their selected targets to hell. Fifteen- and twenty-ton tractors pulled these heavy monsters about with ease over fields and ditches. All of these things belong to Ordnance.

## Up in the Air and on the Ground

OVERHEAD the throb of an enemy's plane brought our anti-aircraft service into play. Complicated instruments, products of Ordnance, were sighted upon the plane, determining its altitude, speed, and direction, and taking into account the windage and the trajectory of the shell, predicting its position at the moment of fire. Up went a salvo of anti-aircraft shell, each one fitted with a special fuse so delicate in action that contact with the thin fabric of the airplane wing was sufficient to explode it and yet so designed that accidental dropping upon the ground, in handling, would not cause detonation.

Still farther back were the monster railway mounts from 8-inch to 16-inch caliber. Each battery of these mobile monsters was accompanied by its quota of ammunition cars, spare-parts cars, and railway machine shops, all furnished and designed by Ordnance.

Night came and bombing planes started out, each fitted with a release mechanism that held fused and loaded bombs—a dozen or more of them—and which dropped them one, two at a time, three at once or all together, as desired. Each plane had its bomb sight, an instrument which told the bomber when to release his "egg" so that it might find its desired mark a mile or more below. Release mechanism, bomb sight, and bombs, all came from Ordnance.

Signal lights and rockets displayed red, white, or green signals, or "caterpillar" combinations. Powerful illuminants suspended from parachutes made No Man's Land as bright as day. Signal stars shot from signal pistols told the position of patrols. Back from their successful mission came the bombing planes, flares fastened to their wing tips lighting the

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*Polishing up, ready for action, thanks to Ordnance*

FOR the past twenty months the best brains in America have worked overtime to turn American business upside down. The American ideas of individualism and competition in industry have been brushed aside, and in their place we find 25,000 separate industrial plants welded into one gigantic combination, with Uncle Sam for the sole boss and customer.

Every American has felt the results of this gigantic overturning. Hundreds of thousands of workers have unexpectedly taken up new kinds of work. Thousands of industrial concerns whose products were nonessential to war have shrunk to a shadow of their former selves, in striking contrast to the swollen proportions of industries necessary for the war. Now with the close of hostilities comes the task of placing industry right side up again. It is fully as difficult a task and probably a more dangerous one than the original turnover. Every man, woman, and child in America will be affected by this industrial readjustment. The changes to be made are in exact proportion to the changes that have been made in our industrial life during the last twenty months and which are so great that no one brain is big enough to comprehend them. American labor and materials, for example, have been going into ordnance work alone at a rate sufficient to build a Panama Canal every thirty days. More radical industrial changes have been brought about through the necessity for ordnance than on account of any other phase of Government activity. Perhaps the best way of "putting across" a conception of what industrial reconstruction means will be to tell what Ordnance has done to industry since we entered the war.

What is Ordnance? A storming battalion was going over the top. The men had steel helmets, hand grenades, bayonets, and service rifles. Their rifle cartridges were held in clips and carried in ammunition belts. The officers, automatic pistols in hand, went forward fearlessly. Phosphorus grenades were being thrown into suspected dugouts, forcing their choking occupants, hands up, into the open. Some of the boys were "digging in" with intrenching tools. A trench periscope was stuck in the side of a shell crater, enabling its occupants safely to observe the movements of the enemy. All of these implements were furnished by Ordnance.

Machine guns searched out the enemy, firing nickel-jacketed bullets at the rate of 600 a minute. Each gun, light enough to be carried by one man, developed more power than a racing automobile. Up came the ammunition boxes containing the cartridge belts. One battery of machine guns was carrying on "indi-



landing field. All of these varied pyrotechnical displays were products of Ordnance.

So much for *what* Ordnance was; now for *who* it is.

The American Ordnance Department, headed by the Chief of Ordnance, Major General C. C. Williams, had to provide our soldiers with more than 100,000 ordnance items, including the few mentioned above. Before the war American Ordnance included a total of 97 officers, including the chief, the arsenal heads and their assistants, the inspectors at private plants, and, in fact, every ordnance officer in the American army. Less than two months ago a cablegram from General Pershing requested the sending abroad of a thousand trained ordnance officers for service in France—ten times as many officers as the total in the department eighteen months previous! When the armistice was signed there were close to ten thousand people in American Ordnance on this side of the water. Of these approximately eight thousand were civilians. Of the 1,300 commissioned officers, 97 per cent were from civilian life.

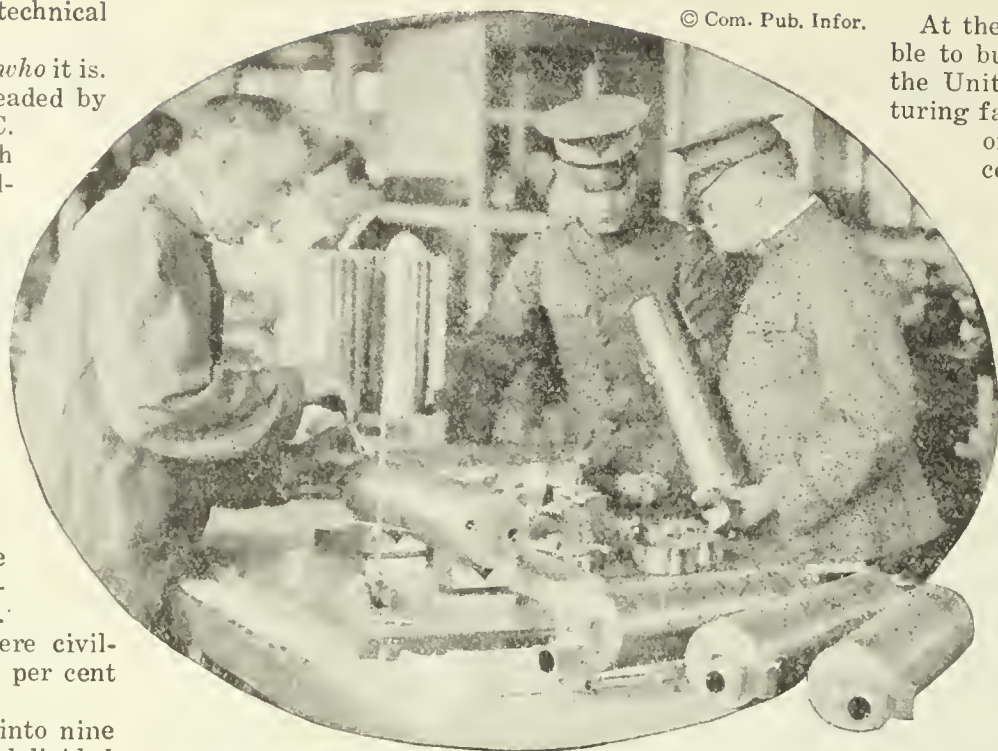
These ten thousand people were divided into nine specialized divisions which were further subdivided into innumerable and more highly specialized sections. Some of them were in Washington, where nineteen acres of office building floor space is devoted to Ordnance. Others were stationed in the various ordnance districts which divide the United States into convenient areas.

### Industrial Life Supplies War Specialists

THE specialized divisions must be and were cumbersome in action to safeguard the daily expenditure of between fifteen and twenty millions of dollars. To offset this, their work was supplemented where most needed by the efforts of men who were accustomed to big responsibilities and whose job was to get results.

These men acted as special assistants to the chief, had full powers, and provided the personal follow-up from the start of the project to the final delivery of the completed article. Brigadier General Guy E. Tripp, formerly chairman of the board of directors of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, was special assistant in charge of ordnance district offices. W. H. Marshall, formerly president of the American Locomotive Company, was assistant at large. Lieutenant Colonel Ralph Crews, formerly of the legal firm of Adams, Crews, Bobb & Westcott, Chicago, was in charge of the interpretation of contracts. W. W. Coleman, formerly president of the Bucyrus Company, was in charge of cannon, carriages, and their accessories. Brigadier General C. C. Jamieson, formerly a business partner of Major General Goethals, was in charge of artillery ammunition metal components. Lieutenant Colonel W. C. Spruance, formerly director of explosives manufacturing of the Du Pont Company, was in charge of chemicals, explosives, propellants, and their load. Lieutenant Colonel Bascom Little, formerly building contractor of Cleveland, Ohio, was in charge of equipment material, automatic arms, rifles, pistols, and their ammunition and accessories. L. J. Horowitz, formerly president of the Thompson-Starrett Construction Company, was in charge of tanks, tractors, trailers, and similar items. Colonel Earl McFarland of the regular army was in charge of drop bombs and trench-warfare material.

There is no easy way to get a conception of the size of the ordnance problem, because it was immeasurably greater than anything that has preceded it in the way of coordinated human effort applied to industry. From April 6, 1917, to September 30, 1918, it involved the issuing of 32,961 separate contracts, which varied from one for 75 cents for photographs to one for \$135,000,000 for a powder plant at Nashville, Tenn. All told, the Ordnance Department contracts



U. S. Ordnance officers inspecting the alignment of barrel openings in each end of water jacket

issued between these two dates amounted to \$9,865,253,529.66. Measured in the terms of its cost, namely, dollars and cents, American effort before the end of the war was being put into ordnance work at a rate sufficient to complete a Panama Canal every thirty days.

It would have completed the largest battleship afloat with all of her armor, engines, and guns, in a day and a half. The rate of effort on ordnance would have completed in one week our sixteen Government cantonments, with their 32,000 buildings, sewers, water supply, power houses, roads and all. One day's effort of Ordnance at its final rate would have built seven average-sized steel freight ships complete from keels to smokestacks, or 400 of the heaviest locomotives from cowcatchers to cabs, or would have completed 10,000 \$2,000 touring cars or 50,000 Fords.

In peace times American Ordnance activities had to do with eleven Government arsenals and a half dozen private plants. In war time, American Ordnance embraced over five thousand contractors, including all of the old arsenals and many new ones.

### It Was Up to Ordnance

PREVIOUS to the war our chief source of supply of shell for mobile field artillery was Frankford Arsenal, which in 1914 produced an average of 340 shell per day. American requirements in this war were 250,000 shell per day. Previous to the war we possessed less than 500 mobile field guns of 3-inch caliber and larger. When hostilities ceased 20,000 additional field guns of 75-millimeter and larger calibers were being manufactured.

A mortar railway mount to destroy concrete fortifications; hurls shells over ten miles—an Ordnance adaptation

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At the outbreak of the Great War it was impossible to buy a million pounds of smokeless powder in the United States without increasing the manufacturing facilities. That amount was about one-fourth of what our own fighters abroad required recently in a single day.

One year ago the production of ordnance blue prints, brown prints, and photostats did not exceed 10,000 prints a month. During September, 1918, 370,614 prints were made in the print room of the Engineering Division, and 75 linear miles of print paper and tracing cloth a month were required.

To figure what and how much ordnance material a constantly increasing army 3,000 miles away would require month by month was a man-sized job. Before Procurement could procure, or Production District Offices supervise production, or before there could be anything for Inspection to inspect, some one had to say what, when, and how many to make of the 100,000 separately manufactured items that Ordnance supplied to the army. The Estimates and Requirements Division of Ordnance started the ordnance ball rolling by furnishing the detailed data on which the Procurement Division placed its contracts.

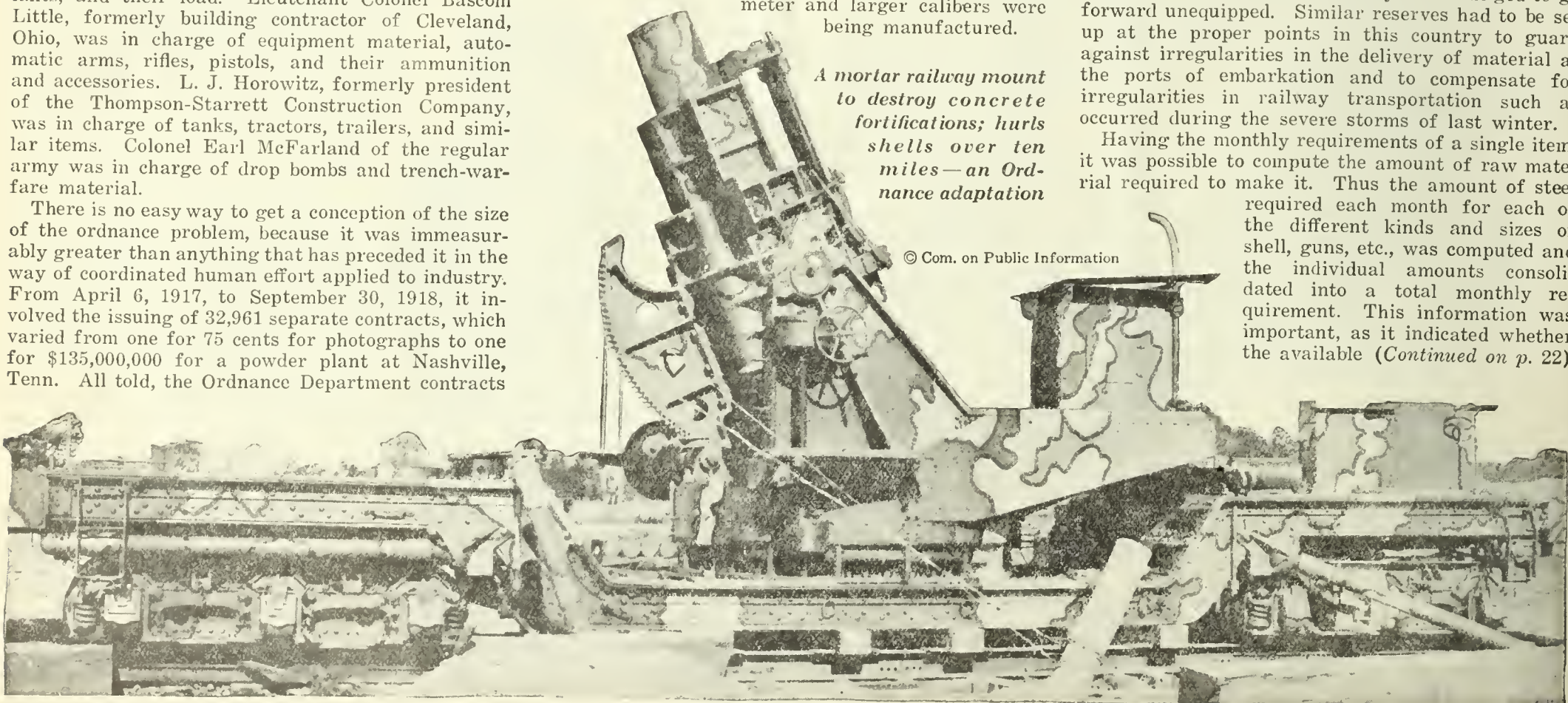
The general plan, known as the Military Program, originated with the General Staff, which scheduled the number of men to be called to the colors for training, the number to proceed abroad, and, with proper allowance for casualties, the accumulative total of our effective army, month by month. The General Staff provided, and intended to provide, merely the starting point, leaving Ordnance to estimate the quantity of each item of material required, the time at which it must be made available, the appropriations which must be made by Congress to provide for its purchase, and the production of a proposed manufacturing schedule.

### Estimating Ordnance Requirements

KNOWING the number of batteries of 75-millimeter field guns there are in an army, it seems easy to estimate the number of guns required and prepare a manufacturing program. But it is not easy. A battery of four French field guns was kept in operation on the front lines in the Battle of the Aisne in April, 1917. During a period of seven days two guns of this battery were put out of service by the enemy's fire, one exploded, and seven guns had to be sent back to the parks for repairs. Ten guns were required to keep four guns operating for a week. The battery mentioned above fired 14,400 shell in this period, or 3,600 per gun. Accurate figures as to the rate of fire for ammunition of every caliber and of the wear and tear on guns of every kind were essential to figuring the quantities required.

It was also necessary to provide reserves of equipment at the ports of embarkation, so that troops arriving there would not be delayed nor obliged to go forward unequipped. Similar reserves had to be set up at the proper points in this country to guard against irregularities in the delivery of material at the ports of embarkation and to compensate for irregularities in railway transportation such as occurred during the severe storms of last winter.

Having the monthly requirements of a single item, it was possible to compute the amount of raw material required to make it. Thus the amount of steel required each month for each of the different kinds and sizes of shell, guns, etc., was computed and the individual amounts consolidated into a total monthly requirement. This information was important, as it indicated whether the available (Continued on p. 22)







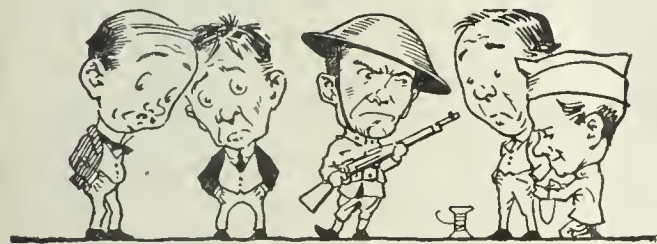
# The Battle of Manhattan

*Being the Veracious Tale of a Local Engagement in the Metropolitan District After the Return from France*

BY BERTON BRALEY

GENERAL HAGAN, who'd fought in the fray  
To put the kibosh on the Kaiser,  
Came home in a mood that was happy and gay,  
Having helped to make Wilhelm much sadder and wiser;  
He came back again  
At the head of his men  
Who'd aided to make the world safe for democracy,  
And knocked all the props out from under autocracy.  
They'd recrossed the foam,  
Mighty glad to come home,  
And were greeted with cheers and with speeches of flattery,  
Which they bore with a grin  
And then disappeared in  
Their various homes from the Bronx to the Battery.  
As gentle civilians  
They merged with the millions  
Who rode in the subway and packed on the L,  
Rushed for the trolleys and busses pell-mell,  
Fed at the restaurants,  
Went to the plays,  
And fitted themselves to their olden-time ways.

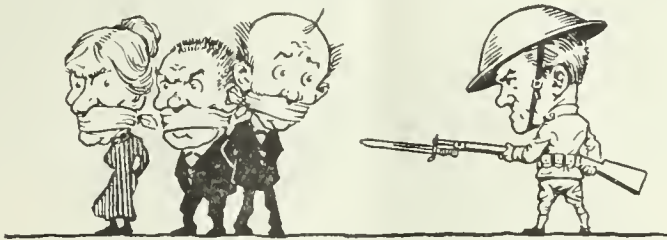
But General Hagan grew just a bit restive,  
In spite of the city life merry and festive.  
He summoned his men  
To a meeting, and then  
Said he: "Boys, we've fought on the fields oversea  
To make the world safe for democracy; true,  
But somehow the thought has been coming to me  
That we've still got a few  
Little duties to do  
In making democracy safe for the world!  
And though we have hurled  
The Kaiser aside  
From his pomp and his pride,  
I'm thinking we'd better get busy a while  
And go over the top  
In our very best style,  
Till we weed out a crop



Of some tyrants and such  
With whom I have happened to come into touch,  
And whom, I've no doubt, you have suffered from much  
Right here in this town.  
Well, whad'dy'uh say—  
Shall we do 'em up brown?"  
And the boys answered: "Yea,  
Yea, bo, we are with you; let's be on our way!  
We will not let despots and such guys grow fat in  
This here, now, community;  
And so we will seize on this grand opportunity.  
We'll go to the mat in  
The ring once again  
And thus make democracy safe for the world—  
Or make it, at any rate, safe for Manhattan!"

So General Hagan and all of his men  
Marched off where the tides of the great city  
swirled,  
As fitted good soldiers well trained in their trade,  
Embarked on a grim and relentless crusade.

Beginning with box-office tyrants, they yanked 'em  
Right out through the box-office gratings and  
spanked 'em;  
They took speculators  
In theatre seats  
And cabaret waiters  
And other such cheats,  
Together with restaurateurs of the style  
Whose prices had soared by the vertical mile,



And, laughing to see how they'd tremble and quiver,  
The soldier boys dumped the whole bunch in the river:  
Hotel clerks, superior,  
Languid, blasé,  
Whose ways make us wearier  
Day after day,  
Were swiftly relieved of their usual stunt  
And made to be bell hops responding to "front!"  
It's pleasant to note our men  
Got after motormen  
(Those who speed by you, ignoring your waving)  
And haughty conductors who're always behaving  
In manner most Prussian  
By pushin' and rushin'  
Mamies and Sadies  
Who work in the stores  
And making life Hades  
For timid old ladies  
By dozens and scores;  
These insolent czars  
Who lord it on cars  
Were thrown off the platforms and thoroughly smeared  
With dirt from the pavement, while passengers cheered.

The soldiers next went  
After landlords who'd spent  
Their hours during war time in raising the rent,  
And made them disgorge all that hoggish advance  
They'd taken from those who had soldiers in France;  
Then the food profiteer,  
Both the large and the small one,  
Whose gains, it is clear,  
Were enough to appall one.

(From boosting their goods, with the reason therefor.  
That time-honored phrase, "on account of the war")—  
These bandits were taken  
And ruthlessly shaken;  
Their ill-gotten gain  
Fell about them like rain,  
And, after a survey of ledgers and data,  
Paid back to their customers, strictly pro-rata.

Besides a large quota  
Of missions like this,  
Whenever they'd note a  
Blithe matron or miss  
Who wore a gay sweater of pink or of blue  
(The which she had knitted  
With needles that flitted  
When knitting for soldiers was what she should do),  
Why, Hagan's crusaders would stop her and say,  
In a courteous way:  
"Dear Lady, that sweater is pretty and gay,

But you never heeded  
The fact that we needed  
The wool it is made of to help keep us warm  
When, fighting, we faced both the Hun and the storm;  
So, pardon us, please,  
But you'll have to be shorn,  
For sweaters like these  
Are not being worn!"  
And the lady who'd sported that garb as she traveled  
Would have to submit to its being unraveled.

And thus, up and down  
The streets of the town,  
The soldiers went marching along on their mission  
Of making democracy safe for the world.  
They took just one look at the subway's condition,  
Where millions of people were packed, jammed,  
and curled  
In crowds that were terrible.  
"Golly," they cried,  
"This thing is unbearable!"  
Straightway they hied  
To drag from their autos the magnates of traction  
And give them a taste of the subway in action.  
They hung them on straps  
Where they helplessly dangled  
Or fell in the laps  
Of people; were mangled  
And mauled till they yelped from the midst of the swarm:  
"Oh, please let us out and we'll promise reform!"

The ladies who'd sought  
Every sort of maneuver,  
And who had but one thought—  
To outwit Mr. Hoover  
And their menfolks who begged 'em  
And coaxed 'em and egged 'em  
To dodge and forget all the food regulations—  
Such people were locked in their own habitations,  
And through a whole fortnight were sparingly fed  
On substitute coffee and substitute bread.  
Then the gossips and "clackers"  
(Those morale attackers)  
Who spread every rumor, however absurd,  
Which, during the conflict, they chanced to have heard—  
Those fool scandal mongers whose tongues never lagged,  
But, busy as weevils, spread rumors of evils—  
The soldiers assembled them, muzzled and gagged,  
And forbade them to speak or to whisper or squeak,  
For tortures and punishments ever so violent  
Wouldn't hurt them so much as to sit and keep silent.



Each tightwad and miser  
Who bought not a bond,  
And thus pleased the Kaiser  
'Way over the pond—  
They got theirs, all right,  
For the ones who sat tight  
And wouldn't come through with their money, or  
fight,  
(Continued on page 37)



# Foster-Fathering France

BY MARION PATTON WALDRON

ENGINEERING and fathering have this in common: that they are both essentially building jobs. Now, if you destroy what an engineer has built, you rob him of one of his primal satisfactions. Yet in this moment when it is time, as it were, to take stock, happy the engineer who can find anything in his war-time effort that has survived hostilities. The biggest hope of salvage from the waste of war is obviously in the region of the spirit. Perhaps that is why a Pittsburgh engineer now living in Paris has turned from his material affairs to invent a new kind of fatherhood. And his invention, bearing, as it does, the engineer's own mark of calculated strain and permanence, made its first appeal to men in his own profession.

If you should ask any of the engineers of a well-known Pittsburgh firm concerning his recent investments, instead of displaying the war brides or Liberty Bonds in his safe, he is more than likely to take from his desk two or three childishly scrawled letters in French, together with the photographs of an engaging boy and girl.

"Not so bad, eh?" in a tone of poorly concealed pride. "Well, they're the best blood in France. Generations of brains behind them. The boy wants to be an engineer like his father and grandfather before him, so we'll have to see to it. If the sister were here, she'd prepare for college, but I don't know enough about French girls yet. My wife and I are going across when things have settled down in France to talk things over with the mother. Besides, wouldn't you want to know kids like that? Yes, don't you understand? They're *ours*." No camouflaging that pride, now. "At least, their father was killed in the war, and while they're living with their people where they belong we're educating them. Imagine! It only takes two hundred a year for each of them. They call us godmother and godfather. It's great! You've no idea how we wait for their letters!"

"We haven't a boy of our own, but if we did have, ten to one he'd want to be a chewing-gum king or a lion tamer, anything but an imitation of his dad. Wait till you read André's letter; French children seem to run truer to type. And it's a funny thing what a primitive passion it is to have children follow in your own steps. You'd like to start them out somewhere near where you left off, and keep them from making your mistakes. And you like to feel that your own work will last, like a good piece of construction. If André, now, makes good—well, you'd laugh at my dreams!"

## Building on Human Hearts

WHICH is probably the last thing you would do. You are much more likely to ask for the address of the purveyor of this brand of fatherhood, in order that you yourself may become a builder in Franco-American futures. In so doing you would but exemplify the spontaneous method by which

Mrs. Waldron writes us from Paris: "This article deals with a movement which is going to play a large part in making the relations between France and America permanent." The story of the "American Ouvroir Funds" is one that has not heretofore been published in this country.—THE EDITOR.

the American Ouvroir Funds, founded by Otis and Elizabeth Mygatt, have already succeeded in suitably adopting three thousand children, with almost as many more now going through the process of finding their future *marraines* and *parrains*, without one word of publicity. The numbers thus far are small, but they are significant. First of all for quality; each one is a representative of the "people who do things" in France, allied to the "people who do things" in America. Then it is a "handmade" process. Its makers hope for their fabric the virtues of hand-made fabrics. And here let me interpolate that in describing one form of war relief I am attempting

only to picture one detail of a great whole, not to make comparisons. When I call this particular *œuvre* an "invention" I am not claiming that it is alone in its field or that its field is superior. Take, for instance, the great wholesale relief agencies.

Immediate relief on an enormous scale is the crying need of the hour.

And, indeed, it

Ouvroir Funds fatherhood is that, like marriage or enduring happiness, it is founded upon congeniality and common interests. In a sentence the plan is this: that an American doctor shall undertake the education of the children of a French doctor who has died in his hospital; that an American architect shall make it possible for the son of a French architect, fallen on the field of honor, to follow in his father's profession; that an American farmer shall put a fallen French cultivator's family on its feet. How could one better make sure that the aid will be intelligent and sympathetic? The financial arrangement becomes but the basis for a real relationship. Once a month, at least, the child or his mother writes to the American, giving news of the family and of the child's progress, perhaps samples of his school work. In his replies the American has a chance to be as helpful a father as it is in him to be, and he returns news of the American home. So the friendship begins.

## The Need to Go On

A NUMBER of intensely interesting possibilities suggest themselves. When the French boy gets to the point of entering technical school his American foster father may persuade him to finish his education in America, an excellent thing for both America and France. Later the engineer or his company may establish a European branch and he may choose or be instrumental in choosing his protégé as manager. If the American and his family visit France, he will find a French family with whom he has close relations and much in common to welcome him. Now conceive of many hundreds of such interknit relationships between members of the most important professions of France and America. Notice particularly the alliances between the practical professions, such as engineering. For now is precisely the moment when farseeing French business men and writers are urging France to imitate American factory efficiency and business methods. You will see that here we have something on which to build a real, not merely a sentimental, fraternity between the nations.

I would like to explain just a little of the French need out of which this American opportunity has arisen, though explanation is hardly necessary to those who read Dorothy Canfield Fisher's poignant "On the Edge" in COLLIER'S for August 24. Why, some one may ask, should we help a portion of the people who have always enjoyed comparative ease? The answer is twofold. First, because that ease is a thing of the past and those who once enjoyed it are precisely those who have suffered most economically from the war; and, second, because ordinary relief measures do not meet their peculiar need. It is the need to go on doing the things they are best suited to do, to hold their place in the scheme of things.

On the streets of Paris, between the disconcerting sight of one woman in unaccustomed sables paid for by her husband's mushroom war factory, and another woman returning from her day's work in that factory, and filling her market basket on the way with more meat at one dollar a pound than before the war she could afford to buy at twenty-five cents, you will see a hurrying inconspicuous throng of women, mostly in black, concealing shabbiness by neatness. If you follow them to their work, perhaps in one of the Government offices, or if you enter their homes, you will discover the tragedy of the educated French. All prices have at least tripled; many incomes have disappeared. Favorite foreign loans have ceased to pay dividends! A law meant to protect the families of the mobilized prevents landlords from demanding their rents. The breadwinner, and often a whole generation (Continued on page 33)



Lieut. Jean's "babies"—the little brother born after his father's death. In circle—Breton children adopted through Ouvroir Funds

takes special generosity to give money when you have only the vaguest notion of its ultimate use. It is perhaps another kind of generosity that wants to give personal interest along with the money. Still, it cannot be denied that the man who gives a part of himself receives at least face value in return. And he is working for the future. One of those stony-hearted millionaires

upon whose every moment the commerce of the world hangs told Otis Mygatt, while he was in New York recently, that he could spare just ten minutes to hear about the Ouvroir Funds. He stayed the ten minutes; then he stayed just five hours longer,

and left exclaiming: "Mygatt, you're a lucky man. Most of us fellows have to build pretty much on the sand, but you're making something that will last. You're building on the surest thing there is—human hearts."

Human hearts, yes; but not on transitory sentimental twinges of those organs. The particular value of the



A future Franco-American architect





"You'll have much again," he said gently. "And I—well, if I ever have the things I've missed, they'll mean the more to me"

# December the Twenty-fifth

BY WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

ILLUSTRATED BY J. M. SESSIONS

THE ice was pretty well broken when the three of them came in. Anne Truman had been a little worried in the beginning; there had been moments when it had looked as if, perhaps, her Christmas party for the sailors would be a failure. But now the past held those moments. The blinds were drawn against the early December dusk. The polished floor had been cleared for dancing; above the furious rag-time that a sailor was evoking from the piano there rose a gay din of laughter and talk. The rooms were all ablaze with holly, and here and there gleamed mistletoe, discreet, acquiescent, as it were—not forcing itself upon the notice of man or girl, but there to be heeded if that should be their pleasure.

The girls outnumbered the sailors still. But that, if it were a fault, was one upon the right side of the ledger. And more men were coming; Anne was sure of that. Some of those whose promises she had found it most easy to believe had not come yet. And so she was flushed with triumph as, at the peal of the great, old-fashioned bell, sounding throughout the house, she freed herself from a boy to whom she was teaching the foxtrot.

"I want to let everyone in myself!" she exclaimed, and left him dazzled by her smile.

She was still smiling as she flung the door open.

"Oh, I'm so glad you could come!" she said. "We're having a heavenly time! Now, let me see—I know Mr. Craig, and Mr. Donohue—"

"We picked up this old-timer on the way down and made him come along, ma'am," said Donohue. "He's just in on a Norwegian tramp that picked him up in the North Sea after his ship was subbed. His name's Jimmy Armstrong, and he and us had our training together—"

"I'm awfully glad!" said Anne, giving Armstrong her hand. "It's just an old-fashioned Christmas party. No man can get in unless he's wearing the navy blue. I hope you dance, because there are a lot of us girls here, and I hope you're hungry, because I'm proud of the eats we're going to have!"

Even Anne, distraught though she was, marked some shades of difference between Jimmy Armstrong, fresh from living through a modern Odyssey, and the boys who had brought him. Was it that he was older than they? She wasn't sure that he was. She thought so, and then she didn't. And anyway, of course, with the responsibility for the whole party resting on her pretty slim shoulders, she couldn't undertake the care of any one sailor, no matter how interesting he looked! "We're not being formal," she said. "If you see a pretty girl and want to talk to her and dance with her—just do it!"

"Thank you," said Craig and Donohue together. Armstrong only bowed. Anne had been steering them, as she talked, into the room where the music was, and now, as she heard the bell peal out again, she had to leave them. They didn't mind.

"Gee! Didn't we tell you, Jimmy?" said Craig. "Look at those girls—all dressed up like a theatre!"

"And they're nice girls too," said Donohue. "They ain't the kind you could pick up, or anything. No, sir! You can see their names in the papers when they go to parties, and they print pictures of them Sundays. I've seen Miss Truman's picture lots of times. She's what they call a debutante. Her brother's a C. P. O. I guess that's why she's so interested in us Gobs."

"Oh, there's class to this!" said Craig.

"You bet!" said Jimmy.

BUT the eyes with which he searched the room were far more sophisticated than those of his companions. His uniform made him look boyish, but he was not a boy, whatever his years might be. His eyes belied such an impression, and so did deeply grained lines in face and forehead. They were tired eyes, and disillusioned. And, despite his uniform, he stood out, and his individuality survived.

Craig and Donohue forgot him in a minute's time. They fairly leaped into the spirit of the party. A dance was just beginning; they found partners and

began to dance. Armstrong drew away, and stood apart. His lurking smile as he watched the dancers was a token of enjoyment, but of an enjoyment different in quality from that of most of the others who were there. It was as if he enjoyed the happiness of the others rather than as if he were happy himself. He had the look that grown-up people wear sometimes at children's parties. And, no matter how old he was, he wasn't old enough for that!

He knew he wasn't doing his duty. Having come, it behooved him to dance and make merry, in common politeness. The room was full of pretty girls, enticing, bewitching girls. They were young, they sparkled with their youth and its vitality. They were girls wearing their first evening gowns, girls who had just put up their hair, whose skirts had just that winter reached their ankles, in the main. Pink and white, yellow and blue, the frocks wove in and out in the pretty maze the dancers made. They looked like butterflies against the deep navy blue.

CASTING his eyes about, Armstrong marked, suddenly, and with a start of surprise, a girl who was conspicuous only because, alone in that room, she struck a somber note. She wore a low black gown; her white shoulders rose out of soft, gauzy stuff. She had no color, but she was not pale. And Armstrong observed, gratefully, her slender grace, the lovely modeling of her face. Her eyelids drooped; she looked a little tired. She sat alone, in a deep, soft chair; her white arms lay on the chair's arms; her long, tapering fingers were at rest. And it was restful just to look at her, Armstrong thought. She attracted him just because she lacked the buoyancy, the effervescent spirit of the rest.

A boy went up and spoke to her, a tow-headed youngster, upon whom irresponsibility sat with a delightful grace. He bent over her, and she moved her head to speak to him. Her face was lighted by an amused and tolerant smile, but a smile, Armstrong was sure,

(Continued on page 16)





Price: 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Canadian and Foreign, 10 cents a copy, \$5.00 a year.

# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



DECEMBER 21, 1918  
VOLUME 62 NUMBER 15

### ANNOUNCEMENT

SINCE the strike of pressmen and feeders, several weeks ago, COLLIER'S has been unable to catch up with its regular printing schedule. This explains why recent issues have been late in reaching you.

In order to obviate this, we are going to eliminate next week's issue—December 28. By gaining a week we will thus be able to publish on time the January 4 number and all those succeeding it. Subscriptions will be extended to make up for the loss.

### Between Tides

AFTER all that has been said during the past four years of "crises" and "turning points" and "supreme hours of fate" it seems odd indeed to realize that it is in these dull, pale closing December days that our human future is being determined. Victory by land and sea has made it possible, has given our leaders choice, but statesmanship has no such flaming certainties of result as those which emerge on the battle field. War, for all its modern complexity of means, is a simple thing for men's minds to grasp. Those engaged on one side must stand together to lessen defeat or to enlarge success, as fortune may determine, and in doing so they have scant time for the doubts which afflict civilians. Everyone remembers how often various cartoons expressed this truth, how the soldiers wished to be assured that their cities and dockyards and factories back home would stick it out. One thing that helped solve the problem was that the legions of women who went into war work went with something of the simplicity of a soldier's point of view; they entered industry, but were free of its established interests and prejudices. That dominance of the military side of things is now rapidly becoming a memory. We must begin to build from where the soldiers left off, and this construction of humanity's new house must go on in the chilling fog of disillusion and suspicion and weariness which always follows the thunderstorm of war. Anyone can see this change in the political interviews, reports, speculations, etc., which have crowded army and navy news off the front pages of our papers. There is no oracle to declare our fate, there is no short and easy way to compose the numberless jarring differences that must arise when freemen choose freely. Our hope is in justice and wisdom, in the fundamental brotherhood of men of good will who will see all their difficulties in the light of that peace on earth which was promised so long ago.

### Assigning the Kingdom

THE greatest concentration of power ever seen in the history of American government is now being unraveled so as to find solution for the problems formerly assigned in bulk to Mr. McADOO. The Treasury has dealt rapidly in sums of billions, has aggregated a tremendous apparatus of money and credit for the task of war. This spectacular activity was rather the easier because it had the unselfish driving support of our national eagerness to win. Mr. CARTER GLASS must now take charge of the plain, dull job of cleaning up our financial battle field and making the whole area productive for the purposes of peace. It is unfortunate that, however well equipped, he will not bring to that work the prestige and experience of successful war finance: that in performing it he will have to meet as a new man the clash of opposing interests and theories. No Secretary of the Treasury ever had such a burden of opportunity as is laid on the new incumbent. He will need every help of sound financial wisdom and of really national banking machinery. The future of the railways is now altogether in the making. Rates and wages are on a new level, and the relation of both to continuing successful business must be determined. At the same time the basic principles of railway operation are undergoing change from something like competition to something more resembling unified service. The whole range of these problems had not been within the jurisdiction of our

patchwork system of regulation as it existed before the war, but war aims made these issues predominant at once. Whoever takes that task in hand now will not find his way smoothed by any agreement as to future policy on the part of the Government officials temporarily in charge or on the part of the railway operating men or on the part of the security owners who have invested and must hereafter invest the money which alone makes railroading possible. Obviously the work will be hard, but it must be done and can be done. The problem is to turn to it the willingness and the fierce energy of war, and by that test our new leaders will be judged.

### The Un-United States

THE armistice had not been in force three weeks when various European localities began to prove the eternal value of certain political principles. The lands which used to make up Austria-Hungary are a sort of small-scale Europe because all the hard problems of race, language, religion, clashing economic interest, and human prejudice must be solved there by localities just as they must be solved for all Europe by countries. The Associated Press reports in early December told of confused wrangling over the trading in coal, food, oil, and other necessities. Each new-fledged republic was fighting to better its own position while making worse that of the others. The various forms of railway rolling stock and of paper and other money were also objects of intrigue and dispute in the same way. Such a condition of things can only make itself worse. Our forefathers lived in regions much less interdependent, but their experiences from 1776 to 1789 were precisely the same. These disputed powers must be turned over to some common but limited authority which will administer them for the benefit of the whole, and so end at one blow this chaos of fear and greed. If there is not enough wisdom available to do that, then no real improvement can be expected. In civilized times men work at narrow or special trades, but lead broader lives. A man's job is at some one spot, but the things used in his home come from all over the world. Civilization, then, is a great task of distributing, and in order to distribute one must cut out friction. A good workman does not get output by spending his time in quarrels. That old truth of the strength of union applies to the world at large quite as much as to the distracted lands of Austria.

### Wages and Prices

THESE critical days of reconstruction call for teamwork, not for class fights, between labor and capital. It is no time for one-eyed economies. Wages make costs, as anyone can see who will look carefully at a truck, a house, a stove, a chair, or any other useful object and think of those who worked, in one way or another, to make it. Wages make sales, as anyone can see who will read the market page of a newspaper and think of those who buy and pay for the vast totals of goods that are disposed of by our national trade. If costs are made high by inflated wages, trade will lag just as it will if sales are made slow by depressed wages. The economic machine will not run smoothly if jerked off balance to benefit the factional interests of either side. In the long run prosperity is democratic rather than autocratic in its origin. Prosperity consists in getting leadership strong enough to enlarge production and wise enough to make that greater production beneficial to all who have helped bring it about. That is economic democracy, and it rests on respect for law and order and the facts of life just as political democracy does. The short cuts of revolution are worthless in both cases. We ought to be able to find enough sense and fairness in this country so that both employers and employed can work out together their mutual problems of wages, costs, and sales. Government umpiring can usually add little more than good nature and correct principles since outsiders do not know inside facts, and the temptation to take sides is very strong. Permanent industrial peace must be made between themselves by those actively in industry. They have only ignorance and prejudice to lose and a better world to gain.



## The Peace Ships

THREE years ago, on December 4, 1915, the Ford Peace Ship set sail with the avowed purpose of "getting the boys out of the trenches by Christmas." This month, exactly to a day three years later, another peace ship sailed—the *George Washington*, with President WILSON and the other American delegates to the Peace Conference. What a difference there is between the two peace ships! What eons of accomplishment there were in those three years! Between the two peace ships there is the difference between crude personal evangelism and a solid national contribution to the statecraft of the world's future. In spanning that three years' gulf our country outgrew all its mental clothes. And even Mr. FORD acknowledges that his 1915 ideas fit a little tight.

## "We Cheered!"

THE most nauseous pill the Germans have had to swallow was that the English, throughout the war, persisted in laughing at them. It was too much to ask TOMMY ATKINS that he should take the joy out of strife by hating the enemy. By the time we began to call the Germans "Huns"—in the spring of 1917—the English had grown fed-up with doing so and reverted to the whimsical "Fritz." An entertaining illustration of the incorrigible English levity is told by Sublieutenant WILLIAM MCFEE of the British navy, the author of that well-remembered novel "Casuals of the Sea." His vessel very nearly "got the tin fish" in the last days of the war. This is the way he describes the incident in a letter to an American friend:

We were attacked in a most skillful manner, and only first-class vigilance, assisted by certain United States naval units, saved us from the usual finale in lifeboats. We have been tremendously impressed by the razor-edge keenness of your naval officers to get Fritz. Our chaps are bored. Not careless, but bored. Consider. Some of our company has been torpedoed more than once. Those of us to whom the game was fresh were irresistibly taken with the sporting element. When the submarine skillfully tore full ahead (to avoid the depth charges) after firing her torpedo, and the periscope ripped a long white feather between us and the next ship, believe it or not, we cheered!

## A Grim Paradox

OF all the paradoxes of the war, there is none more distressing than that we are still bearing arms against Russia, an ally, although we have stopped fighting Germany and Austria, our enemies. It is easy to say that we are fighting the Bolsheviks, who are Russia's enemies; yet all the distressful problems of that vexed nation are not to be cured by bloodshed. American friendship for Russia is as whole-hearted as it ever was, and it does seem a pity that there is not some better way of showing it than the horrors of a winter campaign. Probably Mr. HOOVER, the Friend of All the World, could do more for Russia than any other one man.

## The Gift of 1918

TO-DAY the power to control human destiny is firmly lodged in the hands of men who love freedom. At last it is certain that the future of our race will be shaped, so far as men can shape it, by those who are devoted to liberty and to justice. In all recorded history that was never true before, but now it is true, true as time, and that is why 1918 is the greatest year in the annals of humanity. Our world went out to conquer a pitiless foe, to slay or be slain as the hazard of battle should determine, and the ending of those iron days has left us this gift—great beyond our telling and sacred even beyond our praise. History will judge us by what use we make of it, by noting whether we rise in strength to meet the occasion or falter before its promise. Fortunately we did not win this gift of the coming centuries by ourselves. Truer men than we have done that for us, and their spirit is visible for those who will see in the golden star of service the Christmas star of 1918. Let those who wield the power of state resolve henceforth that their work shall be worthy of the cause to which these better men gave such entire devotion.

Dec. 21

Let us carry through the high purpose of our hour as they did and make a world fit for the service star to shine in. Thus our souls can meet the gift of 1918. There is no other way.

## The Targets at Caldwell

IT is no small part of a freeman's duty to be able to shoot straight, for the real worth of whatever army and navy our country may have depends upon that skill. These modern, high-power firearms are not weapons for beginners, and the average citizen in the crowded regions of our Eastern States has but little chance to learn their use. The Navy Department very wisely took advantage of the National Defense Act of June 3, 1916, to establish rifle ranges near our more important ports, and at these any good American can get expert coaching in this most fundamental branch of citizenship. The enormous range at Great Piece Meadows, near Caldwell, N. J., is not over twenty miles from New York City Hall, and is capable of the very widest usefulness as a training ground for the whole metropolitan district. No matter what changes may be made in our military equipment, no matter how far we may decide to retrench on spending money for the army and for the navy, this work of teaching men the use of the rifle must be kept up. Target practice is not militarism, but merely the cheapest and safest common-sense form of national defense work. Switzerland knows that wisdom and practices it. Because Colonel WILLIAM C. HARLEE had insisted on it for over ten years, the marines were able to shoot two German divisions to pieces and so save the line at Château-Thierry last July. That navy rifle range at Caldwell is one of the lowest-priced insurance policies that UNCLE SAM can ever have, and it must not be allowed to lapse.

## The New Year

TO the end of a man's days there is mercy in the very renewing of the year. Because of the old habits of our human race the dull-est of us can see these months ahead with some clear idea of the natural changes their recurring days will bring. And, if he will, in this splendid frame of time any one of us can set the purposes of his own life. We do not all sow and tend and reap in the fields, but none the less we can make our scheme of action through the seasons. With time, one is either master or slave, and the new year gives us choice again. The sorrows and failures are now gone behind us forever, and ahead there is the eternal chance

of being and doing, of happiness and service and victory in the work that is at our hand. Enemies can be made friends, grief can be turned to joy, and deserts, whether geographical or spiritual, can be made to blossom like the rose. These frost-sharpened days ought to clear our eyes to the horizons of life and set our purpose in holding fast to the things that we know are good.

## Relaxation

HOW pleasant it is to get back to the little ways of peace. One can idle an hour or two away with a frivolous book and do it with a clear conscience, without a substratum of thought running through the mind that we should be actively up and doing, engaged in one of the innumerable ways of winning the war. One can drift into a playhouse and watch a musical comedy's mild amblings and let the ear be titillated with light tunes without feeling that perhaps it is not just the thing to do in days of darkness and sorrow. The lights—the bright, white, reassuring lights—are there again before the theatre, telling us that fuel economy is no longer so imperative, that evenings after a full day's labor can again be spent idly and luxuriously. One can even invest an idle dollar in a box of chocolates because one feels that sugar saving is no longer quite so necessary. These, of course, are days of reaction. Soon we will return to the sterner things. We will worry about the League of Nations and the freedom of the seas; we will be precipitated into the problems of reconstruction. But a little lull has insidiously placed itself between the grave days that are gone and the busy days that are to come. And this little lull, we find, is welcome and a thing to be cherished.

December 21, 1918

## The Thoughts of a Home-sick Soldier in France

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

Captain U. S. A.

*If I could only be home again—  
Oh, the time that I've been away!  
Oh, the weary months that have passed  
since when  
I sailed from the U. S. A.—  
I wonder what I should do if I  
Were back in the Land of Joy. . . .  
I'd take the loftiest hills on high,  
And I'd probably shout: "Oh, boy!"*

*I'd probably tear for a Broadway show,  
And make for a Turkish bath;  
And something tells me that I should go  
For a stroll on the Great White Path.  
I'd sleep in a regular Pullman berth;  
I'd live in a flat with steam;  
And at breakfast I'd have six dollars' worth  
Of coffee with regular cream.*

*I'd smoke a lengthy and black cigar;  
I'd drive to a well-known beach  
On a dustless road in a joltless car  
With a favorite faultless peach.  
I think that I'd do these things sublime  
In the Western Hemisphere. . . .  
But I know that I'd put in most of the time  
Wishing to be back here.*



(Continued from page 13) definitely protective of an isolation she was resolved to maintain. The boy lingered a moment, laughed, went away. And then Anne Truman, who had marked Armstrong as one not doing his part, bore down upon him.

"Are you shy?" she asked him mockingly. "Come along!"

It was to the girl in black that she led him. "I've brought you a sailor, Helen," she said. "Miss Chanler—Mr. Armstrong. You can talk if you don't want to dance, you know—oh, dear, there's the bell again!"

HELEN CHANLER smiled as Anne darted away. "Do you want to dance—very much, Mr. Armstrong?" she asked.

"I'd rather talk," he said. "May I bring a chair?"

He saw that she smiled at him exactly as she had at the tow-headed boy. But there was acquiescence in her smile too.

"Yes, do," she said.

When he came back her eyes were closed. But she opened them at once, and smiled again, and stirred. She turned to him and looked at him a moment.

"I oughtn't to be here at all, Mr. Armstrong," she said. "You see, I ought to play, and it seems I can't."

"Neither can I," he said, soberly. "I saw. I was watching you. I'm sorry I came."

She sat up straight at that. "That sounds rude, but it isn't, of course."

"No," he said. "It's not meant to be rude. Miss Truman's done a splendid thing awfully well. There are chaps here who'll remember to-night as long as they live, and bless her for the memory. But as for me, it hurts."

"You too?" she said. "Mr. Armstrong, what is it that's the matter with us?" He thrilled at the way she included him with herself. "Perhaps, if we tried to talk about it—?"

"It's Christmas, of course," he said. "That's what's wrong for you too, isn't it? The holly and the gayety of it—and hating yourself because seeing the rest of them isn't quite enough? I thought—

Lord, I thought I'd spend Christmas on patrol in the North Sea! I suppose it's selfish, but that wouldn't have been so bad!"

"I know!" she said. "I meant to go off and be all alone, in the country! And my Christmas dinner was going to be pork and beans, out of a can!" She laughed, but there was no laughter in her eyes. "And instead I'm here, trying to keep Christmas from being lonely and unhappy for you boys who've got to be away from home!"

"Oh, that's just it!" he said. "That—I think it's that that's wrong with me. Those two chaps who brought me down here—they talked all the way about home and Christmas. They were hoping there'd be turkey, and they talked back and forth about the way they'd done things, always, in their homes. Craig's father used to dress up like Santa Claus, and he and his two brothers pretended they didn't know him for two whole years after they knew there wasn't any Santa Claus! Gosh, it's just that that gets me so!"

"But, look here!" she said. "Isn't it better to be reminded of all those things you used to have? That was what Anne thought. And it seems to work with

the rest of them. You—oh, I feel like a hypocrite—but aren't you a little morbid, Mr. Armstrong? It's something to have all the home things brought back to your mind—isn't it—isn't it?"

"I don't know!" he said. "You see, I never thought there was a Santa Claus. I never had a Christmas tree at home, or any of those things. I never had a home. And since I've found out what other kids had, and the sort of thing Christmas is in a home, it's hurt—oh, it's hurt like the mischief—every year, and I've tried to get away from thinking of it! And here I sort of feel—oh, almost as if I were cheating! You can't be reminded of a thing you never had, or kept from missing it by this!"

"Oh!" she cried. Her eyes were very tender, and

the whole year we used to just begin counting the days till Christmas, when the leaves were still on the trees and it was warm, and all! Mr. Armstrong, we can't do this, can we? Suppose we were just awful cowards, and ran away—?"

"Miss Chanler!" His heart leaped. "Could we? And do you mean—together?"

She nodded. "Why not?" she said. "After all, we'd just be skeletons at the feast here. They'll never miss us. Everyone's having much too good a time." A faint color came into her cheeks. "And I'd like—I wish you'd come to dinner with me. Couldn't we find some quiet place where it wouldn't be Christmasy?"

"That would be wonderful," he said. "Can we really get away?"

"My car's outside," she said. "I meant to slip away early, and had it kept here. I'll just slip up and get my coat. Anne's gone to see about the table—if we go as they're dancing—"

THEY were like conspirators—more like children, planning some daring bit of mischief! A dance began. He lingered behind, watched her slipping among the dancers toward the door. She had changed, in the oddest way. She looked as young as the youngest girl there. Her laugh rang out, once or twice, as she averted a collision by taking a swift, gliding step in the measure of the one-step they were dancing.

"Gee!" he said. He felt the weight of his gloom slipping from his shoulders. Soor he followed, found his cap, stood by the door, his breath coming rather fast, waiting for her. In a minute she came running down the stairs. There was color in her cheeks now; her excitement became her vastly. He had the door open, and she clung to him as they ran down the steps and toward a waiting motor.

"Oh, but this is fun!" she said.

"Isn't it?" he agreed.

"Remember, it's my party!" she said warningly, and spoke to her chauffeur for a moment. Then they were in the car, leaning back in luxurious comfort.

"It needn't be your party, Miss Chanler," he

said. "Money's about the only thing I have! You can't spend much in the navy, and my bank balance is scandalous—"

"I'm glad," she said. "And I hope you'll ask me to dine with you some time. But to-night—I spoke first!"

His acquiescence pleased her immensely. They were silent in the car, during the ride uptown. Then they came to a small, quiet place that Armstrong, who had flattered himself once upon a wide acquaintance among the eating places of New York, had never seen before. But her choice was perfect; that was plain.

"Now!" she said. They faced one another across a small table; they had the room, which was not large, nearly to themselves. "I'm curious, Mr. Armstrong. And for the last few minutes I've been harboring suspicions! Are you the Armstrong who did that page of drawings in the 'Star' every Sunday?"

He nodded.

"Oh!" she cried. "Why, I used to cut them out and weep salt tears of envy over them! You see, I play around with painting, myself."

"You've done covers

(Continued on page 29)



Then Anne Truman bore down upon him. "Are you shy?" she asked him mockingly. "Come along!"

her hand touched his for a moment in a swift gesture of sympathy. "I never dreamed of it's being that—of hating Christmas and being afraid of it because you'd never really had it! I'm so sorry."

"I oughtn't to have said anything about it," he said. "It sounds pretty silly, I guess. I've never—I've never tried to tell anyone before. I guess I've never tried to tell myself. But I suppose the point is I've hated Christmas so just because I've wished so I could have it, and be in on it, the way everyone else is—nearly everyone else—" He thought of her suddenly, and stopped.

"I'm glad you've told me," she said. "You see, it's been quite different with me. I can remember—oh, I remember so much of Christmas that I can't ever have again—ever! But you've made me see that there's something worse than memories that hurt; that not having memories at all—"

"I think I see," he said.

HER eyes were bright with tears. "Memories!" she said. She caught her breath in a sharp sob. "Every bit of Christmas makes me think of what I had last year, and can't ever have again! You see,





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Dealers: What does this mean to you in your endeavor to give your customers the best?



The  
Standard  
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of America



# The National Weekly

## The Rain Makers

Continued from page 8

squirmed where they sat. When I finished, the honest husbandmen were virtually wet to the skin, and the room seemed squashy and humid. I had to do it. The psychological moment was right then and there.

Later on I discussed other details with Henry Skinner, and the further we went into those details the plainer certain things became. Getting those artless ranchers to let go their money was like coaxing an inflamed back to give off its porous plasters. Most of them, Henry told me, were in favor of paying us generously, and even fabulously, after I had produced my initial downpour as an evidence of good faith.

"Yes," I said, "there is something in what you say. I can understand the doubts that must exist about our ability. Still, this scientific attempt involves certain preliminary expenses which I do not feel like taking on unaided."

IN the end the result of my impassioned oratory was five hundred dollars, cash, in advance of all acts, and it was a hard jolt. Once they had an earthquake in the Conejo Valley, but it was a falling leaf compared with the shock of blasting that five hundred away from those artless and natural manicurists of the mellow glebe.

Our entire remuneration, as set forth in papers drawn by Henry Skinner, was to be ten thousand dollars, so that ninety-five hundred remained to be paid over after the skies began to weep. When we reached our room I tendered Omar his two hundred and fifty and spoke of the balance to come.

"My share of that would be forty-seven hundred, wouldn't it?" he inquired.

"And fifty," I added.

"Which I will now trade you even for a nutcracker with one jaw gone," Omar went on, gazing out of the window. "However, five hundred is better than eczema on the person. We have no kick."

That night I mailed a letter to a firm in San Diego, asking them to kindly ship me by fast freight a small keg of gunpowder, a box or two of Roman candles, and some extra high-explosive pinwheels, these being in my own mind the constituent things a person ought to have when starting to produce rain. I am not now, and never was, a real rain maker. Neither is Omar. All he knows about rain is to go in out of it, and my own knowledge is, roughly, the same.

However, I felt that we would have to give the gasping farmers a short but brisk run for their five hundred fish, and I spent a few dollars without regret. By a stroke of luck I happened to glance out of my bedroom window in Omar's absence, and I noticed an unused clothes pole leaning against a shed in the Laredo back yard. I walked down and commandeered it.

My next idea was a plain bit of genius. Omar had bought an alarm clock in Dubuque at a cost of two dollars. It was a strong, upstanding clock, but careless as to time, and I felt no remorse about taking off its outer layer of tin with a can opener. When it was thus divested I removed several of the more useless wheels with a buttonhook. Under these lightened conditions the works unwound with a long, loud, and comforting buzz which could be heard about eighty feet. I then nailed these ravaged entrails to the top of the Laredo clothes pole and regarded myself as ready to produce rain either day or night.

"It's all right so far," Omar agreed, after he saw with sadness what had happened to the clock, "but have you given any real thought to what may occur later on? These simple ranchers are five hundred shy, and maybe they are impulsive as well as simple. Have you noticed how strong and high the telegraph poles are near here?"

"You mean they might grow irritable with us in case it doesn't rain?" I asked lightly.

"In case!" Omar repeated. "Quit that. You know it's never going to rain. It never *did* rain. I doubt if a gent could get a floating kidney around here."

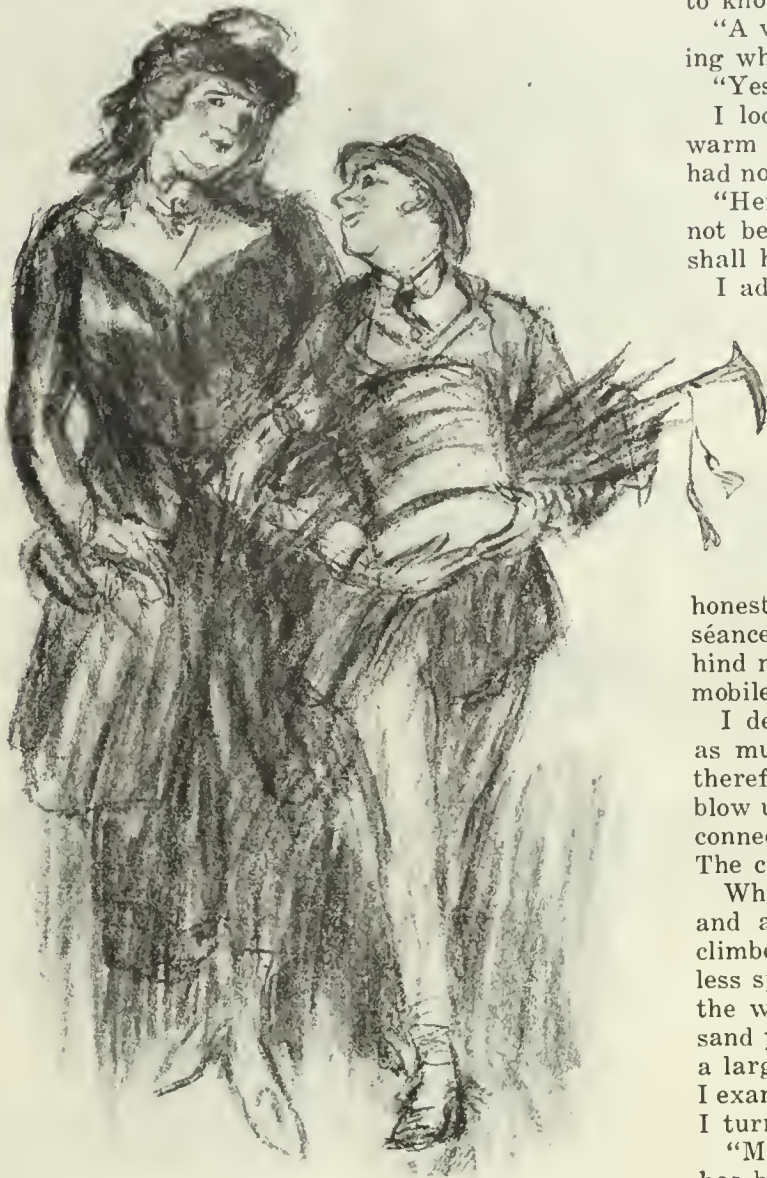
"Either it rains here soon," I said, "or we depart in a general northeasterly direction and with what haste we can command. They expect action for their money. Therefore on a certain near-by day rain starts or we start. Do you follow me?"

"I'll be ahead of you," Omar replied. "Henry Skinner will follow you, accompanied by his roaring ranchers. Those guys are just parched enough to mutilate a person most extensively if further enraged."

However, I managed to cheer him up, though he was inclined to be doleful. I left him in the hotel sitting room reading the Christmas Number of a Seattle newspaper and went out to consult anew with the vice president. I found Henry explaining to some doubtful ranch owners that five hun-

dred was the veriest trifle to pay for the proposed saturation. Henry was indeed a true friend.

On the following morning I loaded the Laredo clothes pole and Omar's clock into a light truck, and we drove out of town to a large sand dune which I had selected with care because of its prominent profile. It was in the desert, and surrounding it



He was gazing up into her face

were smaller dunes of no use to anyone. Henry Skinner and the husbandmen, some thirty of them, accompanied me in automobiles and regarded my actions with interest and doubt.

"Gentlemen," I said with hearty enthusiasm, "we now take the first step."

MAKING my movements as furtive and mysterious as possible, I unloaded the naked clockworks and jammed the pole deep into that point where the sand dune came to a head. I then guyed the pole with wires attached to pegs and walked around it critically, casting an occasional glance at the fevered sky. I removed my hat and vest, placed them on the ground, climbed up on a soap box, and went through some panegyrics which I thought up on the spur of the moment, and which looked all right to the assemblage, although having no real meaning.

I wound up the apparatus, and it began to buzz with a most reassuring noise and continued for several moments, during which I stared fixedly at the sky as though expecting something. So did the ranchers. Henry Skinner's skull veins enlarged considerably during this critical tension, and I felt, after watching the effect of the first midday experiment, that I could continue for several days before anything unpleasant happened to me.

After a final study of the sky, I announced to Henry and the boys that we had started well. I then took down my rain-making machinery, packed it into the trunk, and started back for Conejo, followed by the pastoral persons, some of whom expressed open doubts. Next day I repeated the performance to a larger audience, and I was able to add to the general interest by burying my keg of gunpowder and the allied explosives, which had fortunately come in on the morning train. I concealed them in a neighboring sand dune, feeling that they might be useful later on.

For three days I continued this cheerful nonsense, sparring for time and wondering how far I could go. Each day Henry Skinner and the landowners bore me close company and watched my actions with keen and critical interest. On the fourth day I saw that this could not go on much longer without causing adverse comment. Already I had heard some of the more agitated yeomen talking about their five hundred iron men and the general paucity of results.

"A few words with you," Henry said to me on Friday at noon, following the daily clock winding. "This is all mighty interesting, but what we want to know is *when* does it rain?"

"A very pertinent question too," I replied, wondering what to say next.

"Yes," said Henry. "When?"

I looked thoughtfully at my clothes pole and the warm blue sky and saw that the time for decision had now arrived.

"Henry," I said, "science is the one thing that cannot be pushed. But I believe that by to-morrow I shall have news of the coming rains."

I added a few confusing statements, and then my party escorted me back to town. Faith in me was somewhat shaken, and I knew that on Saturday I would need to have word from above on the rain question, or lose my standing with those dry-lipped tillers of the soil. Omar's clock had done everything that could be reasonably asked of a two-dollar affair, but its buzz was beginning to irk them.

On Saturday morning I was accompanied to Experiment Hill by the largest crowd of honest arcadians that had so far attended any of the séances. As usual, Henry Skinner drove close behind me, sitting on the seat of his low-necked automobile and looking rather grim, I thought.

I decided on the trip out that I would give them as much as I could for their invested moneys and therefore determined to wind up for the final time, blow up the fireworks, and then see about tickets and connections with the main line for Omar and me. The curtain was falling.

When the doubting ruralists had gathered round and all was tense and quiet, I elevated the pole, climbed on the soap box, made a brief and meaningless speech, and wound up for the last time. While the works buzzed, I moved over to the neighboring sand pile, set off the buried explosive, and blew away a large hunk of the dune. The clock ran down, and I examined the sky with a pair of opera glasses. Then I turned to Henry and shook hands impressively.

"Mr. Skinner," I said, wiping my forehead, "this has been far tougher than I anticipated. If I knew a week ago what I now know of local weather conditions, I might have hesitated. In a good many years of rain making, I have never before tackled such an obstinate job."

Henry nodded solemnly, as though the aridity of the valley was a personal compliment.

"But," I continued, "I have never failed, and I won't fail now. The rain is coming."

"Go on," Henry said. "When?"

I examined the sky again with Omar's glasses, and I have never looked at a sky that held less promise of moisture. It was as blue as the eye of a Scandinavian heiress.

"To-morrow," I said in a bass voice, "it will be raining. The clouds will open some time before noon, and the precipitation will cover the valley from end to end."

I looked at the ranchers. There was a deep silence. If I expected loud cheering, I failed to get it. The farmers broke up into little groups and discussed the news, but I could see that they were still thinking of the five hundred.

Then we started back for Conejo and Henry Skinner rode at my side, talking of many things. I didn't hear him. I was thinking at length. One train left Conejo at a very early hour, and there was another about eight o'clock. The question naturally was, which one should Omar and I take?

And, speaking of Omar, the repellent little sand flea had avoided me for several days. There was a strong reason for that; one of the strongest reasons of its kind which I have ever known.

AT this point it seems more or less needful to mention what Omar and I discovered during the first days of our stay at the Laredo Inn. The name of this discovery was Mrs. Petunia Borton, and she was a young widow, slightly less than six feet, broad and strong any way you took her, and of a stern, commanding presence. When I saw her first, I thought of a battleship. She dressed habitually in a black silk skirt, (Continued on page 26)



**PEACE**  
Will Return the  
**FW**  
**TRUCK** to  
**AMERICAN**





## War Proved the Four-Wheel-Drive Principle as Developed in the F-W-D

War plays no favorites. All distinctions melt away in the heat-of-battle test.

Within a few months after the opening of the Great Conflict in 1914 the orders for F-W-D trucks for the Western Front were limited only by the output of the Clintonville factory.

Addition after addition to factory facilities and twenty-four-hour-a-day output still fell short of the allied demand.

And now the F-W-D, with the construction unchanged by any test of war usage, returns to carry on industrial

battles with the unwavering steadfastness with which it met the crucial tests behind the allied lines.

The universally acknowledged success of the F-W-D four-wheel-drive principle is now an established fact.

F-W-D Trucks will introduce a higher standard of reliability and economy into your truck service.

Proof is in F-W-D past accomplishment and in F-W-D demonstration.

Write for name of the nearest F-W-D representative.

**Four-Wheel-Drive Auto Company**

Clintonville

::

Wisconsin

# INDUSTRY



# America's Ten-Billion-Dollar Industry

Continued from page 10

sources of raw materials were sufficient, or whether it would be necessary to build new plants. Some of these investigations were extremely complicated and detailed, as, for example, to determine the total of optical equipment needed for an army and from that to find the amount of optical glass needed for all of these instruments.

The story of ordnance material is a story of "components." Cannon, with their carriages, caissons, caisson limbers, and accessories, are components of complete battery units. Tubes, breech hoops, spindles, muzzle hoops, locking hoops, jackets, and breechblocks are components of cannon. Carriages themselves have many important components, such as recoil mechanisms, elevating mechanisms, traversing mechanisms, trails, axles, spades, and wheels.

Wheels, in turn, have as components hubs, tires, rims, and spokes. Sights, which are in themselves components of gun carriages, are made up of great numbers of lesser components, including range strips, range quadrants, deviation screws, graduated reticules, azimuth dials, angle-of-sight devices, objectives, oculars, and total reflection prisms. A mass of diversified components results when assembled in such instruments as range finders, periscopic azimuth instruments, battery commander's telescopes, observation circles, deviation boards, aiming circles, sitingometers, tachyscopes, fuse setters, and panoramic telescopes. There are almost numberless components in the specialized projectiles for the seventeen calibers of guns that we used. Shrapnel and high-explosive shell were the two varieties of prewar days; in this war we had also gas, smoke, illuminating, tracer, incendiary, anti-aircraft, and other specialized types of shell. Gas and smoke shell required that all joints be gas-tight. Certain gases cannot be kept in contact with iron or steel, so shell containing them had to be lined with special materials. Illuminating shell were provided with bases which could be easily blown off to discharge the illuminating star or parachute without destroying it. Of fuses there were more than a dozen specialized types; detonating fuses with superquick action, used with high-explosive shell for the destruction of barbed wire; detonating fuses with ordinary quick action, which burst the shell before it could penetrate the ground and thus scattered its fragments among troops; detonating fuses with delay actions of various periods, which enabled the shell to penetrate before exploding. There were time fuses of various types, accurate in functioning to the fifth part of a second; combination time and detonating fuses; special fuses for long-range anti-aircraft guns, which sent a projectile so high in the air that the fuses embodied a watch movement instead of the ordinary powder train, the latter being affected in rate of burning by the variation of atmospheric pressure of these altitudes. All of these items meant an endless variety of lesser components.

## Adaptations and Economies

NOWADAYS science and engineering have so thoroughly explored the possibilities that practically all modern war appliances are modifications, adaptations, and improvements of things already in existence. The tank, for example, is an adaptation of the

caterpillar tractor protected by armor and mounting guns. Liquid-fire projectors are an adaptation of the blow torch. Airplane drop bombs are modifications of high-explosive shell fitted with modified detonating fuses. Hence the work of the Engineering Division was perhaps 1 per cent invention and 99 per cent adaptation and improvement. But it was the most difficult kind of work because ordnance engineers were faced not only with the necessity of learning the game while playing it, and playing it quickly, but had to invent all kinds of new moves as well.

Large quantities of cotton were used in the manufacture of smokeless powder. Ordnance engineers found a suitable substitute for cotton in the form of wood pulp, which change not only made it possible to meet our enormous explosive program, but did away with any threatened shortage in raw materials. The total supply of linseed oil was far short

of war requirements for paint. Suitable substitutes were discovered—not by accident, but through hard work, which assured enough paint for our war program. Lightweight bullet and shrapnel-proof steel plates were required for armoring guns and vehicles, and still

France and resulting from the designs worked out by Major L. W. Chase of the Engineering Division, formerly a professor of agriculture at the University of Nebraska, in cooperation with manufacturers, ordnance draftsmen, and other ordnance officers, astounding savings have been effected in the cubic size of crates for field artillery material. In railroad space from plant to seaboard, the equivalent of 2,558 36-foot gondola cars; in ship cargo space, 5,671,753 cubic feet—the equivalent of thirty-one average-sized ships—have been saved on field-gun and carriage shipping space alone.

These savings are on material already shipped. They are for one class of ordnance material only, field guns and their carriages. This gives an idea of the amount of this material that has gone overseas from the United States.

## Lengthening the Range of Field Guns

THE science of "exterior ballistics," which determines where a projectile will hit, is one of the very highest branches of higher mathematics. It includes taking into account the rotation of the earth during the period of flight; the curvature of the earth; the decreasing density of the atmosphere at the high points of the arc of flight; the weight, shape, and center of gravity of the projectile; the air friction due to linear flight and rotation of the shell, and many other involved factors.

Major Forest Ray Moulton was a ballistician in the Artillery Ammunition Section of the Engineering Division of Ordnance, and previous to the war he was professor of astronomy in the University of Chicago. He is a member of the National Academy of Sciences, a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, and one of the foremost American astronomers and mathematicians. What he and Lieutenant Alger of the Aberdeen Proving Grounds have done in helping increase the range of American guns is typified in the case of our 6-inch gun. The range has been increased 2½ miles without adding to the powder charge and with no modification whatever in the gun. Calculations led to a change in the shape of the copper driving band on the shell, which resulted in this increase. What is more remarkable and important, the variation between successive shots has been so reduced that a given number of shots will fall into one-eighth the area formerly covered. This is not an isolated case, for the same thing has been done to a number of various calibers.

American ordnance engineers did not make the mistake that the Germans made

in the matter of big guns. Exclusive of anti-aircraft guns, ours are of two classes, both of them highly mobile. Calibers up to 8-inch are in general mounted on wheel mounts drawn by tractors or are themselves mounted on tractors. The 8-inch and larger calibers are mounted on and were fired from specially designed railway trucks suited to the French roadbeds. In this way guns of the heaviest caliber were made highly mobile.

## Artillery That Can "Get Up and Get"

IN a test some time ago one of these American railway guns fired shots at intervals of less than one minute. In less than fifteen minutes after the last shot the locomotive was pulling gun and supply cars down the track. The heaviest railway mount of American design, with its gun, weighs close to 1,000,000 pounds. Any of these guns could deliver its fire, "pull stakes," and be miles away before the enemy got its range. They are wonderful examples of engineering skill. Absorbing a "kick back" of 7,000,000 pounds, due to the recoil of one of these monsters, was

(Continued on page 30)



© Committee on Public Information

"Out of the smoke lumbered the tanks—crawling forts, built and armed by Ordnance." Above—The Browning heavy gun, the fighting equivalent of the Vickers machine gun, which gave our boys the most dependable weapon of its kind

lighter sheets for body armor and helmets. Gun-barrel wear had to be reduced and the gun life prolonged through the proper selection and preparation of special steels. This work was in the hands of Dr. George W. Sargent, who left the vice presidency of the Crucible Steel Company of America to become the chief of the Metallurgical Section of the Engineering Division of Ordnance. Cartridge bags for containing the propelling charges for our heavier-caliber projectiles have been made of the finest quality of silk, for no other material could be depended upon not to leave smoldering fragments in the gun after the shot, which meant a burst gun and death to the crew when the next charge was inserted. Over ten thousand linear miles of this cartridge-bag cloth were required for our year's war program. The Engineering Division of Ordnance has been engaged in perfecting a substitute for this expensive silk, and it is safe to say that in a few weeks the problem will be solved.

Based on information from chief stevedores, shipping boards, ordnance officers at docks, from army organizations and from railways in America and



## Chaining the Giant

**W**HEN you create a force that hurls twelve hundred tons of train over the rails at a mile a minute, you must also create the means for its repression.

With every great power man discovers, he must also discover the chains that make it safe.

So, for half a century, Billings & Spencer have again and again come forward with forgings of previously unknown strength and accuracy, making possible many a great human achievement such as the electrical industry, *whose colossal powers would otherwise have been beyond man's control.*

This proud record, extending from the days of the Civil War, has caused the Triangle B forgings of Billings & Spencer to become the very bones of the steel skeleton of industry.

Wherever Triangle B stands—on the crank shaft of an armored car—on a great drop hammer—on a hand tool—on an anchor chain—it says “Rely on me. I am made as well as I can be made. I shall not fail.”

© 1918  
Billings & Spencer

**The  
Billings & Spencer Co.**  
Hartford, Conn.

*“The First Commercial Drop Forging Plant in America”*

**Hand Tools—Forgings—Drop Hammers**







Un-retouched photograph of 36 x 6 Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tire on  
1½-ton truck operated by the Boston Woven Hose & Rubber Co., Chicago

Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR  
AKRON



# Where These Tires Save

**B**USINESS concerns are determining that the choice between Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires and solid tires is a matter of conditions and that, unless enormous dead-weight burdens are to be carried over smooth roads, it frequently happens that the pneumatic equipment proves the more economical.

In Chicago, the Boston Woven Hose & Rubber Company has conducted a test for more than a year and has found that a 1½-ton truck on Goodyear Pneumatics hauls at lower cost than a former 1-ton truck equipped with solid tires.

Their report makes clear that both trucks were used in the same kind of service and that this involved a 50- to 60-mile per day run from freight yards over both good and bad going to various destinations in and around the city.

It first emphasizes that, as shown by the company's fuel bills, the 1½-ton Goodyear pneumatic-shod truck used only 5 gallons of gasoline daily as against the solid-tired truck's consumption of 8½ gallons daily.

Then it points out that the truck on pneumatics, though ½ ton larger, used only 5 quarts

of oil weekly while the other required 7 quarts weekly.

And particular stress is laid on the fact that, because it was cushioned by the big Goodyear Pneumatics, the heavier truck required only \$20 worth of mechanical attention between October 1, 1917, and October 15, 1918, whereas the jarring on solid tires had punished the other truck considerably, causing frequent loss of time and money.

In addition the pneumatic equipment has wiped out the losses previously incurred when winter-time deliveries were delayed because the solid tires stalled in the snow or on icy pavements.

The truck equipped with the pneumatics, operated during the severe conditions of January and February, 1918, without being stopped on a single occasion by lack of traction.

Similar evidence of the money-saving advantages of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires appears consistently in their pioneering record and plainly recommends them to executives whose hauling conditions really demand this type of tire.

*"In saving gasoline and oil, in reducing wear and tear on the truck, and in eliminating delays during the winter, Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires have won permanent adoption by us."—  
Boston Woven Hose & Rubber Company, Chicago, Ill.*

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

# CORD TIRES





# INSTEAD

Instead of brass for a stencil—Zinc. Instead of tin for the tip of a shoe lace—Zinc. Instead of copper, or brass, or steel, or tin, or aluminum—Zinc, for drinking cups, camera cases, alarm clocks, meters, buttons, containers for toilet preparations, pencil tops, bottle caps and hundreds of other articles.

The New Jersey Zinc Company, anticipating the necessity of conserving metals needed for war purposes, has developed many new uses for metallic zinc in its own laboratories. These laboratories, completely equipped and operated under the direction of highly-skilled chemists, are at the service of all manufacturers of metal products who have been deprived of other metals by the demands of war.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY

55 Wall Street, New York

ESTABLISHED 1848

CHICAGO: Mineral Point Zinc Company, 1111 Marquette Building

Manufacturers of Zinc Oxide, Spelter, Spiegeleisen, Lithopone,  
Sulphuric Acid, Rolled Zinc Strips and Plates,  
Zinc Dust and Zinc Chloride

The world's standard for Zinc products



## The Rain Makers

Continued from page 19

she wore common-sense shoes, and she was what she appeared to be, a capable and energetic female, with a dash of efficiency, and weighing one hundred and ninety pounds, f. o. b. Conejo. Omar is five feet high when stretched to the limits of human endurance.

In the early hours of our negotiations with Henry Skinner and his cultivators we used to spend the time on the Laredo veranda with our feet on the rail. One hot afternoon this large and rosy woman sauntered down the street and walked into the lobby. Omar looked at her as she entered and again looked at her as she came out. I saw in him those signs of violent interest in a sex which can always be left alone with great profit.

Omar is a friendly little man with good points, but the swish of a skirt invariably causes a turmoil in him which can neither be prayed nor clubbed out. I have told him repeatedly to leave the adjoining sex alone, but there is no use talking to a skirt hound. No use at all. Doc Pease came out, and Omar was on his feet asking questions.

"Who is she?" doc repeated. "Why, that's Mrs. Petunia Borton. She's been a widow a month or more."

"Nice-looking woman," Omar said, and then nothing happened for the time being. I hoped it would blow over. The next morning I needed Omar to dash out to a drug store for a can of shaving powder, and when I yelled he was gone. I next saw him coming down the street with Mrs. Petunia Borton. He was carrying a small fireless cooker and the lady's umbrella and was gazing up into her face with manifestations of warm and enduring affection. That is Omar's way.

PERSONALLY I have nothing against women, because I am as reasonable on the subject as the next one and appreciate that some ladies have admirable qualities. Besides, there is no feasible way of getting rid of them. They happen to be here, and we are here too, so why not make the best of it? However, I draw a sharp distinction between women and widows. With an unmarried young woman the male mammal has a fair and even chance, and generally deserves what he gets; but when a smiling widow starts toward a defenseless suspender wearer, little remains except to hunt for the X that marks where the innocent victim stood.

Omar has never felt that way about them, whether they are widows or single young gushers. He and Mrs. Borton walked by the hotel, and Omar bent upon me a significant grin, making me think of a small, proud mouse calling attention to the fact that he is now out taking a walk with a Maltese cat. Upon making inquiries, I learned that Mrs. Borton's husband was named Sylvester and that he had died a hero. I judged, offhand, that he had lived a hero too.

He had gone East, and during the trip he had tried to rescue an orphan who was drowning in a lake. The orphan was rescued, but Mr. Borton died a noble death down among the seaweed, and they were still dredging for the dauntless man's carcass. Word had been received by Mrs. Borton that they would ship her old man's body as soon as they found it. It was quite touching, and Conejo people were constantly stopping the widow on the street to tell her how proud she must feel.

Meantime Omar could be seen on the street accompanying Mrs. Borton both hither and yon. I assumed that he was making love to her, that being his custom. The facts about the lady I dragged out of Omar and Doc Pease, although I didn't have to do much dragging with the doc, because he is a gent who can talk the insulation off a heavy feed wire.

THUS did affairs in Conejo gather and run along, and from the day Omar hurled himself into the widow's life, I was left to pursue my rain-making efforts totally unaided by him. The rubber-nosed little loon spent all his

time tagging after this efficient woman, looking up into her eyes, and making those tender speeches which he had so often used before on less mature females. And with enough tender speeches a gent can sometimes talk himself into a tough predicament.

The consequences of Omar's sentimental researches were apparent in a hurry. Mrs. Borton was not a romantic creature, yearning for honeyed nothings and whispered words of love. What she craved around her carnation ranch was a strong and two-legged gent who could do twelve hours' work in the open and then attack the household chores with a blithe and merry smile.

She happened to require somebody to step in and take the place of the late lamented Sylvester, and Omar was standing in the direct line of fire. He believed, in his artless way, that he was falling in love, whereas he was falling into a job of manual labor, and moreover a job without pay or increment of any kind. He came home one night all tuckered out, having been watering carnations since early dawn, and nothing can hurt the human back like watering carnations with a tin can. He dragged himself into my presence, moaning piteously.

"George," he began, "I think I got into a mess. You know that Borton woman?"

"That wasn't what you called her before," I said. "You said she was a faint white flower on a bending stem."

Omar lifted one leg with both hands and moaned anew.

"George," he went on, "you have no idea what a hard worker that woman is. Furthermore, she is addicted to having those with her work hard too. I watered thirteen hundred dozen carnations since breakfast."

"You came here to help me produce rain," I said sternly. "You accepted half of my initial receipts. Then you deserted me for the rustle of a skirt. Are you looking for sympathy?"

"George," he continued miserably, "I thought maybe I could liven things up around here with a mild flirtation. I thought I would walk beneath the saffron moon with the lady and discuss the lighter things. The lightest thing I discussed to-day was a barrel of smoked hams. Where I made the big mistake was that first day when I asked her to marry me."

"You asked her that, did you?"

"I always do," he explained. "It generally wins their confidence. But she took me seriously. She thinks we are going to be married. In fact, she says we are."

He sat there chafing his spinal column and smelling of carnations, and under ordinary circumstances I would have sympathized with him and maybe rubbed him with arnica. But I had warned him. I had told him to keep away from widows.

"Go to bed," I said harshly. "You got into this. Now get out. And if it will cheer you, I'll say that I don't believe you have a chance. The rest of your life will be spent watering carnations."

THAT'S the way I left him, because I was mildly peevisish. I continued my scientific exploits, aided by the farming community, and Omar watered carnations day by day. Only a widow could have done it, but Omar moved gently toward the state of matrimony, working his way and being paid with kind words and some cold pie at noon. Then came the fateful Saturday previously mentioned, when my hand was forced and it became necessary to blow up my gunpowder and declare for rain. That night, when Omar came in, he found me packing.

"What for?" he demanded, looking down.

"What for! We are leaving. There is an early train out and we're going to be on it."

"You are," he said sadly, "but not me."

I looked at him in wonder and dis-



gust. Again I realized the hypnotic methods of widowhood.

"She expects me to marry her," he continued dismally. "What good would it do to run away? She'd come and find me, and then things would be worse. I'm hooked clear down to the tail."

"All right," I said, "but you ought to know the facts. I have told these parched ranch owners that a heavy rain will begin falling in the morning. They paid five hundred dollars for those words. You can figure out in your head precisely what will happen if they can lay their hands on us and not find their five hundred, which they cannot. If you remain here, Henry Skinner's artless husbandmen will string you up to a Western Union tree and thus doubly widow the widow."

Omar walked to and fro and tried to argue with me, but I continued my packing and retired. I fell into a restless slumber. Omar sat at a window telling me that he wished he was in Kansas City or Des Moines. My rest became broken as the night went on, and I dreamed I was being dragged about by an excited little man. The little gent turned out to be Omar. He was talking fast and dragging me toward a window, with a risk to my night garment which is built for comfort, but not speed. It was Omar. And it was no dream. As I drifted back to consciousness, he had me at the window, and there I leaned, looking down into the street upon which the rain was softly falling.

The hour was four or five in the morning, and the sky was murky with the shadows of night, but it was also dark, with a layer of businesslike clouds which seemed to be several miles thick and wet all the way through. The rain was falling gently and without excitement, as though it meant to continue for an indefinite time.

Omar gave himself a couple of muffled cheers and began dividing figures into forty-seven hundred dollars, and meantime I sat on the floor in a semistupor, splashing the hem of my nightie in a fresh pool of rain water to make sure it was not all a chimera.

In a little while the citizens of Conejo woke up to the moist miracle and came forth into the street, giving vent to cries of honest delight. The ranchers began to drive into town in their small automobiles, splashing through the new-made puddles and hailing each other jovially. It was a sort of general was-sail, like a gang of happy guests going to a New Year party. Merry shoutings could be heard, and in all my life I have never seen a community get so gay on plain water.

I dressed and went down to breakfast, accompanied by Omar, who was now talking aimlessly of a short vacation in China, where widows are not allowed. Omar took a good deal of credit for the soaking. Henry Skinner was among the first to come and pay me homage, and when he dashed into the dining room, covered with raindrops, it looked for a few perilous instants as though he was going to kiss me.

PRETTY soon the doubtful ranchers, now convinced, came bubbling into Laredo, and I held a Lodge of Contentment, surrounded by ham and eggs and excited agriculturists. The Conejo "Herald" came out with an extra edition to announce that it was raining. The editor printed my name in the largest type I ever saw and compared me with Garibaldi. Omar's name was also printed, though I never could figure out why.

Throughout this sudden triumph I maintained an air of composure and dignified modesty, as befitted a prominent scientist. Omar boasted loudly to all who would listen, telling them what we had once done in Wyoming after a two-year drought. All that fateful Sunday the blessed rain came down steadily, and on Monday it shifted into high gear and came down harder than ever.

On Tuesday it changed to a gusty, whirling cloudburst, and Wednesday resumed business at the old stand and drizzled heavily. On Thursday Henry

Skinner and an admiring crowd escorted me into the Security Bank and cashed a check for ninety-five hundred dollars and no cents, which was the most money I have ever seen under one management. The mayor of Conejo made a speech.

Friday the ranch owners started to plow, the earth now being softer than the steel nose of a plow, but were forced to stop on account of the increasing downpour. Joy reigned supreme in the valley, and that was the day Mrs. Borton's husband came in feet first on a baggage car.

The widow had been notified to expect her defunct spouse, so she sent the bill of lading down to the railroad and ordered Omar to take charge and put Sylvester away. Being in a better mood, I likewise assisted in the simple ceremonial. Owing to elapsed time, the lid was not raised. We hired some hacks and gave Sylvester a thorough but very damp burial. We interred him in the Conejo Cemetery on the edge of town, and I noticed that Omar looked very mournful.

FOR the ensuing two weeks nothing happened except rain. In all my life I have never seen it rain so diligently. At the end of a fortnight I was approached by Henry Skinner, who stopped me in front of the bank, looking more bald and nervous than ever.

"A few words with you," Henry said hoarsely, having caught a cold from wading through the desert. "You did a fine job, George, but the boys feel they've had enough."

"They do, do they?" I asked with some petulance. "Was there anything in my contract about stopping this saturation? Did I say I could stop it?"

"No," he admitted, "but use some sense, George. Use a little reason. A man can't plow his land when he has to row around the ranch on a boat, can he? Have some judgment, George. The boys are getting a little sore."

And they were too. You would think, naturally, after all I had done for them, that I would be a popular resident, but such was not the case. When the natural and artless inhabitants met me on the street they no longer greeted me with acclaim. They looked at me irritably, and I could hear mutterings. Day by day my unpopularity grew, and I saw once more that there is no pleasing the average human being. It became plain that I would have to stop the precipitation or take a train.

The rainy season was now at its height and getting higher. It had become a full-blown flood. The main street of Conejo looked wide and angry, but could be navigated by a careful boatman. Out in the surrounding country the roads were washed away, and the stone bridges were being uprooted and carried seven or eight miles on the seething torrent. From Pine Spring came a report that a cow had been washed through the county jail. Transportation lines were under from ten to thirty feet of dampness and communities were moving their bed and board up into the mountains. And any eager ranchman who wanted to look at his crops needed a submarine.

Toward the end of that week the irritability of the landowners became more pronounced. Angered ranchmen rowed into town and held a meeting of protest on the second floor of the Elks' Hall, the lower floor being temporarily uninhabitable. I heard of this meeting within the hour.

"A few words with you," Henry Skinner said, coming into the Laredo. His voice was now reduced to a husky whisper, but his Adam's apple was more vehement than ever. "I'm your friend, George, and I'm telling you. Unless you stop this, something sudden will happen. I can't hold the boys back much longer."

I talked with him long enough to see that danger was at hand. There were veiled threats and talk of returning the ten thousand. Some of the yeomen stated that they were now ruined worse than any mere drought could ruin them. When I finished with Henry I borrowed a pair of seagoing boots and started out into the elements to think it over.

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On the Laredo porch Doc Pease came up and handed me a telegram, and I paused to read. It was a voice from the past, and it cheered me greatly. It was from our old leader, and it read:

*Omaha neb Omar Gill and George fuller conejo california I saw all about you two mudhens in the kansas city star rainmaking is all right but confined to dry territory have large business prospects how would you like to join the old boy again wire me prairie hotel omaha harmony.*

That was the telegram, and I gave a silent whoop and hurried in to look for Omar. Widow or no widow, I knew that a call from the old chief would bring him back to his senses. He came through the lobby in some haste, and I handed him the wire. As he studied it I could see his courage return.

"I always liked Harmony," he said. "He didn't treat us just right, George, but I always liked Harmony."

THERE were few people abroad when I emerged from the Laredo, because it was raining harder than ever and blowing great guns. I slopped along, having a vague idea of conversing with a livery owner about transportation. Our visit had come to its natural end.

I reached the north edge of town, and as I trudged by the Conejo Cemetery, where we had laid Sylvester to rest, I observed that the hero husband was in danger of being drowned all over again. A large wedge of cemetery had been undermined by the floods, and while I stood there wondering how long it would hang on, it fell.

A section of the graveyard peeled loose from the mother cemetery and rolled down into the highway. A couple of skittish headstones led the onrush, and behind them came Sylvester's new pine box, end over end. Two of the boards caved in, and when I leaned cautiously over to look, I beheld something that moved me to the utmost astonishment.

I returned hastily to the Laredo Inn, and on the way I began laughing. This unseemly merriment continued until Omar noticed it. He had just returned from the widow's ranch, had two suit cases packed, and was trying to jam down the cover of the third with the end of his spine.

"Well?" he said irritably, "what's wrong with you?"

"Nothing," I grinned, "but there's something queer going on around here."

I said no more at the moment, but Omar had a few remarks left.

"I told the widow we were going out of town for a day to buy some special apparatus," he said, grunting with his suit case. "When I don't show up tomorrow she'll just naturally start something, so I prepared her."

"You think the lady would follow you clear to Omaha?" I asked curiously.

"I don't think it. I know it," he answered gloomily. "She has her mind set on just two things, and I'm both of them."

Late that afternoon I started to round up a man with a wagon and a strong natural leaning to silence. I discovered a speechless Mexican with a team who agreed for cash in advance to drive us up the valley until we got stuck or drowned.

Thereafter we remained conspicuously out of sight until nightfall. Nobody knew we were going until the last moment. My statement to Doc Pease agreed with Omar's. I said that we were going up the valley for new apparatus. He only grinned.

"In a way," doc said, handing me the receipt for lodging, "it's too bad you're leaving. We ain't had a real fancy hanging in years."

WE departed without benefit of Henry Skinner, Mrs. Borton, or anyone else, and just as we climbed into the Mexican's wagon I thought of something.

"Where's Harmony's telegram?" I inquired of Omar, who was up on the back seat trying to make himself look like baggage.

He searched through his clothes, and after a while he coughed.

"George," he said, "I guess I lost it. I had it in my coat."

"Sure," I said, "and did you take off your coat when you called on the widow?" I asked this, knowing that the lady already regarded Omar's pockets the same as her own. He made no reply.

"George," he said nervously, after a minute, "let's be moving on. The longer we hang around here the less good it's going to do me."

I grinned into the darkness, because I could then and there have told him something to allay his fears, but he needed punishment, and I let him have it. We started, and I could hear Omar sigh as though a great load had been lifted off his mind. Toward midnight our Mexican friend splashed us into a mountain town, where there was a branch railroad. Ten hours later we were on board a train, heading for Omaha by the roundabout route through Albuquerque, La Junta, and Denver. As the miles mounted up behind us, Omar breathed more freely.

At Cheyenne our train laid up for two hours to wait for the Chicago Limited, which travels around through Salt Lake and Ogden and thereby saves a day. We were consolidated with the limited, and when we left Cheyenne Omar and I started in to have a light breakfast.

Omar was leading the way, about three feet in advance. He opened the door, started in, and then backed into my lower ribs without the slightest warning.

"What is it?" I asked, picking up my hat.

"I'm ruined," he said hoarsely. "Look in."

I looked. Mrs. Petunia Borton, all six feet of her, was sitting there quietly at the other end of the diner, having come in on the day-saving limited. She was eating fried eggs with hominy and was apparently bound for Omaha upon some sort of business.

"Well," I said to Omar, "you know now, don't you, where you lost Harmony's telegram? This ought to make you careful about telegrams from now on."

He gulped and without further words moved in a straight and rapid line toward our car, where he concealed himself among the bedclothes and otherwise annoyed the porter. From South Platte into Omaha I enjoyed as interesting a ride as I can remember, because Omar wanted to climb through a window and take a long chance of not breaking anything worse than a couple of legs. I restrained him, but I let him suffer.

WE had sent Harmony another telegram urging him to meet the train, and when we pulled in Omar took his hand bag and skulked down the aisle with the air of a hunted criminal. I was nine feet behind him when he detoured and I hoped fervently that the widow would get him and give him a good scare.

She did. Omar made himself small and sidled down the platform beside a trunk wagon, looking like a person who has committed a despicable crime and is seeking to go quietly away and be forgotten. Petunia caught up with him at the entrance to a telephone alcove and one of those large, womanly hands reached forth and took him by the arm, stopping him abruptly. When I arrived the lady was speaking.

"Well," she was saying, as though pleasantly surprised, "this makes it easier than I expected, Mr. Gill. I thought I'd have to go straight to the Prairie Hotel for you, but now we have nothing to do but get the tickets back home."

Omar clutched his bag tightly, cowered down into his coat, and tried to slide out through the tails.

"You are going back to Conejo," the widow continued mildly. "You seem to have forgotten, Omar, that we have an appointment to be married on the 18th."

Omar continued to say less than nothing, and I felt that my own moment had arrived. I stepped forward, cleared my throat, and threw a note of austere authority into my tones.

"Mrs. Borton," I said, "you are mak-



ing a grave error. You can't marry Omar or anyone else, because at this minute there is no certainty that your previous husband is dead."

She glared at me.

"I beg your pardon," she said coldly. "My former husband is dead and buried."

"He may be dead, but you didn't bury him," I continued politely. "You buried a box holding about two dozen red bricks and some straw. It contained no deceased person whatsoever. I happen to know, because I got my pants all mud looking into that same box when it washed loose from the cemetery and busted open on the very day we left."

"You insect," Petunia said, not raising her voice. "You viper."

"I'll be a Peruvian Skye terrier too if it'll cheer you up any," I continued, "but I am now reciting to you the cold facts. The chances are your husband probably wanted you to think of him as dead, so he filled the box with bricks and shipped it."

"It's a lie," the widow stated, shaking little Omar to emphasize her words. "You are simply trying to get Omar away from me. Do you believe that story?"

She addressed the last words to her victim and shook him again.

"It does sound like a lie, don't it?" Omar answered.

"There," she said simply. "Omar doesn't believe it either."

It occurred to me that maybe I had saved all my big news until too late. Nobody seemed to care for my story about the boxful of bricks, which was perfectly true. That box *was* full of bricks. There wasn't even a coffin in it.

INTO this situation there came a new and deeper note. Somebody was saying "Well, well!" in loud, bass tones, and nobody in North America can say those two words just like Harmony Childs. I turned, and there he stood. He was smiling and glad to see me, and we shook hands heartily.

The widow likewise heard that booming voice, and at the sound she turned. I don't exactly know what happened, because my back was toward the widow, but just when Harmony was asking me

where Omar was; a hurricane stopped him.

"Jerusalem Cripes!" I heard him say, and then the Widow Borton dropped her hand bag and fell on him. He struggled for breath, while I moved to one side and looked on with interest and wonder.

"I thought you were dead," the lady exclaimed. "Oh, Sylvester, I thought I buried you."

Oh, Sylvester!

In a numb way, I realized that I was now gazing upon a family reunion. I wondered whether it could be that our old leader was now conversing with that sweet-faced dame who had waited for him in connection with a vine-clad cottage. Harmony struggled out from beneath one hundred and ninety pounds of woman and looked at her with eyes that were glazing fast. Then he looked at Omar and me. I seized Omar and moved him farther off because by this time the little man was in a pulpy and stupefied state. The reunion went on, with Petunia doing all the work. Harmony seemed to be growing weaker.

"Do you know these men?" she asked him, stopping to look hard at us. "Are they your friends?"

"They were," Harmony said hoarsely. "They were."

The next action was taken immediately by Mrs. Borton, or Childs, or whatever it might rightly be. She escorted Harmony to a ticket window, and while she clung to him with one hand she bought two tickets to California with the other.

"I don't know who gummed this up for me," Harmony said in a low tone while Petunia bought the tickets, "but it was the best alibi there ever was in this world."

When the train started Harmony was on the seat beside his wife, with about two thousand miles of explanations before him. Moreover, he was on the *inside*, near the window, where we could see him.

They were once more bound for the vine-bowered cottage with the geraniums in the window and the carnations waiting to be watered. Harmony looked at us as the train moved, and waved feebly, and his expression was one of profound sadness.

## December the Twenty-fifth

Continued from page 16

for the 'Crest,' haven't you?" he interrupted. "They're darned good! You needn't weep any salt tears of envy over my stuff!"

"I won't pretend I'm not pleased!" she said, and laughed excitedly. "But you—well, you can be as modest as you please and still know what everyone thinks of your work! I've wondered often—where did you study?"

"I didn't," he said. And the lines in his forehead grew deeper. "If I'd been able to— Still, I don't know—"

Her eyes were wide.

"I fool a lot of people, I suppose," he said. "But you ought to see. My stuff's tricky, nothing more, so far as the drawing's concerned. I suppose—oh, I think I do know something about people, and that's why the stuff got over. But when people talk about the great future I have before me they make me laugh! My technical equipment's a joke. You see, it's all part of what we were talking about before. I was brought up in a sort of foundling asylum. I got away when I was fourteen and got a job as an office boy on a Chicago paper. After a while I got to be a reporter, and I used to make sketches, and the Sunday editor saw some once, and ran them, and that was how I got started. You can't take my stuff seriously, you see!"

"I can—and do—and so do lots of people!" she said indignantly. "You've no business to talk that way. You've seen things about people, and made it possible for others to see them, by your drawings—oh, you've done wonderful things! And it's what you see that counts—unless you see things and know and understand them, nothing else counts, whether you write or draw or whatever you do."

He smiled at her. "I'm not complaining, you know," he said. "If some one had sent me to Paris to study, I probably wouldn't amount to a hill of beans."

"You would too!" she said. "And—it does all fit together, doesn't it? It doesn't seem fair! And—I do understand, I think, just how you feel. It makes me feel guilty, Mr. Armstrong. I've had so much, and I wasn't being grateful."

"You'll have much again," he said gently. "And I—well, if I ever have the things I've missed, they'll mean the more to me because I've had to wait for them. I've always really felt, I think, that I would have them. A real home and kids and people to give things to. . . . But this war. . . . You see, I was pretty close to being through. And you can't tell. And I haven't anyone. If there were some one behind me! Of course, it's for the whole country, but—"

"That's strange," she said, and stared at him. "You know, when Anne asked me to go there to-night— She said I ought to, just because I didn't have anyone of my own in it. And she never dreamed of how I've envied her, with her brother gone! And all the girls I know who've sent some one! Oh, I know it's hard to have them go—it must hurt frightfully! But it hurts not to have anyone too. And since my father— I haven't anyone who belongs to me!" she cried with a sudden and extraordinary passion. "For anything!"

"I know," he said, and looked at her soberly. Then, suddenly, they both laughed.

"We've got to stop this!" she said. "We're getting morbid. We might as well have stayed at Anne's and eaten

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turkey and plum pudding. After all, we did run away from Christmas, didn't we? So let's play it's—oh, Fourth of July!"

So they remembered that they were young, and that there were things they had to talk of—the war, and art, and music, and a million other things, more or less. And they had a very good time indeed, and liked one another better every minute. But it wasn't very late when she decided that it was time to go.

"You said you'd let me ask you to dinner," he reminded her. "And the day after to-morrow they may send me back to the North Sea—they probably will! To-morrow—will you? It's—the twenty-fifth of December, you see! And we'll have pork and beans, if you like, and strawberries and cream for dessert! And if there are any wreaths I'll burn 'em!"

"I'd love to," she said after a moment's hesitation. "Will you come for me—at seven?"

"Seven!" he said. "Thank you, Miss Chanler!"

"At seven—on the twenty-fifth of December, even if some people are going to call it Christmas! Good night!"

He was inordinately happy. Being, until the day after the next the master of his own time, he was staying at a hotel, and reveling in its luxury. And on his way to that hotel, though the thought of Christmas, of course, bothered him just as much as ever, he did some rather curious things. For example, he saw a couple of children with their noses pressed against the window of a shop in which toys were sold. And he ran them both inside and bought them everything their hearts longed for! And he returned their "Merry Christmas!" just as if he liked the sentiment!

Nor was he at all annoyed in the morning when the hotel telephone operator, waking him, said: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Armstrong! Half past eight!"

"Christmas!" he said to himself as he leaned back luxuriously against the pillows. "Well—"

He had things to do that day, even before seven o'clock in the evening, although he was on leave and it was a holiday. He wanted some flowers and some other things. But he put in a good deal of time, too, just smiling, after the manner of a man meditating not unpleasantly. . . .

## America's Ten-Billion-Dollar Industry

Continued from page 22

an engineering problem in itself of no mean order.

Infantry advance could not be made faster than artillery could follow to consolidate the gains, nor could heavy artillery advance too far beyond the necessary shop facilities. The work of the Motor Equipment Section of the Engineering Division of Ordnance was to design motorization so that guns and machine shops would move forward at the same pace as the infantry.

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At seven o'clock, punctual to the minute, he rang the bell of Helen Chanler's studio apartment. She opened the door, and, obviously, she was not ready to go out with him. Her hair was ruffled, and she was wearing a house dress. And her cheeks were flushed, as from excessive heat, which was odd, since the weather had turned cold, and it was snowing, with increasing fervor—presumably to the delight of people who liked a white Christmas.

"Oh," she said, "I'm not—quite ready. Won't you—will you—come in?"

All the red roses in the world seemed to have bloomed in the great studio.

"The flowers are lovely," she said. "Everyone else—everyone else knew I didn't want people to send me flowers on—the twenty-fifth of December this year. But I love them and I'm ever so glad you sent them—"

He stared at her.

"I—oh, look here!" he said. "Do you know what I think? I think we deserved to feel just the way we did last night! And—and—a man can send a girl he hasn't known very long flowers for Christmas, can't he? And books—and candy—and gloves—and I had an awful time getting those gloves, with all the stores closed! But there's a shop in the hotel, and the clerk got hold of some one to open it! And here they are—and—Merry Christmas! And I want us to go out and have celery and turkey and cranberry sauce and plum pudding! I want to eat the first Christmas dinner I ever have eaten—with you."

"You can't!" she said. "Because I'm afraid the plum pudding's ruined! But—I look!"

She seized his arm and drew him toward folding doors that hid another room. She flung them open. And he saw a tiny dining room, and a table, set for two. Upon it there rested the smallest of Christmas trees, all ablaze with tiny electric bulbs. By one plate there was a pile of packages, tied up in white tissue paper and red ribbon.

"I—I've cooked a whole turkey, all by myself!" she said. "And I got everything men use that they sell in stores that are open Christmas Day! Cigars and cigarettes, and a safety razor and a cane and a camera—and, oh, they sell lots of nice things in drug stores! Open the packages and see! And—oh—Merry Christmas!"

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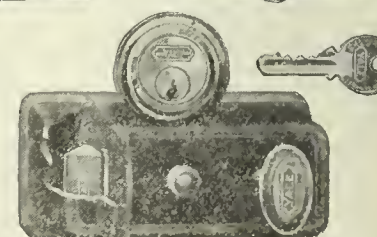
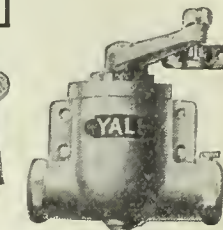
They may mutter curses at a Yale Padlock—but they can't get by it. It will guard your cellar doors, and garage; your chests and outbuildings.

Put your security up to "Yale" today. You'll have the most dreaded enemy burglars ever had.

Yale Products are waiting for you at your hardware dealer's today. He sells them because he knows their better quality. See the trade-mark "Yale" on Night Latches, Padlocks, Builders' Hardware, Cabinet Locks and Door Closers. Produced by the makers of Yale Chain Blocks.

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St. Catharines Ontario



### Browning Gun Saves \$75,000,000

THE design and adoption of the Browning heavy gun, which is the fighting equivalent of the Vickers machine gun, not only gave our boys the most dependable weapon of its kind in



the world, but saved \$75,000,000 on present contracts. This figure is based on the difference in cost to Uncle Sam of the Browning and the Vickers—the latter at a price representing the cost of the Vickers after having been in war production for three years. The design and adoption of the Browning light rifle gave us a decidedly superior weapon of that type and saved \$12,750,000.

After the Estimates and Requirements Division had said how many of an item of ordnance were required, and the Engineering Division had said what drawings and specifications were to be used, it became the duty of the Procurement Division to place contracts. The story of the work of this division, which has purchased articles varying from white mice to powder plants, is a fascinating one. This division was made up almost entirely of men from industrial life. One group of these men, whose earning capacity in private life aggregated \$850,000, received \$65,000 a year as commissioned officers.

To handle the problem of production which arose as soon as contracts were placed, it was found necessary to divide the United States into production districts, with ordnance officers stationed at each district headquarters to assist manufacturers in that district. These men made immediate decisions on all questions of a routine nature, and hence not only expedited the work of the manufacturers, but kept a lot of unnecessary detail away from Washington.

Every item of ordnance material had to be inspected before it was accepted by the Government. This inspecting usually involved the careful measurement of each piece, usually to the thousandth of an inch. Sometimes an error in size amounting to one-half of one-thousandth of an inch was sufficient to prevent a complicated mechanism from working properly. At the close of hostilities the Inspection Division numbered about 700 officers, 300 enlisted men, and 6,000 civilians. Most of these men were stationed at manufacturers' plants, or traveled from one plant to another in their districts. For every dimension gauged by these men a maximum and a minimum gauge were provided with which to test the piece being inspected. To be acceptable, it must go into the maximum gauge and must not go into the minimum gauge. Over 60,000 master gauges had to be designed for our requirements of artillery ammunition alone. These were simply used for testing other gauges, and never for actual inspection. The actual gauging was done by inspection gauges, of which over 600,000 were required for artillery ammunition. There were, in addition to these, the gauges required by the men who ran the machines. These are known as working gauges; they numbered over a million for this one line of material. As many more were required for cannon, carriages, trench-warfare material, machine guns, small arms, motor equipment, optical instruments, etc.

### One Great Manufacturing Plant

THE Supply Division was Uncle Sam's traffic manager, shipping clerk, and warehouseman for ordnance material. It is this division that took the product of the manufacturer and placed it in the hands of our troops. Considering the fact that more than \$9,000,000,000 has been spent for ordnance work since we entered the war, and that the greater part of the material provided was for shipment abroad, the task of the Supply Division of Ordnance, headed by Colonel J. C. Heckman, was a gigantic one.

The United States, especially that part of it east of the Mississippi River, at the close of hostilities, was one great departmentalized manufacturing plant. The principal product of this national plant was ordnance material. Measuring effort by the only common measure that we have available, it can be said that about \$20,000,000 worth of human energy and raw material was put into Ordnance every working day. Before the war the average American manufacturing plant which had 500 workers turned out an average yearly product valued at

\$1,000,000. Using this as a means of rough comparison to get a bird's-eye view of what has been going on in the shops of American Ordnance, our late efforts are equivalent to 6,000 manufacturing plants, each employing 500 workers and each one devoting full time to the manufacture of ordnance material and construction exclusively. The Supply Division had its hands full to take care of the resulting output!

In order to permit of this it was necessary to develop and establish in America no less than seven different types of ordnance depots.

### Conserving the Railway Capacity

THE conservation of railway shipping space in this country demanded a minimum amount of less-carload shipment mileage. On the other hand, some manufacturers, especially of small or intricate parts or units, had difficulty in arranging full carload shipments. To meet this condition localized assembly depots were provided, to which manufacturers who produced less-than-carload lots could forward their production, so that it could be consolidated with the product of others and the long haul made in full carloads.

Primary storehouses were required, to which material could be shipped in bulk and there held until required. These were necessary on account of the impossibility of exactly balancing the varied factors of the enormous ordnance program, and of the necessity of keeping material away from seaboard until it was required there. Secondary storehouses, or storehouses of distribution, were required, which drew their supplies as needed, and in proportionate amounts, from the primary storehouses, and shipped these stores assembled in carload lots to the camp depots, or other designated points for the final distribution to the troops.

Camp depots were required at the various training camps. Their function was to supply stores as needed, either for equipment or for training, to the men at the camps.

At or near seaboard three different classes of depots were required. One of these classes completed the equipment of troops at the embarkation camps, or those troops about to embark for overseas duty. The second type of storage depot was that required near the shipping ports, to which material could be shipped in anticipation of available shipping facilities, or for assembling purposes. Here it was available at short notice, by short haul or motor truck, and at the same time did not congest the actual port itself.

Then there was the third type of seaboard storage depot, that at a port from which material was shipped when actually en route for overseas. The facilities for storage at or near the immediate piers were soon found to be so limited that it was impracticable to allow individual corps, such as Ordnance, the Signal Corps, the Medical Corps, Quartermaster Corps, etc., to develop and control individually their own storage facilities. It was found necessary to unify this control, and in order to prevent congestion on the one hand, and, on the other, the holding of empty ship space for one corps when required by another, it was decided to place all port storage space under the control of the chief of the Embarkation Service.

Thirty general supply ordnance depots have been provided during the past year, for the purpose of providing the necessary storage space throughout the United States, in keeping with the general system of distribution. A complete operating organization has been developed for each of these depots. The entire operating organization recruited and trained for this work comprised 132 officers, 1,556 enlisted men, and 1,516 civilians.

### Nitrates from the Air

IN attempting to give the reader a conception of the American Ordnance organization in the space available in this periodical, it is necessary to touch merely upon the high points, to pass by many things of interest, and to dismiss wonderful achievements with a

# False Notions On Teeth-Cleaning

*All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities*



## They Ignore the Film

The old idea of brushing teeth was to remove food particles. Some ways also aimed to polish teeth.

But time soon proved those methods insufficient. Teeth still discolored, still decayed. Tartar formed, and pyorrhea remained undiminished. Statistics show that tooth troubles constantly increased.

Millions of users have discovered that the tooth brush fails to save their teeth.

Now science knows the reason. It lies in a film—a slimy film—which dentists call bacterial plaque. It constantly forms on the teeth, and it clings. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays.

Old-time brushing methods could not properly combat it.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus tooth troubles are largely traced to that film.

Science now has found a way to combat that film. It has proved itself to many able authorities by four years of clinical tests. Today it is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we offer you a free tube to let you prove it out.

## The Scientific Way

As a cleanser and polisher, Pepsodent holds supreme place among tooth pastes. But it also goes further.

It is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

But pepsin alone won't do. It must be activated, and the usual activating agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed forbidden.

Now science has found an activating method harmless to the teeth. Five governments have already granted patents. That method, used in Pepsodent, makes the use of active pepsin possible.

Before it was offered to users, able

dental authorities proved its value by clinical tests. They placed its results beyond question. Now we offer the proof to you in the shape of a home test.

Send the coupon for a One-Week tube. Use it like any tooth paste and watch results. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

A week's trial will convince you that Pepsodent does what nothing else has done. You will see that your teeth are protected as they never were before. You will not return after that, we think, to any old-time method.

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Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

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## The Cough that Killed Santa Claus

The tree is decked. Candles twinkle. Tinsel sparkles. The holly hangs high. The little tots gather with wide eyes and beating hearts. "Santa Claus is coming!" Sleigh bells jingle somewhere. A door opens. "Here he is!" Laden pack, frosty beard, merry eyes. The children clap and

leap, half afraid, half gleeful. Santa swings down his load and gifts, and then—

He coughs—hard and often, just like an ordinary man. He doubles over. Off falls his beard. "It's only daddy," the children cry in bitter disappointment. No more Santa Claus for them.

What's the use of going round coughing? It spoils lots of fun for yourself and other folks. And it's so unnecessary.

Smith Brothers S-B Cough Drops relieve coughing. And they often keep a cough from developing into a sore throat or cold. Keep a box in your pocket, another in your desk, another at home.

Pure. No drugs. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach.

One placed in the mouth at bedtime keeps the breathing passages open.

*Drop that Cough*

**SMITH BROTHERS of Poughkeepsie**

FAMOUS SINCE 1847.



few words. The work of the Nitrate Division as an instance of this is such as to require an article of this length merely to outline its particular problems and how they were solved. Four enormous nitrate plants are to make us independent of the sodium nitrate beds of Chile. Plants Nos. 1 and 2 are both completed, and have a capacity of 132,000 tons of ammonium nitrate per year. Plants Nos. 3 and 4 will be completed in the spring of 1919. The product of these plants, now that war requirements cease, will be in demand for farm fertilizers.

Then there is the Administrative Division, which handled the general routine of the Ordnance Department. All matters relating to finance, property accountability, building management, safety and protection, and confidential military information were cared for by this division, as was the handling, recording, and distribution of the mail for the entire department. The Director of Arsenals, Brigadier General John T. Thompson, heads another division which centralizes the control of activities of all of our arsenals.

The Division of Ordnance Training trained the personnel of specialists for ordnance duties here and overseas, conducting for this purpose an Ordnance Engineering School, where in three months a technically trained engineer was given an insight into the design and manufacture of ordnance material. There were also other more specialized schools, such as the Powder School at Carneys Point, the Ordnance Supply School at Camp Hancock, the school for tractor operators, a school for repair and maintenance work on ordnance trucks, another for repair and maintenance of railway artillery, another for optical and precision instrument repair work, and another for machine-gun and small-arms repair men. When it is considered that 10,000 officers and 120,000 enlisted men abroad and at home performed highly specialized work in Ordnance, the importance of these training schools will be realized.

### Where the Tests Are Made

THE most fascinating feature of Ordnance in America was the proving grounds. These have been established throughout the country for the purpose of making development and acceptance tests of all kinds of guns, bombs, mortars, and other ordnance material. At the Aberdeen Proving Grounds, thirty miles from Baltimore, what were peaceful farms in April, 1917, a month ago presented in concentrated form all of the activities of a battle field. More shots were fired at Aberdeen in a single day than were fired at our previous only proving grounds, at Sandy Hook, in a year. One-tenth of 1 per cent of all of the shell produced were fired at ordnance proving grounds in acceptance tests, and even with this extremely low percentage the total proof firing rate was greater than the artillery firing during our Civil War. Thousands of men and hundreds of officers were required at these proving grounds, where airplanes would drop their bombs and railway guns fire over a 24-mile Government range.

It is hardly possible for any human mind to grasp the extent of the war activities of even this one Government department. Like a billion dollars, it is something too big to be comprehended. Add to this the overturning of the thoughts and habits that have come through the mobilization of nearly 4,000,000 men, through the activities of the navy, the Chemical Warfare Service, the Aeronautic Service, the Signal Corps, the Quartermaster's Department, and the other army departments, and you begin to realize how far out of its normal balance war forces a nation's industries and how great a task it will be to restore this balance without a disastrous shock. It will also give an idea of what real preparedness means, for when "a million men spring to arms overnight" organizations and industrial overturnings such as these must be ready and waiting for them the day before!



## Foster-Fathering

Continued from page 12

of cousins, have been killed or disabled. The mother is in most cases untrained to wage-earning work. Add to this list the family pride of the French, an almost religious sense of duty in upholding the family tradition. Yes, wounded pride adds to the family sufferings, nevertheless this pride will somehow keep the children together and alive. When a soldier died recently leaving three motherless children, an obscure second cousin, a poor man with children of his own, appeared at the hospital to claim the orphans.

In the office of the American Ouvroir Funds you will find the records of the eleven French societies which the Mygatts have taken under their wings. For the Mygatts will explain that they have given themselves and their resources only to act as liaison officers between France and America. These societies were organized by the French people themselves in order to take care of their own. Each one handles its own particular delicate problem, and each applied to the Ouvroir Funds only after the war had dragged on and its own funds were exhausted. There is, for instance, La Saint-Cyrienne, a very old society made up of graduates of Saint-Cyr, the West Point of France. There is La Polytechnique, made up of the graduates of the greatest engineering school of France, which also supplies artillery officers to the army. And there is La Mutuelle, founded by Frédéric Masson, famous historian and academician, on the day when he met the first widow of the war. Ah, but there are stories hidden in the books of La Mutuelle! For there you will find the families of doctors and lawyers, of professors and journalists, who, having no military rank at the beginning of the war, received but the regulation five cents a day, and when killed as privates during that first year (rank is a matter of time in the French army) left their widows with pensions of thirty-five cents a day with twenty-five cents extra for each child.

### Marie-Louise

I RUN at random through the leaves of these books. The photograph of a serious boy of fifteen catches my attention. I look up his *affiche* and find that Michel is "sensitive, affectionate, timid and reserved, and very intelligent," also that "he has a great desire to enter the Ecole Polytechnique to carry out the wish of his father and to take his place there." I stumble upon the story of Marie-Louise. Marie-Louise's father and mother, in order to establish themselves on a farm, had borrowed money for the purchase of the land, the farmhouse, and the agricultural implements. By dint of the most severe labor and economy they were paying off a little of their debt year by year when the war took the farmer from his fields and interrupted the payments. After three years in the trenches Marie-Louise's father contracted tuberculosis, acknowledged by the army doctors to be due to the fatigues of war. However, as this occurred just at the time when he had reached the age limit of the army, his age, rather than his illness, was recorded as the reason of his discharge. He was thus deprived of all allowance and any hope of pension for his widow. He was ill six months, then died, leaving Marie-Louise, her little brother, and their young mother laden with debts which she is now trying with superhuman efforts to pay off. Little Marie-Louise, it appears, is studious, shut in upon herself, and sensitive. She is almost too reasonable for her age. She suffers from her grief to an extraordinary degree. She does not play, and is herself only when with her mother, whom she comforts tenderly.

It is again among the photographs that I come upon the three children of the Comtesse de C.—high-spirited and difficult children, each one a different and very fascinating problem. Her château destroyed, her investments lost, and her husband killed, the comtesse set to work



## Make this a Red Cross Christmas

AMERICA'S second war-time Christmas is almost here. Our thoughts, our interests, our hearts are not in the trivial things now—they are with the boys in France, and our war-tried Allies.

Their thoughts, their interests, their hopes are in the Red Cross and the knowledge that it is ever present and ready to lend them aid most needed.

Let our Christmas message to those loved ones be that we

stand solidly behind the American Red Cross—that there is full membership in every American home. No other word we can send will give them greater encouragement, or fortitude for that which must be accomplished.

**All you need is a heart and a dollar**

Red Cross Christmas Roll Call, December 16-23



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To Every Tire User

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Now that tires are costly and hard to get, it is more important than ever that you watch for cuts in your tires and prevent serious and expensive repairs. "Guide to More Tire Mileage" tells just what you've always wanted to know about these minor troubles.

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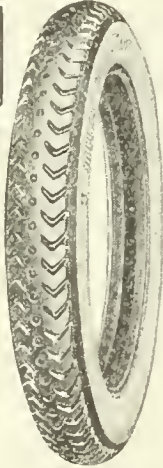
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In Tireland the Miller Cords are ranked the phenomenal tires. They gained this prized position by introducing Uniform Mileage and also the tread that is Geared-to-the-Road. These tires wear alike under like conditions because of their uniform handwork. They are oversize and elastic, and give and take as they roll along, thus neutralizing road shocks. No motoring sensation is comparable to riding on Miller Uniform Cord Tires. And no tires cost you less per mile.

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to establish a toy factory among the clever workmen of her village. She found a market in the Paris shops for her wares and was happy in providing work for her villagers and in supplanting a German industry, as well as in putting bread into the mouths of her children. After she had met every discouragement arising from her inexperience and from the difficulty in getting materials, she found herself without workmen; they had been mobilized for Government service.

When I look at the faces of most of these children I should say that the gravest danger to the scheme of professional alliances is that they must pass through intermediary hands. What are you going to do when a spinster mathematics professor in New England stakes her happiness on fathering a future poet of France?

"But haven't you some," I ask, "who aren't so irresistible?"

Sadly I am shown a small, forlorn group who have waited many months. Somewhere there is some one with a heart to which their very poverty of charm will appeal, or perhaps some one with sporting instincts who wants to wager that they are only ugly ducklings, after all.

### The Fathers Speak

I READ the accounts of the fathers' deaths. Every page with its lists of crosses and palms won, its story of the officer giving his life for his men, a soldier fighting on in spite of mortal wounds! There is more pride than sadness in these books. And always this note: the children must be worthy of the father.

And then I come upon baby Philippe, son and grandson of architects, whose father was so young that he was scarce established in his profession, and who was killed as "simple soldier" in the first month of the war, so early as to leave neither decoration nor citation.

As unconscious spokesman for all the fathers, Lieutenant Jean — writes to his wife on the eve of the attack in which he perished. I look from his letter to the picture of his three little girls in a row, very charming between their curls, and there at the end a baby brother, born after the father's death. "Cote," the tallest little girl—she is possibly seven years old—"already feels the responsibilities of older sister." This is the father's letter:

## Labor in the New World

Continued from page 6

came it would set up about 100 more. The election took place Saturday, December 14, but the votes will not be counted until December 28. On that day it will be known how far the expectations of the Labor party to get either dominance or balance of power were justified.

The reason, or at least the chief reason, why the Labor party expects to do so much better in the present election than in the last, over seven years ago, is that during the war, and as one of the liberalizing incidents of it, the voting franchise in England has been practically doubled. The suffrage has been given to about 6,000,000 women, and in addition to about 2,000,000 men who did not formerly have the suffrage. (In adopting woman suffrage early this year, England made one curious limitation; she gave the suffrage to all women over thirty, to all men over twenty-one, and to all soldiers under twenty-one.) Most of these 2,000,000 additional men are of the laboring classes. Before the war the number of voters in the United Kingdom was 8,181,263; at the present election it is possibly something over 16,000,000. The casualties of the war make it impossible to give exact figures at the time of writing. From what I could see through watching the Trade Union Congress and the Labor Conference in England in September, I should judge that the Labor party has between four and five million members. At meetings they have an unusual voting system; each delegate has as many

"MY DEAR: I am writing this letter at all hazards, for one never knows. . . . If it reaches you, it will be because France has needed me to the full. You must not cry, because I swear to you that I shall die happy if she demands my life. My sole care is the difficult situation in which you and the children will find yourselves. How can you assure your future and that of the babies? Happily you can count on the entire devotion of my people. If I could only be sure that you could find a possible arrangement!

"As to the education of the little ones I am not worried. You will know how to direct that as I would have done myself. I hope that they can make themselves as independent as I counted on doing for them if I had lived. I wish that you would talk the situation over with Mme. L., and I am sure that you will do your best.

"You will kiss the dear little ones for their papa and tell them that he has gone for a very long journey without ceasing to love them, to think of them, and to protect them from afar. I do wish that at least 'Cote' might remember me. And there is also a little baby whom I shall never know. If it is a son, my dearest wish is that one day he should be a doctor, at least if after this war France has no more need of officers. You will tell him when he is old enough to understand that his father gave his life for a great ideal, that of the motherland, reconstituted and strong.

"Poor dearie! I haven't even time to think long about our love. Farewell until our meeting, the great meeting, the true one. Be strong. Your JEAN."

### Laying the Corner Stone

SO the French father has written. The American foster-father is answering. His answer is one of interest not only to French but to American education. From time immemorial fathers have received rather more than half their education from their children. And we Americans have very much to learn from France—her taste, her stamina, her tradition of fine workmanship, her knowledge of the art of living.

This, then, is the story of the laying of a corner stone. Building always has been a pretty fine job. When, in the midst of crashing city walls and dynasties, two nations meet together to build homes, it is good.



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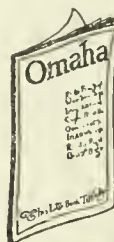
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Dr. Charles W. Eliot, from his lifetime of reading, study and teaching—forty years of it as President of Harvard University—has answered that question for us in the

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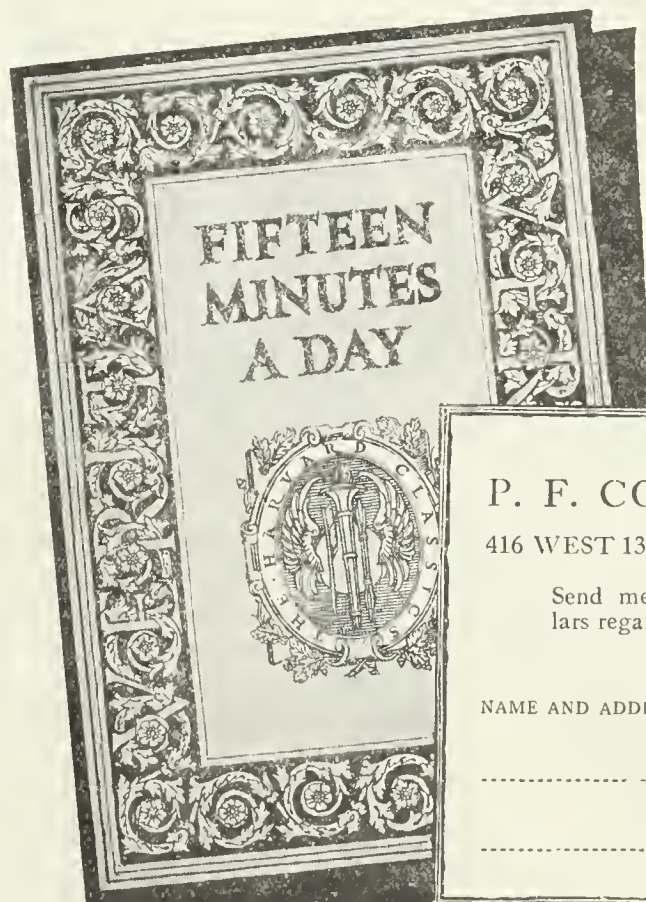
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industrial and trading organizations have years of success behind them. They are far beyond the point where anybody thinks of them as experimental. There are great chain stores on a cooperative basis. There are cooperative organizations in the tea business, owning and managing tea plantations in Ceylon. There are cooperative dairies and some manufacturing industries on the cooperative basis. Cooperation is a familiar and important institution in England, and the cooperators are a big element in the English Labor party. Indeed, the party's platform carries more conspicuously than any one other thing the spirit of cooperation in production and distribution as against individualism and competitive capitalism.

So much for the party. Its interest and importance to America lie not only in the fact that it is the most definite and concrete expression of radical tendencies in the modern world. It has a further interest for Americans in the fact that a pretty large number of American radicals are trying to introduce the principles and form of organization of the party into America. In this they are aided and led by some rather powerful periodicals.

## English Labor Principles

THE platform of the English Labor party is not, upon analysis, as alarming to the existing order as it sounds. In fact, at the end of a careful examination you share the judgment of an American banking house which examined it minutely. "Comparatively sane," was the comment from their point of view. There is little in it to give the creeps to conservatives, little to make savings-bank presidents lie awake nights. The alarming quality of it is in a certain pretentiousness of tone which probably reflects the intellectuals. The document starts out with a most obviously dragged-in-by-the-heels quotation from Count Okuma, the Japanese statesman—a passage which is utterly out of place in a formal party platform. Its presence is a sign of the self-conscious pretentiousness which is the weakness of the "intellectuals." The quotation from Count Okuma is to the effect that the war is "nothing less than the death of European civilization. . . . Just as in the past the civilizations of Babylon, Greece, Carthage, and the great Roman Empire have been successively destroyed, so, in the judgment of this detached observer, the civilization of all Europe is even now receiving its deathblow." So begins the platform. From this grandiose introduction it passes on to an equally grandiose promise that the Labor party is willing to, and intends to, do the building of the next civilization.

After this not very seriously impressive introduction, when the platform gets down to statements of principles and plans, it is less forbiddingly oracular. The first plank is the minimum wage. One can readily remember when that term used to throw our old-fashioned economists and politicians into alarm, but during the past ten years nearly all America has adopted the minimum wage in one degree or another. Americans will find it hard to get a chill from a party platform which ends a long peroration with this demand:

"The minimum of not less than 30 shillings [about \$7.50] per week, which will need revision according to the level of prices, ought to be the very lowest statutory base line for the least skilled adult workers, men or women, in any occupation, in all parts of the United Kingdom."

The Labor party platform makers say this with a rather nervous air, as if they expected to be combated. They have a little the manner of a weak man who gets bellicose over a small matter. They contrive somehow to look a little ridiculous, like the office boy belligerently demanding a raise. But it would be hard to imagine any American employer, capitalist, or conservative losing much sleep over that particular demand. There is no "death of European civilization" in that. There is nothing very new in this and certainly nothing to alarm even the most timorous Bourbon in America.

## HEALTH — LOOKS — COMFORT

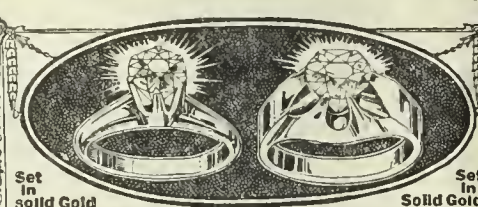


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Another of the four main planks in the Labor party's platform is entitled—the words are theirs—"A Revolution in National Finance." Here again the pretentiousness in words is more alarming than the fact turns out, on analysis, to be. The "revolution in finance" is defined more simply as merely a "capital levy." And a capital levy has come to be a familiar thing to a good many people already. Plenty of business men in England and the United States have passed through the experience of a capital levy during the past few years. For the only difference between an income tax and a capital levy is one of degree. (For more light on this point consult some one of the very many men who had to go to the bank and pledge their securities to borrow money to pay their income tax this year.) Consider the case of a rich man whose money is invested in a going business of which he is part or whole owner, a quite familiar type of case. Suppose his income is 10 per cent on his capital. Suppose, further, that his income tax is fixed at 50 per cent or more of his income—likewise a familiar case in the war-time taxation of both Great Britain and the United States. The income tax of 50 per cent on his income is precisely the same as a capital levy of 5 per cent on his capital. And even suppose the capital levy goes much higher, as high as 20 or even 30 per cent. Our war debts must be paid some time, and what is the difference between one capital levy of 30 per cent and six annual capital levies of 5 per cent—between a single assessment of 30 per cent of a man's capital and five or six or ten years of annual income taxes running to 50 or 75 per cent of a man's annual income? Between the two, there is a good deal to be said on the side of wiping the whole war debt out with one big levy. The psychological effect is better than to drag along with discouragingly high income taxes year after year. A good deal is going to be heard about the capital levy in the near future, but there isn't so much in it to be terrified about as folks are likely to think when it strikes them as an, apparently, new thing.

#### Cooperation in All Fields

I HAVE touched only two of the high spots of the Labor party platform. There is not room here to do much more, for the whole platform contains some ten thousand words. And I have mentioned these particular points chiefly to show that the platform, where its demands are most concrete, where seemingly it most threatens the employing and owning classes, is neither so new nor so extreme as its own writers seem to think. As one of the most important of contemporary political documents it

is well worth studying. And those who, before studying it, free themselves from the common apprehension of what is announced as new or revolutionary, will find much to command their sympathy. No political party can go far wrong which anchors itself to science. And this note of devotion to enlightenment, and resistance to ignorance, is dominant throughout the Labor party's platform. A typical passage is this:

"... The Labor party stands for increased study, for the scientific investigation of each succeeding problem, for the deliberate organization of research, and for a much more rapid dissemination among the whole people of all the science that exists. And it is perhaps specially the Labor party that has the duty of placing this advancement of science in the forefront of its political program. What the Labor party stands for in all fields of life is, essentially, democratic cooperation; and cooperation involves a common purpose which can be agreed to; a common plan which can be explained and discussed, and such a measure of success in the adaptation of means to ends as will involve a common satisfaction. ... No Labor party can hope to maintain its position unless its proposals are, in fact, the outcome of the best political science of its time; or to fulfill its purpose unless that science is continually wresting new fields from human ignorance. ... If law is the mother of freedom, science, to the Labor party, must be the parent of law."

#### Majority Rule

THERE isn't much in that to make you think of Bolsheviks and blood. To be sure, the English Labor party's purpose, as its chief journalistic exponent in America expresses it, is "the single problem of making peaceful and advantageous the transition to a state in which labor will be the predominating element." But "labor" in this connection includes a good deal. It includes—I quote from the Labor party's platform—all "brain workers" so called. It includes "the teacher, the doctor, the minister, the average retail shopkeeper and trader, and all the mass of those living on small incomes." And accepting the term "labor" as including all these, isn't this expressed purpose just the same old purpose of democracy? Isn't it the same as saying that the majority shall predominate? And isn't that all right? If you don't believe in democracy and the rule of the majority, if you prefer autocracy, go to Germany and enjoy yourself. But if you do believe in democracy, and universal suffrage, and the rule of the majority, then the English Labor party can have no terrors for you. What it mainly stands for is to carry science and enlightenment to the majority.

## The Battle of Manhattan

Continued from page 11

Were seized, while their eyes nearly popped from their sockets, And had their hands sewed up inside of their pockets; "They kept 'em so tightly there, during the war,"

Said General Hagan, "that now they can stay there. Their close-fisted clutch is a thing we abhor; We'll keep their hands sewed till the cloth wears away there!"

We might go on telling, in endless detail,

The story of General Hagan's crusade, But it's the result that we joyfully hail

As we look on the work of that dauntless brigade;

For, oh, how polite, With a courtesy fervent, How merry and bright

Is the blithe public servant; How thoughtful the landlord, how gentle in diction,

Not nearly so ready to threaten eviction;

How careful the grocer To figure things closer

And hold down his prices to something in reason,

Not taking each cent he can possibly freeze on;

For General Hagan has thoroughly shown

Democracy's tyrants must climb off their throne.

"We didn't fight Germany," So says this veteran,

"Just to confirm any Beautiful phrase,

But simply to make of this old world a better 'un,

Better in all of its labors and ways. Democracy's tyrants—

The landlords with high rents; The slacker, the grafter, the insolent dub

Who thinks that equality Means to be rude,

That warm geniality Should be eschewed—

Are all members now of the down-and-out club!

Along with the Czar and the Kaiser they're hurled,

And—take it from me—we shall fight on this line

Till all public nuisances die or resign,

And we've made democracy safe for the world."

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# The Voice of Business

FORMERLY THE "BUSINESS IN WAR TIME" PAGE—EDITED BY THE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT OF COLLIER'S

## No. 24: How the War Industries Board Helped American Business

TO American business possibly the most interesting part of President Wilson's Speech before Congress on December 2d is the following:

"Never before have there been agencies in existence in this country which know so much of the field of supply, of labor and of industry as the War Industries Board, the War Trade Board, the Labor Department, the Food Administration, and the Fuel Administration have known since their labors became thoroughly systematized, and they have not been isolated agencies; they have been directed by men who represented the permanent departments of the Government and so have been the centers of unified and cooperative action. It has been the policy of the Executive, therefore, since the armistice was assured (which is in effect a complete submission of the enemy) to put the knowledge of these bodies at the disposal of the business men of the country and to offer their intelligent mediation at every point and in every matter where it was desired. It is surprising how fast the process of return to a peace footing has moved in the three weeks since the fighting stopped. It promises to outrun any inquiry that may be instituted and any aid that may be offered. It will not be easy to direct it any better than it will direct itself. The American business man is of quick initiative."

It is reassuring to hear from the President himself that business is finding its own way back to a peace basis and that it is doing it without any serious disturbances. Indeed, the evidence is all around us.

### No Surplus of Labor Now

And yet, a few months ago, some very sagacious business men were predicting that, with the sudden coming of peace, or, to be more accurate, what is practically a condition of peace, industry would be disorganized, at least temporarily, and that labor would be clamoring for employment. Well, the war is over—suddenly! But we seem to be getting back to a normal basis as rapidly and even more rapidly than could be expected. As for labor, there is no surplus as yet. We forget that long before the United States Government began to hand out its billions of dollars of war contracts, there was no surplus of labor. We forget that since 1914 America's largest supply of raw labor—a stream which flowed from Europe at the rate of some one million man power per year—has been cut off.

The President is also wise to call our attention to the aid such agencies as the War Industries Board have been to American business.

The War Industries Board has taught us many lessons which it will be well if we never forget. It has thrown quite a marvelous new light upon those over-used and overabused words "standardization" and "cooperation."

At first American industry was inclined to resent the work of the War Industries Board. But now as we look back upon its activities we realize that it taught American industry some invaluable lessons. As a certain Chicago man says, the War Industries Board taught business good manners and corrected some shockingly bad habits. This article tells how.

There is a man out in Chicago who is interested in an unusual sort of business. That business is one which brings the various concerns in a given industry into closer relation one with another, shows them how it will profit them to forget their petty jealousies and dissensions and work together, pooling plans and ideas and processes for the common good of the industry.

### A Giant with Bad Manners

It was some months before November 11, 1918, that he wrote us a letter calling attention to the value of the War Industries Board to American business.

"Every manufacturer brought in contact with the tremendous work being done by the War Industries Board has been jarred into realization of the true condition of American industry," he wrote. "Such a manufacturer is given a flash of revelation that shows him American industry as a giant—but a giant with very poor manners and some shockingly bad habits. And the reformation of these manners and habits is a matter for instant and effective work, because war will not wait, and waste now is treason. He sees, too, that the politics of business have been as rotten as the business of politics and that the little-minded, selfish, market-cutting business man is quite as much an object of censure as his political prototype.

"Only the relentless pressure of war could have squeezed so many unpleasant things to the top. While American industry has been swelling with pride and presenting a front of glittering glory to the world, its back yard has been full of

all manner of mean, piratical, unfair and shameful junk made up of past and present practices rooted in selfish greed and fostered by narrow, blind competition."

It's rather a bitter picture this man presents, isn't it? But in a later letter he becomes constructive. He suggests a remedy. And the remedy is the same old friend that President Wilson mentions—cooperation.

### "Giving to Get"

"Cooperation means 'giving to get,'" writes the Chicago man. "The tightest fist in the land is in favor of it when he once understands that practical cooperation always brings back more than it takes. But it can only succeed when every party to it gladly gives up his share to the common fund of information, interest, energy, and constructive effort for the profit and advancement of his industry. If cooperation is practical enough to run an army and win a war, it is good enough to be applied to the problems of any business."

And now you see, don't you, how the War Industries Board has brought home for the first time the value of cooperation to many an industry. It has brought various representatives of that industry together; it has forced them into a frank and mutual discussion of their problems; it has pulled them out of the cells of their own individual business and made them see as a whole the industry of which their particular business is only a unit.

The War Industries Board said, in effect, to these industries: "You're making so many unnecessary styles and so many sizes that are not really required. Eliminate them. Don't you realize that you can produce infinitely more if you dispense with these?"

The War Industries Board stripped them down to essentials; it made them "fighting fit"; it caused them to be more efficient by eliminating the unnecessary and the undesirable.

Cooperation, after all, sounds like rather an indefinite thing. It is hard to take hold of; it is hard to get started. But the War Industries Board showed American industry how to get hold of it; it showed American industry how to use it.

And the hope is, now that cooperation has done its share in helping to win the war, that it will continue as a most valuable tool of American industry in the days of peace before us.





## Regular old "HE" Christmas hand-out!

**T**HIS pippin-of-a-pound-package of Prince Albert tobacco—the classy crystal glass humidor all radiant in yuletide finery—looks like a thousand dollar Liberty Bond perched-on-a-pedestal as cymbals sound for the curtain's rise Christmas morning! It's the big-best-bet for the Ace-High-Party on the receiving end of the deal!

¶ Talk about *man*-gifts! Boy how-dy! If *he* gets an inkling of what's up he'll kick off the coverlids at crack-o-day and make a speed dive for first whacks that'll scorch the banister railing! *Sure!*

¶ For, a gift of a pound of Prince Albert gets closer to a smoking man than anything you can figure on! Turns on such scuttles-of-sunshine all day Christmas, and keeps him jimmy-pipe-joy'us or cigarette makin's happy many days thereafter! Because, P. A. hits his taste and cuts loose new smoke high spots! Just puts a capital S on Smokesatisfaction seven days out of every week!



¶ Prince Albert is as cool as an iced cucumber. No stung-tongue comebacks with P. A.! It can't bite or parch! Our exclusive patented process cuts out bite and parch! He can smoke to beat the old band—and *then some!*

¶ Get on the trail of this festal P. A. package—all equipped with a Merry Christmas tag ready for your pen—before the "all gone" gloom sign stares you in the face! You'll be disappointed sure as shooting if you don't get busy—*quick!*

¶ Or, maybe, you'll take a fancy to Prince Albert in the handsome pound or half pound tin humidors. Mighty clever, too! And, then there are the tidy red tins and the toppy red bags, so popular, and so handy for smokers. Remember just how close Christmas is—and *don't slip!* Get yours before the day's done! And, that'll be off your mind!

# PRINCE the national Christmas joy smoke ALBERT



Four forms of  
**Williams'**  
Shaving Soaps

# Williams'

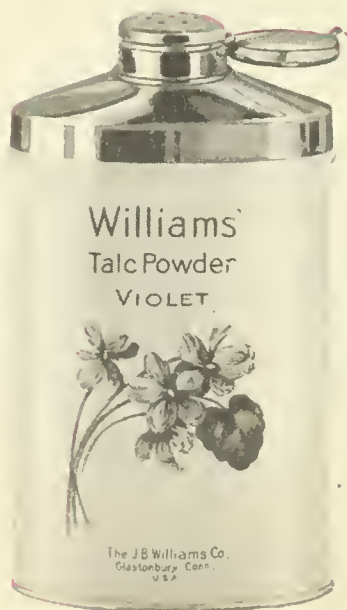
PATENTED  
**Holder Top Shaving Stick**



Send 20c. in stamps for trial sizes of the four forms shown here. Then decide which you prefer. Or send 6c. in stamps for any one.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY  
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

After the shave or the bath you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc Powder. Send 4c. for a trial size of the perfume you prefer—Violet, Carnation, English Lilac or Rose.



**T**HERE is comfort at both ends. Comfort at the holder end because of the firm, metal grip for the fingers—a grip that never loosens or wobbles. Comfort at the business end because of the wonderfully softening, soothing, lasting lather that paves the way for a smooth shave and leaves the skin cool and refreshed. *Ask for Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick. You cannot ask for anything better.*















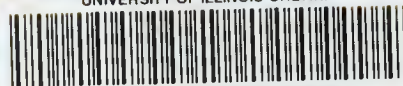








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